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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME IV.

FROM THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER TO THE 13TH OF MARCH.

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NO 791

SAURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1851

[PRICE 2d]

THE BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF LETTERS

IN so far as the perfection of materials for writing and the facility of means for sending letters are concerned, we may have little more to hope for in this country. Our paper and ink are materials so perfectly adapted for their purpose that it is difficult to imagine in what way they can be substantially bettered by inventors that shall be hereafter. Quill pens to be sure have to be superseded, but in order that this their destiny may be accomplished steel or metallic pens have to be very much improved. They are improving so daily. In the matter of transmission though there is scarcely a gain in our civilisation in the world than our English postal system, we do still rely upon the march of science for increased rapidity of transit, and consequently, increased frequency of communication. Letters will hereafter be absolutely sent more rapidly from hand to hand, and what is more immediately practicable, the powers of the electric telegraph, from being a rare luxury, have to become vulgarised and pressed into service for the important correspondence of the million. Then, too we may have, some of these days, that is to say, in the good time coming, in our penny post.

It is a terrible thing, however, to remember that while quill pens, and ink are placed in such a perfect state beside the fingers of the people, while the national resources offer to every man incredible facility for the transmission of his bit of mind to a distance when he has written it, yet millions among us cannot grapple with a pen, and are but dimly conscious even that they have a bit of mind wherefrom they could indite a letter. It is as bad with them as it was with the whole world thousands of years ago, in those very prime Old Times which are laid up in *Book No 1 of History*.

We should respect those little scraps which men who have been educated to the handling of a pen are duly sending abroad, and receiving from the hands of postmen—in London hourly—at their doors, we should respect those little scraps which are called letters, if they were not so thoroughly familiar that we can scarcely conjure up a notion of the

difficult and slow degrees through which the power of thus speaking to the absent was attained by man. It is a marvel of it, which has become, like nature's marvels, part of our daily life, a thing that seems almost more necessary to us, in a civilised condition, than our legs, though, by the by, if the whole community were legless we should soon find out that what can be dispensed with by an individual may nevertheless be essential to a race. Few of us, then, can even by an effort abstract in our minds the art of letter writing from all its familiar relations so as to obtain a full sense of its being marvellous. Let us help the imagination by an anecdote. In the *Brazil* a slave was sent once by a gentleman to his friend with a basket of figs and a letter. The basket was of course illiterate—in those who enslave the bodies of men, make it a rule to keep the light of the contained mind from being kindled. The slave filled figs and to a number of them but his theft was detected when he reached his destination, because the accompanying letter told exactly what the basket should contain. The thief was greatly puzzled to conceive by what spell the letter was enabled to tell tales about him, but the next time he went with fruit, and his mouth watered for a share of it he determined that the paper should not tattle, so he put it underneath a large stone, and then sat upon the stone, there he was safe against the spy, and having taken his refreshment, he released the letter and completed the remainder of his duty. To his dismay, again the talisman testified against him, and brought down the whip upon his back. Now, let us go back and briefly trace the origin of this title-bearing invention, let us inquire what were the first letters like, and who were the first of the letter writers?

Let us take a voyage to some far isle in the Pacific Ocean where the savages are perfectly untutored. They may resemble civilised men as they were in the best or oldest of Old Times. Do they write letters to each other? Not exactly, but they write. The first writing is never private and confidential, it is a 'Know all men by these presents,' scratched upon some rock. These men have minds yet utterly uncultivated, they cannot advance in cultivation, for no written records live to their present the advantage of a true

knowledge of the past. Except some vague traditions, and some rough practical knowledge that has been perpetuated by familiar use, the knowledge of one man consists in just so much as he can discover for himself during the period which elapses between the first day on which he can totter in his infancy, and the last day on which he can totter in his age. The material universe prompts his ideas—there is nothing transcendental in his humour; his supernatural ideas are only of rocks, waterfalls, and storms, and men, magnified and distorted by the play of an untrained imagination. He can talk about nothing, or almost nothing, but trees, huts, animals, things visible in form. Of such things the idea can be communicated without speech, by scratching their outline on a tree or rock. Does he hold any animal sacred, and has he devoted any sequestered corner of the forest to the purposes of worship, he will naturally indicate that fact to himself and all whom it may concern, by a rude figure of the god upon the nearest surface suitable for the reception of a drawing. Stone—a rock—he would choose naturally as having a smooth hard surface, as being fixed and durable. If anywhere in the wilds he should distinguish himself as a warrior or a hunter, he would desire to make his mark against the place for a perpetual memorial of the achievement. Men, weapons, and animals would thus come to be scratched upon the rocks, in figures somewhat similar to those which the young gentlemen and ladies at a preparatory school are in the habit of eliminating on their slates. Such marks—not symbols, but in all cases direct attempts at the mutation of some visible object which the artist had in his mind—such marks are all the writing that is found to this day in many of the Pacific Islands, and they jot a note down of the first step which mankind took upon the road to our mail-trains and penny post of 1851.

What was the second step? An obvious one. It would soon be felt that a figure of eight, with two strokes for a pair of legs, and two strokes for a pair of arms, would do to express man in general, but that each hero wanted to commemorate his own deed in particular. Among the lower animals, plants, and objects of dead nature, each in its kind was found to have a certain character, while men found in each other characters and dispositions varying exceedingly. Where tribes, and the relations among them, multiplied at all, it would be necessary for each man to distinguish the members of his own connexion, about whom he would often have to speak when they were absent, by some name. That object in nature which most resembled him in character, would be almost the only name that could be thought of by a tribe whose life and thoughts were bound within the limit of their bodily perceptions. So one man would be called the ox, and one the serpent; their encampments would require names at a later stage of social progress, and would receive

names, upon which would, by that time, be constituted the established principle. All this would lead to that improvement in rock-writing which we find among the Mexican inscriptions. A man is figured, and before his mouth is placed a little object—a dove, or serpent, for example—which stands there to signify the name of the individual whom it was intended to depict. By means of writing of this kind, it would obviously be impossible to communicate any complex information; and at this time portable inscriptions could not in any way assist the business of common life.

Coeval with the use of names signifying qualities, and drawn from the outer world, there would arise a habit of attaching external ideas of matter to internal ideas of the mind; courage, cowardice, prudence, &c., would be represented habitually by emblems; the soul would begin to turn the world of matter to its own high use, and there would arise that figurative language, that poetry, which is the habitual language of all savage communities that have made the first two or three steps towards the development of human power. Ideas which exist only in the mind, would now begin to multiply and preponderate over ideas founded upon bodily sensation. The world without would become more and more a storehouse of emblems to be used for the depiction of a world within. A lion for strength, a serpent for subtlety—objects would now commonly be drawn to represent ideas; and now the writing still scratched upon rocks and walls, would be sufficient to communicate much information to all those who were accustomed to the symbols.

Let us imagine now, that a community of men which has advanced so far in its writing powers, and proportionately in the other branches of its civilisation, having formed into a rude state, makes war on another rude state at a distance, speaking another language. It is victorious, and brings home captive a chief, with a barbarous name, like nothing in the language of the victors. The triumph must be written on a rock; but how is the name of the vanquished enemy to be recorded? Glory forbid that it should not be put to shame. Here there would present itself a difficulty to be mastered, and there would be but one way in which it could be overcome. The spoken name being a series of sounds, it could be written, if the sounds contained in it could be recorded. In this way there would arise, and did arise, a new use of material objects, as phonetic signs; so, to this day the Chinese, whose native writing is an elaborate representation of ideas by objects, (ideographic,) represent foreign names to native ears in this phonetic way, as rudely as we might express the sound of the word "artifice" by the three figures which stand for heart—eye—fish.

Our own alphabets, we know, are, in the present day, thoroughly "phonetic"—each letter represents a sound, and as we put letters

together on paper, so we put sounds together on our lips. It will be curious to show how men, slowly and carefully, still felt their way out of darkness, and by what slow stages we travelled from the first necessity for a phonetic scrap, down to our present system. The inquiry is not foreign to our purpose, since our purpose is to show how, generation after generation, man has had to toil and struggle onward to obtain that power which is to-day exercised familiarly by the Miss Julia Mills, who, living in London, sends the overflowings of her heart, under half an ounce in weight, to her most confidential friend at Newcastle.

We find our step to the extended use of a phonetic system, when we pass from the Chinese to the matured practice of the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptian hieroglyphics contain much that is phonetic in them. They are written upon three systems at once. Where an Egyptian, sculpturing some story, had to express a word that signified a visible object, easy to figure, there he simply figured it, and put three dots thereafter, if it was a plural. Then he used the earliest and simplest form—the "figurative" writing. If the next word represented an idea to which there was attached a symbol (and there was a fixed catalogue of such symbols to guide him), he figured it accordingly, and so used the advanced form of "symbolic" writing. If the next word chanced to be a verb, or something that could not be represented either absolutely or by proxy, then he wrote it down, on a phonetic system, and the phonetic system was carried out in this manner. The sound of B was represented by any one of about half-a-dozen natural objects chosen for the purpose, whose names began with B; for the letter C, a small collection was set apart of animals, &c., whose names were commenced with C; and so on. The figures to be used were fixed; but for the representation of each sound, an option was given to the sculptor, among five or six objects, in order that, when executing his work, he might as much as possible avoid "tautology"—or tauto-figury,—too great a run upon the sun or moon, too many crocodiles or ibises. Just as when, in our own writing, the same word occurs two or three times in a few lines, we substitute for it, once at least, a synonyme, if possible; so the Egyptian writer, if he saw that he produced his crocodiles too fast, and had a care of elegance, had in the phonetic system a reserve of figures out of which he was at liberty to pick the one which he found least hackneyed as a substitute.

This Egyptian system of phonetics has brought us now to the borders of our A. B. C. But our letters are not pictures of objects. Although we tell our children that A stands for Apple, and B for Bull, we have not now to tell them (as the Egyptians had to teach) that Apple stands for A, and Bull for B. Faint traces of a pictorial alphabet we may detect, as the hissing serpent, for example, in our S; but they are very faint traces. How did the

pictures vanish? Here, again, Egypt serves us for an illustration. We have talked of hieroglyphics, and the hieroglyphic characters were elaborate figures of objects carved upon rocks and walls. But the Egyptians had advanced beyond rock writing, and their priests wrote upon portable material so constantly, and so much at length, that it became an object to avoid the tediousness and delay attendant upon writing as the chisel wrote. Thus, there arose the use of Hieratic characters, which were simply the hieroglyphics, simplified into a running hand. Where the hieroglyphic was a lion, the hieratic version was a simple outline of the haunches and hind legs, as seen in the set form of the hieroglyph. There was no option allowed in the mode of drawing either the original or the abbreviation. There was only one way of drawing a lion, and only one way of abbreviating the sketch. So with other things. The hieratic characters retained no very great resemblance to anything in nature, and when it is added that a selection from these was committed to the popular use as domestic characters, for ordinary purposes, as for example, letter-writing, it will be readily imagined that Egyptian *billets doux* were put together in characters nearly as far remote from picture-writing as the letters which now travel through St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Thus sketch is enough to indicate the path by which mankind has arrived at that power which enables each individual, who learns the mystery, to seal up a selection from his thoughts within a little parcel, and to transmit it safely by hand, whithersoever he may please, for its communication to a distant friend. And now that we have seen how hardly mind has had to battle for the art of writing, let us see what difficulties have been overcome before we could attain to such materials of writing as we now possess; let us find our way to the first letter-writers, and see how they wrote, and what sort of things their letters were.

We have seen that in the first infancy of writing, in the Cradle of Letters, nothing was wanted but a rock. Communities attained to an imposing show of material power before the notion of sending written messages was acted upon with any vigour. A fragment of rock, not too large to be carried, was then broken off and used as a material. It was the first and most natural idea; but as the arts of construction supply a pressing material want, and are advanced without much difficulty, it is easy to perceive that in many nations, moderately destitute of stone, brick-making would be a discovered art before the time when there would be felt any strong necessity for sending letters. Letters coming afterwards would, in such cases, take the form of inscriptions upon brick and tile. We find this accordingly to be the case. Among the curiosities turned up at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard, are some of the Assyrian documents inscribed on

this material. Well, certainly, society could not stop there. If we were still obliged to write our letters upon bricks, and build a brick wall when we made a book, or write a novel in three stacks, instead of three volumes, we should find the literature and correspondence of the country to be somewhat heavier commodity than it is at present. The inconvenience was felt even in those days, when there were no books, and no postmen were wanted to cart bricks to people's doors, no editors to be bricked in with correspondence only high and mighty people sent these written messages, for they were chiefly edicts, testaments, and so forth. The Ten Commandments were written, as we know, upon stone. Nations possessing lead—a metal scratched with ease—would find it a convenient substitute for stone or brick. In "Job," there is allusion made to writing material of this kind. But shells would also suggest themselves as portable, and hard, and easy to be scratched. The Athenian practice of ostracism by which the people inscribed the character of certain votes on oyster shells arose in this way. It was not for want of other materials but for the sake of secrecy, that Hieron shaved a man's head and engraved a message on his skull then let the hair grow, and sent him to Miletus to be shaved and read, man himself being in this case, used as writing material, and transformed into a locomotive letter.

The very absurd question has been raised: Who was the first letter writer? Who invented the art of letter writing? And credit has been given on this account to Atossa, the mother of Xerxes. A letter is a message written upon something portable and then transmitted to a distant person. It is obvious that messages of this kind would be sent though at first very rarely among such people, from the first month after it had passed in its development to the idea of writing on detached and reasonably light pieces of material. The idea of detached transmissible writing having once begun to run alone and grow familiar with a people, it would soon be obvious, that the lighter the material, the better it would be for men who had to carry it about, and the more easily could a person addressed return his information in privacy by carrying it about his person. Leaves, especially in Oriental countries where the leaves are large and smooth, would soon suggest themselves. The Cune in Sibil's prophets were said to be inscribed on this material. Votes written upon olive leaves instead of oyster shells, are also mentioned. The Hindoos are known to have used leaves, and in some parts of India and Ceylon it is said that books are still occasionally found whose paging is on leaves, in the precise and strict sense of the word. Leaves, however, would soon be found a material in various ways inconvenient, and the drier bark of trees would be preferred, especially that thin, smooth, inner bark which in some trees is

exceedingly coherent, strong, and durable. The Saxons, in this country, are said to have used the bark of beech trees, called by them "booc," for writing purposes, and from this fact, our word "book" is sometimes thought to be derived. The Latin for a book means, certainly, the inner bark and points to the use of that material. So the word "library" reminds us of the days when letters were still in their cradle. Bark tablets were prepared for use by polishing, and it was one of the amusements of a King of Persia on his travels to take bark and a knife, that he might beguile the time by rubbing them together, as an American might take a stick to whittle.

Thanks to the bees, man would not be long in finding out the excellence of honey, and the use of wax. The idea of writing upon wax, first spread over a thin board, to give it the requisite strength, came rather late, but was extremely natural. In the time of Themistocles, these waxen tablets were in use; but we find it recorded of Themistocles himself, at the same time, that he wrote a letter to the Ionians upon stone.

Bark had been used for tablets and for writing letters, which were capable of being folded up, during the best period of the Roman world, and we find them still in use under the later emperors. The tablets were of lark on which the Emperor Commodus inscribed his list of victims in the discovery of which led to the victimization of himself. Waxen tablets had however, been for a long time in use and these were written upon with a non-pointed weapon, we might say, a skewer, but the Romans said a style. From an early period, it was forbidden to wear arms within the Roman city. Tablets and style not being interdicted, the style became (as pens have been since then, in many fingers) the only weapon handy for a stab, and men attacked or offended, secured themselves by skewering their foes. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, wounded his first assassin with a style and it was with their styles that the followers of Caius Gracchus killed, in a tumult the factor of Oppidius. The well-known modern Italian *stiletto* may derive its name from such an origin.

The Egyptians arrived soon at the art of making linen, and that done, white linen would soon suggest itself as a convenient material on which to make a portable inscription. Linen was therefore used, but soon the principal idea of that age, the notion from which we derive our common name for the material on which we write, was carried out in Egypt. It was a very simple thing, an improvement on the use of tree bark, caused by the use of peelings from a reed, called Byblos or Papyrus, then very common, and now very rare in Lower Egypt. From its name, Byblos, comes the Greek word signifying book, and through that channel our word for the sacred volume. The papyrus grew abundantly in lakes and marshes, to a height

of about ten feet. The diameter of its stem is two or three inches, and from its surface peel can be taken off, layer after layer, to the number of about twenty coverings. The use of this peel soon occurred to the Egyptians as an improvement upon ordinary bark. To prepare papyrus for use, having cut off the brush from above, and the root from below, the Egyptians cut each stem into two pieces of equal length, and then proceeded to the peeling. The layers became smaller, of course, but also whiter, as the peelers gradually approached the centre of the stem. Each strip was then extended flat, and suffered a few slight acts of preparation before another strip was placed over it in such a manner that the fibres of the two strips crossed each other's grain, and gave strength to the whole when they were joined together. They were joined, perhaps by their own saccharine matter, or by simple vegetable gluten beaten together, pressed and polished. A number of these prepared and strengthened strips having been gummed and beaten together at the edges, would form a papyrus sheet of any size, and the whole, having been thus prepared, was impregnated with oil of cedar to preserve it from corruption. Of the papyrus manufactured, there soon came to be several qualities. That made from the fine white strips in the middle was imperial, and called "August." The middle quality, used by the priests, was called hieratic, until flattery named it, after the wife of Augustus, "Livia." The finest sort, however, being torn too easily by the hand, painted reeds were improved in the reign of Claudius, by crossing with a more plebeian strip.

Papyrus could be written upon one side only. The introduction of this material by the Egyptians gave a great lift to the letter writer, and to literature generally. It is, as Germans would say, the "name-father" to paper, and a very respectable and worthy elder. Books were copied into long rolls of sheet glued under sheet, the sheet which felt the first glue was called on that account, the protocol, and our diplomatists preserve the term in their transactions.

The run upon papyrus being very great, that plant began to show some signs of scarcity in Egypt, and for that reason among others, its exportation was at one period forbidden. At the same time the Kings of Pergamus began to be a literary sect, and wanted something whereupon their scribes might copy books. The skins of beasts, which in a rough state, had before, in various places, been occasionally used, attracted now increased attention. They were smoothed and prepared into dry substances, called, after Pergamus, Pergament or Parchment, and vellum, which is but another way of saying skin. Here was another capital, durable thing, which found its way into the world about two or three hundred years before Christ. It was dear, however, and for com-

mon purposes papyrus was so much more convenient, that the Egyptian paper never was supplanted, until the birth of a system which got paper out of cotton, certainly not earlier than seven or eight hundred years after the first discovery of parchment. The world then worked on for something like a thousand years before we hit upon the plan of making paper out of linen rags, a very lucky thing, for up to that time the monks, who could not go to the expense of much new parchment had been industriously scraping out the copied records of antiquity, and works of its great masters, to make room for their own opinions on things in general, and saints and miracles particularly. The gradual progress of the art of paper-making to the present day, it is not necessary now to illustrate, but we may refer, in connexion with this subject, to the description of a paper-mill, contained in No 23 of this Journal.

Probably the first pen was a piece of flint, or any barbarous chisel, which would be supplanted by some kind of iron style so soon as civilisation had advanced sufficiently for the attainment of an instrument in iron. These metal pens were generally found less suitable than reeds when men had come to possess the power of writing with a coloured fluid upon parchment or papyrus. The first ink probably was the dark matter from the 'ink bag' of the different species of cuttlefish, that is what the "Indian ink," made and employed in China, ought to be, though the Chinese (horrible cheats) imitate it frequently with lamp black. Our colour called sepia is the same thing differing in character as coming from a mollusc of another species. To people with weak eyes the Romans sometimes wrote with an exceedingly black ink on ivory. But even where a letter would be written on papyrus with ink and a reed, it was first put together on wax, in most cases with an iron style. For the Romans were more clever at the sword than at the pen, and it bothered the brains of an average Roman very much to write a decent letter. It was requisite to make a rough draft in the first instance, and he did this with a style on wax, where he could erase, interpolate, and botch with comfort, till he had struck out a composition to his liking. That iron age of writing passed away and the great thinkers of the world started nations with a feather. Feather and Pen are words of the same meaning, but the age of feather writing is upon the wane, and iron has come back into the world. In fifty years we shall be again writing with metallic instruments, and Pen will then be a word whose etymology can be explained only by the story of the past, just as we have to go back now when we explain the name of Paper.

The Roman letters in the form of rolls were fastened with a seal of soft wax, on which, from the time of the first emperors, it was usual to make an impression peculiar to the

writer. The messenger by whom the packet was delivered was frequently instructed to ascertain that he made no mistake, by asking the person into whose hands the letter was delivered, whether he could tell by the impression who had written it.

As for the transmission of letters, the word "post" is a Roman word, and derives its name from people who were placed or posted at fixed distances to run and pass from hand to hand the missives of the state. A magnificent and costly postal system was established by the Roman Emperors, but it was wholly for the use of Government, and the defence of provinces. It did not take the letters of the people, and the post houses were only used by subjects when permission had been given by the Emperor. We have not leisure now for any connected sketch of the world's progress to (what is yet a dream) an universal postal system. But the work that has been done in this way may be estimated very fairly by any one who will turn to some details in the first pages of *Household Words*, under the head "Valentine's Day at the Post Office" and remember that in this country there was little trace of any post establishment at all up to the twenty-third year of Queen Elizabeth.

Thus then, we perceive, that although there be great attention among us who profess to teach the art of writing in six lessons, yet a simple invitation written to a friend and sent by post, contains the result of human activity sustained by a period of some three thousand years.

TWO ASPECTS OF IRELAND.

THE FIRST ASPECT.

THE moorland was wide level and black, black as night if you could suppose night condensed on the surface of the earth and that you could tread on a lid of darkness in the midst of it. The day itself was indeed fast dropping into night, although it was dreary and gloomy at the best, for it was a November day. The moor, for miles around, was treeless and houseless, devoid of vegetation except heather which clad with its gloomy tinge coat the shimmering landscape. At a distance you could discern, through the misty atmosphere, the outline of mountains apparently as bare and stony as this wilderness, which they bounded. There were no fields, no hedgerows, no marks of the hand of man except the nakedness itself which was the work of man in past ages, when, period after period, he had triumphed over the scene with fire and sword, and left all that could not fly before him either ashes to be scattered by the savage winds or stems of trees and carcasses of men toadden into the swampy earth. As the Roman historian said of other destroyers, "They created solitude and called it peace." That all this was the work of man, and not of Nature, any one spot of this huge and howling

wilderness could testify, if you would only turn up its sable surface. In its bosom lay thousands of ancient oaks and pines, black as ebony, which told, by their gigantic bulk, that forests must have once existed on this spot, as rich as the scene was now bleak. Nobler things than trees lay buried there, but were, for the most part, resolved into the substance of the nky earth. The dwellings of men had left few or no traces, for they had been consumed in flames, and the hearts that had loved, and suffered, and perished beneath the hand of violence and insult, were no longer human hearts, but slime. If a man were carried blindfold to that place and asked when his eyes were unbanded, where he was, he would say—"Ireland!"

He would want no clue to the identity of the place, but the scene before him. There is no heath like an Irish heath. There is no desolation like an Irish desolation. Where Nature herself has spread the expanse of a solitude it is a cheerful solitude. The air flows over it lovingly, the flowers nod and dance in gladness, the soil breathes up a spirit of wild fragrance, which communicates a buoyant exultation to the heart. You feel that you tread on ground where the peace of God and not the 'peace' of man created in the merciful hurricane of war, has reigned. Where the sun shone on creatures sporting on ground or on tree, as the Divine Goodness of the Universe imparted to spirit where the hunter disturbed alone the enjoyment of the lower animals by his own monstrous joy, where the traveller sung as he went over it because he felt a spring of happy soil must in his heart, where the weary wayfarer sat beneath a bush, and blessed God though his limbs ached with travel and his goal was far off. In God's deserts dwells gladness, in man's deserts death. A million holy souls as you enter them. There is a duke as from the past that envelops your heart, and the moans and sighs of ten times perpetuated misery seem still to live in the very winds.

One shallow and widely spread stream struggled through the moor, sometimes between masses of grey stone. Sedges and the white-headed cotton-rush whistled on its margin and on island life expulses that here and there rose above the surface of its middle course.

I have said that there was no sign of life, but on one of those grey stones stood a heron watching for prey. He had remained straight, rigid and motionless for hours. Probably his appetite was appeased by his day's success amongst the trout of that dark red brown stream which was coloured by the peat from which it oozed. When he did move, he sprung up at once, stretched his broad wings, and, silent as the scene around him, made a circuit in the air, rising higher as he went, with slow and solemn flight. He had been startled

by a sound. There was life in the desert now. Two horsemen came galloping along a highway not far distant, and the heron, continuing his grave gyrations, surveyed them as he went. Had they been travellers over a plain of India, an Australian waste, or the Pampas of South America, they could not have been grimmer of aspect, or more thoroughly children of the wild. They were Irish from head to foot.

They were mounted on two spare but by no means clumsy horses. The creatures had marks of blood and breed that had been introduced by the English to the country. They could claim, if they knew it, lineage of Arab. The one was a pure bay, the other and lesser, was black, but both were lean as ditch haggard, as famine. They were wet with the speed with which they had been hurried along. The soil of the damp moorland, or of the field in which, during the day, they had probably been drawing the peasant's cart, still smeared their bodies, and their manes flew as wildly and untamable as the sedgè or the cotton rush on the wastes through which they careered. Their riders, wielding each a heavy stick instead of riding whip, which they applied ever and anon to the shoulders or flanks of their smoking animals, were mounted on their bare backs, and guided them by habit, instead of bridle. They were a couple of the short frize coated, knee-breeches and grey stocking fellows who are as plentiful on Irish soil as potatoes. From beneath their narrow brimmed, old, weather beaten hats streamed hair as unkempt as their horses' manes. The Celtic physiognomy was distinctly marked—the small and somewhat upturned nose, the black tint of skin, the eye now looking grey, now black, the freckled cheek and sandy hair. Beard and whiskers covered half the face and the short square shouldered bodies were bent forward with a grim impudence as they thumped and kicked along their horses, muttering curses as they went.

The heron, sailing on broad and seemingly slow vans still kept them in view. Anon, they reached a part of the moorland where traces of human labour were visible. Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently, patches of cultivation presented themselves,—plots of ground raised on beds each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more stalks of ragwort than grass, enclosed by banks cast up and tipped here and there with a briar or a stone. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by sea-weeds but the village—where was it? Blotches of burnt ground, scorched heaps of rubbish and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden plots were trodden down and their few bushes rent up, or hung with

tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by with gloomy visages, uttered no more than a single word—"Eviction!"

Further on, the ground heaved itself into a chaotic confusion. Stony heaps swelled up here and there, naked, black, and barren the huge bones of the earth protruded themselves through her skin. Shattered rocks arose, sprinkled with bushes, and smoke curled up from what looked like mere heaps of rubbish, but which were in reality human habitations. Long dry grass hissed and rustled in the wind on their roofs (which were sunk by-places, as it falling in), and pits of reeking filth seemed placed exactly to prevent access to some of the low doors, while, to others, a few stepping-stones made that access only possible. Here the two riders stopped, and hurriedly tying their steeds to an elder-bush, disappeared in one of the cabins.

The heron slowly sailed on to the place of its regular roost. Let us follow it.

Far different was this scene to those the bird had left. Lofly trees darkened the steep slopes of a fine river. Rich meadows lay at the feet of woods and stretched down to the stream. Herds of cattle lay on them, chewing their cuds after the plentiful grazing of the day. The white walls of a noble house peeped, in the dusk of night, through the fertile timber which stood in proud guardianship of the mansion, and broad winding walks gave evidence of a place where nature and art had combined to form a paradise. There were ample pleasure grounds. Alas! the grounds around the cabins over which the heron had so lately flown, might be truly styled pen grounds.

Within that home was assembled a happy family. There was the father, a fine looking man of forty. Proud you would have deemed him, as he sat for a moment abstracted in his cushioned chair, but a moment afterwards, as a troop of children came bursting into the room, his manner was instantly changed into one so pleasant, so playful, and so overflowing with enjoyment that you saw him only as an amiable, glad, domestic man. The mother, a handsome woman, was seated already at the tentable, and, in another minute, sounds of merry voices and childish laughter were mingled with the jocose tones of the father, and the playful accents of the mother; addressed, now to one and now to another, of the youthful group.

In due time the merriment was hushed, and the household assembled for evening prayer. A numerous train of servants assumed their accustomed places. The father read. He had pursued once or twice, and glanced with a stern and surprised expression towards the group of domestics for he heard sounds that astonished him from one corner of the room near the door. He went on—"Remember the children of Eden O Lord, in the day of judgment, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to

the ground O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, yea, happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!"

There came a burst of another sob from the same corner, and the master's eye flashed with a strange fire as he again darted a glance towards the offender. The lady looked, equally surprised, in the same direction, then turned a meaning look on her husband—a warm flush was succeeded by a paleness in her countenance, and she cast down her eyes. The children wondered, but were still. Once more the father's sonorous voice continued—"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Again the stifled sound was repeated. The brow of the master darkened again—the mother looked agitated, the children wonder increased, the master closed the book, and the servants, with a constrained silence, retired from the room.

"What can be the matter with old Dennis?" exclaimed the lady, the moment that the door had closed on the household—"O! what an amiss with poor old Dennis!" exclaimed the children.

"Some stupid folly, or other," said the father, morosely. "Come! away to bed, children. You can learn Dennis's troubles another time." The children would have lingered, but again the words, "Away with you!" in tones which never needed repetition, were decisive. They kissed their parents and withdrew. In a few seconds the father rang the bell. "Send Dennis down in here."

The old man appeared. He was a little thin man, of not less than seventy years of age, with a white hair and a dark spare countenance. He was one of those many nondescript servants in a large Irish house, whose duties are curiously miscellaneous. He had, however, shown sufficient zeal and fidelity through a long life, to secure a warm nook in the servants' hall for the remainder of his days.

Dennis entered with an humble and timid air, as conscious that he had deeply offended, and had to dread at least a severe rebuke. He bowed profoundly to both the master and mistress.

"What is the meaning of your interruptions during the prayers, Dennis?" demanded the master, abruptly. "Has anything happened to you?"

"No, sir."

"Anything amiss in your son's family?"

"No, your honour."

The interrogator paused, a storm of passion seemed slowly gathering within him. Presently he asked, in a loud tone, "What does this mean? Was there no place to vent your nonsense in but in this room and at prayers?"

Dennis was silent. He cast an imploring look at the master, then at the mistress.

"What is the matter good Dennis?" asked the lady, in a kind tone. "Compose

yourself, and tell us. Something strange must have happened to you."

Dennis trembled violently, but he advanced a couple of paces, seized the back of a chair as to support him, and, after a vain gasp or two, declared, as intelligibly as fear would permit, that the prayer had overcome him.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the master, with fury in the same face, which was so lately beaming with joy on the children. "Nonsense! Speak out without more ado, or you shall rue it!"

Dennis looked to the mistress as if he would have implored her intercession, but as she gave no sign of it, he was compelled to speak, but in a brogue that would have been unintelligible to English ears. We therefore translate it—

"I could not help thinking of the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'Down with them! down with them! even to the ground!' and then the poor bit cabins came down all in fire and smoke, and the howls and cries of the poor creatures. Oh! it was a fearful sight, your honour—it was indeed—to see the poor hugging their babies, and the houses where they were born burning in the wind. It was dreadful to see the old hidden man lie on the wet ground amongst the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above. Oh, your honour! you never saw such a sight, or—you—sure a—it would never have been done!"

Dennis seemed to let the last words out, as if they were jerked from him by a sudden shock.

The master, whose face had changed during this speech to a livid hue of passion, his eyes blazing with rage, was in the act of rushing on old Dennis when he was held back by his wife, who exclaimed—"Oswald be calm, let us hear what Dennis has to say. Go on, Dennis—go on!"

The master stood still, breathing hard to overcome his rage. Old Dennis, as if seeing only his own thoughts, went on—"O, bless your honour! if you had seen that poor frantic woman when the back of the cabin fell, and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the flat of his sword, and bid them to troop off! Oh, your honour, but it was a killing sight! It was that came over me in the prayer, and I feared that we might be praying perdition on us all, when we prayed about our trespasses. If the poor creatures of Rathbeg should meet us your honour, at Heaven's gate (I was thinking) and say—'These are the heathens that would not let us have a poor hearthstone in poor old Ireland.' And that was all, your honour, that made me misbehave so, I was just thinking of that, and I could not help it!"

"Begone! you old fool!" exclaimed the master, and Dennis disappeared, with a bow,

and an alertness that would have done credit to his earlier years

There was a moment's silence after his exit. The lady turned to her husband, and clasping his arm with her hands, and looking into his darkened countenance with a look of tenderest anxiety, said —

"Dearest Oswald, let me, as I have so often done, once more entreat that these dreadful evictions may cease. Surely there must be some way to avert them, and to set your property right, without such violent measures."

The stern, proud man said — "Then, why, in the name of Heaven, do you not reveal some other remedy? why do you not enlighten all Ireland? why don't you instruct Government? The unhappy wretches who have been swept away by force are no people no tenants of mine. They squatted themselves down, as a swarm of locusts fix themselves while a green blade is left. They obstruct all improvement, they will not till the ground themselves, nor will they quit it to allow me to provide more industrious and provident husbandmen to cultivate it. Land that teems with fertility, and is shut out from bearing and bringing forth food for man, is scourged. Those who have been evicted, not only rob me, but then more industrious fellows

Lucy will murder us!" and the wife "some day for these things." They will——

Her words were cut short suddenly by her husband starting and standing in a listening attitude. "Wait a moment," he said, with a peculiar calmness as if he had just got a fresh thought, and his lady, who did not comprehend what was the cause, but hoped that some better influence was touching him, unlashed her hands from his arm. "Wait just a moment," he repeated, and stepped from the room, opened the front door, and without his hat, went out.

He is intending to cool down his anger," thought his wife. "he feels a longing for the freshness of the air. But she had not caught the sound which had startled his quicker because more excited ear. She had been too much engrossed by her own intercession with him. It was a peculiar whine from the mastiff, which was chained near the lodge gate, that had arrested his attention. He stepped out. The black clouds which overhung the moon had broken, and the moon's light struggled between them.

The tall and haughty man stood erect in the breeze and listened. Another moment, — there was a shot, and he fell headlong upon the broad steps on which he stood. His wife sprang with a piercing shriek from the door, and fell on his corpse. A crowd of servants gathered about them, making wild lamentations, and breathing vows of vengeance. The murdered master and the wife were borne into the house.

The heron soared from its lofty perch, and wheeled with terrified wings through the night air. The servants armed themselves,

and, rushing furiously from the house, traversed the surrounding masses of trees. Fierce dogs were let loose, and dashed frantically through the thickets. All was, however, too late. The soaring heron saw grey figures, with blackened faces, stealing away — often on their hands and knees — down the hollows of the moorlands towards the village; where the two Irish horsemen had, in the first dusk of that evening, tied their lean steeds to the old elder bush.

Near the mansion no lurking assassin was to be found. Meanwhile, two servants, pistol in hand, on a couple of their master's horses, scoured hill and dale. The heron, sailing solemnly on the wind above, saw them halt in a little town. They thundered with the butts of their pistols on a door in the principal street. Over it there was a coffin-shaped board displaying a panted crown, and the lighted words, 'POLICE STATION.' The mounted servants shouted with might and main. A night-capped head issued from a chamber casement with — "What is the matter?"

"Out with you, Police! out with all your strength, and lose not a moment. Mr Fitz-Gibbon, of Spireen, is shot at his own door."

The casement was hastily clipped to, and the two horsemen galloped forward up the long broad street, now flooded with the moon's light. Hordes full of terror were thrust from upper windows to inquire the cause of that rapid galloping, but ever too late. The two men held their course up a steep hill outside of the town, where stood a vast building overlooking the whole place. It was the barracks. Here the alarm was also given.

In less than an hour, a mounted troop of police in olive-green costume, with pistols at holster, sword by side, and carbine on the arm, were trotting briskly out of town, accompanied by the two messengers, whom they plied with eager questions. These answered, and smiling imprecations vented, the whole party increased their speed, and went on, mile after mile, by hedge-row and open moorland, talking as they went.

Before they reached the house of Spireen, and near the village where the two Irish horsemen had stopped the evening before, they halted, and formed themselves into more orderly array. A narrow gully was before them on the road, hemmed in on each side by rocky steep, here and there overhung with bushes. The commandant bade them be on their guard, for there might be danger there. He was right, for the moment they began to trot through the pass, the flash and rattle of fire-arms from the thickets above saluted them, followed by a wild yell. In a second, several of their number lay dead or dying in the road. The fire was returned promptly by the police, but it was at random, for although another discharge, and another howl, announced

that the enemy were still there, no one could be seen. The head of the police commanded his troop to make a dash through the pass, for there was no scaling the heights from this side the assailants having warily posted themselves there, became at the foot of an eminence were stretched on either hand impassable bogs. The troop dashed forward, firing their pistols as they went, but were met by such deadly discharges of firearms as threw them into confusion, killed and wounded several of their horses and made them hastily retreat.

There was nothing for it, but to wait the arrival of the cavalry and it was not long before the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ringing of sabres were heard on the road. On coming up, the troop of cavalry firing to the right and left on the hill sides, dashed forward, and in the same instant, cleared the gully in safety, the police having kept their side of the pass. In fact not a single shot was returned, the arrival of this strong force having warned the insurgents to decamp. The cavalry in full charge, climbed the hills to their summits. Not a foe was to be seen except one or two dying men, who were discovered by their groans.

The moon had been for a time quenched in a dense mass of clouds which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron soaring over the desert could now see grivated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighbouring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream by the shouts and galling of mingled police and soldiers as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, blue-headed, and panting peasants.

There were soon captured and at once recognised as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the recently deserted village.

Since then years have rolled on. The heron who had been startled from his quiet haunts by these things was still dwelling on the lofty trees with his kindled by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgement as spring after spring came round but no family after that fatal time, had ever tenanted the mansion. The widow and children had fled from it so soon.

Mr FitzGibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg, dank moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure grounds lay obstructed with briars, and young trees, in time grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed, the humble frolics of the squirrel were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place. Landlord and tenant, gentleman and peasant, each with the roots and the shoots of many

virtues in their hearts, thrown into a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, had weakened on each other the miseries sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants, and peasants, who would have glowed with grateful affection towards them, exulted in being their assassins. As the traveller rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen he read the riddle of Ireland's fate and asked himself when an Oedipus would arise to solve it.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

I was lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. At that moment I had neither profound nor useful resources of thought. I ate simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the hours, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as "after dinner," so peculiarly agreeable in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or by some pretty little fingers, simply I cannot say, but, at the same moment a rose was inserted into my button hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld in connexion with the eyes, the fingers and the voice a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favourite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *decoire* who I found were sharing my honours I placed a piece of money—I believe, in my case, it was silver—in the hand of the girl, and, receiving about five hundred times its value in the shape of a smile and a *Merci bien Monsieur!* was again left alone—('desolate,' a Frenchman would have said)—in the crowded and carousing boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière* who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary acknowledgment, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris, but I was interested—unaccountably so—in this young girl, her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which in England, we are accustomed to call theatrical, she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except, perhaps, in a certain coquettish simplicity—from the conventional mode, its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Laving a life that seemed one long

summer's day—one floral *fête*—with a means of existence that seemed so frail and immaterial—she conveyed an impression of *reality*. She might be likened to a Nymph or a Naad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers—close and perfumed air—foot lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and it may be readily imagined became one of the most constant of her *clientelle*. I learned too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode which has since become worse than vulgarised by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct—or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many while it displeased none. The sternest of stockbrokers, even, could not choose but be delighted. Accordingly, this new *Nydia* of *Thessaly* went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Montime there was much discussion and more mystification as to who this Queen of Flowers could be—where she lived—and so forth. Nothing was known of her except her name—*Hermance*. Much then one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour till night set in—in vain. Her flower disposal of she was generally joined by an old man respectably clad, whose arm she took with certain confidence, that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector, and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

All attempts have failed to generally occur to people to ask a direct question. But this in the presence was impossible. *Hermance* was never seen except in very public places—then in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her was considered a fortunate feat. Notwithstanding to her strange wild way of gaining her livelihood there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the curiosities.

As for the directors of the theatre they exhibited a most appropriate amount of indifference on her account, and I believe that at several of the theatres *Hermance* might have come under her own terms. But on one of these miserable men succeeded in making a terrible proposal, and he was treated with most serious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *Bouquetière's* disdain of the drama. She who lived a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be *Rosalind* than *Rachel*. She refused the part of *Cerito*, and chose to be an *Alma* on her own account.

It may be supposed that where there was

so much mystery, imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the confusing stories about *Hermance*, would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents brought up by an *ouvrier*; but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness, on the profits of his daughter's industry,—that her mother was a deceased duchess—but on the other hand was alive, and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse*. As for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in such a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities in the delicate discussion held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve everything.

One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *Bouquetière* in a startling hat of some expensive straw, and of a make bordering on the ostentatious. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labours were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent she chosen, but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a hat, in contradistinction from the little cap of the *graviotte*, is considered a presumption of a superior grade, and warranted by the "position" of the wearer. It reacted as an importance. In Paris, indeed, there are only two classes of women—those with bonnets, and those without. We stand in the same relation to each other—the two great classes into which they may be divided—the powers that be, and those powers that want to be. Under such the world stances, it may be supposed that there were many and marvellous that these *Bouquetière* was becoming and about the summer lady,—but how? why? The little *Bouquetière* was never in a mood—becoming a never more inventive and above all—why?

In my part, I am more rampant, and scandal appears worthy.

I thought nothing of nothing in any of these strong and strange, in themselves, of a second in the gul, and I could have destroyed the thing more potent interest which I had taken coquettish in her would have required something to have shaken them a straw hat—however goodness. Her pit and audacious in him—few minutes, in the which in her truth and came to me—I will say for the accustomed certainly a habit,—and soon or evening, bedespotic when a necessity, but

'A fur face and a tender voice has sufficiently

I will not say 'mid and blind'—in under of the line would manumote—most deliciously in my senses, and most a newly wide awake!

But to come to the catastrophe—

'One more we miss her in the accustomed spot—

Not only, indeed, from "accustomed" and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, unprobable, and even impossible spots—all of

which were duly searched—was she missed. In short, she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the Boulevards. Hardened old *flâneurs* turned pale under their rouge, and some of the younger ones went about with drooping moustaches, which, for want of the cure, had fallen into the "yellow leaf."

A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentalists. A clever little monk key at the Hippodrome, and a gentleman who stood on his head while he ate his dinner, became the immediate objects of interest, and *Hernance* seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clue, information, or indication, seem to me now something absurd in the course of my walks. I met an old man, who was pointed out to me as her father—met him frequently, alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission—and with what as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him, but he turned aside, and would let me with an inner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before.

A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. The *Bouquetière* had never been so friendless or unprotected a people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied or rather followed, by her father, whenever she stopped then (he stopped also), and never was he distant more than a dozen yards. I wonder that he was not recognised by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his attire or appearance from time to time. One morning this strange pair were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when the *Bouquetière* made a sudden secluded street the pavement spinning into a post chase, the door of which stood open, and was immediately shut—leaving the old man alone with his basket of flowers.

Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *Bouquetière*, but only a few days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those brilliant receptions for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolising all the admiration of the evening—who was the newly married bride of a young German baron of great wealth, and noted for a certain wild kind of genius and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by their side, and entered into conversation. The Baronne observed that she had met me before, but could

not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers.

I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand.

The Baronne selected a flower, and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented, and the flower, not being re-demanded, I did not return it. The conversation changed to other subjects, and, shortly afterwards the Baronne took her leave with her husband. They left Paris next day for the Baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since.

I learned subsequently that some strange stories had obtained circulation respecting the previous life of the Baronne. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *Bouquetière* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages that can, with any degree of courtesy, be included in that category, and of all degrees of beauty short of the hunch back, may be seen in all directions intruding their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers, and making war upon button holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls I find, not being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and fictitious country.

I should have mentioned before, that a friend calling upon me the morning after my meeting with the Baronne, saw the flower which she had placed in my hand standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me: "Do you know anything of the language of flowers?" I asked.

"Something," was the reply.

"What then, is the meaning of this?"

"SILENCE."

UNEXPECTED GIFTS

IT IS but a mask upon the face of Death.

When left untold the mind heavily fallow,
And vainly rising on the stammering breath,
The brood of thought remains undigested and fallow.

Then unimproved are Man's peculiar gifts,

The noblest portion of his compound being,
Untrasted thus in the happiness that lifts
Him nearer Heaven, as year by year is flung

Yet countless thousands of the human race

Live thus in death, as when the world was younger,
Rulers of realms the beaten footpath trace,
Content to succour helpless want and hunger.

Yon aged peasant, leaning on his staff,

Perring around with sunken eyes and faded,
Mumbles and mutters with a vacant laugh,
By mindless toil to idiotry degraded.

Some, half instructed but unschooled to think,

Devour the page which teems with vice and treason,
Fill, straying heedlessly on error's brink,
They fall, unguided by the light of reason.

Let useful knowledge, well and soundly taught,
 Endow the poor man with exhaustless treasures,
 That when his hands their daily task have wrought,
 His mind may revel in ennobling pleasures

Then Peace will hallow every cottage home,
 Gathering their inmates round her sacred altar.
 Where, as they comment on some valued tom
 With thrilling joy their tongues will often utter

MAN MAGNIFIED

THE flea magnified, until he looks as large as an elephant and as ugly as a crawfish, is an old friend with all sight-seers. Neither are such marvels of the microscope, as the terrible combat displayed in the circle of light on the walls of the Polytechnic Institution—where animals, like all sorts of tigers and snakes, beetles and flying fish, dart and twist and jerk, in all directions—unfamiliar even to juvenile and nervous spectators. These are amongst the chosen subjects for popular illustrations. But far more startling objects may be seen through the lenses nearer home. Man may be magnified as well as fleas. The fancies of Swift have been paralleled by the discoveries of the microscopist. The rough skin of the Brobdignian has been shown in reality under the object glass, with other things much more strange than any the Deity ventured to imagine. Nowadays from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot every tissue of the human frame has in turn become the subject of investigation. The bones on which the body is built—the muscle that moves it—the brain that excites the will—all the nerves that convey that will to each limb—the blood that vitalises and repairs—the lungs which feed the blood with air—have all been put to the test, and made to reveal their peculiarities.

We need not to see all this, set up one of Ross's fifty guinea microscopes, or to ask anatomists for specimens. The whole tale has been gone through by various medical inquirers, and we have the results told in scientific terms by Dr Arthur Hill Hassall, in his volumes on the 'Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease,' recently completed and published. Without troubling the doctors for terms, let us see what facts they afford us.

No microscope ever was made (nor ever will be made, probably) large enough to grasp any whole specimen of the genus *Homo* at once. You cannot catch a life-guardsmen, or even a Tom Thumb, and put him under the power of eight or nine hundred diameters. But though we cannot magnify the entire animal at once, we can yet examine him in detail, portion by portion. One hair, or one drop of blood, displays the characteristic features of its construction, just as completely as though the whole scalp, or the entire contents of the heart, could be seen at once. Knowing one, we know all.

A small piece of skin, for instance, displays a series of ridges and furrows, having a somewhat scaly surface, between the ridges, little openings are seen. They are the mouths of the perspiratory ducts. Under the surface, and forming the most important and interesting portion of the skin, is the layer in which resides the sense of touch, but if this be valuable, it is even less beautiful, as we see under the microscope, than the scaly cuticle provided for its protection, for it looks more like a dense crop of double teeth than anything else—each tooth having four sharp tubercles. Between each tooth, we see the continuation of the perspiratory duct winding its way deeper into the frame, just as a good farmer places tiles to drain his lands. These fleshy teeth are known as the papillary portion of the skin, and where they are most numerous, there is the sense of touch most keen. On the soft, sensitive hand and fingers of a young lady, looking the perfection of whiteness and delicacy, they are ranged thick and threefold, and so too, are they on the skilful fingers of the workman turned to the more delicate manipulations of art. In the rough labourer, they become buried under a hard crust of coarse cuticle. The naked eye can easily detect the ridges into which the papillae are ranged, each ridge being, in fact, two rows of papillae—two rows of double teeth—but the microscope is wanted, if we wish to behold them in their exact forms—beautifully adapted to the work they have to do, but rougher than the rind of a pine apple, or the scales of a French artichoke, and by no means so picturesque as the scale armour of the magnified flea.

The hair may be called the offspring of the skin, and in health and disease, youth and age, there is a close sympathy between the two. A fine growth of hair, when magnified, might be compared to a plantation of osiers, when the leaves are off with some differences, of course. Human hair is not perfectly round, as it seems to be when seen with the naked eye, nor is it of the same thickness through its whole length. At its origin in the skin, it swells out into a bulbous form, like a crocus root, or the body of a young spring onion, before the leaves have opened. From this base the hair springs forth, and gradually becomes bulkier as it lengthens. This goes on to a certain point, at which the greater growth is attained, and then the hair grows fine by degrees and beautifully less, until, if allowed its full growth as on the head of a young damsel, its point is many times smaller and more delicate than the portion near the centre of its length. Some hair is much rounder, more cylindrical, than other, some being oval, and some flattened. The flat hair it is that curls most. Adonis and the negro are, therefore, alike in one point at least. Hairs vary very much, both in thickness and in length, those on the female scalp being, naturally, the longest of

all; and those of the beard of men being next in length and longer than those of the male head. The hair of the female scalp is not only longer than that of the male, but in proportion to its length is larger in diameter. The thickness of all human hair, however, is that of the beard of men, and the investigations of this subject tend to justify the assertion of the barbers that frequently cutting and shaving the hair has a tendency to make it thicker. Every hair has a stem and a root, just as a tree has, the root being bedded in the skin just as the tree is in the earth. But the comparison does not end here. The tree has bark, medulla and intervening substance; the hair has the same. The bark (or cortex) of the hair displays a series of scales placed, one overlapping another just as we see tiles overlap on a house top. Immediately below this scaly bark we have a fibrous portion, forming two thirds of the bulk of the hair. These fibres are seen to separate when the hair splits from being left too long uncut. The centre of the hair has a little canal full of an oily marrow-like substance containing the greater part of the colouring matter, black in black hair, brown in brown hair, and almost absent when the hair has become grey. The marrow of the hair and its two outer coverings, are well seen in section of a hair from a well-shaved chin. The razor day by day, cuts it across; it cannot grow longer, so it grows thicker and stronger, and each slice taken away by the matutinal shave, looks under the microscope like a section of bone, just as a bone is cut across when a ham is cut up into slices for broiling, whilst the *stump* remaining on the chin has just the same look as the bone on the section of grilled ham ready for the breakfast table. The primly shaved mouth is thickly lotted round by myriads of hideous hair-stumps, with inner layer and marrow all exposed. Fashion, ever since the days of Louis Quatorze has demanded the daily sacrifice, and men continue to pay it. Happily they do not see the stumps of their heads through a microscope, or razor-makers would starve.

Fat appears to be a series of little globules, each enclosed in a vessel. A collection of fat, therefore, is like a series of receptacles each full of oily matter. The holl of a Dutch or Irish trader full of well-filled bladders of lard, resembles the material which makes up the rolls of fat that traditionally hang like robes of office about an alderman. The constance of fat varies in different animals and varies also in hot and cold weather. The fat of an ox or a sheep is harder than that of a pig, that of the human subject being intermediate between the two extremes. The quantity of fat secreted, varies (as is well known) in different animals, and in different constitutions, the tendency to its increase varies also at different times of life. In man the unwieldy accumulation of fat usually indicates that he has passed the meridian of

life. A moderate proportion of these bladders of oil, however, adds both to health and to beauty. Their uses are many. They give softness to the skin, symmetry to the human outline, they are a garment to keep out cold, often (as on the soles of the feet) act as guards against injurious pressure on bones and nerves, and muscles, and, in certain cases, form a reserve of nourishment on which the system can draw for sustaining life when food cannot be taken, or is not to be had. So, if the fat of the frame, when magnified, does look like a portion of the contents of a provision shop, the similitude is as great in fact as in appearance.

Marrow only differs from fat in this respect—the cells are rounder, and it is less encumbered with cellular tissues. Inside a nose, the fat requires, in fact, less tying together than is needed in other situations on the body.

From this partial substitute for food to the indicators of it, is no very violent digression. The teeth, under the microscope, are seen to be made up of three different portions: the enamel on the surface above the gum, the ivory, making up the bulk of the tooth beneath the enamel, and the coating of the fang. The roots of the tooth is full of small tubes, running from the cavity in the centre towards the outer surface of the tooth. These tubes get finer and finer as they approach the surface, and many of them branch out like little tubular trees. The microscope gives strength to the supposition, that decay of the teeth, with the horrible aches which accompany it, arises from a parasitical growth promoted by a vitiated condition of the secretions of the mouth. The tartar that accumulates on neglected teeth consists of lime mixed with mucus and the refuse from the lining substances of the mouth. This substance continues in the case of negligent and dirty people, unimpaired and vegetable growth. Imagine a human being with a small zoological and botanical collection between, and round about, the teeth.

We have spoken of the skin, the hair, the fat, and the teeth, all contributing to the appearance of the surface of the body. On other of the materials of which the frame is made up must be mentioned, for, from it all the rest are built up upon its presence their vitality depends, and, to its brightness and visibility is due that great charm or the beauties of England—a blooming complexion. We speak of the blood. It seems simply a crimson fluid till scrutinised under the magic glass of the microscopist. Instead of appearing one evenly bright red stream, we see that it is made up of globules, some of which are white, and others red. The white ones, indeed are largest, and roundest, but the red ones are by far the more numerous. On they flow, whilst life lasts, the red dots being too many in a plethoric alderman, or fox hunting squire, and too few in a pale, love-lorn maiden. But in both alike, on, on they

flow through the arteries, like myriads of red and white billiard balls running through a series of tubes.

This revelation of the ultimate forms of living structure may not altogether make up a flattering picture. Man might indeed may be less handsome than man seen by ordinary unassisted eyesight. Skin, rough as the bark of an old pine tree, hair, a winter osier bed, teeth encrusted by earthy matter, and blood shown sometimes gluttonously rich, and sometimes in loquently poor, make no flattering picture for self-satisfied contemplation. But the roughness of the skin covered by its myriads of perspiratory ducts teaches the need for careful cleanliness; the hair tortured by freezing noons and mutilated by razors suggests a thought as to the purposes for which portions of the frame were thus carefully covered by the Author of all things; teeth becoming sources of agonising pain, and falling to decay teach the wise necessity of giving them proper care—both direct, by washing and indirect by keeping the juices of the mouth pure by proper food and wholesome temperance. Blood too white or too red warns us against gluttony on the one hand, or intemperance and intonation on the other.

There is not one particle of the vast natural kingdom but has its lesson if we do but take the trouble to read it. Surely there is an obvious code of morals plainly indicated in this one glimpse of Man Moulded.

HAMPSLEAD HEATH

HEARING and seeing all we do of London with its Thames water, odious sewerage, precipitous wooden pavement, its Smithfield, its Guildhall balls to Rivalry, its earnest and liberal patronage of dirt and filth—few among us whether provincial or continental would dream of the existence of such places as Shooter's Hill, Kew, Hendon or Hampstead at but a few miles of omnibus or steamboat distance. The fashionable lounge of the more favoured West End has perhaps as little idea of these places, except such obscure recollections as are suggested by Lady Lasee de Richmond's ball (to which he went by gas light, and returned just as the sun was threatening to appear) or from dining once with Sir Gore Hatton, the wealthy banker, at Downshire Cottage, or, from some indistinct notions about the Marshfield property, or some article in the 'Times,' relative to "enclosing" something which people in general preferred should be left open.

Neither is this sort of ignorance to be corrected by the ordinary channels of literature. London is at present flooded with guide-books, but there is no authentic guide to Hampstead Heath. We would therefore supply the deficiency.

Passing up Tottenham Court Road, that universal resort for "persons about to marry," and who are earnestly invited to purchase

neatly furniture and shabby glass-ware, in order to have the pleasure of doing the same thing about once in every five years—we come to the Hampstead Road a humbler reflection of Tottenham Court Road but still richer in persipatic dealers in antique, chalk-farm looking oysters, early wall flower, and anomalous toys and knick knacks, all this lot at one penny. Not are travelling cafes wanting, and a fish ordinary, of hot chilis, whisks, and "winkles," is kept up at every hour in the day, at a halfpenny per bowl. The houses are gradually turning their front gardens into shops, and the few trees that are left—those excepting the gardens appropriate to Mornington Crescent—seem to hold their ground under a sadly uncertain tenure. Those people who can remember the New Road before it was colonised by ladders, zinc chimney pots, and stone shepherds, will have a good idea of the Hampstead Road as it was, and as it is.

The Mother Red Cap Tavern, that celebrated station for omnibuses, forms our best landmark. These roads branch from it, the centre and left of which—with the Gothic milk shop and its blown glass and shell-work museum for an apex—lead us to Hampstead.

People who are going to the Heath by the omnibus must wait for a green conveyance, labelled "Hampstead," which only requires some twenty minutes' patience. People who are going our way will take the road to the right of the Gothic milk shop and go straight under the railway-bridge. We prefer this way, firstly, because it is the more pleasant, and secondly, because we want to grumble at one or two things by the way.

It is of no use to give directions as to the many turnings and zig zags leading into the Hampstead fields on our left. The best plan is to ask, and take the first way that comes. The higher, however, we go up the Highgate Road the more pleasant are the views. Once in the fields, Hampstead looks us boldly in the face, at no great distance.

Sundry evenings are, perhaps, the worst for Hampstead fields. We do not find fault with the many respectable working men who come out with their families and enjoy the walk as heartily as it deserves, we have no objection to the orange boys or the ginger beer cut. But there are always a large stock of the red ruffian about, the snake-catching, bird's nesting community of vagabond boys, who seem as if they idled about the streets all the week and came into the fields for a change on Sunday. Besides these a troop of half-drunk fellows, generally accompanied by a bull terrier of as forbidding appearance as themselves, run tumbling along, knocking each other over, rolling manfully on the grass, and shouting more manfully still. Furthermore, on Sundays you meet more pipes than usual.

But go on whatever day you will, these fields are always pleasant, and become more so as

you approach Hampstead: though bricks and mortar, those friends to fresh air when they develop themselves in the form of healthy, lofty lodging-houses in crowded cities—those enemies to it, when they trunch upon our few beautiful fields—are rapidly doing mischief. For a long time, a miserable, one-roomed attempt, with two windows and a door (associated only with conventional dwellings of witches, and modern twopenny table beer) was the only attempt at "en lo sure," and the cows and the people had it all to themselves. But now, promising building leases are announced in all directions, more than one attempt at a saw pit has been realised, and a few brick "skilicious" threaten future villas, streets, 'places,' and terraces. This is to be deplored—to be withstood. All the beauty of Hampstead Fields depends upon the openness of the surrounding prospect, and it needs no professor of optics to prove how little, houses contribute to opening out a landscape.

Keeping gently north-west, we come to a narrow lane, with comely buildings on both sides of every conceivable pattern. This is to our taste, the very prettiest entrance into Hampstead. Although the houses are not picturesque, they are the best in the place, and their bright red bricks come out pleasantly from among the rich trees. When the sun is either setting, or at its full in mid-day, the effect is glorious—just such an effect as makes a great picture out of the simplest and least pretentious subject.

Leaving the Vale and passing the White Horse—which, on certain occasions, clings to entertainments in which Ethiopian senegals, such jumping, greasy pikes, and races performed by veteran wheelwomen for a "cup of tea," never fail to draw crowded audiences—we cross an enclosure (which calls up a mixture of something between Paddington Green and a parochial pound) and ascend the hill towards the Heath.

But to our taste, and, we believe, most people who know the neighbourhood, it is far more pleasant to turn to the right of the enclosure, pass the few cottages which may be remembered if it be only for the glorious fuchsia which literally cover their piken windows, mount a conveniently awkward or awkwardly convenient modern stile and run over Parliament and Constitution Hills. But you must remember that you will then get an excellent distant view of London. It is well worth seeing, although it reminds us how near we are.

We will suppose ourselves back again in the old track, merely to look at the water-works building something like the Temple of the Four Winds at Athens, with a monster pomatum pot (of the old "chick-it" pattern) at top, and to catch the first glimpse of the donkeys, for the donkey is as truly the indigenous animal of Hampstead Heath, as is the chanous of St Bernard, the racoon of the

backwoods, and the blackbirds of the chandlers' shops in the neighbourhood of Golden Square.

It is sad, for the cause of romance, to reflect that these donkeys—the hired palfreys of holiday misers, perpetually associated throughout the summer with half-dozens of pretty, fun-enjoying faces, rackets, good-humoured laughter, enhanced by an occasional "spill," productive of more confusion and blushing than danger—it is sad to think of these bulled, stuck persuaded creatures degenerating, in the winter, into despicable beasts of draught. Pretty milliners, plump babies, and fast young gentlemen, are faded from their memories, and salt-fish, colds, and green stuff are, for the next seven months, their only topics of reflection. We do not know nevertheless, whether they are not better off in the winter-time. The costermongers are rough enough, but the donkey drivers are absolutely brutal. Cob-driving and donkey driving have many points of resemblance, not the least marked of which is their peculiar uncertainty respecting fares. An hour's ride, or a half hour's ride, on Hampstead Heath, are the same facetious fictions as eightpenny and one and four penny fares are in London. Of a truth donkey-drivers know as little of practical arithmetic as some Irish men.

But we must not forget another animal which is associated with the donkey man (it is learned societies dispute the propriety of this epithet we cannot help it) donkeys of the Heath, and that is the Hampstead Heath pony. Captain Juniper's History of the Horse, 8vo London, with seventy-four illustrations, on steel the Winners of the Chalk Farm Sweep, 8vo H G Broom and Son, Cork Place, Hutton Garden with fifty portraits of the winners give no idea of the animal in question. It is not a mule, nor a cob nor a Welsh colt, nor a Shetland sheltie, nor a pul nor a tit, nor anything heard of either in the mind, or on the box. It is a deplorable instance

of the proverbial effects of mixing in bad society. It is a something that might have been a horse, but was thrown in early life with imperfect education among donkeys. It has learned all their tricks badly. Long association has taught it to behave in thick sticks, and despise the gentle switch, to prefer outrageous shouting to the more refined "ccccckkk," and, without anything like a spirited show of resistance, to make dead stops, to walk zig zag to trot as if all the joints of all its legs were broken and to look humiliated and miserable upon all occasions. It knows but one rider, and that is the donkey boy. Once we attempted a Hampstead Heath pony ourselves, on the strength of considerable experience of Oxford hacks and Kensington-kept hunters. It was of no use. We edged on a few paces, then turned round, then we tried to munch the grass, then we looked as if we were going to bolt, then we stuck down our head, and, finally, we turned and went back at a melancholy slow pace. When the

owner held out his hand, and shouted, "A shilling, please Sir," it was with the conscious look of a man who was making money rapidly.

There is an aristocracy on Hampstead Heath as well as on the turf. There are "touters." They beset young gentlemen, who have ladies with them, with as eager an earnestness as the lookers out for Boulogne hotels. There are stern, severe drivers—who manage the extortion part of the business, and keep the tune upon the ingenious calculations already described—as well as their serfs, who do not own the donkeys they drive. To borrow theatrical allusion, the former are the 'munagers, who pocket the money, the latter are the—not box, but donkey keepers, who, instead of being paid for their office, are allowed to sponge for an additional fee. But in these fortunate days of reform we may hope to see even donkey riding reduced to something like a regular principle, and the fiction of the distance between Jack Straws Castle and the Spinards Inn or of the corresponding circuit round the left side of the Heath, set at rest by a policeman established at the Grand Downshire Hill and Hampstead Heath Junction Donkey Station.

A world about the inns in this quarter. It is an ability to keep up the aristocratic paraphernalia of heavy private rooms, waiters never within call, and high prices, at the present time. When the railways and steam boats throw open to us so many excursions, when the superior elegance and varied *table d'hôte* of the restaurants at such places, and with a more moderate scale of charges, attracts us in the fact at every pier, station, and office, in almost every newspaper, circular, and hotel bill it is folly to suppose that Hampstead will draw a sufficient number of people to eat fortnight old pigeon pies and drink dry branched sherry, at tuiffs somewhat above those of Regent Street. Nor will ill attended tea gardens attract the less aristocratic caste of visitors. Till there is a more regular as well as a more reasonable system of refreshments and prices, the inn business of the Heath must be confined to a few half reputable rollicking parties, a few practical old gentlemen, who go there because they used to do so, and pay old prices to keep up old associations.

But we have done grumbling. Even the weather is too fine to let us enjoy that genuine Englishman's privilege, and—to use a cruelly hackneyed, most improper, but favourite metaphor—we are fairly launched upon the Heath. The view is glorious. If we step upon the ridges, we look down upon a wide expanse of shaggy bushes, tipped with golden blossoms, forming all sorts of imaginary grottoes, labyrinths, and retreats. Did you ever play at "being lost" on Hampstead Heath? If not, do so with the very first company of pretty young ladies you can get out with. What with the pleasantness of crouching down in places where you never thought you could be

seen, and watching a distant bonnet and parasol tracking you in precisely the reverse direction, we cannot recommend better fun. Moreover, the narrow, slippery, sandy, turf-staving ridges, where stunted grass and moss grow together, till you cannot tell which is which—the pleasing chances of slipping down, the excitement of stepping through a small plantation of nettles, or trying to step over some awkwardly straggling brambles—no one who has not spent six or seven consecutive hours on Hampstead Heath can appreciate these, and a hundred other of its delights.

But civilisation will not be quiet. It will not leave even the left side of the Heath to the donkeys and the human beings who want to enjoy themselves. Here and there a gravel-pit has been cut out, and (if they will not make too many of them, and then build near them,) they are rather an improvement. They look rough, bold, and rock like. Moreover, like the Indians in temples at Salsotto or Ldfou, they are pleasantly chiselled all over with the devices and mitils of various individuals, who seem to go through the world like savages, with clasp-knives in their hands, and whose earthly mission is tattooing. The same spirit that leads Englishmen to write poetry in the heavy arbours of Kensington Gardens, is equally developed in the carving their names or initials on the red ochre facade of a Hampstead Heath gravel pit.

Sit down amidst the furze, low enough to have no forms around you, its dark, rough, broken outlines standing out boldly against the clear blue sky above, or, perhaps, perched on the roof of one of the cedar firs, from which the gravelly soil has gradually receded by a series of Lilliputian land slips, with a large and more noble prospect before you, and while we revel in the clear, healthy air around us, we think with pain upon any prospect of change. Scarcely can we realise even in idea this beautiful wilderness hedged, ditched, drained, furrowed, and submitted to all the other useful cruelties of agriculture. Still less do we think of its appropriation to forming select parks and paddocks for villa mansions. Little thankful should we be for regular, correct pathways, neatly laid down with powdered sea shells, getting dry after every shower, and always looking unpicturesque, orderly, and public requested not to walk on the grass itself. While we look at the free open space, with no intruders but ourselves, an occasional cow, quite astonished at her own independence, or a bevy of donkey-mounted girls, we begin to think that all we have heard or read about notions of enclosing Hampstead Heath are a fiction, a cry got up by agitators, to drown some other cry.

But, as we cross to the other side of the Heath, and wend our way towards the "Vale of Health," we find that there is less of fiction, less of impossibility, than we supposed. What have those neat, Tunbridge-brick, with white

coprag, villas to do on Hampstead Heath? They do not look as if they had been there long. Their architecture is not even Elizabethan. We will not say, with the gallery-mob on a benefit night, "turn them out," but we will say, "build no more."

Whether the "Vale of Health" took its name from the fact of the water in its hollow being the very dirtiest of all the 'Hampstead Ponds,' we cannot say. If it had belonged to the Corporation of London, we should have had less hesitation. It is a curious district and is more associated with tea-making than the picturesque. A range of indifferently white washed cottages, somewhat resembling the worst of the old Hyde Park barracks, with a plentiful collection of rickety tavern tables, and primitive forms, are relieved by clothes props and lincs more or less bending under the discharge of their great social duty. Attendance of hot water within a few elderly women (who appear to be always in the same proverbially uncomfortable element) in awful host of squalling children, and worried mammas, and a number of urchins who will probably take to donkeys having hereafter prepare tea, drink or spill tea or tout for customers. If a Frenchman visited Hampstead, Gravesend or Kew, he would set down the English as a tea drinking nation and all the French notions about bottled porter and gin would be left to the pens of their correct delineators of English habits and society. It is worthy of observation that economical mammas, who certainly form the largest part of the company in this direction take their tea with them paying twopenny for the cups saucers and hot water and wisely thinking that a pint of about five hundred per cent must be made at some slight loss to themselves. This may be called the accommodation system.

We are again upon the Heath on our way home and motion has been it with. The evening is getting darker. But it does not prevent us in being a number of upright trees cased in with wooden hurdles like those of the Park plantations. Who planted them? Had he any business to do so? They are in evidence. Where will they end? Did not some one say that some body—we forget and do not care who—tried to enclose Hampstead Heath? It he does so, may his hens find a quick road to their inheritance? Who could he have been? Surely it was not one of the five Whig noble men who wanted to pull down the Crystal Palace because it deprived the people of the dirtiest most unmeaning and least inviting part of Hyde Park? It could not have been one of the gentlemen who advocate healthful and washhouses? It must have been some tailor who had suddenly become a director of railways, or some half-fledged baronet the second of the family who, having a half title to his own property, fancied that no title at all might suffice for appropriating

that of the public. Whoever he was, may his dreams be redolent of Smithfield, may nightmares tread with donkey hoofs on his chest, and may visions of angry laundresses scald his brain with weak tea!

It is getting late, the sun has left only a dim, yellow streak behind us, the sky is dark above us, and stars are looking out in all directions. Worn-out donkeys are trotting back to their station at a speed that renders the stick and boots of their rough rider quite unnecessary. Straggling parties, in twos and threes, are walking home, varying their quiet observations on the beautiful night with one or two altercations with the dogs in neighbouring gardens. Sober old gentlemen and fast young men who have smoked and drunk the whole afternoon are dozing inside omnibuses or laughing and smoking on the roof (give us the way home across the fields. We have not so far to go, but we shall see far more on the way. It is dark enough to make us forget the few intruding houses, the precincts of London are lighted up with ten thousand lights, that seem to dance before our eyes and to cast a warm red halo up into the dark arch above us. We feel healthier, better in body and mind. We feel, that while such heaths and fields can be trodden by all of us will grumble at division of property, and that Chartism will make few converts. But let them meddle with Hampstead Heath and may all they deserve follow, and follow quickly.

AN AUSTRIAN STATE TRIAL

A YOUNG American gentleman, whom we shall designate Mr. Charles Bunce, left New York early in March last, for a visit to the Great Exhibition taking the Continent of Europe generally in his way. His object was that of most young men who set out with a roving licence. He wished to see men and manners abroad, and to combine instruction with amusement. He had moreover the desire to master the details of the political questions which have lately convulsed the continental countries. France, Denmark, and Germany were consequently of great interest to him, for with respect to those countries, he had heard it asserted that the struggle of 1848 was but the opening scene of more fierce and deadly contentions, but his curiosity was chiefly attracted by Hungary. The organs of the English press, which transmitted the accounts of the late revolutionary war in that country to America, had been contradictory in their statement of facts, as well as in their reasoning on events. Crowds of exiles had landed in America with tales of Hungarian heroism and devotion, and Austrian cruelty and treason. These ex parte statements might be true, but still Mr. Bunce could not help thinking that they were strongly coloured with political animosity. The true state of the case—Mr. Bunce thought—could only be

gathered at the spot where the conflict had raged, and he resolved patiently to hear, and calmly to investigate, the Austrian version of the story among Prince Schwarzenberg's friends and supporters at Vienna. Thence he intended to proceed to Hungary, where he proposed to listen to the accounts which the Hungarians themselves gave of their cause, its protracted defence, and final overthrow. With that "smartness" not wholly peculiar to our Transatlantic cousins, he was at the same time, resolved to turn the ideas he realised on his tour to immediate account upon paper, thus converting his freshly bought experience into dollars and cents in which shapes he calculated it would go far towards defraying the expenses of his journey. For this purpose, arrangements were made with the editor of a New York newspaper and while Mr Bunce promised to write as he went, the editor agreed to print and pay as he wrote.

After a short stay in England the tourist crossed the Channel and proceeded to Vienna, where he at once devoted himself to the first portion of his task. Nothing could be more delightful for a man in health and spirits—one who could, like Mr Bunce divide his attention between gastronomy and the state of Europe—in to hold an unofficial political mission in that capital. The Viennese live in their coffee-houses which are delightful places, especially for Americans who like smoking. Their *restaurants* are excellent, their puddings defy the boldest imaginations of the northern epicures. To the foreigner, life in Vienna is a continual round of coffee drinking, smoking during promenading and concert hearing. You scarcely ever visit a Viennese in his own home. You meet him at a *café* or at an hotel in the Prater or in the Volksgarten. Mr Bunce was soon at home in this easy slipshod sort of life. He imbibed the views of the government and military party as he sipped his *Capuziner* at Daum's, he listened to the mediæval plans of the Austrian aristocracy while he ate his *Obers* strudel at the 'Adeligen Casino,' he saw the actors and opera singers at 'Katzmayers' and the malcontents at 'Ott's.' Every class of society and every political party has its own houses of resort, and even out of doors, while the people congregated round the gingerbread and Punches of the "Wu del Prater," the magnates of the land hold their Corso in the Prater itself. This arrangement makes it easy for a student of Austrian politics to hear and compare the views of the most extreme parties in the course of a single morning, and to come in contact with almost all the gradations of the social scale. Mr Bunce was alive to these facilities, and turned them to account, but there was another peculiarity of which he was ignorant, and which was turned to account, though not by him. In a free country, the views, the plans, and the circumstances

of the people are made known by the press, and by the speakers at meetings. Through these channels the government is every morning informed of the topics which agitate the public mind, of the purposes of parties and persons, and of the means they have for their accomplishment. In a despotic country, the case is far different. The press is fettered, public meetings are prohibited. Opposition has no means of making itself heard, yet the very silence, which is intended to suppress it, makes it the more formidable. The plans and resources of the malcontents are concealed from the world, but they are also concealed from government, and extraordinary and very exceptionable expedients must be resorted to by the authorities to ascertain the number and the objects of their political antagonists. A despotic government must therefore keep a large staff of spies to watch over and to report the proceedings of the disaffected, or those who are likely to be so. A citizen of a republican country, one too which had shown the most lively sympathy with the Hungarian insurgents was necessarily an object of apprehension and suspicion. Whenever Mr Bunce went he was followed by the invisible agents of the governmental conscience. At the *café*, at the opera in his walks during his dinners even in his hotel, the eyes of the *feminales* were upon him. His every word was caught by eavesdroppers, all his actions—were in many almost any his feelings—were noted down, while he, in happy unconsciousness, endeavoured to master the subtleties sometimes of Austrian pastry, sometimes of Austrian politics.

Good natured and unsuspecting, he congratulated himself on his progress. He had actually been initiated into all the mysteries of a Viennese bill of fare. He had seen government officers, artists, rats and radicals. He had listened to them with great politeness, and contradicted them with all the activity he could muster. He had read many books and pamphlets, in which the justice of the Austrian cause was set forth with great zeal. He had also obtained glimpses of some of the pamphlets which the bookshelves in Austria dare not sell and which are passed from hand to hand stealthily—with fear and trembling—because they criticise the acts of the government and uphold the justice of the Hungarian cause. Notwithstanding the variety and apparent disinterestedness of his researches, he contrived to continue the suspicions of the Austrian police who dreaded him as an American and an inquirer.

He left Vienna, and travelled into Hungary.

If there was anything more than another calculated to change the angry suspicions of the Vienna *Stadthauptmannschaft* into a conviction of the evil designs which were attributed to the unsuspecting stranger, it was this movement. Mr Bunce was not, however, warned before setting out, nor was he stopped

on his road yet strict instructions were sent after him to watch his every movement, to arrest him at the very first opportunity, and to keep him close. These instructions followed him to Pesth, and they all but preceded him, when after a short stay, he announced his intention to go to Grosswarden. On his arrival in that city, he proceeded straight to a friend's house where he took up his quarters. By so doing he eluded most unintentionally, the vigilance of the police, who were apprised by special courier of the arrival of a suspected American but who had as yet no clue to his whereabouts. They relied, however, on the law which imposes on all strangers the obligation of leaving their passports at the office of the military commander. They relied, too, on the numerous spies who were stationed in all the hotels, and other houses of public resort. It happened that Mr Bunce neglected to leave his passport at the Commander's office. By this neglect alone he nullified himself liable to heavy pains and penalties.

As the dinner hour approached he and his friend repaired to an hotel, and to look then in at the *table d'hôte*. His friend was a Hungarian, and, as such, well known to the townspeople. He could not resist the temptation to show off with his American acquaintance, and as the most fitting mode to direct the attention of the company to the foreign traveller in him, he asked Mr Bunce for news of Viphazy, one of the exiled patriots. Mr Bunce thereupon said that Viphazy was doing extremely well, that the Hungarian colony in the United States (at Iowa) was flourishing, and that the Hungarians were much liked and respected by the Americans. Two strangers who sat opposite him and his friend rose abruptly and left the room. Their conduct excited some attention, but after a short discussion all agreed that they were men of timid minds who disliked being in company with persons whose conversation turned upon Viphazy.

In the morning the American traveller left his card and letters of introduction at the houses of the *Honoraires* of Grosswarden. He called, too, upon the Obergespann or Lord Lieutenant, who told him that he stood under suspicion, as he had not given up his passport. That officer knew all about Mr Bunce: he had in fact, just received an official notification, that the American—a warrant for whose arrest had already been made out—had been vainly sought for in all the hotels in the city. Judge, then, of his joy when the victim thus voluntarily presented himself. They might have arrested him in the Lord Lieutenant's house, had it so pleased them. But power is capricious, and loves to dally with its prey when escape is impossible. Mr Bunce was merely told to lose no time in taking his passport to the military Commander. He followed the advice, and thanked the man who gave it. As he went, a *familiar* of the

Grosswarden police dogged his steps to the Commander's house, and thence to the hotel where his friend had agreed to meet him at dinner. They sat down to table, again the familiar placed himself face to face with the man whose movements he had undertaken to watch. There was a chance of some treasonable conversation, for at present the materials for a report were but scanty. But Mr Bunce was thoughtful and silent. The familiar lost all hope of inducing him further to commit himself. So the signal was given. The door of the saloon flew open and in stalked the Chief of the Police, accompanied by a gendarme. They manage these things very cleverly in Austria. Two papers were forthwith presented to the stranger—the warrant for his arrest, and a search warrant. His first impression was that there must be a mistake. After some explanations, the Chief of the Police was induced to sit down to dinner, and when the meal was finished, to accept of a cup of coffee and a cigar. These duly despatched the party (still accompanied by the gendarme) entered a carriage, and took a drive to Mr Bunce's lodgings. The officials proceeded at once to seal up his papers. The tourist was again invited into the carriage, to be taken "a little way out of town."

The vehicle stopped under a low narrow gateway. Mr Bunce got out, shook hands with the Chief of the Police, and, guided by the gendarme, ascended a winding stair, at the top of which he was received by two soldiers to whom was given the command—"Fix bayonets." After much delay, these valiant men escorted him into the presence of their officer, who searched his person with the utmost care. He was then taken through a dirty room in which there were half a dozen prisoners into a still dirtier and smaller apartment of which the only aperture for the admittance of light and air was carefully grated and louvered up. In short, Mr Bunce found that he was shut up in the castle of Grosswarden, now a prison, chiefly for political offenders.

"Then," said the officer, "are your quarters?"

Mr Bunce asked whether he could not have a better room.

"No," replied the officer. "I am ordered to place you here. You can have these two gentlemen for company. Gute Nacht."

Saying which he left the room, and locked and barred the door.

The two "gentlemen," whose presence was rather annoying than otherwise to our republican friend were one of them a common Hovved, convicted of carrying a false pass, and the other a tailor, sentenced to five months' imprisonment for concealing a weapon.

The first night of his captivity passed sleepless for Mr Bunce. He was assailed by his own sad thoughts, and by the vermin with

which the place was swarming. When morning broke he shuddered to behold his limbs and arms. They looked as if he were afflicted with a cutaneous disorder. About noon on that day he was summoned before a court-martial, composed of a Major and four officers. Their first questions were merely formal, and related to his birthplace, parentage, and profession; but when these matters were disposed of, the presiding Major entered upon the real business of the day by asking,

"What are your objects in Hungary?"

Frankness, it is said, will gain the heart of any military man. Mr. Bunce was happy to speak out. He said he travelled in Hungary, as he had travelled in other lands, for the purpose of studying the character and manners of the people, and with the particular object of investigating the old political institutions of the Hungarians.

He had evidently never realised the idea of military despotism. Where the soldiers, instead of being the defenders, are the jailors, the accusers, and the judges of a people, they must, by the very nature of things, become cold, keen inquisitors. Such did he find the members of the Grosswardein court-martial.

"We do not believe your account, sir," said the Major. "We are aware that your countrymen sympathised with the revolutionists here. No American traveller would leave the high-ways of Europe for such a vague purpose as this. Denial makes your case but worse. We know your object."

Upon which Mr. Bunce assured him that the Americans travelled in all countries; and that, to a thinking man, nothing was more interesting than the political institutions of the various nations. The Major would not listen to any such argument; and at length the prisoner turned boldly round upon him, and asked "for his proof of any other object than the one he had stated."

The answer to this very sensible question, was the production of a letter of introduction which the Hungarian general, Czetz, had given Mr. Bunce to a friend in Pesth, and which that gentleman had failed to deliver. This important document was couched in the following terms:—

"Herr von C—— introduces with pleasure Mr. Bunce to his friend Mr. Sandor of Pesth."

This letter the Major read and held up with a triumphant air.

"Aha!" cried he, "have we caught you at last? We understand the countersigns of the Democratic Society—and, sir, what do you know of Vrijhazy?"

"Very little indeed."

"When did you speak to him last?"

"I never spoke to him."

"What is your connexion with him?"

"I have none."

"Speak out, sir, open and frankly. What

is your agreement with Vrijhazy, and where are your letters from him?"

Mr. Bunce repeated that he knew very little of the exile to whom the Austrian inquisitor attached so much importance; and that an acquaintance of the Hungarian fugitives, even if he could boast of that honour, was no proof of any conspiracy with them.

"But you have visited persons who were engaged in the revolution of 1848?"

"True; but I have also visited some of the other party; besides several Government officers. Indeed my letters of introduction are to the distinguished men of all parties."

"We understand you, sir! That is your screen!" quoth the Major. "But what do you say to this?" holding up a revolutionary pamphlet of 1848.

"I say that it proves nothing. I have been collecting all sorts of documents. I can prove from Vienna, that when there, I read works on the other side. It may show my political sentiments; but it does not prove my being a conspirator. Besides, emissaries know better than to travel about with *old* revolutionary pamphlets."

"You lay great stress upon proofs," said the Major. "But what does your reading the works of our party prove in your favour? Nothing whatever. As an educated man, you are bound to do so."

"Indeed!" cried the poor prisoner. "Then pray tell me what is *not* suspicious in the view of an Austrian court-martial? It is suspicious to visit men of the Hungarian party, and it is only a sham to visit those of the other. It is revolutionary to read books on one side, and it proves nothing in my favour if I read them on the other."

"I am not here to argue with you," said the Major. "And now I will tell you the charge against you; which every one of your answers has confirmed. You are a member of the Democratic League, and you travel for their committee. You are an agent of Vrijhazy and Czetz, and you travel in Hungary for the purpose of spreading revolutionary sentiments."

"Soldiers, take the prisoner away!" It will be worth while to recapitulate the proceedings, and to show the gross oppression and immorality of such a system as that adopted in Austria, and—we grieve to say—in many other continental states. A stranger is suddenly arrested, and arraigned before a secret tribunal. He is not allowed to hear the accusation against him. He knows nothing of the evidence. He is denied the assistance of counsel. He must defend himself on a question, perhaps, of life and death, in a foreign language. The examination is not that of a magistrate searching for the probabilities of an offence; but that of an inquisitor, who has made up his mind to convict and to punish.

Wicked as these proceedings are, the proofs, if proofs they can be called, which sufficed to

convict the accused, are still more extraordinary. They were—

1 A note of introduction from a Hungarian emigrant

2 The fact that certain persons had been called upon who were compromised in the revolution of 1848

3 The possession of a pamphlet advocating the cause of Hungary

4 Words implying an acquaintance with Vrijhazy

On the strength of these proofs Mr Bunce passed above thirty days amidst all the horrors of an Austrian state prison in filth, misery and hopelessness. Nor can it be said how long this imprisonment might have lasted, had he not by means of his friends, succeeded in informing the United States Consul of his position. His communication to that official and the protest which the latter forwarded to the Government at Vienna effected an immediate change in his position. He was allowed to take a lady walk in a paved courtyard, and the Major who had all along treated him with great harshness took advantage of the early season that presented itself to assume him in the most soft and winning manner, that he had not hitherto been aware of the disgraceful treatment to which Mr Bunce was exposed, that he felt a sincere respect for the Americans and that he lauded the long but necessary delay of the investigation. It seems that after the Consul's protest Mr Bunce's confinement had been prolonged for the express purpose of enabling the Major to make this apology. But since it was considered to be extremely unsafe to allow a man who was still smarting under insult and brutality to go at large ere time had softened the asperities of his feelings, the American traveller was taken from Grosswarden to Pesch, and there for a time confined in the house of the Chief of the Police.

At length owing to the very serious manner in which the American Government and the United States Press treated the incarceration of one of their fellow citizens and with the fear, perhaps of retaliatory measures before their eyes, the powers that be at Vienna resolved, reluctantly and with a very ill grace—not to acknowledge Mr Bunce's innocence and their own mistake, not to condole with his sufferings, and apologise for their own rash and unjust suspicions—but to rid themselves of a prisoner, whom they were not sufficiently powerful to punish in a manner at once the most summary and the most offensive to his feelings. He was placed in custody of two gendarmes, who escorted him to the frontiers of Bavaria, where they thrust him over the black and yellow barrier which marks the limits of the Austrian Empire. Happy was Mr Bunce to stand, again, a free man upon soil comparatively free. As he journeyed forward, on his road to Ratisbon he compared his own fate with the fate of

those for whom no Consul or Ambassador interfered—over whose safety no mighty nation watched. If he—a stranger, and a mere bird of passage—had suffered so much, on such slight suspicion, what must be the fate of those who were really and truly in the power of his late tormentors, who were known as their political antagonists, who had confronted them in battle, and—direct of all—who had, at one time, triumphed over those who now held them in bondage? He turned away, with a sigh for the vanquished, and let us hope, with a prayer, that mercy may reign in the councils of the rulers of men!

In this country, people will sometimes be found to complain of the difficulties which obstruct the arrest of notorious evil-doers. Amidst the hardships to which our own system in this respect sometimes exposes us, we are prone to forget that the forms of which the criminal wails himself for his protection, were introduced for the purpose of shielding the timorous against the cruelties, the rancour, or the persecution of a reigning faction. In other countries, criminal justice is less likely to be defeated. The thief and the murderer may be arrested on suspicion, and it is easy either to mislead or to bully, or starve and beat him into a confession of his crime. But the same system is equally handy if it is thought necessary to oppress and ruin an innocent man. A criminal prosecution on the continent is a pitched battle between the judge and the culprit and their state trials are almost always summary and effective. But the example of Mr Bunce shows how much the innocent may be made to suffer along with the guilty, and how small the chances are of escape when the same man acts as accused witness for the prosecution and judge, while the prisoner, arrested on suspicion, is expected to criminate himself.

BUDDING CHATHAMS

Not long ago five or six young men, having arrived at the conclusion that the enunciation of their several opinions on various questions should in common justice to mankind, take effect within the hearing of a more numerous auditory than they then commanded, resolved to assemble a club for the discussion of questions affecting the social, moral, and political condition of the human race. The field of speculation was extensive, including every theory, and every range of subject. There was no by-law in the constitution of the club that could prevent an ambitious member from disputing Newton's law of gravitation, no fine restricted him from exulting in the social and artistic perfection of the middle ages, he might attempt to prove that the French won the battle of Waterloo, or that two and two sometimes make five, with perfect im-

punity Neither, if he chose to hold forth on the perfectibility of human reason, or on the relation of mind to matter in the abstract, need he dread any worse punishment than the loud dissent or the tranquil sleep of his auditors. The laws were framed to catch the eloquence of every member, or rather to allow any number of hobbies to be ridden by any number of members who were disposed for a ride.

The early days of the club were sad times. Young gentlemen, with all the wish to make speeches of interminable length only kept themselves decently on their legs for five minutes. In those green days of the germinating orators, their rhetoric was so bound up in the bud that it could not at first burst forth into flower. They burred with the *cacothæ* without having the *vis loquendi*. They had plenty to say, but could not say it. They boasted of hosts of ideas, but want of practice denied them the use of words. The consequence was that the law of primogeniture was reviewed in its effects from the Conquest up to the year 1850, in ten minutes. A republican young man obtained possession of the floor at a quarter to eight o'clock, and proved to his own entire satisfaction that no head that had ever worn a crown had ever betrayed one sign of the commonest human virtue, before the clock had struck the hour. Although great confidence existed as to the latent talent of the members and their capacity to deal with every vital question, yet after the experience of a few evenings the fact that practice was wanted by the majority present, became undoubted. The two or three members who possessed greater fluency than the rest were soon promoted to leaderships, and then the disposition of parties became manifest. The Budding Chathams soon found that they had a Liberal Party, a Moderate Party, and a Tory Party. For each party a leader was found, and then the usual business of a debating club began in earnest. Young gentlemen of eighteen, with crimson blushes, stammered out towards the close of the debate that they felt great reluctance "in giving a silent vote on so important a question," men who in the ordinary concerns of life were Harry and Tom, to each other became mutually "my honourable friend." "Mr Chair-man" had often not attained his majority, and very often not his years of discretion; law students were referred to as "the learned gentleman who had just sat down," and one or two clerks connected with manufacturing firms were known to the Budding Chathams as "distinguished partisans of the Manchester School."

As time wore on, and practice wore away the bashfulness of unskilful members, instead of a couple of dozen speeches per night, one evening was often too short for two or three. The buds of eloquence burst into such expansive flower, that discretion never told them

when to stop. Like Baron Munchausen's frozen trumpet when it thawed, all the pent-up music of their minds' utterance burst forth. Various men adopted various styles of speaking, and had their acknowledged peculiarities. Mr Patten was the honourable member who divided every question he touched into three heads. Mr Walkingame Cocker was the statistical genius of the club, and could tell off the number of committals in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, for every year since 1815. Then there was the satirical speaker, who was always listened to with profound attention. He had a reputation for reply. Throughout the evening he would listen to the speeches of all the heavy men, and then, just as the chairman was about to "call upon the honourable opener for his reply," he would rise to offer a few remarks on one or two points where gross blunders had been made by previous speakers. He dislarded all personality and it was far from being his wish to offend any honourable member, but he must say that he had never heard a speech more characterised by flippancy and in audacious disregard of facts than that which he had just been called upon to hear. If the honourable gentleman who preceded him had been as accurate in his grammar as he had been ponderous in his facts, the club would have been more indebted to him, and had the honourable opener shown a little less confidence and a greater familiarity with the subject he had professed to expound, the honourable members present would have been better able to arrive at a fair decision upon the merits of the case before them.

Still despite the not unusual tendency to loquacity the Budding Chathams managed on "field days" to despatch a wonderful amount of public business, and showed, as to mere rapidity, an example worthy of imitation in another place.

Statesmen have been discussing the excellencies of Free Trade and Protective systems for years, the Budding Chathams opened the question at eight o'clock one evening and recorded their firm opinion upon it before midnight. The Catholic titular claims, which have worried us for months, were negatived by the young Chathams in four hours, stoppages (*viz*, "Hear, hear, hear!" "Question Question!" "Name, Name!" "Chair!" &c) included. So much for the speed with which the confidence of two and twenty deals with vital political dogmas. These elements, mixed up with a large number of Budding Chathams who observed a discreet silence on all occasions, and voted with the best speakers, constituted a club similar in aim to thousands which exist in different parts of England.

Instituted to afford practice in public speaking to a number of young men, the club was highly successful in this object, but how far it strengthened and concentrated the reasoning faculties of "honourable members," is a question which would be an edifying subject

for the discussion of some other club of Budding Chathamians.

These clubs, it should be observed, are generally formed by young men of intellectual tendencies—law students who burn with the hope of enjoying the softness of the woollack—**younger sons with hopes of political advancement**, and in their hearts vague longings for **Downing-street power**—literary students with **crude theories**, the enunciation of which is a relief to their young vanity. These aspirations and faculties have a common sympathy, and consequently mingle into a very fascinating common body. The laugh with which a stranger hears the title of “honourable member,” given to his intimate associate, is rebuked by the gravity of the young men; who, in their dream-land, seem to touch for a brief time the realisation of their ambition. At present they are hard-working students, with little enough money to spend, and without power; but even now it is painful to have the contrast between their aspiration and their actual position ridiculed in any way. They like to be “honourable members,” and “Mr. Chairman.” Here is a foretaste of the importance and the power they are to win. They refer to the time when Brougham and Macaulay were members of the Edinburgh Speculative Society; and from this reference draw sundry very flattering and invigorating conclusions as to their own prospects. Many consolations, many hopes, many good resolves flow from these intellectual sparring clubs. Much vanity is corrected, for young men, particularly, are less swayed in the formation of their friendships by worldly considerations, than their elders; and by finding an immediate and considerate public ready to applaud the student in his most wearisome and thankless hours, the struggle is eased, and the loneliness and chill of student life loses much of its repulsiveness.

The Budding Chathamians include many men with pale, haggard features; who, worn with the studies of long days, brighten as the Chatham discussion night approaches, when intellect will be pitted against intellect, and the strongest without servility, or any base consideration, will carry the majority with him. The decisions of the club, the votes given by certain prominent members, the arguments used by others, and the subjects proposed for future consideration, afford continual gossip to a wide circle of men. The scorn with which ignorance of history is met; the heat with which rival schools of poetry and painting are advocated; the general acclamation with which a happy quotation is received; the unstudied respect paid to members of great acquirements, are manifestations which generally characterise those debating clubs which have ever shown any vitality.

He would be a bold man who would openly establish a school for the education of orators after the fashion of those who occupy the time

of the House of Commons for five hours at a stretch, or who make amendments at railway meetings: but the spontaneous formation of debating clubs in the various towns of England argues, we are inclined to think, a healthful intellectual progress in the young men of the time. The Budding Chathamians may not send forth a member possessing the reputed eloquence of the distinguished statesman after whom they are christened; yet many wholesome advantages may accrue from their meetings. In provincial towns, the traveller is often surprised to find a mechanic at a local meeting expressing his ideas with logical order, and in easy Saxon English. On inquiry as to the cause of this precision, he learns that the speaker is the member of a debating club—that he is in the habit of sustaining a public argument. On further inquiry he will find that the mechanic has shrewd, well-digested notions on the prevailing topics of the day; that he is not to be carried away by the false glitter of a voluble speaker; and that he can place the men of the time in their proper relative positions. He is often critical even as to the turn of a period; and talks not of “rounding a sentence,” but does it. He is an humble imitator of the more ambitious Chathamians. As he throws his shuttle in the morning, he thinks of his evening’s debate;—what reasons his friend Jones will bring to bear upon the question; and how the opener will be able to answer the array of facts he has marshalled against him. At the worst, this is harmless mental exercise; and, without doubt, it is an advance upon those amusements which working men patronised some twenty years back.

Therefore, prosperity to provincial debating clubs! Success to “Mr. Chairman,” with his incipient moustache. Success to “the honourable opener,” who has now seen only twenty summers. Success to “my learned friend,” who has eaten two terms, and is already critical about the Temple wine. Success to the young author flushed with the notices of his first work, and bright with all the glory of hope about him!

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SHAKESPEARE AND NEWGATE.

THERE are not many things of which the English as a people stand in greater need than sound rational amusement. As a necessary element in any popular education worthy of the name; as a wholesome incentive to the fancy, depressed by the business of life; as a rest and relief from realities that are not and never can be all-sufficient for the mind,—sound rational public amusement is very much indeed to be desired.

Such of our readers as have accompanied Mr. Whelks to the Theatre through the medium of these pages, know what the Drama, with its noble lessons of tenderness and virtue, usually does for *him*. Such of them as live in the Metropolis, and care to cross Waterloo Bridge, will find the walls and shop-windows eloquent upon the subject, and may judge for themselves. It is not our present purpose to pursue that aspect of the question, which, in the monotony of its vicious stupidity, is soon exhausted.

Neither do we purpose to investigate the causes of the decline of the Drama. It may have had its share of misgovernment, in being absurdly confided to Heaven-born Lord Chamberlains, possessing not the slightest sympathy with it, and caring (if possible) less about it than they have known. It may have suffered greatly, from the inferiority of many actors and actresses to the art they have professed, and from their exactions and caprices having expanded as their merits contracted. It may have been, in its manner of rendering the least effect and the greatest, a notable example of persistence in conventionality when all was change around it; and of a dull grinding of its chariot wheels in the ruts of precedent, scarcely to be surpassed by the Court of Chancery. Fashion and frivolity may have had their part in its downfall. It may even owe something of its decay to that fine spirit of humour which, in the high Tory days of the present century, jeered at every simple recreation within the reach of the common people, systematically tried to blight with its disparagement and ridicule even Nature herself as she could alone reveal herself to the dwellers in great cities in their few and short escapes, and swelled into astonished

indignation when the people were miraculously discontented.

Among other good places of sound rational amusement, we hold that a well-conducted Theatre is a good place in which to learn good things. And we wish to show what an intelligent and resolute man may do, to establish a good Theatre in a most unpromising soil, and to reclaim one of the lowest of all possible audiences.

Seven or eight years ago, Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, was in the condition of being entirely delivered over to as ruffianly an audience as London could shake together. Without, the Theatre, by night, was like the worst part of the worst kind of Fair in the worst kind of town. Within, it was a bear-garden, resounding with foul language, oaths, catcalls, shrieks, yells, blasphemy, obscenity—a truly diabolical clamour. Fights took place anywhere, at any period of the performance. The audience were of course directly addressed in the entertainments. An improving melo-drama, called BARRINGTON THE PICKPOCKET, being then extremely popular at another similar Theatre, a powerful counter-attraction, happily entitled JACK KETCH, was produced here, and received with great approbation. It was in the contemplation of the Management to add the physical stimulus of a pint of porter to the moral refreshments offered to every purchaser of a pit ticket, when the Management collapsed and the Theatre shut up.

At this crisis of the career of Mr. Ketch and his pupils, MR. PHELPS, a gentleman then favourably known to the London public as a tragic actor, first at the Haymarket Theatre under the management of MR. WEBSTER, and afterwards at the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, when MR. MACREADY made them a source of intellectual delight to the whole town (persons of fashion excepted), conceived the desperate idea of changing the character of the dramatic entertainments presented at this den, from the lowest to the highest, and of utterly changing with it the character of the audience. Associating with himself, in this perilous enterprise, two partners: of whom one (for a time) was MRS. WARNER, a lady of considerable reputation on the stage: the other, MR. GREENWOOD, a "gentleman of business knowl^d—

and habits " he took the theatre, and went to work.

On the opening night, the scene of *Mr. Ketch's triumphs*—which may be presumed not to have been confined to that small sphere, but to have extended in the glory of his pupils, beyond the height of the Old Bailey to the harbor of Norfolk Island—was densely crammed with the old stock. The play was *MACBETH*. It was performed amidst the usual in locus medley of fights, foul language, catcalls, shrieks, yells, oaths, blasphemy, obscenity, apples, oranges, nuts, biscuits, ginger beer, porter, and pipes—not that there was any particular objection to the play, but that the audience were on the whole, in a condition of mind, generally requiring such utterance. Pipes of all lengths were at work in the gallery, several were displayed in the pit. Cans of beer, each with a pint measure to drink from (for the convenience of gentlemen who had neglected the precaution of bringing their own pots in their bundles) were carried through the dense crowd at all stages of the tragedy. Sickly children in arms were squeezed out of shape, in all parts of the house. Fish was fried at the entrance doors. Marrowbones of oyster shells encumbered the pavement. Expectant half-price visitors to the gallery howled defiant impatience up the stairs, and danced a sort of *Carminagolt* all round the building.

It being evident, either that the attempt to humanise the place must be abandoned, or this uproar quelled—that Mr. Ketch's disciples must have their way, and the manager—the manager made vigorous efforts for the victory. The frills of fish-vendors of oysters and other costermonger's cum accumulated round the doors were first removed. Of course they claimed to have (as every public abuse in England does) a vested right in their wrong-doing. They resisted with ill

himself, dislodged them nevertheless, by the aid of the police, and persisted night after night. The noisy sellers of beer inside the Theatre were next to be removed. They resisted, too, and offered a large weekly consideration "for leave to sell and cull. The management was obdurate, and rooted them out. Children in arms were next to be expelled. Orders were given to the money-takers to refuse them admission, but these were found extremely difficult to be enforced, as the women smuggled babies in under their shawls and aprons, and even rolled them up to look like cloaks. A little experience of such artifices led to their detection at the doors, and the Play soon began to go on, without the shrill interruptions consequent on the unravelling of dozens of these unfortunate little mummies every

the most intolerable defilement of the

place remained. The outrageous language was unchecked, and while that lasted, any effectual purification of the audience and establishment of decency, was impossible. Mr. Phelps, not to be diverted from his object, routed out an old Act of Parliament, in which there was a clause visiting the use of bad language in any public place with a certain fine, on proof of the offence before a magistrate. This clause he caused to be printed in great placards, and posted up in various conspicuous parts of the Theatre. He also had it printed in small hand bills. To every person who went into the gallery, one of these hand bills was given with his pass ticket. He was seriously warned that the Act would be enforced, and it was enforced with such rigor, that on several occasions Mr. Phelps stopped the play to have an offender removed—on other occasions went into the gallery, with a cloak over his theatrical dress, to point out some other offender who had escaped the vigilance of the police—on all occasions kept his purpose, and his inflexible determination steadily to carry it before the vagabonds with whom he had to deal—in no occasion showed them fear or favour. Within a month, the Jack Ketch party thoroughly disheartened and amazed gave in, and not an interruption was heard from the beginning to the end of a five act tragedy.

We cannot forbear remarking, that we earnestly commend this example to the notice of our best stipendiary magistrates, and to the principal directors of the Police. The flagrant use of coarse and shocking expressions by ruffianly boys, and other idle fellows, in the parks and fields is a national disgrace, to the existence of which we can bear strong testimony. It is one of the commonest and least checked offences against public decency within our experience. About the Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, especially on holidays when those places have been filled with orderly people and their children we have had occasion for some years to notice the extent of this pollution of decent ears, and the perfect repose with which it has been received by listening constables.

The Manager having now established order and silence, proceeded with his purpose of establishing a home for the high drama at Sadler's Wells. In his first season, he presented SHAKESPEARE'S plays of *HAMLET*, *KING JOHN*, *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, *OTHELLO*, and *RICHARD THE THIRD*, in all one hundred and six nights. Besides which, he further produced, as imperfect substitutes for Jack Ketch, *BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MASSINGER, SHERIDAN, HOLCROFT, BYRON, BULWER, and KNOWLES*.

In his second season, besides producing three original plays, he presented *THE WINTER'S TALE*, forty five nights. In the successive seasons between that time and the present, he has produced other original tragedies,

and has many times performed *THE TEMPEST*, *MACHETH* under the music as originally written, *CORIOLANUS*, *CYMBELINE*, *JULIUS CÆSAR*, *HENRY THE EIGHTH*, *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*, and *MR. HORNE'S* reconstruction of *THE DUCHESS OF MALFI*. In the spring of the present year, we had the means of knowing that *MR. PHELPS* had acted *Shakespeare*, at *Sadler's Wells* one thousand nights.

It is to be observed that these plays have not been droned through, in the old jog trot dreary matter of course manner but have been presented with the utmost care, with great intelligence, with an evidently sincere desire to understand and illustrate the beauties of the poem. The smallest character has been respectfully approached and studied the smallest accessory has been well considered, every artist in his degree has been taught to a lap his part in the complete effect to all the other parts uniting to make up the whole. The outlay has been very great, but, having always had a sensible purpose and a plain reason, has never missed its mark. The illusion of the scene has invariably been contrived in a most striking, picturesque, and ingenious manner. A completeness has been attained which at twenty times the cost could never have been bought if *Mr. Phelps* were not a gentleman in spirit and an accomplished and devoted student of his art.

The management and audience have reacted on each other. Sensible of the pains bestowed on everything presented to them the audience have desired to show their appreciation of such care, and have studied the plays from the boxes and have really come to the Theatre for their intellectual profit. We question whether a more sensible audience for a good play could be found anywhere than is to be found at *Sadler's Wells*. The management, on the other hand constantly addressing itself to the improved taste it has bred is constantly impelled to advance.

The prices of admission are to the boxes, three shillings and two shillings, to the pit, a shilling, to the gallery sixpence. The latter is now as orderly as a lecture-room. The pit, which is very capacious is made very comfortable, and is constantly filled by respectable family visitors. A father sits there with his wife and daughters as quietly as easily, as free from all offence, as in his own house. The natural result is, that he goes there, that staid and serious people of the neighbourhood who once abhorred the name of a Theatre, are frequenters of this one, and that the place which was a Nuisance, is become quite a household word.

We sincerely believe that if a man as earnest and as sensible as *Mr. Phelps*, could do in very many English towns what *Mr. Phelps* has done in this suburb of London, he would supply a great want which few observant persons can fail to acknowledge, and would do a giant's work in the discouragement of

low sensual enjoyments, as well as in the conquering of prejudices not by any means without foundation.

TWO ASPECTS OF IRELAND.

THE SECOND ASPECT

No *Œdipus* came to solve the riddle of Ireland's destiny. Heaven itself put forth its hand and amid the most awful calamities which ever swept over a nation, burst the fatal spell which for ages had bound down the people in unspeakable misery. A plague fell on the sole root by which hung the lives of five millions of human beings. Famine followed. The stricken people perished. They lay dead in thousands in their squalid cabins. They were rolled up on the road sides like black and wasted mummies. They dropped in dumb manition amid their shivering kindred, who were too feebly to bury them. Ireland's ages of evil seemed resolved into one wide death.

But the mighty calamity annihilated, with mortal life, all our prejudices more powerful than life or death itself. The die was cast—the hour was come! At that terrible cry of famine thousands of humanity rose in its divine greatness. England forgot "Repeal," rebellion, and everything but the unalienable fraternity of men—the eternal law in the heart impelling to succour misery and to save the perishing. To the very ends of the earth thrilled the horror of that great misfortune, and America poured in, from her fulness, her sustaining corn.

The eye of the whole civilised world gazed in wonder at the food ruin of a whole nation, and every generous mind ruminated earnestly on a remedy. The people were dying, but undecorated. Many a true man now brought forth his rumely for the woes of Ireland—Sir Robert Peel proclaimed his great scheme of renovation, and, out of the united effort of the British Parliament, Ireland promised to present a new aspect. A new day dawned, great, real, and progressive.

The old haron had sat on the lofty trees of Sporeen, had fished by its lonely lake and moorland stream for many a year, when, one day, there came a car driving to that solitary place. Beside the Irish driver, sat a man who had evidently fed on the fat of John Bull's farms. He was of no great stature, but of robust build. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, a capacious yellow waist coat, an ample white hat, his countenance was ruddy and sunburnt. He looked about with a quick and keen eye. There was evident wonder in it, and from his tongue came a frequent "God bless me!" When he got to the house, he looked up to its roof on all sides, and stood in silent amazement on those very steps—still lordly in their decoration—upon which the former master had so suddenly met his fate. He hastened from spot

to spot, shook gate-posts, and gazed up at the wondrous altitude of trees. He walked out to the moorlands, looked here and there, at the hills, upon the lake on the heath, to the woods enveloping the house, asked a thousand questions of the grey-brown coated Irish driver, and again said, "God bless me!" That done, he went off again, dug with a small spade as deep as he could into the ground, first in one place and then in another, and looked at the soil upon it as though he expected to see particles of gold. Then he bustled away to the rich meadows below the woods; tracked the margin of the river which bounded them; again thrust in his divining rod; then gazed upon the decaying old hall; dark, grand, and melancholy, without one living smoke in its score of chimneys. Once more the stranger exclaimed, "God bless me!"

He evidently had some design on the old, widowed, and desolate Sporeen. Had he fallen in love with her? It seemed very likely; for he came again—and, in a short time, again. He mounted a horse. He rode round the woods, along the moorlands, away to the distant hills. He sat for many hours on a great stone on a heathy slope, some quarter of a mile from the hall, and wrote in his memorandum-book. Was he a poet? and had the spot inspired him? He did not look like one.

Some weeks afterwards there came a handsome brougham, driven by a servant in livery, with another person by his side, on the box. It made its way directly to the hall of Sporeen; and out of it got the same blue-coated, white-hatted, easy-fitting-yellow-waist-coated Englishman. What! does that farmer-like, hard-headed man own an equipage like that? and is he a poet, after all?

But stop! another follows him—a tall, middle-aged, slender man, with the unmistakable impress of a gentleman. He looks round with an eye-glass. He, too, stands on those formerly fatal steps, and says, "But, Mr. Goodacre—how very desolate!"

"Ay," returns Mr. Goodacre—"but what fertility! what wood! what meadows! what moorlands! Why, Sir Thomas, I engage that in less than a twelvemonth, you shall say it is one of the finest places in the three kingdoms. A thousand acres of enclosure (two hundred of it of fattest meadows) and three thousand acres of moorland! Why, it is a princely bargain. I engage, Sir Thomas, that the enclosed land shall yield an immediate rent of thirty shillings per acre, and that two thousand acres of the moorland shall be fenced in a couple of years, and yield from thirteen to fifteen shillings per acre; neither will the remaining thousand for planting prove unprofitable. Say the word, and I will take the bargain off your hands, though I borrow two-thirds of the money."

Sir Thomas continues to look round through his glass, and makes remarks; though he is silent on Mr. Goodacre's proposal. "Why,

Mr. Goodacre," he continues, "the house seems to me thoroughly rotten—it must come down, stick and stone."

"Excuse me, Sir Thomas," replies Mr. Goodacre, "but not a brick of it must be moved. The shell is as sound as an acorn. Strip the roof, examine its timbers, and make all safe there with wood and slate—scour and paint the outside—re-glaze and refit within—and you will see it come out as noble a house as a prince royal need have. That, Sir Thomas, is your chief expense. See what wood you have for making your enclosures! A few scores of Irish men at a shilling a day will do wonders."

"But they are a desperate race," said Sir Thomas; "they murdered the former proprietor, and what if they should murder us? They tell me that they have no sense of benefits, and that they shoot their best friends from behind hedges from sheer blood-thirstiness."

The yellow-waistcoated steward, looked not at Sir Thomas as he talked, but stretched his eyes over the landscape. "Sir Thomas," he replied, "don't imagine Irishmen such geese. I have seen a good deal of Ireland since I was on the look-out for land, and I find them 'cute fellows. They understand a benefit as well as you or I; but for that reason no man on earth can persuade them to mistake a mischief for a good turn. They won't work, people say. No, certainly not, when they get nothing for it. But I will show you, Sir Thomas, what wonders a shilling a day will do. I have seen Irishmen working on scores of those estates which have been bought out of the Encumbered Estates Court, and I never saw men work better. When a man had his potato plot for ten pounds per acre, and was expected to work all the year round for it—when he never from year's end to year's end saw the shine of money for his labour—why, naturally, he became down hearted and dogged. To work!—as the Scotch poet said when he was asked why he did not get up in a morning—"he had nae motive." In Ireland, Irishmen have no motive. But, Sir, they have long worked in England as reapers, as navvies, as bricklayer's clerks, as anything where they get money—wages. The Irishman works in America. He is, they say, a new creature there; for he exists under totally new circumstances; and more, he saves! The Irishman saves! He sends over hither every year large sums to his relatives, to help them in their misery, or to help them out of it. During the famine, Irishmen in America sent over not less than four hundred thousand pounds to assist their friends in their sufferings, or to help them across the Atlantic."

"Is that true?" said Sir Thomas, taking down his eye-glass, and looking long at Mr. Goodacre.

"True as I stand here," said the steward; "and such a people must have prime good stuff

in them. It is just as true, too, that there is a vast deal of what wants getting rid of—ignorance, and vindictiveness. These “encumbered” men were a wretched race! They were the tools and victims of a false, inhuman, impolitic system; which was two-edged—it cut both them and their victims—it ruined them and their country. But we see the remedy now. Emigration is removing a huge pressure of population. Men of capital and of science are beginning to see what may be done here. There will soon be new means of communication; new manufactures—improvements. Above all, and as a foundation for all, English capitalists and English agricultural science will take the place of the old broken-down, proud, and incurable half-castes, who filled the country with ruin and misery. Wherever Englishmen have purchased, they are satisfied with their bargains—and they find the people delighted to work for them. Instead of all those bugbears which have been spread of their jealousy of Englishmen, the people say, ‘We like you Englishmen, because we can rely on you—and we like your money.’ True, they would naturally be jealous of English labourers—but who wants them here? who would bring them? Labourers here are plentiful, cheap, and good. I would not have a single Englishman employed here, except as a farmer. Let us have some good, substantial, intelligent farmers, as models and examples; but let us employ—as builders, carpenters, artisans, labourers—none but Irish. That will spread universal satisfaction.”

“But would you turn out the tenants? Would not that exasperate them to revenge?”

“Why, there are not half so many tenants yet as we shall want. We can accommodate all that are capable of taking a farm of not less than fifty acres; and none who wanted less would I have. A farm that does not require a couple of horses’ labour is a bad concern.”

“But all the small tenants, who are so wretched, what will you do with them?”

“Turn them into labourers at a shilling a day. We can employ them all. Every labourer shall, if you do not object, have his acre of land, to employ his family and himself on odd evenings and mornings; not at ten pounds per acre, but at the same rate as the farms are let at.”

“Where will you locate them?” asked Sir Thomas, considering; “I see no village.”

“Do you see yonder pretty lake out in the moorland, about a mile hence? That lake is a mile and a half long. You see how the lands, swelling and undulating and scored by little glens, run down to the water. And what a pleasant light scattered wood of birch trees clothes this side of it! There, I propose to lay out a village. It shall be a village of English cottages; each with its acre-garden, little pigstye, and hen-house over it. The street shall run along the margin of the lake.”

Quite Arcadian,” said Sir Thomas, smiling; “but will you not soon have a pretty swarm of squatters there?”

“Not one. A clause in every agreement or lease against under-letting will stop that. In fact, the tenants will find it their best interest to please you; an upright, conscientious man they soon appreciate. Only a quarter of a mile below this lake, behind that range of hills, lies a large village, on the estate of Sir John Balthorne. Sir John and his neighbour are cutting a canal from the sea, only a mile distant; and very shortly, boats, capable of sailing to Liverpool, will enter, as into a harbour, and bring all sorts of necessaries, at the lowest market prices, into the very midst of the people; while they, in turn, carry off our produce. Let us cut our canal, and we can have a little fleet of fishing-boats lying here, and merchant-vessels besides. We must have also a fishing hamlet.”

“Upon my word!” said Sir Thomas, laughing, “you build villages as rapidly and readily as other people build castles in the air.”

“I am talking of things that are actually now doing in various places on this western coast, Sir Thomas. It is no mere dream; no Utopia, that I am contemplating; I am only planning for the future on a basis of things already in active operation. In fact, Sir, you must take a trip up this side of the country. You will see what lovely lakes and rivers; what picturesque mountains; what admirable bays and harbours this country abounds with. In short, every human inducement is presented on this estate for active, intelligent Englishmen to settle; instead of going all the way to Western America, Canada, or to Australia.”

“But where will you find estates for all?” asked Sir Thomas.

“Estates! why, besides the encumbered estates—and there are plenty of them yet—there are four millions of acres of waste land in Ireland, an immense extent of which is excellent. The more the success and satisfaction of the English purchasers here are known, the more English will settle. There are many old English families of the nobility who have estates in Ireland, who have done a great deal already, and they will do more. The Irish families will soon catch the spirit; and imitate. Irish as well as English capitalists—men of active habits and enlightened views—will become estate owners, when they see that it is both safe and profitable. A new race, and new blood, will supersede the old half-caste, wrong-headed, and “encumbered” generation. This is the true and substantial foundation of Ireland’s renovation, and at the work of advancing this renovation we must all labour earnestly. I know nothing that can be more delightful than the prosecution of such labours, which, while they build up new fortunes, extend the splendour and influence of old fortunes.”

“You are right,” said Sir Thomas, thought-

fully; "I begin to feel that I shall find years of a novel, and, I trust, patriotic, excitement here."

"By-the-by," continued the steward, "we must have a school. I have got a plan for it. There it is, with its belfry," pulling the plan from his pocket. "Cannot you fancy you see it, Sir Thomas, already peeping over the birch trees there in the middle of the village that is to be? For my part, I could think I heard the bell ringing."

"But, you forget—all the people are Catholics, and they will not let the children be taught by us heretics. The priests will spoil all that part of your Utopia."

"No, they won't," said the steward; "we will do just as Mr. Ellis, the brother of the Member for Leicester, has done. Mr. Ellis, you know, some years ago bought an estate in Galway. He had satisfied himself long before the Encumbered Estates Act was dreamt of, that an English capitalist might come here and invest his money well, and at the same time to the essential advantage of Ireland. He soon found that all the raw-head and bloody-bone stories of Irish country life had but one foundation—injustice and oppression: that a just man was as safe here as anywhere. He employed the Irish, and found them not only willing, but zealous labourers. He gave them a shilling a day."

'A shilling a day' is evidently your panacea for all the evils of Ireland," remarked the baronet, drily.

"Well, Sir, Mr. Ellis had always more men on his list at a shilling a day, than he could employ, and those employed saved money and went to America. Their places, as vacated, were filled up by the next on his list. He built a school, got a good schoolmaster, and desired the people to send their children. They were all Catholics, but they came. The priests took the alarm, and commanded the people to keep their children from the school. Still the children came, and very soon came the Catholic archbishop; saw the school, and issued his prohibition against the children frequenting it. Mr. Ellis was now alarmed; but he explained to the parents that he did not want to proselytise the children; he only wished to educate them so as to qualify them for conducting their worldly affairs; and as many of the children came a long way, he said he would give them a bit of dinner. These two arguments triumphed. The dinner and the indifference to proselytism left his school as full as ever. In a while the Catholic archbishop came again. He looked round the school, said 'Very good! very good!' and went away."

"Thus Mr. Ellis got all that he expected to get in the first instance. If he pressed for more, he would have lost all. He would only have defeated himself. But he has shown us, that we may get the lands of Ireland occupied by intelligent and substantial proprietors; the people employed and contented; and the

children educated in the plain elements of secular knowledge. This is our foundation,—on which time and knowledge and mutual confidence will raise a superstructure which shall astonish our children."

Sir Thomas was silent for several minutes. He was revolving what the steward had said; but he was soon interrupted by a servant, who came to say that the builder with his men were come; and Sir Thomas and the steward hurried off to the house.

Soon after this conversation there might be seen approaching the mansion of Sporeen wagons, with ladders, ropes, tools, and lime, attended by a score of men. The doors of the hall were thrown open; and the master-builder was seen extremely busy on the roof, with his rule in his hand, directing his men to strip off the slates, and let them down to the ground in baskets. His object was to get the roof thus thoroughly repaired before winter, that the internal restoration might be going on securely during that season. When spring came, scaffolding rose all round the house. Windows and doors were cleared away without remorse, and the walls stood as naked of glass or wood-work as on the day they were raised; while all below was one great wilderness of heaps of decayed timbers and rubbish.

Within twelve months, Sporeen stood once more in greater splendour even than in former days. Although the mansion presented the same general appearance as it did in its palmy days, a few touches of architectural beauty were modestly, rather than obtrusively, added. Roof, doors, windows, were fresh and bright, and complete. The noble flight of steps in front was scoured and whitened; their dazzling formality relieved by the green foliage of creepers, which were allowed to encroach over the sides and ends of the stones. The rubbish, and the lime, and tools, and wood of the workmen, were swept away from the courtyard of the house, and the walks and shrubberies were once more restored to all their beauty by new gravel, and the attentions of the gardener. Gates again swung in all the neatness of paint and smoothness of hinges, instead of stooping towards the earth in sullen decay; and through these drove eight vans laden with splendid new furniture. Never since Sporeen House was first raised, had it presented so brilliant an appearance both inside and outside.

At length, one fine day towards the end of October, a capacious family carriage, heavily laden with imperials, trunks, boxes, and baskets, drove up to the house of Sporeen. A cluster of eager curly heads were thrust out of each window. It contained Lady Wellbury and the children. Sir Thomas was already there to receive them; and as they all ascended that beautiful flight of steps where the old regime had died out in sudden terror, Sir Thomas and Lady Wellbury and their troop of happy children stood, and

looked round in delight. It was the inauguration of the new regime. Lady Welbury had no occasion to say, as Sir Thomas had done, 'What a desolate place!' But her exclamation was, "How very charming!" and more than half-a-dozen juvenile voices echoed the words—"Oh! what a very pretty place!"

The family had scarcely got settled in its new abode before other carriages and cars from the neighbouring towns came driving up to Sporeen, for Sir Thomas had sent word to his friends in England, that for shooting, fishing, salmon and trout in shoals, hares, pheasants, partridges, and grouse in thousands, there never was such a district. And soon Sporeen, its woods, and its moorlands, witnessed as gay and jolly a life as it no dark tragedy had ever stained its threshold.

Meanwhile, the steward was not idle. He was seen riding rapidly over the moorlands, now in this direction now in that. He had a couple of land surveyors measuring and staking out enclosures. He had a number of men in the woods marking out the proper timber to fell a month or two later, for posts, rails, and all the necessary demands of enclosures. He had many other men laying out the new village on the border of the lake. It consisted only of a single row of detached cottages, with their gardens behind them on the slope. If more were wanted in time, a second street or row of them was to run parallel at the back of the first gardens, and the school house and a general shop were placed in a little square in the centre, which would be completed by other buildings that might be required in time.

The steward was anxious to complete a score of houses before winter for as many labourers and their families, or otherwise the men would lose much of their time in going to and fro between their distant cabins and their work. Sir Thomas was soon witness to the actual struggle there was for employment at a shilling a day. The steward and himself were eagerly beset by applicants wherever they were seen. They came by crowds up to the house, they ran in all directions to overtake them on the moorlands, as they caught sight of them on horseback, and as all possible progress was desirable with the village, a great number were employed. Some were set to post and rail out the gardens, and plant quicksets for hedges. Some gathered the loose stones from the moorland, which in places nearly covered them, for these were to build the cottages. Others cut the heather which was to thatch them, and carted it to the side of the village. Many waited on the builders with stones and mortar, and others were employed in breaking stones to macadamise the village street. It was marvellous—with plenty of hands and under the eyes of Sir Thomas and the steward—in what a short time the cottages were completed, and had fires burning in

them to dry them. With their grey stone walls and heather roofs, they had a moorland look, but were far too neat for Irish cabins. Mr Goodacre said to Sir Thomas that he knew very well that the neatness required by him would be very troublesome to the inhabitants for a good while. They would miss the mice holes in mud floors, where geese could paddle and pigs wallow, and they would miss still more the refuse pit at the front door, which he had prohibited, but he meant to accustom them to somewhat more civilised habits.

In a few months a regular hamlet appeared, its gardens scattered with the pleasant green of fruit trees, which gave the place a clothed look. Before winter set in—the cottages being considered dry enough—the men and their families were allowed to take possession. Sir Thomas was afraid that the villagers would soon disturb and diminish his trout (with which the lake abounded), but the steward advised that this lake should be given up to commerce, as there was a still larger one on the property, and that the people should be allowed to angle at their pleasure. Sir Thomas at first shook his head at the proposal, but soon consented, for it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to build a second row of cottages in the spring, and the little canal, which was to connect the lake with that of Sir John Belthorne's, was positively decided upon.

Alas for the poor old heron! It could find no solitary spot on the margins of the lakes to watch for its prey. The tree upon which it had passed the greater part of its life had been felled. Bewildered and affrighted, it flew away. Some said it died, for no one had seen it since the arrival of the new Squire.

And here we must leave our friends at their labours, which are likely to continue for years. There are the farms to lay out, farm houses to build, there are roads to lead out from the hall to the village, and from the village to the next high road. Peasants have been employed to collect sacks of hawthorn hips to sow at Sporeen for the many miles of hedges that will be wanted, and all sorts of seeds of trees for future plantations. A plantation of many acres, under the care of the gardeners, has been made, and carefully fenced with split oak paling from the incursions of hares and rabbits.

Sir Thomas has discovered a new pleasure in life—that of planting a new colony. He has grown quite enthusiastic in the work, and thoroughly enamoured of his plans and improvements. He thanks Mr Goodacre heartily and often for the exquisite and un-failing source of a broad, animating, and active enjoyment that he has opened up to him. He has emigrated, and yet is at home. New mountains, a new ocean expanse, new woods, and heather, and lakes are around him—new people, new habits, and new interests—and yet he knows that in a very

short time he can be fit London or on his English property. He has all the freshness of adventure and enterprise of a far-off land, and yet he is in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Not an hour but has its object—not a year, for many a year to come, but has some great hope to realise. He has made a canal, roads, and new plantations. Above all, he has created a branch of industry, scarcely ever followed before his time—he has established fisheries; which not only give employment to many who would be otherwise starving, but afford a wholesome change of food to his agricultural peasants. His villages and schools lie warm and bright before him, all warmly nestling round his heart. There is no danger of his neglecting his Irish estate; if he do not, on the contrary, neglect his English one.

Sir Thomas is one of a now rapidly increasing number, who are engaged in a new planting of Ireland—more fortunate than the planting of Munster—for it requires not a single soldier; and tends only to a union of races, to the employment of a people who have passed through subjugation, proscription, and famine, to the final peace, it is to be hoped, of progressive industry and enlightenment.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

We are familiar nowadays with plates and dishes furnished by the potter, and need not be very rich before we have it in our power to drink tea and coffee out of porcelain. Indeed, there is scarcely a dust-heap in the country that does not contain fragments of European pottery. But these fragments would have been kept in a velvet case some hundred years ago; for although the potter's art is very ancient, it is perhaps not very generally known that the extent to which a taste for something very much harder than crockery prevailed in the dear old middle ages, gave so little countenance to the potter, that his arts had to be rediscovered; and a complete history of the rise and progress of our jugs and mugs, as they are now daily in familiar use, need not begin at a date very much earlier than the reign of good Queen Bess. A china mug, such as we now label "A Present for Elizabeth" the little daughter, was, in those days, a fit present for Elizabeth the great queen, and was a gift actually made to her by a wealthy subject. Yet Elizabeth was far from simple in her tastes; the gold and silver plate, which was in use among the high and mighty in those days that knew not china, was in her establishment displayed on a scale calculated to astonish all ambassadors. Her Mightiness had also a wardrobe of two thousand dresses; yet, even to her sophisticated taste, most grateful was the present of a china mug.

There being no crockery for table use

among the English before the time of Elizabeth, is a large deduction to be made from the comfort of the good old times. We may name another deduction—the want of looking-glasses by the ladies, who were said to have been content with peeping at themselves in buckets of water. It is enough, however, to say, that they had no crockery, and the very rich used gold and silver plate, while humbler people used a composition very much like our pewter, called electrum. "Change silver plate or vessel," Bacon says, "into the compound stuff, being a kind of silver electre, and turn the rest to coin." We change our silver plate now also into "a compound stuff—a kind of electre," or electro-plate. Alas for the poor rich! When porcelain was very dear, they rejoiced greatly, abandoned their metallic cups and dishes, and luxuriated in china-ware. Porcelain became cheap; expensive cups were closely imitated, and so, as far as comfort permitted, the rich went back to their gold and silver plate again. Now gold and silver plate is closely imitated. If a man has a set of silver dish-covers, he cannot be ostentatious if he will, for all men charitably suppose him to possess discretion, and believe that they are plated. Gold and silver will be dethroned from their places at the festive board, as china has been, whenever anybody will discover something else that is extremely dear, and for a while, at any rate, able to defy the imitator.

Crockery, we all know, has, in its day, been idolised by men of taste and fashion, in their generation. Augustus the Strong, who wore a helmet weighing twenty pounds, and could break a horse-shoe into fragments with his finger and thumb, was called the Porcelain King; he gave, on one occasion, a regiment of dragoons in exchange for twenty-two large vases. At the late Mr. Beckford's sale, in Bath, the accumulation of cups and saucers might have been fairly underlined as "most stupendous," by the auctioneer. It was said that Mr. Beckford had so many sets of china, that he could have breakfast served to him in a new set every day throughout the twelve-month. Addison has left word to us concerning his own time, that "China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian Mandarin, as her great-granddaughter is in dressing her baby." Kings were the China merchants in those palmy days, and fostered the potter's art so as to encourage the production of luxurious services. Of one service made at Chelsea, Horace Walpole tells us that the price was one thousand two hundred pounds. In our own day large prices are given by collectors for rare specimens of early manufacture. A pair of "singularly fine cups," without any saucers, fetched, at the Strawberry Hill sale, twenty-five guineas; and, unfortunately, came to the hands of their purchaser broken in the packing. A small coffee-cup, at Stowe,

weighing three ounces, was sold for six-and-forty guineas.

Since there are many amateurs in porcelain whom it is not hard to deceive, and since there are some ways of deceiving even the most accomplished, a trade in old china will sometimes bring good returns to any man with pliability of conscience. For example, before hard porcelain was understood at Sèvres, there was a soft kind made there, and beautifully painted; as it was made only between the years 1740 and 1769, it is extremely rare and costly. Suddenly several individuals exhibited a most promiscuous taste for soft ware porcelain, of all sorts, whether valuable or not. At length their object was discovered; they could scrape off the glaze, and with it the painting, upon this material, which had absorbed the glaze so much that on a second baking a fresh portion of it was brought out. This second glaze could then be painted in imitation of the choicest Sèvres of the soft kind, and deceive the most acute. In this way a large fortune was accumulated by a dealer, who is now no more among the living.

We have been reading lately the very interesting book concerning Pottery and Porcelain written by Mr. Marryatt, and luxuriously illustrated by Mr. Murray's liberality with coloured plates of jugs and mugs, and all their kindred, as they are seen in the forms most prized by collectors. If we now amuse and interest our readers with the information we propose to furnish, let them pay their thanks to Mr. Marryatt for having built and filled the storehouse out of which we fetch our grain.

Pottery and porcelain differ not only in quality, but, to a certain extent, they differ also in their nature. The plain distinction between them is obvious enough. Pottery, like our pipkins and stone ware, is opaque; porcelain is translucent, being a sort of cross-bred between pottery and glass. In the way of etymology the matter is reversed, the derivation of the word Pottery is quite transparent; that of Porcelain, however, it is not possible to see through. The ordinary theory about the origin of the word is as follows:—It comes out of the Portuguese, that nation being once upon a time monopolist of Eastern trade, fingered much Oriental money in the shape of shells, which, on account of a fanciful resemblance between their backs and the backs of little pigs, were commonly called *porcellana*. At this similitude we grunt a little; but the shells being called *porcellana*, that name presently was transferred by merchants to the thin, shell-like substance of the Oriental cups with which they made acquaintance, and so china-ware acquired the name of porcelain, and *porcellana* so became the Portuguese word for a cup. Unfortunately, however, for the first part of this theory, it is found that the word *porcelaine* existed in the French language before China

porcelain was brought to Europe, and it then signified a stone prized well enough to be set in company with gold and pearls. Perhaps it was chalcedony; milky, translucent, and therefore very likely to have suggested to the Portuguese their name for the shell-money and the cups. Taking this fact into account, we must suppose the before-mentioned theory to have been saddled by etymologists on the backs of little pigs, for their own private riding.

Pottery and porcelain, then, being two distinct things, we will treat of them distinctly. Of each there are said to be two kinds, hard or soft; a kind that can, and a kind that cannot, be scratched with a knife. If pottery and porcelain are the two great kingdoms of crockery, these are their classes. And each class is subdivided into genera, each genus into species; we shall not, however, be minute upon such matters; it is not worth while. Into each kingdom we shall travel with eyes unscientific and profane, to make note of whatever things we may believe to be most worthy of attention.

Painted pottery first came into Europe through Italy; and to begin at the beginning, we must go back to the Crusades and the Mussulmen, and that atrocious king of Majorca, Nazaredeck, who confined twenty thousand Christians in his dungeons. In 1115, after twelve months of resistance from the Saracens, Majorca was taken, with many prisoners and much spoil, by Crusaders from Pisa. The spoil went to Pisa, and included the first load of painted Moorish pottery. Afterwards warriors who stopped at Majorca, on their way home from the Crusades, were in the habit of bringing home from thence, as trophy, portions of the Moorish painted ware, to stick into the walls of their own Christian churches. Painted pottery was an architectural decoration common to the Saracens, and at this day, among the mountains about Mesopotamia, humble shed-churches of the Nestorian Christians have crockery-ware fastened to their walls.

These pieces of pottery, upon the walls of churches in Pisa and Pavia, were called, from the island whence they came, *Mayolica*. For two hundred years they were objects of admiration as religious trophies, before any attempt was made to imitate them by Italian manufacturers.

Luca della Robbia led the way, however, not as an imitator of the Moors; but altogether in an independent manner. Since he is to be regarded as the first of European potters, we ought not to pass him over lightly, so we take Vasari from the shelf, and turn to the name Luca della Robbia. He was born at Florence in 1400, and was handsomely educated, so that he could not only read and write, but knew a little of arithmetic. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith of eminence, who instructed him in the arts of drawing and modelling in wax. Luca took confidence,

and made attempts in bronze and marble. He abandoned the goldsmith's trade, and worked all day with his chisel, studying at night; "and this he did," Vasari says, "with so much zeal, that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings." He did this as a boy, and consequently prospered as a man. In bronze and marble he executed some great works; "but when, at the conclusion of these works, the master made up the reckoning of what he had received, and compared this with the time he had expended in their production, he perceived that he had made but small gains, and that the labour had been excessive; he determined, therefore, to abandon marble and bronze, resolving to try if he could not derive a more profitable return from some other source. Wherefore, reflecting that it cost but little trouble to work in clay, which is easily managed, and that only one thing was required, namely, to find some method by which the work produced in that material should be rendered durable, he considered and cogitated with so much good-will on this subject, that he finally discovered the means of defending such productions from the injuries of time." He discovered, in fact, a glaze or enamel, which gave beauty, and "an almost eternal durability," to his works in terra cotta—works of extreme beauty. Afterwards, he added the further invention of giving colour to his white enamel, and painted eventually flat pictures on glazed surfaces of terra cotta. "The fame of these works having spread, not only throughout Italy, but over all Europe, there were so many persons desirous of possessing them, that the Florentine merchants kept Luca della Robbia continually at his labour, to his great profit; they then despatched the products all over the world." So Luca triumphed through his perseverance, and his work was carried on by brothers and descendants. The Italian pottery, Majolica, was perfected afterwards under the patronage of the Dukes of Urbino. Raffaele himself found some, and his scholars many, of the painted designs for plates and vessels. For this reason, the Majolica has sometimes been styled "Raffaele ware." Bankruptcy at last became an hereditary complaint in the ducal family; the potters' ware deteriorated, and the manufactory at last was broken up. Among the pretty toys made in Majolica, were little basins (*baccinetti*), gifts for a lady-love, on which her portrait was painted, with her style and loving title underneath, "Cecilia Bella," or, as we might say, "Pretty Poll!"

Majolica was introduced into France under the name of Fayence, by Catherine de Medicis. The manufactory was at Nevers. But directly we begin to mention French Pottery, we come to talk about Palissy. Bernard Palissy was a man great in mind and soul. Born of

poor parents about the beginning of the sixteenth century, he acquired skill enough to earn his living as a land-surveyor. Land-surveying made it necessary for him to draw lines and diagrams; so he acquired, or rather developed, a taste for drawing generally, and betook himself to copying from the great masters. This new talent gained him employment in copying images, and painting upon glass. In his travels, he employed his mind in the study of the soils and minerals over which he passed; and to understand them better, he devoted his time to chemistry. At length, settled and married at Saintes. Palissy lived thriftily as a painter. A beautiful foreign cup of enamelled pottery being once shown to him, he thought sprung up in his fertile mind that, if he could but discover the secret of the enamel, it would enable him to place his wife and family in greater comfort. He consumed all his savings in experiments. Being employed, in 1543, to survey some salt marshes, he earned by that work a sum of money, which no persuasion of his wife could hinder him from spending on renewed experiments. All was consumed. The wife became shrewish, and the children hungered. The business that would have fed them was neglected; yet Palissy clung to his idea, and borrowed money for another furnace. When that had been all expended, friends remonstrated, and neighbours sneered. He could buy no more fuel for his fire. He broke his tables up, and used the planks out of his floors. He discharged his assistant; whom he could pay only by giving him a portion of his clothes. He dared not face his angry wife, and trembled when he saw his children's hungry features. But he knew that he was labouring for the possible; and that what is possible is certain to him who perseveres. He looked as cheerful as he could, and persevered. For sixteen years he wrought on; and then he discovered the enamel, which soon brought him fame and royal patronage.

When the Reformation got afoot, Palissy became a reformer; but although court favour exempted him from edicts against Protestants, it could not protect him against public feeling. His workshops were destroyed, and the King called him to Paris as his special servant, to protect his life. In the Tuileries he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew; he lectured there to the learned men of the capital, on natural history and science; he was then more than eighty years of age, but his white hairs could not plead for him before his enemies, and he was presently shut up in the Bastille. The King, visiting him in prison, said, "My good fellow, if you do not renounce your views upon religious matters, I shall be constrained to leave you in the hands of my enemies." "Sire," answered Palissy, "those who constrain you, can never have power over me, because I know how to die." His prosecution was averted by the

Duke de Montpensier; until, at the age of ninety, Palissy died in prison. Palissy was only a potter; but certainly not the less a hero.

Concerning the ware painted by Palissy, it is to be remarked that the great father of French pottery, being an able naturalist, painted no monsters. Only the plants, and shells, and reptiles natural to France, were used by him for purposes of decoration.

To the horror of all skilful collectors, we shall slip by a good many of the choicest commodities, Fayence of Henry the Second, and so on, as not interesting to our profane minds; and stop next at England, where the first potteries seem to have been at Stratford-le-Bow and at Fulham. The first potter's ware in England, the Elizabethan, is particularly light; and, for the reason, that it seems to have been made as follows, in an exceedingly inartificial manner. The old workers in gold and silver found their trade on the decline, through the introduction of so much foreign painted ware. They therefore entered into competition; made a liquid paste, which they poured into their moulds instead of metal, therein burned it dry, and produced, after evaporation of the water, very light earthen jugs and pots of the same patterns formerly in use for vessels manufactured of the precious metals.

For the manufacture of fine ware, however, it was necessary that the use of calcined flint should be discovered; and the mode of its discovery was curious. While riding to London, in 1720, Astbury, the younger—the precursor of Wedgwood—"had occasion, at Dunstable, to seek a remedy for a disorder in his horse's eyes, when the ostler of the inn, by burning a flint, reduced it to a fine powder, which he blew into them. The potter observing the beautiful white colour of the flint after calcination, instantly conceived the use to which it might be employed in his art." When Astbury returned home, he introduced burnt flint into the manufacture. Now we come to Wedgwood, who in our country brought the fine ware to perfection. A few words about him complete all that we wish to say concerning pottery, and then we shall pass on to porcelain.

The outline of Wedgwood's life is already familiar to most of us. Son of an unsuccessful potter, he was born at Burslem, in Staffordshire, in 1730. England then imported large quantities of earthenware from France, Holland, and Germany. Wedgwood was educated scantily, and at the age of eleven was a thrower in his brother's pottery. Small-pox having lamed him in one leg (which afterwards was amputated), he was compelled to quit the wheel. He left Burslem, and was for a short time partner with one Harrison, at Stoke, where he first proved his talent as an ornamental potter. Then he was connected with a Mr. Wheildon in the manufacture of some fancy articles; but Mr. Wheildon having no great desire to cultivate that branch of

trade, Wedgwood returned to Burslem in 1759. There he opened shop in a thatched manufactory upon his own account, made ornamental things, and prospered. So he took a second manufactory, and therein made white stone ware. That prospering, he took a third, and therein perfected the cream-coloured ware, of which he gave some pieces to Queen Charlotte. The Queen, delighted with it, ordered a whole service, and commanded that it should be called after her, "the Queen's ware." This ware had a simple cane-coloured surface—the natural colour produced from the burning of the fine grey marl found between the coal strata. Presently Wedgwood put a coloured rim, under a tolerable glaze. After awhile he learnt to cover the whole surface with a pattern, without making a great increase in the cost. The effect of all this progress upon the trade in Wedgwood-ware is thus described by a foreigner writing at that period:—"Its excellent workmanship, its solidity, the advantage which it possesses of sustaining the action of fire, its fine glaze, impenetrable to acids, the beauty and convenience of its form, and the cheapness of its price, have given rise to a commerce so active and so universal, that in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the furthest port of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the south of France, one is served at every inn with Wedgwood ware. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied with it, and vessels are loaded with it for the East Indies, the West Indies, and the continent of America."

Wedgwood, however, did not confine himself to the manufacture of useful articles. His imitations of Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan vases, copies of cameos, medallions, tablets, &c., would form quite a museum by themselves. When the Barberini Vase was sold by auction, Wedgwood having determined to make copies of it, continued obstinately to bid against the Duchess of Portland. His motive, having at length been ascertained, it was promised that if he would leave off bidding, the vase should be lent to him for copies. So the Duchess bought that which is now known as the Portland Vase, for one thousand eight hundred guineas. Wedgwood made fifty copies, which he sold at fifty guineas each, and then was not repaid for the expenses of their manufacture.

Of course, by this time Wedgwood had his warehouses in London, when he was much aided by the skill and influence of Mr. Bentley, his partner. The best artists were engaged to design and model for him, Flaxman producing, among other things, a set of chess-men, the first ever made in pottery. Visitors from all parts of Europe were attracted by the works at Burslem, and afterwards at Wedgwood's own village of Etruria, where, in the year 1795, he died, aged sixty-five—an educated man, an F.R.S., and F.S.A., a man of large fortune, which nothing but his own intelligence and perseverance had bestowed upon him, and

which he had put only to liberal and honourable use.

And now that we have come to speak of porcelain, we must begin, of course, with the Chinese, who have made porcelain from very ancient times, and built a tower of it near Nankin, in the year 1277. The Portuguese, as we have said, first introduced the fine wares of China into European use. The Chinese told tales about the way in which their porcelain was made. The earth had to be kept in heaps, some hundred years, or, said another, no, it was no earth at all, but sea shells and egg shells were the articles out of which it was manufactured. The Chinese, like ourselves, admire old china, so the merchants fabricated old china very zealously, to meet the public taste. Father Schin, a Portuguese missionary, wrote a treatise on the frauds of the Chinese. It was never printed, probably because it would have made a bigger volume than the publishers of those days cared to speculate upon. There is a fat little figure common on Chinese porcelain, which is a picture of Pousa, the divinity of porcelain. Once upon a time, an emperor ordered a set of cups and saucers to be made within a given period, and of a given pattern. It was represented to him that the terms of his order were impossible, and so he was determined that they should be carried out. The workmen toiled under the bastinado, till at last one of them, Pousa, became desperate, and leapt out of the reach of the stick, into the furnace. He was gone immediately, the porcelain came out of the fire perfect—the emperor rejoiced, and decreed the honours of a god to Pousa. Yellow being the colour of the sun and the sun's brother, is used only for the manufacture of imperial porcelain. The Chinese use grotesque figures, as we know. They have a taste that way. One of their idols is a porcelain cat, into whose head they put a lamp at night, to the intense terror of the mice. Another is a ring constructed as a 'hydraulic surprise,' which spills its contents over a person's clothes when he attempts to drink out of it.

The Japanese make porcelain not unlike that of China, but painted with better taste. The expulsion of the missionaries from Japan is a subject which we discussed when out upon our Phantom Voyage to that country. We may add now a story of the porcelain lovers, that this event was entirely caused by the innovation made upon the old system of cup painting, the missionaries having persuaded artists, to the honour of established authority and custom, to paint christian religious pictures on the cups and dishes.

We come now to talk of the first European porcelain, and that was made at Dresden. For two centuries chemists in Europe had laboured in vain to imitate the porcelain imported by the Portuguese. John Frederick Böttcher, an apothecary's lad, fled from Berlin to Saxony, having the misfortune to be believed capable of making gold. The

elector of Saxony was then Augustus II. Augustus sent for the stripling, and asked about his golden secret, of which he desired possession. The elector then placed him under the eye of Tschirnhaus, who was busy in his laboratory with the labour of discovering an universal medicine. While at work after the philosopher's stone, then, Böttcher made some crucibles, which unexpectedly turned out with a strong resemblance to the Oriental porcelain. It was not real porcelain, but something like it, red in colour.

Augustus saw the drift of this, and sent young Böttcher off to the castle of Albrechtsburg at Meissen, where he made him comfortable, but placed him under close watch. When Charles the Twelfth invaded Saxony, Böttcher, Tschirnhaus, and three workmen, were sent, under an escort of cavalry, to a winter laboratory, in the fortress of Königstein. Hence his fellow prisoners planned an escape, but Böttcher prudently revealed the plan, and caused for himself more trust in future. In 1707 he came back from Dresden, where he and Tschirnhaus had a house and laboratory built for them. They laboured indefatigably, sometimes sitting at the furnace day and night for half a week together. Tschirnhaus died next year, but Böttcher persevered alone. At length he had so far succeeded, that Augustus established the great manufactory at Meissen, of which, in 1710, he appointed Böttcher the director. In 1715 he succeeded in the manufacture of a real fine porcelain, and survived the discovery but four years, dying at thirty seven, a victim to intemperance.

The manufacture of good porcelain required the discovery of a fit sort of porcelain clay, and this had been made by chance, in an odd manner. John Schnorr, a wealthy iron master, riding near Clue, found that his horse's feet were sticking in a soft white earth, and his attention being thus directed to this white earth, it occurred to him that it would make a first-rate substitute for flour, as hair powder. To that use he turned it, therefore, with much profit to himself, under the name of "Schnorr's white earth." Böttcher was among those who used it, and, observing its earthy nature, tested it, and found to his great joy, that this was just the thing he wanted to perfect his porcelain. The Elector then caused the earth to be taken to the factory in sealed barrels, under conditions of the utmost secrecy. The manufactory at Meissen now became a fortress, the portcullis was down day and night. Every workman was sworn to secrecy, the superior officers were sworn every month. "Dumb till Death" was inscribed, in large letters, within all the workshops, and imprisonment for life the penalty denounced against all tale-bearing. The king himself took oath of secrecy concerning all that he might see whenever he visited the factory. For there was in trade the age of Mysteries before the age of Patents.

Even before Böttcher's death, however, one of the foremen escaped to Vienna, and from Vienna the secret spread over Germany; so that rival establishments soon came to be set on foot. The factory at Meissen was worked with great profit, on the king's account, and other factories afterwards established, during the last century, were worked very much in the same way, under royal auspices. In 1790 the Dresden factory was worked at a loss, but Wedgwood, who then visited it, was so assured of its capabilities that he offered to rent it at three thousand a year. His offer was declined, and the loss continued, till the King got tired, and turned over the establishment to the finance department. It now yields a small profit by the production of inferior goods. Before the Seven Years' War it produced master-pieces, got up then as articles of luxury "regardless of expense."

The history of the spread of porcelain factories, after the establishment of that at Meissen, becomes a history of workmen kidnapped by princes, or running from one place to another to betray their secrets. This is a history not worth recounting. We should say, however, that in the district of the little German states, Hesse Cassel, Saxe Cobourg, Saxe Weimar, &c., the discovery of porcelain was not borrowed, but original. It began near Jena, with the son of a chemist, who made experiments on sand, which an old woman brought to his father's house. He satisfied his Prince, and established a manufactory with four workmen, which was afterwards much enlarged.

French porcelain was first made at St Cloud, but perfected at Sèvres. Here, too, the discovery of the necessary earth was the improvement of an accident. The wife of a poor surgeon, with an economic eye, observed in a ravine near her town a white, unctuous earth, which she thought would make a substitute for soap in washing. She asked her husband what he thought. The poor surgeon showed it to his druggist. The druggist knew there was a great search for porcelain earth, and suspected enough to forward a specimen of this to the chemist Macquer. The result was the establishment of that hard porcelain manufacture at Sèvres, which has placed France in the highest rank among nations in this department of the arts. Nobody thought of the woman from whose poverty this wealth had sprung, and whose dread of the expense of soap dug out the quarries of St Yrieix. Poor Madame Darnet was alive in 1825, and very destitute, when she applied to Brongniart, then Director of the Sèvres factory, for aid enough to carry her, on foot, to her old town of St Yrieix. Brongniart represented, then, her situation to the King, and she obtained a pension.

Porcelain used to be called in England "Gomroon-ware;" for the first trade of the English East India Company, not being with India and China direct, was from an establish-

ment formed at the Port of Gombron, opposite to Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf. The first Gomroon-ware made at Chelsea is said to have been much inferior to the contemporary porcelain (that itself very imperfect) of St. Cloud,—"though," says Dr Martin Lester, "our men were better masters of the art of painting than the Chinese." George the Second, following the fashion of the German Princes, threw new life into the establishment at Chelsea, introducing foreign workmen (Chelsea produced for a short time great results; but, on the death of its patron, it could not survive the jealousies harboured against foreign workmen, &c., and the establishment finally condescended into the porcelain works at Derby. No traces of the Chelsea factory remain. Dr Johnson at one time was allowed to work there, for he had a notion that he could improve the manufacture. "He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper twice a week, and stayed the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions with her." The doctor's pots all tumbled to pieces in the baking. Coeval with the Chelsea china, was the porcelain made at Station-le Bow.

We must end our talk with one more anecdote, and that is one relating to the first establishment of a porcelain manufactory in Italy. Charles the Third, of Naples, established it at Capo di Monte, in 1736. He often worked in it with his own hands, and, at the annual fair held in Naples, he had a porcelain stall in the great square opposite his palace. Daily note was sent to him of the sales made, and the names of the purchasers, and it was said that he often paid with royal favour those whom he considered his good customers.

THE GENTLENESS OF DEATH.

Who that can feel the gentleness of Death,
Sees not the loveliness of Life? and who,
Breathing content his natural joyous breath,
Could fail to feel that Death is Nature, too?
And not the alien for his tears dictated,
A viewless terror, heard but to be hated.

One died that was beloved of all around,
And, dying, grasped a flower of early spring,
To hold beside her in the quiet ground,
While every season shook its varied wing.
The pale flower died with her, but soon rose others,
Not planted by her sisters or her brothers.

Her sisters and her brothers came each day,
And wondered to behold the young fresh flowers,
Like that she held before she passed away—
Warned by the sun and cherished by the showers.
And they would not believe the sweet birds sowing
Had brought the flowers about her gravestone growing.

They said—These flowers are offspring of the same
That lies beside our sister underneath,
And unto us as messengers they came
From her, and we will bind them in a wreath,
To hang amid the dews that glisten purely,
And every Spring will say, "she liveth surely."

So thus Death grew to them most holy sweet,

A bringer and a taker of all love.

The link to that which lay beneath it feet,

The bond of all they looked for from above.

His sentence was on them and His duty

Gave all their future life redemptive duty.

BRINGING OUT THE TRUTH.

THE First of November will be an epoch in the administration of justice in this country. On that day will come into operation the Act which was passed in the last session of Parliament for admitting the evidence, in civil trials, of the parties to them—A change, the magnitude and importance of which can only be estimated by those whose duties as lawyers, or whose misadventures as suitors, have made them familiar with the course of trial which has hitherto been observed in all our higher courts, and which, until of late years (when it has been, by the authority of the Legislature, abandoned in the County Courts) was the general rule of our law.

Thus, those who are in general best acquainted with the facts which it is the object of the trial to establish have been hitherto prevented from speaking in their own behalf and from being questioned on behalf of their opponents. His rule of practice has been perverted in, from the assumption that the testimony of plaintiff or defendant was so sure to be false, that it would be a waste of time and a misleading of the judge and jury to hear it. Cross-examination—on which so much stress is laid, when it is desired to glorify our method of trial—was here rejected, is furnishing, it was thought, no safeguard. Moral and religious obligations to speak the truth were treated as of no power over the mind of the interested witness, and the law of England aspersed all men as being utterly untrustworthy while, at the same time, it would have punished each for a libel if he had applied to individuals the stigma thus fixed upon the body at large.

Eight years only have elapsed since the slightest amount (even to one farthing) of interest in a cause disqualified any witness from being heard upon it, the law carrying the presumption of which we have spoken to its full extent. So far it operated logically and consistently, though not with wisdom, because, when a course is erroneous, inconsistency becomes an excellence, for it is better to be nearly right than wholly wrong.

In a score or two of years the existence of such a state of things will be incredible to those who are not familiar with legal history. Probably (although the change is far more recent) many of our readers do not know that formerly a prisoner on trial for his life could not employ counsel to address the jury in his defence, unless the charge against him was high treason. Going further back, we come to a period when, even in cases of treason, he laboured under the same disability, although

struggling for his life against the enormous power of the crown, neither were his witnesses permitted to be sworn—a distinction which the judge seldom failed to point out to the jury, as depriving their testimony of all weight when opposed to that of the witnesses for the crown.

Yet, when all these absurdities—cruel and revolting as they are—were in daily practice, the Law of England was the theme of unbounded panegyric, and, although these monstrosities have departed, they have left other evils and inconsistencies behind, quite gross enough to ensure the astonishment of posterity at our powers of endurance in regard to the wrongs of—others.

Let one wrong suffice for a sample.—When Dr. Webster—who was executed last year at Boston, in the state of Massachusetts, for the murder of his brother professor, Dr. Parkman—was on his trial, the counsel against him, in observing on the absence of certain evidence, (which, if it existed, would have been adduced on the part of the prisoner,) boasted, and with great justice, that the Treasury of the State was thrown open to prisoners to pay for bringing up from any distance all the witnesses required for their defence. The same law is in operation in Belgium, and perhaps elsewhere, but in England we shut up in accused person until his trial; often oppose obstacles to his free communication with those who come to his aid, give him not one sixpence towards his expenses; try him at a distance from the scene of his imputed crime, and then, although he is known to be without a farthing, we gravely ask him if he have any witnesses to call? Then, and after his conviction, for the want perhaps of evidence that might have been adduced, he goes back to his cell writhing under the bitter agony of injustice, while we go to dinner, and thence to the Assize Hall.

Lord Brougham's lasting, though we trust not last, great public service, the Evidence Act, operates, on popular principles, to the advancement of justice. The demagogue, if he were not a vain, selfish, and ignorant block-head, instead of a real teacher of the people, (as the name by its derivation imports), would have called public attention to the hardship, on the man in humble life, of our former Law of Evidence. In transacting business with his richer neighbour, the poor man acts for himself, the rich man by his clerks or servants. Their evidence was admissible, his was excluded. Observe the cruel inequality of such a law. The clerk or servant might give evidence of a conversation between the poor man and himself, which had taken place when they were alone together, knowing that whatever he might choose to say, could not be contradicted when repeated in court. Now, the great rule of hearing both sides, applies to no testimony with so much force as to evidence respecting words spoken. How difficult does the intelligent and disinterested

narrator find the task of framing an accurate report of a conversation from his unaided memory! But witnesses are rarely, in a moral sense, disinterested. They make themselves partisans, their memories are unconsciously acted upon by their desires, and they succeed all the better in misleading others by having first misled themselves, so that their perversions are given out with the air of truth. This disposition is so general that the practice of our courts has always been to treat a witness as the partisan of the side by which he is called, in order to guard the administration of justice against the error arising from such a state of things. The best safeguard, however, has been hitherto rejected—namely the hearing of an opposite partisan, and judging between the two, or correcting the testimony of each by that of the other, which is oftentimes a very easy task. Yet the circumstances of the case may be such—and frequently are such—as to furnish no other partisan on the opposing side but the principal himself.

But although the instances to which we have referred are striking, yet a little reflection will show that the most oppressive cases do not occur in court for the special defect of the law under consideration actually prevents the cause being brought there. Suppose a plaintiff has from time to time supplied a defendant in person with goods at his shop, no one but the two parties being present. The defendant refuses to pay. What is, or rather what was, to be done? The plaintiff devoid of witnesses, could not be heard to testify in his own case, nor could he put the defendant into the witness box to admit the facts. If the amount were very large, he could go into a Court of Equity, and, by an expensive proceeding, called a Bill of Discovery (the cost of which always fell on himself) compel the defendant to answer certain questions on his oath; but all this was done in private and in writing. The defendant had the aid of lawyers to prepare his answer, and experience has for ages established the fact, that very few defendants ever injured their defence, however much they may have damaged their conscience, by what was done upon a Bill of Discovery. What a strange perversity! On one side of Westminster Hall the doctrine was, that such is the inherent influence of interest over truth, that the most unlimited power of cross-examination before a public audience—where questions followed in such rapid succession that falsehood could have but little time for the task of fabrication, and where, consequently, the danger of contradiction was imminent—was insufficient to make the evidence of a party concerned worthy of trust. Yet, you tell the plaintiff that he may go to the other side of the Hall, and there try the hopeful experiment of extracting the truth without any of the aids of open trial, but, on the contrary, under the most favourable circumstances, in aid of

colouring or falsification,—namely, deliberation and the aid of a clever special pleader.

Such, however, is the incivility of society, that, although this absurdity was exposed to contempt nearly two centuries ago by the sarcasms of Butler, it has lingered up to the present day. It even yet remains to be seen whether or not it has received its death blow. "Does not," asks Hudibras,—

"Does not in Chancery every man swear
What best makes for him in his answer?"

In this couplet—as throughout the whole of the scathing attack on lawyers and the administrators of the law of which it forms a part—we may be sure that the poet struck at none but well known abuses, felt and appreciated by every reader. None other would have suited his purpose.

It is remarkable, with how little debate in Parliament this great change was accomplished. Perhaps if the attention of Members of the House of Commons had been called to all the consequences of the bill, it might not have passed so easily as it did. Its operation on Election Petitions will probably startle some who refrained from opposing it. Suppose in a case in which bribery is charged, the sitting Member be himself called. It is quite true that if a question—the answer to which might tend to criminate himself—is put to him he may decline to answer it, but he must decline on that express ground, and it must appear also to the committee that the question has a tendency to criminate him, before they can admit the excuse. But what will be the practical effect on his case if he takes this course? It will prove that he has something to conceal, and although such evidence would not suffice of itself to establish a charge of bribery, yet in giving point and weight to other testimony, it will often make all the difference between victory and defeat.

"—Thus may help to the ken other proofs
That do demeritally thin."

A complete history of the practice of courts of justice at home and abroad, in rejecting witnesses on the ground of pecuniary interest, or on that of connection by blood, marriage, or service with a party to the suit (for each of these relations has furnished ground of disqualification) would throw great light on the state of veracity in different ages and countries. Mr Phillimore's "History of the Law of Evidence" is a valuable work, replete with sound learning, the fruit of wide research, but it is ill-digested, and often sins against the first principle of good writing, which requires above all things that what a book professes to teach, it should not presuppose its readers to be acquainted with already. The student, however, who will pursue his object, though the path be sometimes rough and thorny may gather much instruction from Mr Phillimore, and will often be rewarded, amidst much which is obscure, and more which is unwisely

contemptuous, by acute and right hearted remarks, that will spirit him forwards like a draught of water from a chalice fount spring.

Mr. Phillimore's general conclusion is, we think, that the doctrine of the exclusion of testimony, had its rise in the general want of veracity which belongs equally to ages of barbarism and of corrupt civilisation, and that its gradual disappearance from our law, marks a gradual improvement of our nation in that highest of all social qualities, a reverence for the truth. Whether, under any circumstances, resort to exclusion was a wise and well chosen method of meeting the perplexities arising out of the general absence of veracity, may well be doubted. That it was a natural course enough when first taken, and implied no perversity of mind in lawgivers, may, perhaps, be admitted when we reflect on the universality of its adoption. It ministers to no corrupt desire either in the makers or the administrators of the laws.

A GLIMPSE OF THE Cairngorm MOUNTAINS

In the centre of the broadest part of Scotland, between the great valleys of the Spey and the Dee, six clustered mountains rise to heights exceeding in average, by nearly one thousand feet, the range of those Western Grampians amidst which lie the glens and lakes usually sought by tourists. These hills are so remote from the poorest hostelry and so devoid of cottage shelter, that they have rarely been explored, although the inn at Braemar, the nearest house of entertainment to them, is often inconveniently crowded during the summer months with guests, and the autumnal sojourn of the Queen at Balmoral, a few miles further from them, has lately drawn some distinguished persons, and the loyal and affectionate thoughts of many of her subjects, near to their precincts. To reach any commanding point among these hills, the traveller must take a journey of at least twenty miles from Braemar, and although half this distance may be performed on horseback, the residue involves so much rugged walking, that the entire forty miles require a long day to conquer them. There is a path, indeed, over a low ridge leading from Deeside to Aviemore on the Spey, which those happiest of all travellers, vigorous young men, without encumbrance except knapsacks, may traverse in a long summer's day, but even *they* must be content to keep the direct track, which would scarcely hint of the recesses of the mountains. To accomplish these, they must brace themselves for a night's bivouac under a rock; for they will find no human habitation to cover them.

These mountains, forming the loftiest cluster of the British Isles, have a character worth studying. They are not like the western hills, jagged and broken, rising in walls of granite, and capped by peaks or turret-like

rocks, but rise from the table-land on which they are based in huge cones, unfringed by herbage, but not unlovely in colour—being formed of reddish stone, vast fragments of which are scattered all over their swelling sides. The Great Cairngorm, which gives its name to the range, is the most perfect specimen of this order of vast conical hill, standing nobly apart from its neighbours, though close to them, and attended by another mountain—akin to it, but smaller—called the Little Cairngorm, which, notwithstanding its nominal littleness, equals the height of Ben Lomond. The central mountain of the group, Ben Muich Dhui, is less clearly defined, being propped on each side by the neighbouring hills, and though, from a distance, it seems to terminate in a peak, is really crowned by a vast dome, covered with huge rocks of stone. Deeply embosomed among these heights is the source of the Dee—a large clear well, walled in by the rocks of Ben Muich Dhui and Braemar, whence, in huge streams, torrents perpetually pour to augment its waters. Although the summits are within the line of perpetual frost, the most elevated slopes sustain large patches of snow, which lie scarcely soiled through the hottest summers.

Finding myself at Edinburgh on the 25th of August last, with a few days free for Highland enjoyment, I determined to devote them to the effort of obtaining a glimpse of this region, which I had heard described by Scotchmen—competent, but not always credible witnesses on such an issue—as excelling in grandeur the Highlands with which all the world is familiar. I was the more inclined to the attempt by a desire to form an acquaintance with the too successful rival of Ben Nevis, which had long borne the palm of mountain eminence in Britain, and at the summit of which I had three times believed myself to stand on the loftiest British pinnacle. I had heard, not without repugnance, that the "Sappers and Miners" employed to survey our eminences, had divested the old sovereign of the pre-eminence which, "if anarchy should be in sight believed," he was entitled to wear, and had transferred it to Ben Muich Dhui, a remote mountain in Aberdeenshire, which nobody knew or cared for, by giving him ten feet more in height. With all due conservative apprehension of the dangers of that science, which would thus unsettle the claims of mountain sovereignty, which had seemed stable as the solid earth, and all my affection for the "old dis-crowned head" of the deposed monarch, I longed to visit the usurper, and ascertain how far he was worthy of his newly achieved inheritance*. I found the railway, taken at half past twelve, would bring me before sunset to Aberdeen, whence I might ascend the Dee from its mouth to its source—a glorious career of eighty miles—

* Since the above was written, I have been informed that the last verdict is in favour of Ben Nevis, and if so, I trust that it will not be disturbed.

and I determined thus to wind my way to the mountain bulwarks of its spring, instead of taking the course through Perthshire, by Blair Athol, which is nearer even to those who, not choosing to try a passage of valour with the Ducal Lord of Glen Tilt, avoid that perilous avenue of the central Highlands.

The railway time allowed some hours for lingering in Edinburgh—the most beautiful city in my known world. He who first expatiates in its near aspect from the Calton Hill, whence the Castle rock, the bright wilderness of houses, monuments, and palace-like buildings are seen in true proportions, with the blue water stretching out to sea beyond its guardian rock, and Arthur's Seat towering in mountain guise above all, and who afterwards ascends that height, and looks on the city as part only of a vaster scene, in which the Pentland Hills expend on one side, and the dim shapes of the outer Grampians gleam in the northern distance, will drink in as much of varied beauty as the world can offer in the space of two hours, which will amply suffice to enjoy it. There is some magic in the structure of Arthur's Seat, which I cannot explain—it is, according to measurement, only eight hundred and fourteen feet above the sea level, and so close to the town that an hour's gentle walking will enable an idle stroller to ascend it from Holyrood House, and return to the park entrance, stopping to drink at St Anthony's Well—and yet it towers in the air above the massive crinoid of Salisbury Craigs, like a mountain summit of three thousand feet, ten miles away, something in the form and colour, giving the impression at once of height and distance, which could not be singly conveyed. Ascend either of its upland valleys, and the interior will be found to prolong the impression, while it proves its fallacy. In ten minutes you will find yourself in a noble hollow of short grass, pierced with frequent granite, which fills the imagination almost as well as a cove of Helvellyn, and passing over the ridge below the summit, you will tread a mountain gully, allowing glimpses of two tarn-like pools, lying below at Duddingston, and thus you will be transported in half-an-hour from the literary luxury of Prince's Street to Highland solitude, peopled with the silent creations of genius—for on the hill's foot rises the spectral ruins of St Anthony's Chapel, before you is the spot where Muschet's Cairn once marked the interview of Jeannie Deans with her sister's desperate lover, and beside you are Salisbury Craigs, where Reuben Butler watched the sunrise of the day after the murder of Porteus. "Why," said I to myself, in this grand and storied scene, "should I go farther? Is not the spirit of the remotest Highlands here? Are there not forms as bold, and colours as solemn, and distances as refined, as can be embraced by the eye on the summits above Glencoe? And if there is nothing to suggest the awful grandeur of that tragic pass, is not that, when seen once,

seen for ever? Why not remain, then, for my little holiday, among the comforts and glories of Edinburgh, and supply my Highland tour by daily excursions to these genial wilds? I paused on the question, but soon felt a sad and conclusive answer, a change has come over Edinburgh in the few years which have elapsed since I saw it last, which will not allow me, thus first again beholder, to enjoy it as of old, a change not in its external aspects surely, for these the sternest of its utilitarian philosophers would spare. No!—the range of its old nine-storied houses, which has "withstood a thousand storms, a thousand thunders," looks as if it had been a little contracted by the New Free Church College which towers beyond the mound, but enough remains for remembrance—and the substitute nobly completes the lofty line which the Castle rock crowns, the Monument of Sir Walter, which, when I last saw it, seemed to me a gorgeous mistake, now puts to shame my misgivings by the usage of its immortal tenant, which has changed a richly figured alcove to a temple, while, beneath an open canopy, the genius which rendered the cities of Scotland classical, and her glens romantic, seems embodied in majestic repose, to receive her homage with every breathing of her common air,—and the verdure embraces the black declivities of the Castle rock with luxuriance as fresh as ever—No, Edinburgh is as fair to the eye as of old, but the spirit which gave its finest impulse to the enjoyments of its society has been quenched for this life since I last beheld it, Francis Jeffrey is gone, and these forms of beauty associated with the graces of his mind, strike me with the chilliness of the grave. When I was here last, the intellect which had cast its varied lights on British Literature for many years, glanced with graceful vividness on its ample range, illuminating all things by its genial wisdom, and the affections, sometime curbed by the habits of despotic criticism, expanding with time, delightedly recognised every young effort, indulgently rebuked every cowl, grew proud in the successes of strangers, and happy in those of friends now, all that power of enjoying and diffusing the most refined pleasure is suspended, and the place which "knew him once" living, knows him too well dead. To me, standing here, the loss seems as of yesterday. I know that Edinburgh is still the home of great thoughts and noble impulses, I know that, while Wilson flourishes, there is not wanting a power which, still "redolent with joy and youth," may "breathe a second spring," and I hope another year to enjoy as well as to admire, but now I will welcome the railway which shall bear me hence to yet unvisited Highlands.

The line of railway from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, though it passes by Stirling and Perth, supplies scarcely a hint of the beautiful regions near it, except one lovely glimpse of a rich brown stream foaming over ledges of rock,

and crowned by a vast skeleton of a cathedral near the Bridge of Allan, until it skirts the sea, when it ——— over a deeply indented coast, and thence by a noble bridge across the Dee to the northern capital. The hurried glance of one mountain-bound little qualifies him to speak of that ancient and stately city—combining the charms of sea-neighbourhood with the bustle of commerce and the associations of learned leisure and aspiring study,—but it is impossible to pass the Marischal College without recollecting that it produced, among its illustrious students, one—Captain Dugald Dalgetty—destined to exist as long as its walls. Next to its universities, and before its quay and its warehouses, I rejoiced in its large plots of grass open to the sea, on which lads of all ages were playing at cricket, in half a dozen parties, with an energy which spoke as well for their moral as their intellectual training. My only business—that of ascertaining that I could obtain a line of conveyances to Braemar on the morrow—was soon accomplished, and I had nothing but the weather to fear. That opened in the morning in heaviest wet; but I have long learned that the wisest course to pursue with bad weather is to defy it, and take your chance of its amending—(which when things are at the worst they must do)—and, therefore, in spite of the remonstrant looks of a very civil host, I set out at nine on my way. In this instance, my usual confidence in the amendment of bad weather was strengthened by the knowledge that the Queen was on that day to start from Osborne for the region I was about to visit, and must bring sunshine with her; and so it happened; for the rain ceased, and the sun came out; and though, on my return, upon the day of her journey from Edinburgh to Balmoral, the morning was again wet at Aberdeen, and at Stonehaven (whither multitudes of the Aberdeenshire citizens resorted in the hope to catch a glimpse of her features on her quitting the train for her carriage) the laurels and garlands were woefully drenched, before we met the royal train all was bright; and so we found it had been throughout her Majesty's progress; and so it continued to Balmoral. So be it ever!

The journey from Aberdeen to the Highlands is only bright with lowland prettiness, as far as Ballater; but it is made very cheerful by the frequent presence of the Dee,

the urgency of obstacles, as if animated by a single inspiration. Its banks lie nearly level with its surface, or slope gently to it; when they are covered with verdure, the grass is fringed with bright yellow flowers; when they are edged with pebbles, the light brown stones glisten like a riband; and, if trees border its windings, they are usually delicate birches, that droop with their pendent tracery on the shore, and intrude no bough to darken its water.

Ballater partakes of the cheerful character of its stream. Placed at the threshold—scarcely at the threshold—of the mountain region, it affords a pleasant holiday retreat for the serious burghesses of Aberdeen—a watering-place in miniature—with a small but pretty inn, which has a very small and very pretty garden; a small church; a few small lodging-houses, and, it is said, balls and concerts in the season to match; which might supply a romantic chapter to Little Pedlington, if, as I wish, Mr. Poole had health to add it. As we hence ascend the Dee, a nobler region opens; heath-clad banks expand on each side above groves of birch; and the great mountain of Loch-na-gar, at the distance of ten miles, is seen in the dark glory of precipice wreathed up to a pinnacle, and falling in gentle curves to be upraised again in two lower turrets. This mountain, of the height of three thousand eight hundred feet, is not usually regarded as belonging to the Cairngorm cluster, but is claimed as a far-advanced Graupian; and, in form and structure, resembles the western mountains, being peaked and abrupt, and composed of dark granite.* And now the Dee sweeps boldly round a level tract of meadow land, dotted with trees, and crowned by a wooded bank, beneath which is a white miniature castle, expanded obviously with a view to comfort without regard to show; and you recognise, with an affection by which the principle of loyalty has seldom been so richly imbued, the Castle of Balmoral. It has been obviously chosen by true lovers of the country, who are willing to make robust exertions to enjoy it; for, lying at the entrance of a region of mountain grandeur, it affords scarcely a glimpse of its majesties, not even of Loch-na-gar, which, to the traveller pacing the road, seems like a dark curtain spread out on high among the western clouds. Beyond the royal pleasure-house, the valley contracts, and the

its deserving the character of cheerfulness eminently among rivers. The mountain-born streams are generally more capricious; if they sometimes expand in wide brilliancy, they are more often shadowed by lofty banks interrupted by rocks, or narrowed into gloomy depths; but the Dee, with the signal exception of the remarkable passage, called "The Linn of Dee," runs broad in sunlight, rapid as any leaping brook, and flashes on without

stole the air which has been devoted to the

* The guide-books differ with each other—perhaps with themselves—as to the extent of application the term *Graupian* should have to the Scottish hills; but in the most limited sense, confined to the mountains of which Ben Lomond is the centre, it must include some hundred square miles—an extent which would seem to indicate that the Highland region was little known in Edinburgh when the tragedy of "Douglas" was written, unless young Norral intended to give an illusory account of his paternal residence, when he described his father as "keeping his flocks" upon the "Graupian hills."

celebration of its "*Birks*," to glorify those of *Aberfeldy*, which are far inferior in the prodigality of sylvan grace. When the valley expands again, it is enlivened by the smoke of a large, old-fashioned village; you are at *Braemar*, where the Roman Catholic faith, not incited by proselyting zeal, but stiffened with old Jacobite remembrances, holds its station between handsome chapels of the Scottish Kirk and the Free Church; and find a good old-fashioned inn, such as railways have seldom shared—the *Invercauld Arms*—prepared with every hospitable device to receive you, or, when completely crammed, to billet you in the small clean chamber of one of the neighbouring cottages. Here I ascertained the possibility of reaching the summit of the Cairngorm cluster in a long day, by the aid of a guide and a stout horse; but the information was attended with a strongly-expressed proviso as to the weather, and an intimation that there was but slender chance of the morrow's favour. That chance, however, I had resolved to take; and my hostess's son kindly undertook provisionally to make due arrangements, and to call me at sunrise, if the day should promise better things than the damp and cloudy evening suggested.

I did not wait for his summons; for a bright sunbeam found its way into my small cabin, and induced me to appear in what *Macbeth* calls "manly readiness" before the appointed hour; the guide was summoned, and just as I finished a hasty breakfast, which had started up as if by magic on a suddenly swept table, welcomed me to horse. He would willingly have taken his share of the day's journey on foot; but this would have been more painful to my apprehension than to his sensation; and, therefore, he condescended to ride with me; so, about six o'clock, we set forth on two as clumsy, willing, honest steeds as ever did pony-duty among the hills, beneath a sky of doubtful promise—too blue for despondency, too pink for assurance,—but in the meanwhile of exquisite beauty.

Our road lay by the side of the *Dee*, an excellent road, the more charming from the sense that it leads nowhere except to the wilds—and winding usually without fences through the woods, which spread upwards to walls of rock, blackened by lofty pines, and downwards to the river, clad with weeping birches, and on both sides often edged with thickets of raspberry bushes, speckled with the red berries, which it was pleasant to think urchin hands would gather before night-fall. About four miles from *Braemar*, a stream, descending from the rocks on the left, passes under the arched road, and falling into a deep and richly wooded chasm in a pleasure-ground on the right, forms one of those cascades which only want water to be magnificent falls. My guide invited me to inspect this linn, pointing at a low open wicket, by which I might enter on the descent, and telling me that if I would keep the path, it would lead me out again into the road a few

hundred yards onward, at a spot to which he would lead the horses. I did so—and record the little deviation, not for the sake of attempting to describe the long embowered staircase which led to the deep bottom of the dell; nor the lofty walls of birch which, rising thence, just gave space for the water to fall like a fine veil of lace over the fronting strip of rock; nor the path which winds thence along the open magic of the *Dee*, after it has received the fallen rivulet, until, through a grove of birch, it issues on the road; but to express the gratification which such a use of property inspires. The fall is called—The Linn of *Caranmelyie*; what name its owner bears I know not; but the only exclusive benefit he derives from its possession is the pleasure of keeping it accessible to the steps and beautiful to the eyes of all who may choose to enjoy it.

About six miles from *Braemar*, the carriage road terminates at the entrance of the open forest, and the Linn of *Dee*, which is not, as its name would suggest, a fall of the river, but a narrow rapid, where its broad waters have wrought out a channel through the rock, of scarcely four feet wide, through which the great volume of water rushes with the roar of a cataract, having hollowed the rock both above and below its narrowest bed, into semi-circular basins of exact symmetry, and embosomed thence with fantastic devices. Here a stream of existence—as strong, as feverish, and as tortured—was nearly stopped in its "first sprightly running"—that of the infant *Byron*, who had fallen over the upper ledge, and was rescued from the gulf by the intrepid grasp of a Highland servant, who flung himself forward to catch him.

Here we crossed the *Dee* by a bridge which overlooks the deep basin at the rapid's foot, and struck into a trackless open ground, covered with heather, until we came in sight of another stream, the *Lui*, smaller, but as gay as the *Dee*, which it is hastening to join, and passed into a glen which bears its name. From the ridge which bounds it, we saw the clustered mountains we sought, high in air—*Breirach* and *Cairntoul* in front, with round summits, supporting the cone of *Ben Muich* between them, and concealing the other summits. They looked, indeed, hence, to be a single huge mountain, loftier than *Loch-na-gar*, but not of outline so graceful. The glimpse was only for a moment; for clouds rolled round the tops; and we were soon embosomed in the nearer hills. Passing gently onward, over a rugged but flowery ground, where vegetation held perpetual contest with the torrents that scarred it, we entered an immense grove of pines, which, thickly furnished with dark boughs at the top, upheld a huge mass of gloomy foliage, but below even and bare as pillars, and, played upon by the slanting sunbeams, produced a mixture of the gay and solemn, rarely permitted in the architecture of nature. Beyond this, which might well be taken for an enchanted grove, another stream,

strong and pure, from the Little Cairngorm, called the Derry, crossed our path, and the glen was divided by a huge, bare barrier of upland, into two great divisions, Glen-Derry and Glen-Lui-Beg, through the latter of which lay our course. We were now in a valley of a different character from any I had trodden before; about half a mile broad; walled by the bare and steep foundations of the mountains; with a floor to the eye level as a carpet, and covered with luxuriant grass, frequently gay with white and yellow flowers, or purpled with wide beds of deep-blue harebells and wild hyacinths, which, swept about by a strong wind, rose to defy it. But the strangest feature of the region is, the frequent apparition of huge dead pines,—skeletons of trees which must have been dead for centuries,—bleached like human bones in the sun,—sometimes lifting up a single bare stem,—sometimes stretching out two vast ghostly arms,—sometimes upholding a delicate tracery of boughs, like the flord masonry of a cathedral's open spire,—sometimes twisted into shapes which the eye, seeking in vain for some living thing, interprets into forms of horse, or sheep, or resting pilgrim. But no living creature is there; nor roof for shelter; no sound of cow, or sheep, or watch-dog breaks the silence; for we are amidst the ruins of the great Caledonian Forest, in a region which being devoted to a deer-park, uncropped and unknown, is wholly desolate, except when a herd of its lordly tenants flashes across it. No animals of chase, or warren, are encouraged to nestle there; it is dedicated only to one sovereign sport; and when, as on this day, unvisited by deerstalkers, is left in its luxuriant magnificence, like a small prairie, alone. For a time the scene was diversified—perhaps saddened—by an occasional living pine among the blasted trees, as if waving its dark boughs in honour of the dead, like funeral plumes; but onward these melancholy vestiges of life disappeared, and there was nothing but the rich grass, the bare mountains, the bright stream, and now and then an uprooted trunk that bridged it. Before we had advanced thus far into the desert, the paths, though generally clad with grass and flowers, became too frequently indented with the furrows of the winter's torrents, which gaped in dry beds of stone, for the convenient use of the horses; and, therefore, we left them tethered to stones with good circles of herbage to amuse them, and proceeded on foot to the left corner of the valley; which now, opening as we proceeded, between the Little Cairngorm and Ben-Anan, showed us the foot of Ben Muich Dhui, shelving steeply before us.

We now began the real work of climbing directly towards the sharp ridge, with a strong brook on our right. The torrents pour down the ribs of those mountains too precipitously to admit of their nourishing those lines and patches of vegetation which

often adorn the mountain rivulets of the west; not that the declivity is steeper, but that it is more unbroken; hence we saw no shrub, though grass mingled with the stones, and the tract—being that leading to S. side—showed signs of human tread. I far the weather had been fair; but the wind now became so boisterous that it was difficult to stand against it, and (which was worse) rolled vast masses of cloud round the summit of my hopes; so that the guide expressed his fear that we should not be repaid for further labour. But the chances of openings of the mist on the heights, more glorious than the vastest panorama, impelled me to persevere; and we turned from the hills to the left to ascend a stony wilderness, which disclosed two black tarns imbedded in the basin at the top of the ridge, and its steep sides upholding large tracts of snow. In this desolation, little heaps of stones, piled by the Sappers and Miners when they surveyed the district, were welcome vestiges of human work, and alone assuaged the toil of proceeding, after the tarns and their valley disappeared, as we slowly paced on through dense cloud to the conical wilderness of blocks of stone which form the summit. This I found indicated by a lofty cairn, which the Earl of Fife, the lord of the mountain, built upon it in celebration of its supposed triumph over Ben Nevis, or perhaps to make unfair assurance of its overtopping its rival; else I should scarcely have known the summit, on the approach; though, when attained, the gentle sweep of stones on all sides downward made it obvious. That was all I saw; and a pitiless pelting of a hail shower, urged by tremendous wind, did not allow me to wait longer than to celebrate my elevation by a small quantity of whiskey, in which my guide and I drank to each other with that true brotherhood which mountain solitude makes palpable.

On the descent, however, as I hoped, I had glimpses which amply repaid the labour of climbing and the pelting of the hail. The clouds first opening showed me, far below, the Dee, just escaped from the barriers which surround its source, gliding on through flowery meadows in the brightest sunshine—a minute only—as much apart from my region of stones as if it were a vision of another world. Anon, the clouds which filled the great avenue leading to Aviemore uplifted their lower curtain, so as to show a long sunlit valley below a canopy of cloud, at the end of which a piece of Inverness-shire sparkled in emerald green, and the lone hostelry of Aviemore flashed a dazzling speck of white. As I descended, the Great Cairngorm stood revealed from its root, close to that of Ben Muich Dhui, to its summit—a huge sugar-loaf, as if gently heaved up from earth towards the sky; and between it and Ben Anan opened the dark bed of Loch Aven—its water invisible, but its position, deep set in the bosom of the hills, grandly indicated, so that it might well be conceived black, tree-

less, awful as the Corraik of Skye. At the first descent of the ridge-crowned path, we hailed a niche of shelter; and, though wet and tired, found in the cold mutton and chicken which the guide produced, that substantial comfort which has a large and important portion in human affairs, and never vindicates it more clearly than in mountain researches. Hence we retraced our steps; and, having found the horses as we left them, were slowly carried to Braemar in the waning light of a gusty evening.

This imperfect glimpse of the Aberdeenshire Highlands assures me that, although they want the splendid variety which the mountains of Argyleshire and Perthshire embrace, having no fair expanse of lakes, nor coasts deeply indented by sea, nor prodigal richness of garniture lavished along rocky streams—they have a grandeur of their own, which would well reward the labour of young and happy pedestrians. To them, especially if associated in groups, the solitude would not be oppressive, though it is deeper than I have ever elsewhere felt, or than I believe could be felt in our island. The poet, who has more than any other discerned the affinities of the world without and within us, allows that

..... "The shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;"

but here the privilege is unused. From the time we crossed the Linn of Dee to our return to the same spot (about nine hours), we saw no man, woman, or child—nay, not an animal domesticated by man, nor any vestige of human abode or labour, except two men and a lad, who were pretending to dig turves just at the entrance of Glen Lui when we entered it, and who, when we returned, were exactly in the same position, as if they had stood to sentinel the untrodden wilds. Wordsworth represents the Cove of Helvellyn, where the faithful dog watched his dead master for three months, as visited only by elemental precursors—the rainbow, the mist, and the cloud; but the recesses of Helvellyn are populous, compared to the Cairngorm solitudes. On the top of Snowdon, or Cader Idris, you may calculate on finding people whom you do—or do not—wish to meet. The ascent of Ben Lomond is a pastoral walk; and on the loftiest summits above Glencoe you will meet some eager sportsman arousing the ptarmigan from the white and dove-coloured stones, where it seeks refuge among kindred colours. If you wish to feel what solitude really is—not Zimmermann's, but Nature's—you should seek its British home in the Aberdeenshire hills.

CHIPS.

A BIRD-HUNTING SPIDER.

WHEN the veracity of any person has been impugned, it is a duty which we owe to society, if it lies in our power, to endeavour to establish it; and when that person is a

lady, gallantry redoubles the obligation. Our chivalry is, on the present occasion, excited in favour of Madame Merian, who, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, and, during a two years' residence in Surinam, employed her leisure in studying the many interesting forms of winged and vegetable life indigenous to that prolific country. After her return to Holland, her native land, she published the results of her researches. Her writings, although abounding in many inaccuracies and seeming fables, contained much curious and new information; all the more valuable from the objects of her study having been, at that period, either entirely unknown to the naturalists of Europe, or vaguely reported by stray seafaring visitants; who, with the usual license of travellers, were more anxious to strike their hearers with astonishment than to extend their knowledge.

These works were rendered still more attractive by numerous plates—the result of Madame Merian's artistic skill—with which they were profusely embellished. It is one of these which, with the description accompanying it, has caused her truth to be called into question by subsequent writers; who, we must conclude, had either not the good fortune or the good eyesight to verify her statements by their own experience. The illustration to which I allude represents a large spider carrying off in its jaws a humming-bird, whose nest appears close at hand; and who had apparently been seized whilst sitting on its eggs.

Linnæus, however, did not doubt the lady, and called the spider (which belongs to the genus *Mygale*), "avicularia" (bird-eating). Whether this ferocious-looking hunter does occasionally capture small birds; or whether he subsists entirely on the wasps, bees, ants, and beetles which everywhere abound, what I chanced myself to see in the forest will help to determine.

Shortly after daybreak one morning in 1848, whilst staying at a woodcutting establishment on the Essequibo, a short distance above the confluence of that river and the Magaruni, we—a tall Yorkshireman and myself—started in our "wood-skin" to examine some spring hooks which we had set during the previous evening, in the embouchure of a neighbouring creek. Our breakfast that morning depended on our success. Our chagrin may be imagined on finding all the baits untouched save one; and, from that, some lurking cayman had snapped the body of the captured fish, leaving nothing but the useless head dangling in the air. After mentally despatching our spoiler—who had not tricked us for the first time—to a place very far distant, we paddled further up the creek in search of a maam, or maroudi; or, indeed, of anything eatable—bird, beast, or reptile. We had not proceeded far, when my companion, Blottie, who was sitting, gun in hand, prepared to deal destruction on the first living creature we might chance to encounter

—suddenly fired at some object moving rapidly along the topmost branch of a tree which overhung the sluggish stream a short way in advance. For a moment or two the success of his aim seemed doubtful, then something came tumbling through the intervening foliage, and I guided the canoe beneath, lest the prey should be lost in the water. Our surprise was not unmingled, I must confess, with vexation at first, on finding that the strange character of our game removed our morning's repast as far off as ever. A huge spider and a half-fledged bird lay in the bottom of our canoe—the one with disjointed limbs and mutilated carcase, the other maimed by the shot, but nearly dead, though still faintly pulsating. The remains of the spider showed him larger than any I had previously seen—smaller, however, than one from Brazil before me while I write—and may have measured some two-and-a-half inches in the body, with limbs about twice that length. He was rough and shaggy, with a thick covering of hair or bristles, which, besides giving him an additional appearance of strength, considerably increased the fierceness of his aspect. The hairs were in some parts fully an inch long, of a dark brown colour, inclining to black. His powerful jaws and sturdy arms seemed never adapted for the death struggle of prey less noble than this small member of the feathered race, for whom our succour had well-nigh arrived too late. The victim had been snatched from the nest, whilst the mother was probably assisting to coll at a morning's meal for her offspring. It had been clutched by the neck immediately above the shoulders—marks of the murderer's talons still remained, and although no blood had escaped from the wounds, they were much inflamed and swollen.

The few greenish-brown feathers sparingly scattered among the down in the wings, were insufficient to furnish me with a clue towards a knowledge of its species. That it was a humming bird, however, or one of an allied genus, seemed apparent from the length of its bill. The king of the humming birds, as the Creoles call the topaz throat (*Trochilus pella* of naturalists), is the almost exclusive frequenter of Marabell Creek, where the over-spreading foliage—here and there admitting stray gleams of sunshine—forms a cool and shady, though sombre, retreat, peculiarly adapted to his disposition, and I strongly suspect that it was the nest of this species which the spider had favoured with a visit. After making a minute inspection of the two bodies, we consigned them to a watery grave, both of us convinced that, whatever the detractors of Madame Meriau may urge, that lady was correct in assigning to the bush-spider an ambition which often soars above the insect—and occasionally tempts him to make a meal of some stray feathered denizen of the forest. This conclusion, I may add, was fully confirmed some few weeks after, by

my witnessing a still more interesting rencontre between members of the several races. 'Eat the eater,' is one of Nature's laws;—attaining its accomplishment by depriving the spider of his food, strict justice would probably have balked us of ours. Fortunately not—one of the heartiest breakfasts I ever made, and one of the tenderest and most succulent of meat, was that very morning. Well I remember exclaiming at that time, "*Hoc olim meminisse juvabit!*"—it was my first dish of stewed monkey and yams.

THE TUB SCHOOL.

SPEAKING without passion, we are bound to state, in broad terms, that the founder of the Diogenic philosophy was emphatically a humbug. Some people might call him by a harsher name, we content ourselves with the popular vernacular. Formidable as he was—thus unwashed dog-baptised—with a kind of savage grandeur, too, about his independence and his fearlessness—still was he a humbug, setting forth fancies for facts, and judging all men by the measure of one. Manifestly afflicted with a liver complaint, his physical disorders wore the mask of mental power, and a state of body that required a course of calomel or a dose of purifying powder, passed current in the world for intellectual superiority,—not a rare case in times when madness was accounted potent inspiration, and when the exhibition of meannish phenomena formed the title of the Pythones to her mystic tripod.

Diogenes is not the only man whose disturbed digestion has led multitudes, like an *ignis fatuus*, into the bogs and marshes of falsehood. Abundance of sects are about, which their respective followers class under one generic head of inspiration, but which have sprung from the same hepatic inaction, or epigastric inflammation, as that which made the Cynic believe in the divinity of dirt, and see in a tub the fittest temple to virtue. All that narrows the sympathies—all that makes a man think better of himself than of his "neighbours"—all that compresses the illimitable mercy of God into a small talisman which you and your followers alone possess—all that crutes condemnation—is of the Diogenic Tub School, corrupt in the core, and rotten in the root—fruit, leaves, and flowers, the heritage of death.

A superstitious reverence for a bilious condition of body, and an abhorrence of soap and water, as savouring of idolatry or of luxury—according to the dress and nation of the Cynic—made up the fundamental ideas of his school, and to this day they are the cabala of one division of the sect. We confess not to be able to see much beauty in either of these conditions, and are rather proud than otherwise of our state of disbelief; holding health and cleanliness in high honour, and hoping

much of moral improvement from their better preservation. But to the Tub School, good digestive powers, and their consequence, good temper, were evidences of lax principles, and cleanliness was ungodliness or effeminacy, as the unpurified denouncer prayed to St Giles, or sacrificed to Venus Cloacina. Take the old monks as an example. Not that we are about to condemn the whole Catholic Church under a cowed mask. She has valuable men among her sons, but, in such a large body, there must of necessity be some members weaker than the rest, and the mendicant friars, and do-nothing monks, were about the weakest and the worst that ever appeared by the Catholic altar. They were essentially of the Tub School, as false to the best purposes of mankind as the famous old savage of Alexander's time. Dirt and vanity, bile and condemnation, were the paternosters of their litany, and what else lay in the tub which the king over shadowed from the sun? All the accounts, of which we read, of pious horror of baths and washhouses—all the frantic renunciation of laundresses, and the belief in hair shirts, to the prejudice of honest linen—all the religious zeal against small tooth combs, and the sun which lay in razors and nail brushes—all the holy preference given to coarse cobbling of skins of beasts, over civilised tailoring of seemly garments—all the superiority of bare feet, which never knew the meaning of a pediluvium, over those which shoes and hose kept warm, and foot baths rendered clean—all the hatred of madness against the refinements of life, and the cultivation of the beautiful—these were the evidences of the Diogenian philosophy, and of Mouchism too, and of other forms of faith, which we could name in the same breath. And how much good was in them? What natural divinity lies in fur, which the cotton plant does not possess? Wherein consists the holiness of wool, and the ungodliness of alkali? wherein the purity of a matted beard, and the impiety of Metcalf's brushes, and Michi's magic strop? It may be so, and we all the while may be mentally blind, and yet, if we lived in a charnel house, whose horrors the stony core of a cataract concealed, we could not wish to be coughed, that seeing, we might understand the frightful conditions, of which blindness kept us ignorant.

But bating the baths and washhouses, hempen girdles and hairy garments, we quarrel still with the *animus* of Diogenes and his train. Its social savageness was bad enough—its spiritual insolence was worse. The separatism—the “stand off, for I am holier than thou”—the condemnation of a whole world, if walking apart from *his* way—the substitution of solitary exaltation for the activity of charity—the proud judgment of God's world, and the presumptuous division into good and evil of the Eternal—all this was and is of the Cynic's philosophy, and all

this is what we abjure with heart and soul, as the main link of the chain which binds men to cruelty, to ignorance, and to sin, for the unloosing of which we must wait before we see them fairly in the way of progress.

How false the religion of condemnation!—how hardening to the heart!—how narrowing to the sympathies! We take a section for the whole, and swear that the limitless All must be according to the form of the unit I we make ourselves Gods, and judge of the infinite universe by the teaching of our finite senses. They who do this most are they whom men call “zealous for God's glory,” “stern sticklers for the truth,” and “haters of latitudinarianism.” And if all the social charities are swept down in their course, they are mourned over gently, but only so much as if they were sparrows lying dead beneath the blast that slew the enemy. ‘Tis a pity, say they, “that men must be firm to the truth, yet cruel to their fellows, but if it must be so, why, let them fall fast as snowflakes. What is human life, compared to the preservation of the truth? Ah! friends and brothers—is not the necessity of cruelty the warrant of falsehood? The truth of life is Love, and all which negates love is false, and every drop of blood that ever flowed in the preservation of any dogma, bore in its necessity the condemnation of that dogma.

Turn where we will, and as far backward as we will, we ever find the spirit of the Diogenian philosophy, and clothed, too, in much the same garb of uncleanly disorder as that in vogue among the dog-baptised. Ancient East gives us many parallels, and to this day, duty, laziness, fakirs of Hindostan assault the olfactorys, and call for cures on the effeminacy of the cleanly and the sane. Sometimes, though, the Diogenites assume the scrupulosity of the Pharisee, and then they retain only the crimes of the Inquisition, not the habits and apparel of the Boresmen. Take the sincere Pharisee, for instance, regard his holy horror of the Samaritan (the Independent of his day) for failing in the strict letter of the law, hear his stern denunciations against all sinners, be they moral or be they doctrinal, mark the un pitying “Crucify him! crucify him!” against Him who taught novel doctrines of equality and brotherhood, and the nullity of form, see the purity of his own Pharisaic life, and grant him his proud curse on all that are not like unto him. He is a Cynic in his heart, one who judges of universal humanity by the individualism of one. Then, the hoary, hairy, dog-baptised, who scoffed at all the decencies of life, not to speak of its amenities, and had no gentle Plato's pride of refinement, with all the brutal pride of coarseness—did Diogenes worthily represent the best functions of mankind? Again, the monks and friars of the dark ages, and the hermits of old, they who left the world of man “made in the image of God,” because they were holier than their

brethren, and might have nought in common with the likeness of the Elohim; they who gave up the deeds of charity for the endless repetition of masses and vespers, and who thought to do God better service by numbing *masses* in a cowl, than by living among their fellows, loving, aiding, and improving—were not all these followers in the train of Diogenes?—if not in the dirt, then in the bile; if not in the garb, then in the heart. Denouncers, condemners; narrowing, not enlarging; hating, not loving; they were traitors to the virtue of life, while dreaming that they alone held it sacred.

And now, have we no snarling Cynics, no Pharisee, no Inquisitor? Have we taken to good heart the divine record of love, of faith, which an æsthetic age has sublimated into credos, and left actions as a *caput mortuum*? Have we looked into the meaning of the practical lesson which the Master taught when he forgave the adulteress, and sat at meat with the sinners? or have we not rather cherished the spiritual pride which shapes out bitter words of censure for our fellows, and lays such stress on likeness that it overlooks unity? The question is worthy of an answer.

The world is wide. Beasts and fishes, birds and reptiles, weeds and flowers—which *here* are weeds, and *there* are flowers, according to local fancy—the dwarfed shrub of the Alpine steeps, and the monster palm of the tropical plains; the world is wide enough to contain them all, and man is wise enough to love them all, each in its sphere, and its degree. But what we do for Nature, we refuse to Humanity. To her we allow diversity; to him we prescribe sameness; in her we see the loveliness of unlikeness, the symmetry of variation; in him we must have multitudines shaped by one universal rule; and what we do not look for in the senseless tree, we attempt on the immortal soul. Religion, philosophy, and social politics, must be of the same form with all men, else woe to the wight who thinks out of the straight line! Diagonal minds are never popular, and the hand which draws one radius smites him who lines another equal to it in all its parts, and from the same centre point. The Catholic denies the Protestant; the Episcopalian condemns the Presbyterian; the Free Kirk is shed like a branching horn; the Independent denounces the Swedenborgian; the Mormonite is persecuted by the Unitarian. It is one unvarying round; the same thing called by different names. Now all this is the very soul of Diogenism. Cowl, mitre, or band—distinctive signs to each party—all are lost in the shadow of the tub, and jumbled up into a strange form, which hath the name of Him of Sinope engraved on its forehead. Separatism and denunciation against him who is not with thee in all matters of faith, make thee, my friend, a Cynic in thy heart; and, though thou mayst wear Nicoll's pascotots

and Medwin's boots, and mayst prank thyself in all imaginable coxcombries, thou art still but a Diogenite, a Cynic, and a Pharisee; washing the outside of the platter, but leaving the inside encrusted still, believing falsely, that thou hast nought to do with a cause, because thou hast not worn its cockade.

Yet, are we going past the Tub School, though it lingers still in high places. We see it in party squabbles, not so much of politics to-day, as of the most esoteric doctrines of faith. We hear great men discussing the question of "prevenient grace," as they would discuss the composition of milk punch, and we hear them mutually anathematize each other on this plain and demonstrable proposition. We call this Diogenism, and of a virulent sort, too. We know that certain men are tabooed by certain other men; that a churchman refuses communion with him who is of no church, or of a different church; and that one Arian thinks dreadful things of another Arian. We call these men Pharisees, who deny kindred with the Samaritans—but we remember who it was that befriended the Samaritans. We know that monks still exist, whose duty to man consists in endless prayers to God, (in using vain repetitions as the Heathens do); who open their mouths wide, and expect that Heaven will fill them; who hold the active duties of life in no esteem; and separate themselves from their fellows in all the grandeur of religious superiority. We cannot see much difference between these men, the Hindoo Fakirs, and the unsavoury gentleman of the Grecian tub. They are all of the same genus; but, Heaven be praised! they are dying out from the world of man, as leprosy, and the black plague, and other evils, are dying out. True enlightenment will extirpate them, as well as other malaria. If Sanitary Commissions sweep out the cholera, acknowledged Love will sweep out all this idleness and solitary hatred, and make men at last confess that Love and Recognition are grander things than contempt and intolerance; in a word, that real Christianity is better than any form whatsoever, of the Diogenic philosophy of hatred.

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OUR SCHOOL.

WE went to look at it, only this last Midsummer, and found that the Railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk-line had swallowed the play-ground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house: which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself, in a green stage of stucco, profilewise towards the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

It seems as if our schools were doomed to be the sport of change. We have faint recollections of a Preparatory Day-School, which we have sought in vain, and which must have been pulled down to make a new street, ages ago. We have dim impressions, scarcely amounting to a belief, that it was over a dyer's shop. We know that you went up steps to it; that you frequently grazed your knees in doing so; that you generally got your leg over the scraper, in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe. The mistress of the Establishment holds no place in our memory; but, rampant on one eternal door-mat, in an eternal entry long and narrow, is a puffy pug-dog, with a personal animosity towards us, who triumphs over Time. The bark of that baleful Pug, a certain radiating way he had of snapping at our undefended legs, the ghastly grinning of his moist black muzzle and white teeth, and the insolence of his crisp tail curled like a pastoral crook, all live and flourish. From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction, and his name *Fiddle*. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back-parlor, whose life appears to us to have been consumed in sniffing, and in wearing a brown beaver bonnet. For her, he would sit up and balance cake upon his nose, and not eat it until twenty had been counted. To the best of our belief, we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable, even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all.

Why a something in mourning, called "Miss Frost," should still connect itself with our preparatory school, we are unable to say. We retain no impression of the beauty of Miss Frost—if she were beautiful; or of the mental

fascinations of Miss Frost—if she were accomplished; yet her name and her black dress hold an enduring place in our remembrance. An equally impersonal boy, whose name has long since shaped itself unalterably into "Master Mawls," is not to be dislodged from our brain. Retaining no vindictive feeling towards Mawls—no feeling whatever, indeed—we infer that neither he nor we can have loved Miss Frost. Our first impression of Death and Burial is associated with this formless pair. We all three nestled awfully in a corner one wintry day, when the wind was blowing shrill, with Miss Frost's pinafore over our heads; and Miss Frost told us in a whisper about somebody being "screwed down." It is the only distinct recollection we preserve of these impalpable creatures, except a suspicion that the manners of Master Mawls were susceptible of much improvement. Generally speaking, we may observe that whenever we see a child intently occupied with its nose, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, our mind reverts in a flash to Master Mawls.

But, the School that was our School before the Railroad came and overthrew it, was quite another sort of place. We were old enough to be put into Virgil when we went there, and to get Prizes for a variety of polishing on which the rust has long accumulated. It was a School of some celebrity in its neighbourhood—nobody could have said why—and we had the honour to attain and hold the eminent position of first boy. The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know everything. We are still inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct.

We have a general idea that its subject had been in the leather trade, and had bought us—meaning our School—of another proprietor, who was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation, we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance, were, ruling, and corporally punishing. He was always ruling ciphering-books with a bloated mahogany ruler, or smiting the palms of offenders with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands, and caning the wearer with the other

We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principal solace of his existence.

A profound respect for money pervaded Our School, which was, of course, derived from its Chief. We remember an idiotic goggle-eyed boy with a big head and half-crowns without end, who suddenly appeared as a parlor boarder, and was rumoured to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth where his parents rolled in gold. He was usually called "Mi" by the Chief, and was said to feed in the parlor on steaks and gravy, likewise to drink currant wine. And he openly stated that if rolls and coffee were ever denied him at breakfast, he would write home to that unknown part of the globe from which he had come, and cause himself to be recalled to the regions of gold. He was put into no form or class, but learnt alone, as little as he liked—and he liked very little—and there was a leech among us that this was because he was too wealthy to be "taken down." His special treatment, and our vague association of him with the sea, and with storms, and sharks, and Coral Reefs occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as his history. A tragedy in blank verse was written on the subject—if our memory does not deceive us, by the hand that now chronicles these recollections—in which his father figured as a Pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities: first imputing to his wife the secret of the cave in which his wealth was stored, and from which his only sons half-crowns now issued. Dumbleton (the boy's name) was represented as a victim on whom his brave father met his fate, and the despair and grief of Mrs. Dumbleton at that calamity was movingly shadowed forth as having weakened the parlor boarder's mind. This production was received with great favor, and was twice performed with closed doors in the dining room. But it got wind and was seized as libellous, and brought the unlucky poet into severe affliction. Some two years afterwards, all of a sudden one day, Dumbleton vanished. It was whispered that the Chief himself had taken him down to the Docks, and re-shipped him for the Spanish Main, but nothing certain was ever known about his disappearance. At this hour, we cannot thoroughly disconnect him from California.

Our School was rather famous for mysterious pupils. There was another—a heavy young man, with a large double-cased silver watch, and a fat knife the handle of which was a perfect tool-box—who unaccountably appeared one day at a special desk of his own, erected close to that of the Chief, with whom he held familiar converse. He lived in the parlor, and went out for walks, and never took the least notice of us—even of us, the first boy—unless to give us a depreciatory kick, or grudgingly to take our hat off and throw it away, when he encountered us out of doors: which unpleasant ceremony he always per-

formed as he passed—not even condescending to stop for the purpose. Some of us believed that the classical attainments of this phenomenon were terrific, but that his penmanship and arithmetic were defective, and he had come there to mend them; others, that he was going to set up a school and had paid the Chief "twenty five pound down," for leave to see our school at work. The gloomier spirits even said that he was going to buy us, against which contingency, conspiracies were set on foot for a general defection and running away. However, he never did that. After staying for a quarter, during which period, though closely observed, he was never seen to do anything but make pens out of quills, write small hand in a secret portfolio, and punch the point of the sharpest blade in his knife into his desk, all over it, he too disappeared, and his place knew him no more.

There was another boy, a fair, nice boy, with a delicate complexion and rich curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out (we have no idea now, and probably had none then, on what grounds but it was confidentially revealed from mouth to mouth), was the son of a Viscount who had deserted his lovely mother. It was understood that if he had his rights, he would be worth twenty thousand a year. And that if his mother ever met his father, she would shoot him with a silver pistol which she carried always loaded to the muzzle for that purpose. He was a very suggestive topic. So was a young Mulatto, who was always believed (though very amiable) to have a dagger about him somewhere. But, we think they were both cutshone, upon the whole, by another boy who claimed to have been born on the twenty ninth of February, and to have only one birthday in five years. We suspect this to have been a fiction—but he lived upon it all the time he was at Our School.

The principal currency of Our School was slate pencil. It had some inexplicable value, that was never ascertained, never reduced to a standard. To have a great hoard of it, was somehow to be rich. We used to bestow it in charity, and counter it as a precious boon upon our chosen friends. When the holidays were coming, contributions were solicited for certain boys whose relatives were in India, and who were appealed for under the generic name of "Holiday-stoppers,"—appropriate marks of remembrance that should enliven and cheer them in their homeless state. Personally, we always contributed these tokens of sympathy in the form of slate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treasure to them.

Our School was remarkable for white mice. Red polls, bunnets, and even canaries, were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and other strange refuges for birds; but white mice were the favourite stock. The boys trained the mice, much better than the masters

trained the boys. We recall one white mouse, who lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary, who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the stage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to mistake his way in a triumphal procession to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep inkstand, and was dyed black and drowned. The mice were the occasion of some most ingenious engineering, in the construction of their houses and instruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a Company of proprietors, some of whom have since made Railroads, Engines, and Telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand.

The usher at our school, who was considered to know everything as opposed to the Chief who was considered to know nothing, was a bony, gentle-faced, clerical-looking young man in rusty black. It was whispered that he was sweet upon one of Maxby's sisters (Maxby lived close by, and was a day pupil), and further that he "favoured Maxby." As we remember, he taught Italian to Maxby's sisters, on half holidays. He once went to the play with them, and wore a white waistcoat and a rose: which was considered among us equivalent to a declaration. We were of opinion on that occasion that to the last moment he expected Maxby's father to ask him to dinner at five o'clock, and therefore neglected his own dinner at half-past one, and finally got none. We exaggerated in our imaginations the extent to which he punished Maxby's father's cold meat at supper; and we agreed to believe that he was elevated with wine and water when he came home. But, we all liked him; for he had a good knowledge of boys, and would have made it a much better school if he had had more power. He was writing-master, mathematical master, English master, mended out the bills, mended the pens, and did all sorts of things. He divided the little boys with the Latin master (they were smuggled through their rudimentary books, at odd times when there was nothing else to do), and he always called at parents' houses to inquire after sick boys, because he had gentlemanly manners. He was rather musical, and on some remote quarter-day had bought an old trombone; but a bit of it was lost, and it made the most extraordinary sounds when he sometimes tried to play it on an evening. His holidays never began (on account of the bills) until long after ours; but, in the summer-vacations he used to take pedestrian excursions with a knapsack; and at Christmas-time, he went to see his father at Chipping Norton, who we all said (on no authority) was a dairy-fed-pork-butcher. Poor fellow! He was very low all day on Maxby's sister's wedding-day, and afterwards was thought to favor Maxby more than ever, though he had been expected

to spite him. He has been dead these twenty years. Poor fellow!

Our remembrance of Our School, presents the Latin master as a colorless, doubled-up, near-sighted man with a crutch, who was always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round. He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn: otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as color—as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness—as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a Mill of boys. We remember with terror how he fell asleep one sultry afternoon with the little smuggled class before him, and awoke not when the foot-step of the Chief fell heavy on the floor; how the Chief aroused him, in the midst of a dread silence, and said, "Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, sir?" how he blushing replied, "Sir, rather so"; how the Chief retorted with severity, "Mr. Blinkins, this is no place to be ill in" (which was very, very true), and walked back, solemn as the ghost in Hamlet, until, catching a wandering eye, he canted that boy for inattention, and happily expressed his feelings towards the Latin master through the medium of a substitute.

There was a fat little dancing-master who used to come in a gig, and taught the more advanced among us hornpipes (as an accomplishment in great social demand in after-life); and there was a brisk little French master who used to come in the sunniest weather, with a handleless umbrella, and to whom the Chief was always polite, because (as we believed), if the Chief offended him, he would instantly address the Chief in French, and for ever confound him before the boys with his inability to understand or reply.

There was, besides, a serving man, whose name was Phil. Our retrospective glance presents Phil as a shipwrecked carpenter, cast away upon the desert island of a school, and carrying into practice an ingenious inking of many trades. He mended whatever was broken, and made whatever was wanted. He was general glazier, among other things, and mended all the broken windows—at the prime cost (as was darkly rumoured among us) of ninepence, for every square charged three-and-six to parents. We had a high opinion of his mechanical genius, and generally held that the Chief "knew something bad of him," and on pain of divulgence enforced Phil to be his bondsman. We particularly remember that Phil had a sovereign contempt for learning: which engenders in us a respect for his sagacity, as it implies his accurate observation of the relative positions of the Chief and the ushers. He was an impenetrable man, who

waited at table between *whiles*, and, throughout "the half" kept the boxes in severe custody. He was morose, even to the Chief, and never smiled, except at breaking-up, when, in acknowledgment of the toast, "Success to Phil! Hooray!" he would slowly carve a grin out of his wooden face, where it would remain until we were all gone. Nevertheless, one time when we had the scarlet fever in the school, Phil nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them.

There was another school not far off, and of course our school could have nothing to say to that school. It is mostly the way with schools, whether of boys or men. Well! the railway has swallowed up ours, and the locomotives now run smoothly over its ashes.

No fades and languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of,

—and is not proud of, too. It had little reason to be proud of Our School, and has done much better since in that way, and will do far better yet.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"FRUGALITY is a virtue which will contribute continually and most essentially to your comfort. Without it, it is impossible that you should do well; and we know not how much, or how soon, it may be needed."

So writes Southey to his son, Cuthbert, just then starting at Oxford.

The proposition might have been expanded from the particular to the universal. Southey might have said, that in no condition of life, from that of her who sitteth upon the throne, to that of the handmaiden who grindeth behind the mill, can frugality—in other words, system and self-denial as regards the expenditure of money—be dispensed with. Self-denial and diligent attention in the management of this great talent, are necessary in all.

No one of the gifts of Providence appears to the casual observer to be bestowed with less regard to individual merit than wealth. It would almost seem, as an old divine has written, as if God would mark his contempt of mere material riches by the hands into which he suffers them to fall. Although, fall where they will, and on whom they will, one thing is certain;—that they will prove but a delusive snare to those who know not how to order them;—when to husband, and when to spare; when to spend, or when to bestow.

These reflections arose from a story with which, not long ago, I became acquainted. A common tale enough—one among a thousand illustrations of what Butler affirms to be the indispensable condition upon which it has pleased our Creator that we should hold our being;—that of controlling our own actions;

either by prudence to pass our days in ease and quiet; or, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or negligence, to make ourselves miserable.

He is sitting on the bottom stone of a magnificent flight of steps, which lead up to a handsome door, situated in the centre of a large many-windowed house, which, fronted with handsome iron rails round the area, is built of fine brick, and ornamented with abundance of stone-work, in cornices and architraves. This house stands in one of the best streets in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

He is clothed in garments that once were fashionable; but now are discoloured with much wear and long exposure to wind and weather; so much so, that, in several places, they are falling into tatters. His face—the features of which are very finely cut, and still bear the traces of a once very remarkable beauty—is wan, attenuated, and begrimed with dust, dirt, and neglect. His eyes are haggard; his hair dusty and dishevelled—his beard ragged and untrimmed.

He is the picture of physical decay, and of the lowest depths of moral degradation. He sits there upon the stone, sometimes watching the street-sweeper—a little tattered boy, cheerily whistling over his work—now and then casting up his eyes at the closed windows of the handsome house, upon which the beams of the rising sun are beginning to shine; but to shine in vain at present; for it is only about six o'clock in the morning, and life has not yet begun to stir within the mansion.

His cheek rests upon his thin, withered, and unwashed hand, as he casts his eyes first upwards, then downwards, then slowly, and with a sort of gloomy indifference, around.

He looks upward. Is it towards the sky; where the great lord of earthly light—type of that more Glorious Sun which should arise "with healing on its wings"—is diffusing the cheering effulgence of the dawn, calling forth the fresh and wholesome airs of morning, and literally chasing away the noisome spirits of the night? Is he looking there?

No; he is no seeker of the light; he feels not its blessed influence; he heeds not the sweet fresh rising of the morning as it breathes over the polluted city, and pours, for a few short moments, its fresh, crisp, cheering airs into the closest and most noisome of her quarters. He cares not for that delicious brightness which gives to the vast town a pure and peculiar clearness for a few half hours, whilst all the world are asleep, and the streets are yet guiltless of sin and sea-coal.

What has light; the pure breath of the morning; the white rays of the early sun; and the soft, quiet, and refreshing stillness of the hour, to do with him? He only lifts up his eyes to examine a house; he only casts them around to observe what goes on in the streets;

he is of the earth, earthy,—the sacred odour exists not for him.

Yet, in the deep melancholy, the expression of harrowing regret with which he *did* look up at that house—even in the very depths of his moral degradation and suffering—the seeds of better things might be germinating. Who shall say? He has sounded the very base-string of misery; he touches ground at last—that may be something.

The sparrows chirped in the rays of the sun, and the little sweeper whistled away. Different figures began sparingly to appear, and one by one crept up; objects of strange aspect who seem to come, one knows not whence;—the old clothes-man, with his low and sullen croak; country carts; milk men, rattling their cans against arena rails; butcher-boys swinging their trays. Presently were heard, immediately below where the man was sitting, the sounds of awakening life;—unlocking of doors, opening of windows, the pert voices of the women servants, and the surly responses of the men; shutters above began to be unfolded, and the eyes of the large house gradually to open. The man watched them—his head resting still upon his hand, and his face turned upwards—until, at length, the hall door opened, displaying a handsome vestibule, and a staircase gay with painting and gilding. A housemaid issued forth to shake the door-mat.

Then he arose and slowly moved away; every now and then casting a wistful glance backwards at the house, until he turned the corner, and it was lost to his sight.

Thus he left a place which once had been his own.

With his head bent downwards, he walked slowly on; not properly pursuing his way—for he had no way nor object to pursue—but continuing his way, as if he had, like a ball once set in motion, no motive to stand still. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; yet seemed mechanically to direct his footsteps towards the north. At length, he slowly entered one of the larger streets in the neighbourhood of Portland Place. His attention was excited by a bustle at the door of one of the houses, and he looked up. There was a funeral at a house which stood in this street a little detached from the others. The plumes were white. It was the funeral of an unmarried person. Why did his heart quiver? Why did he make a sudden pause? Had he never seen a funeral with white plumes before in his life?

Was it by some mysterious sympathy of nature that this reckless, careless, fallen man—who had looked at the effigies of death, and at death itself, hundreds and hundreds of times, with negligent unconcern—shuddered and turned pale, as if smitten to the heart by some unanticipated horror?

I cannot tell. All I know is, that, struck with a sudden invincible terror, impelled by a strange but dreadful curiosity, he staggered,

rather than walked forward; supporting himself as he went against the iron rails, and thus reached the steps of the house just as the coffin was being carried down.

Among the many many gifts once possessed, and all misused, was one of the longest, clearest, and quickest sights that I ever remember to have heard of. His forlorn eye glanced upon the coffin; he read:

"ELLA WINSTANLEY,
Died June 29, 18 . .
Aged Twenty-three."

And he staggered. The rails could no longer support him. He sank down upon the flagstones.

The men engaged about the funeral lifted the poor ragged creature up. A mere common beggar, they thought; and they were about to call a policeman, and bid him take charge of him; when a lady, who was standing at the dining-room window of the house, opened it, and asked what was the matter!

"I don't know, Ma'am," said the undertaker's man; "but this here gent has fallen down, as I take it, in a fit, or something of the sort. Policeman, hadn't you best get a stretcher, and carry him to the workhus or to the hospital?"

"No," said the lady, "better bring him in here. Mr. Pearson is in the house, and can bleed him, or do what is necessary."

Upon which the insensible man was carefully lifted and carried by two or three of the men up the steps. At the door of the hall they were met by the lady who had appeared at the window. She was evidently a gentlewoman by her dress and manners. She was arrayed very simply. Her grey hair was folded smoothly under her bonnet-cap; her black silk cloak still hung upon her shoulders; her bonnet rested upon a pole screen in the dining-room. It seemed by this that she was not a regular inhabitant of the house in which she exercised authority. Nothing could be more gentle and kind than the expression of her calm, but firm countenance; but upon it the lines of sorrow, or of years, were deeply traced. She was, evidently, one who had not passed through the world without her own portion of suffering; but she seemed to have suffered herself, only the more intimately to commiserate the suffering of others.

They laid the stranger upon the sofa in the dining-room; and, at the lady's desire, sent for Mr. Pearson, who was the house apothecary. Whilst waiting for him, she stood with her eyes fixed upon the face of the stranger; and, as she did so, curiosity, wonder, doubt, conviction, and astonishment were painted in succession upon her face.

Very soon Mr. Pearson appeared, and advised the usual remedy. The lady walked to the window, and stood there, watching the proceedings of those without, until the arrangements of a very simple funeral

were terminated, and the little procession which attended the young Ella Winstanley to her untimely grave, gradually moved on, and disappeared at the turning of the street.

The countenance of the lady, as she returned to the sofa, showed that she had been very much moved by the sight.

Having been bid the stranger opened his eyes, which now as he lay there extended upon the soft bosom of glory but remarkable beauty ofauty, however, arising rather from their form and colour, than from their expression which was more painful than interesting. Again the lady fixed her eyes upon his face, and a shudder and half turned away in disgust, and regret, were mingled in her gesture.

The stranger's eyes followed her, with a dreamy and unsettled look. He seemed to be tormented with wonder as she was.

She turned again, as if to satisfy her doubts. His eyes met hers, and as they did so, recollection seemed to be restored.

"Where am I, and what is it?" he muttered.

"You are where you will be taken good care of until you are able to be removed," said the lady. "Is there any one you would wish to have sent for?"

The man did not speak.

"Any one you would wish to be sent for?" she repeated.

"No," he answered.

"Anything more you would wish to have done?"

"Nothing."

He lay silent for some time, with his eyes still fixed upon her.

At last he said, "Tell me where I am?"

"Where you are well come to be until you can gather strength enough to proceed to the place to which you were going when this attack seized you. And that was—?"

"Nowhere. But what house is this?"

"A house only deigned for the reception of ladies," she answered.

"Ladies! what ladies?"

"The sick who have no other home."

"A house of charity, then?"

"Partly."

"And that one—that one—that young creature whose funeral—Do you know her?"

"Yes," answered the lady, with gravity approaching to severity, "I do know much about her."

"Why—why did she come here?"

"Because she was friendless and deserted, poor, sick, and miserable. She had given up what little money she had to supply the wants—perhaps—who knows—the vices of another. Happily there were found those who would betray her."

"And she accepted the charity, she received the alms?"

"She had learned to submit herself to the will of God."

He shut his teeth together, with a something between bitterness and contempt at these last words, and turned his head away.

"You are her father?" said the lady.

"I am—"

"Then you are a very wretched man," she added.

"Yes," he replied, "I am most miserable."

"You are one who have reaped from seeds, which might have produced a rich harvest of happiness, nothing but black and blighted misery."

She spoke with unusual severity, for her soul recoiled at his aspect. She saw nothing in it to soften her feelings of indignation.

"I have lived," he answered.

"How?"

"How? as others of my temper have lived. It is not my fault that I was born with an invincible passion for enjoyment. I did not make myself. If pleasure be but the forerunner of satiety—if life be but a cheat—if delight be but the precursor of misery—a delusion of flattery—how, I did not arrange the system. Why was virtue made so hard, and selfish indulgence so enticing? I did not contrive the scheme."

"Such excuses," the lady replied, "the honest consciousness within us rejects, such as your own inner conscience at the very moment you utter them disclaim. She who is gone—a broken-hearted victim of another's errors—hope! better things when she exhausted almost her last breath in prayers for you!"

"Prayers! in a tone that spoke volumes."

"Yes, prayers."

"What is become of my other daughter?"

"I want to go to her."

"She died, I believe—about twelve months ago."

"Then I am alone in the world?"

"You have no children now."

"Are you going to turn me out into the street?" he suddenly asked, after a short silence.

"The rules of this house—which is dedicated to the assistance of sick and helpless women—will not admit of your remaining."

"I am gone." You will hear of me next as one past recovery, picked up out of some kennel by the police. You would have done better not to have restored me. I should have died quietly."

"But without repentance?"

"Repentance!" he said fiercely. "Repent, while my whole soul is writhing with agony? Ella! Ella! if I could only have kept my Ella, she would have tended me—she would have soothed me—she would have worked for me."

"Yes," said the lady, "she would have done this, and much more—but God has taken her, has recovered her from your heartless selfishness." To herself she added—for her heart was glowing with indignation—"Even in this supreme moment, he thinks of nothing but of himself."

"She would have been more gentle with me than you are," he said, with a half-reproachful sigh.

"Yes, yes—she would have felt only for you—I happen to feel for her."

"Which I never did."

"Never—"

"You say true," said he musing.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

"Julian Winstanley—"

"He who won the steeple chase yesterday? Who, in the name of goodness is Julian Winstanley? A name of some pretension, yet nobody seems to know where he came from."

"Oh dear, that is quite a mistake. I beg your pardon—nobody knows where he came from. This bird of gay plumage was hatched in a dusky hole and corner of the city, where his grandfather made a fabulous fortune by gambling in the funds."

"He is as handsome a young fellow as ever was hatched from a muckworm."

"He is a careless, dashing prodigal, whatever else, and I never look at him without thinking of Hogarth's picture of the 'Miscellaneous Man.' What say you to him, Blake, with your considering face? Come, out with your wisdom! You can make a sermon out of a stone, you know."

"May be so. A stone might furnish matter for discourse, as well as other things, but I am not in the humour for preaching to-day. I can't help being sorry for the scapegrace."

"So like you, Contradiction! Sorry for him! And, pray, what for?—*because* he is the handsomest, most aristocratic looking person one almost ever met with—*because* he is really clever, and can do whatever he pleases in no time (might have taken an able first at Oxford easily, Penn says if he would)—or *because* he has got countless heaps of gold at his bankers, and nobody asks him why or whereof—may be in all things just what he likes—*because* he can drink like a fish, dance like a Venus, and like Chiffney, be up all night and about all day, and never tire, be never out of spirits, never dull? Harry Blake! Who'll come and hear Harry Blake? He is going to give his reasons, why a man who has every good thing of the world is most especially to be pitied!"

"I am going to do no such thing. The reasons are too obvious. I deal not in truisms."

"Well, all I know is, that he won the steeple-chase yesterday, and to-day he beat Pinnet, the champion at billiards. To-morrow he goes to the ball at Bicester, and ~~if~~ if he does not beat us all at dancing there, and bear away the bell, whoever the bell may be—though the blood of a stockbroker do run in his veins."

"His blood may be as good as another's, for aught I know," said the philosopher, "but I doubt whether the rearing be."

"It is the blood, depend upon it. Blake, you are quite right," said a pale, affected young man, who stood by, and was grandson to an earl, "the blood—these upstarts are vulgar, irremediably, do what they will."

"That not quite," said Harry Blake. "I have seen as great cubs as ever walked behind a plough-tail who would call cousins with the Conqueror, Waindale. But a something there is of difference after all, and, in my opinion, it lies in the tradition. Wealth and distinction are like old wine, the better for keeping. Time adds a value, mellow, gives a certain body—in inappreciable something. Newly-acquired wealth and distinction is like new wine—trashy. I rather pity the man who possesses them, *therefore*."

"And I do not—And I do not,"—and "A fig for your philosophy!" resounded from all sides of the table.

The philosopher looked on with his quiet smile, and added:

"I do not mean to say that I should pity any of those here present in such a case, for we all know by experience, that new wine, in any quantity, has no effect upon them, never renders their heads unsteady—was never known to do so. But you must allow me to pity Julian Winstanley, for I think his wife is somewhat straying, and I feel that he has the duty mounted upon that high horse which will slip down the road to ruin."

"And so away they all went to the ball at Bicester that night. Most of them were somewhat more elaborately dressed than the occasion required. Julian Winstanley was, undoubtedly. It had been his mother's injunction, never to spare expense in anything that related his toilette, and dutifully he obeyed it."

"I am not going to give you a description of his dress. I fancy everything most expensive, fancy, as far as a natural good taste would allow, every habitment chosen with reference to its costliness, and behold him waltzing with a very pretty girl, who is, upon her side, exquisitely dressed also. She wears the fairest of white tulles, and the richest of white silks, and has a bouquet of the flowers from the choicest of French artists in her bosom, and in other negligently thrown across her robe. If it of remarkable beauty arranged in a way to display its profusion, and the very expensive ornaments with which it is adorned."

Although the young lady—who is the daughter of a very fashionable and extravagant man, celebrated in the hunting and racing world—is well known to be portionless, yet she is the object of general attraction, a thing to be noted as not what usually happens to young ladies without sixpences, in those expensive times. But it is the caprice of fashion, and fashion is all powerful. So Julian, who is only starting in the career of extravagance, and in its golden age of reckless profusion, and far removed, as yet, from that iron age which usually succeeds it—namely,

that of selfish covetousness—is quite prepared to cast himself at her feet—which, with a little good management of her and her mother's, he soon actually did. Having, as yet, more money in his pocket than he knew how to get through, he was exceedingly pleased with what he had done, and not a little proud in due time to incarcerate this fair creature in solitary grandeur within his carriage, whilst he and his boon companions rejoiced outside.

The connexions formed by his marriage occasioned additional motives to expense. Introduced into a more elevated circle than he had as yet moved in and impelled by the evil ambition of outshining every one with whom he associated, W was only soon found innumerable new opportunities for spending money. He became a prey to imaginary necessities. His carriages, his horses, his villas and their furniture, his dinners, his wines, his yachts—her / *fa* in the morning and her bills in the evening, her gowns (which were for ever changing), her delicate health, which required the constant excitement of Continental travel and yachting excursions—the dress of both the will extirpation of everything—I leave you to picture to yourselves.

THE GOOD SIDE OF COMBINATION

No man wilfully propounds a doctrine which he believes to be false in every particular. The honest man upholds that which he believes to be most true, the trader in opinion upholds that which he believes to be most attractive. We have much faith in human nature, and believe that nothing can be very attractive as a matter of opinion which does not contain some element of truth or goodness. This, therefore, the worst man who desires to be a leader of the people, is compelled to bear in mind.

We propose to discuss simply and briefly two or three points connected with the subject of combination, which have of late years been often agitated by, or on behalf of working men. It is our earnest wish to assist every forward movement, and we are not disposed to be so nice as to refuse to take up a cause, if it be good, because dishonourable men have handled it. The cause of which we propose now to investigate one or two leading principles has, we know, suffered greatly from dishonourable advocates. But we know also that it has supporters among men who possess real humanity and cultivated intellect. Let it be understood, therefore, that we approach it with respect and in a candid spirit.

It is said that we are all too much disjoined from one another, that each pursues, in a comparatively independent manner, the path of his own interest; that thus there arise a multitude of interests perpetually clashing, bidding and underbidding against each other, that we are all straining in a race of competi-

tion; and that this competition grinds the poorer portion of us down into the dust. It is proposed that men shall go to work in a more social manner, that numbers shall coalesce to join their labour for a common interest, that limits shall be set to competition, by forbidding any one to give out or to take in work for wages that shall fall below a reasonable line. In this way, it is granted that we may not as a whole produce so much; but it is said that we shall be individually more at ease, and socially and morally take higher rank as human beings than we do at present.

We shall say nothing of the extreme view, which would have the whole community united in a social bond, using all things in common. We do not often meet a man who can suppose that the wife who abides with him in love the children who call him father, and draw out from him daily much of what he feels to be the purest portion of his inner spirit are but hindrances to progress, and that if he lived like a dog he would be happier. Nor do we often meet a man, with any honesty of mind, however poor, who would not wish to be indebted to himself for his subsistence, to have the hope of material advancement before him, lending interest to all his labours, and, almost daily, sweetening some bitter cup that is with contemplation of the better cup that is to be.

Here we know we are met by the assertion, that a man who works for wages in this country has held out to him but little hope of change in his position. Great genius, of course, may in exceptional cases, work a way for some men of the humblest origin to fame and honour, but that is beside our question altogether. It is said that men, working for wages may indeed by skill and industry, acquire high pay and may put money into savings banks, but if they do not like that method of investment if they wish to purchase with their little honours altered, and, as they believe improved position in the world they cannot do so very easily. This statement is quite true. We called attention last year to the report of the Committee on Savings when it was published. The recommendations made in that report have to be kept before the public. They are just and sound. We will recall them briefly.

It was recommended as most just and fit that working men should have full liberty to make whatever honest use they pleased of their own earnings, that, therefore, if it were thought desirable by any of them to combine their savings for investment in a trade, they ought not to be hindered from associating for such a purpose, in tens, twenties, or whatever other numbers their funds or their designs might render most convenient to themselves. It was proved, however, that the laws of partnership, as now existing in this country, press with no slight weight, upon men possessing full resources, and tend to crush the enterprise of men with little means. It

was recommended, therefore, to revise the Partnership Laws as soon as possible, and for the present to give facility to working men for the formation of trade associations, by exempting such associations from the laws affecting joint stock companies, those laws being expensive and utterly unsuited to men working with a trifling capital. It was proved also, that in all classes there exists among us a great desire to own a house or land, that the complexity of the laws concerning land, the expenses connected with its transfer, and such matters, have placed land almost out of the reach of tradesmen and men following professions—still more, therefore, out of the grasp of a dry labourer. It was recommended that means should be found for enabling land to be purchased cheaply and safely, wholesale or retail, like any other article of commerce.

To all these suggestions—pure and simple, as the French say—we append our most unqualified assent. The Socialist advocates these justly, but when he tells us for what reason he advocates them and what more he wants, we find ourselves unable to agree with him. We do not despair of being able to show, even in a very few words, why he advocates them as a check to competition. He wants competition stopped. "It is the wheel," he says, "which hinders us down hill." Now let us pause and think.

Is it intended by those who advocate No competition, as a principle, to eradicate what they consider the disease out of society, upon the plan of homoeopathy, that is to say, opposing like to like? Do they suppose they can extinguish competition by extending it? The suggestions to which we have just now assented are simply suggestions for an increased competition. The daily labourer says to the shopkeeper, "You pay me for my services, and sell what I produce at an increased price to the consumer. My means are little, and I can't afford to keep a shop, but, if I and my fellow workmen might be suffered to combine our little savings and to trade together safely, we *would* keep a shop and sell our own work, taking all the profit to ourselves. We think you overpaid for being our salesman." Very good, we say, by way of comment, if you think you can better yourselves by so doing, we are most desirous that you should be able to fulfil your wishes, that is to compete with the master tradesman. We in our own parts, thoroughly agree with your desire, not because we think competition evil, but because we would have all men suffered to compete. On this principle, we give support to the establishment of what are called "co-operative shops." Do you ask our opinion of their probable success? We cannot answer that. Such shops exist here and there, but they are at present merely pets and patterns. Some exceedingly defective, but we do not charge them defects upon the system. When you say the master tradesman takes too large a profit

for a salesman's wages, you must bear in mind that he is more than salesman—that he is risk-bearer as well. Co-operative shops, left to run fairly alone, will take their chance like other shops, often succeed, and sometimes fail. There will be many men who will prefer the skill which can command wages and an income free from risk, to the chance of an adventure on their own account. There will be many other men, too, who would not be disappointed if they found an error in their calculation of the profit to be got from independent action, and if they earned less than they could earn as wages, would still much prefer—though they were poorer for it—to be masters only of themselves. We cannot venture to foretell the whole result which would ensue from a general establishment of shops maintained by the associated capital of workmen, we believe it would be good. But, good or bad, the experiment is fair and honest. Therefore, if a trial of it be desired, it is but fit that all impediments of law should be removed out of its way.

Then, in the case of land, you say it is shut up among great landlords and others, burdened with entails and fees—anything but simple—and surrounded by a set of laws entirely arbitrary, guided by no simple rule of right, nor anything else that is simple, not even a simple rule of wrong. You say, let those who wish to sell land which is their own sell it, when they wish and as they can, let those who wish to buy it, buy it as they wish, and can. There is no law against buying a halfpenny candle, let there be no more impediment to buying in case of land. It is told you that land in small quantities would do you more harm than good, you say—trust us for that—because if it hurts us, we shan't like it, and we are not more apt than other folks to buy what we don't like. That is all sound enough, but wherein lies its soundness? In its recognition of the principle of competition. The land is much protected, and you want free trade in it. Let all men, you say, compete on equal terms for its possession. In land, as in other things, it is not competition, but it is protection which destroys the proper balance and creates a cause of grievance in our social system. Whatever is just, is fit. Whatever just thing a man wishes to do, no power from without should hinder him from doing. Law should repress nothing but wrong. Every restriction of an arbitrary nature, based on theory however accurate, will be a blunder in our legislation, and the blunders of this kind in our law books, made years ago, and based on theories long numbered with the dead, press sometimes on one class, sometimes on another. We must all be free agents, and never feel that the law has a bit in our mouths, except when we offend the principle of justice. To require a forcible check upon competition, is to be protectionist in the most sweeping sense of the word, to get the law to drive us not only

with a bit, but with a curb, and hold us as constantly reined up with a tight hand.

But, to continue concerning land. Once there was in this country a class of yeomen, men who owned their little farms, and of that class we had always reason to be proud. The desire of forming large, compact estates, begot in great proprietors the habit of purchasing contiguous small farms, and joining them into a single property. So our yeomanry died out. Recently there have arisen societies in England—Freehold Land or Building Associations—which reverse that operation, buy estates and cut them into little properties. This is far preferable. It began, as is well known, in a political suggestion for the increase of county voters—but that first design has been almost entirely lost sight of—no matter whether it was good or bad—a greater object was perceived and is now being grasped by those whom it concerns. When it was found that men could pay out of their wages a small instalment weekly and by accumulation of their single pounds purchase land advantageously and earn possession of a house or bit of ground, a powerful motive for industry and for saving was presented. There was held out to them the most desirable of all investments, and the legislature, recognising the good that was resulting and would yet result from the healthy extension of a movement of this kind, slipped a few obstacles out of its path and gave it some facilities. Unprincipled men did, indeed, trade upon this honest impulse of the working classes—and one of the scoundrels of whom there are too many active misdeeds threw great discredit on the cause he had pretended to support. Nevertheless the principle is sound and will extend itself, but upon the whole subject of land societies how ever, we have facts to relate, and cautions to suggest which must be reserved until another opportunity.

We assent, then to co-operative shops and to land societies (with the proviso of course that they be of an honest kind), and we assent to them because they make assertions of the right of competition. To the moral argument on their behalf that they are social—that men who combine are friendly to each other—that a sort of brotherhood is implied in the act of combination—we make no objection. If ten or a hundred men think that they can love each other better by being partners in business or fellow members of a land society and if they find that they do so love each other better we are glad of it. Only don't let them impose their theory on people who believe that they can live at peace with their neighbours without such artificial aid. Let those who feel themselves morally edified by running into groups, run into groups and be content. Shall married men force wives on bachelors, or bachelors divorce all husbands from their wives? The moral argument for Socialism is not worth a syllable beyond the conscience of the person using it, unless, in the

spirit of a true protectionist as he is, he would tie consciences, as well as trades.

We have now illustrated, by an example or two, our deliberate opinion, that there is nothing sound in the creed of Socialism which is not based upon the principle of competition. Let us next turn to the doctrine of protected wages, looking the difficulties caused by competition in the first place, fairly in the face. The competition for labour tends to reduce wages, and the workmen then endeavour to protect themselves by strikes. Well, as we before said, let every man be master of himself, but then, again, let him dictate to nobody. The workman who prefers to work can never honestly by words or blows be forced into a strike by his companions. But if men "strike" without using coercion on their neighbours neighbours rush in and occupy the places they leave vacant. If that be their position, they assuredly are unwise if they strike at all. As for their independence they had no right to claim such a thing for themselves who are unable to concede it to their fellows. But the case is, we admit very frequently hard, and once in a dozen times we can imagine a strike justified by circumstances. Workmen undoubtedly abound who, having but a low standard of comfort will work for any wages. Those who have least to hope are reckless, they marry early and rear children, in their destitution, who have never learnt to cherish any sense of comfort. These grow up, and are content to work for what will keep them miserably as they have been kept while men who are content to live their comfort somewhat higher in the scale must pull their standard down too often in the race of competition. It cannot be helped. Men who are content simply to keep themselves alive will grasp for work at any wages. Fools runious in vain attempt to fence them off. It must not be supposed that we would enforce any external check upon the growth of surplus population. Among men who have anything to hope there is always, more or less the internal check of prudence in restraining hasty marriages. Perhaps if we were better educated and more independent than some of us care to be we should aspire to better homes, and postpone marriage for a few years, just at first. Men in the middle classes among us usually wait until they can marry without sinking in the world and in foreign countries, as in Germany, Belgium or Switzerland, where the working class is well informed, and can live comfortably, the average age of marriage for all people is about thirty-one or thirty-two*. The English generally rich and poor (partly because they are a home-loving nation, partly for other reasons) marry very early. They may be wise for doing so, or

* In Prussia, however and in some other countries on the Continent, no man can obtain a license to marry until he produces satisfactory evidence to prove, and security to insure his ability to keep a wife.

they may not. We must accept the fact, and be aware, also, that emigration is the safety valve for that excess of population which makes competition pinching.

Competition then does pinch? We have admitted so much. Therefore why not remove the pressure, set a limit to the fall of wages, and give bread to all? Why not "defy competition," as the advertisers say? The idea seems very simple when we stand still and look at it, and look no farther. If you run away from an enemy it is easy to be no great call upon your strength to say that you must jump over a three foot wall that lies across your track. But what if there should be a precipice upon the other side? would it not then be better to turn round and face the enemy?

Perhaps you see no precipice. Come, then and look. You would have a point to be fixed, below which wages should be held unreasonable—below which, therefore, wages should not go. In that way, you say, you would soon put an end to the "distressed needlewomen, and all their like. Assuredly you would. Starvation would soon clear them off for you, unless we mightily enlarged the workhouses. Consider first what wages are. They are allowances of money paid for skill or labour in producing something, which allowances the employer gets repaid to him with profit by the sale or use of the thing that has been produced. If he obtained no profit, it is certain that he would not employ men to work for him. Though, to be sure, some men employ others to their loss and become bankrupt. Very well, then labourers must suffer their employer to take at least so much profit from the produce of their labour as will suffice for his support. Let us suppose that he engages to pay in material and wages the utmost sum that will leave him able to get bread and cheese. There is an utmost sum, suppose he pays it. Say he can afford to pay in wages two thousand a year for work that returns to him only two thousand and fifty. Well, as the matter now stands, under competition, he has that money to pay in wages, and he offers, we will say, a pound a week on the average. He employs, then, forty men, and feeds them each with an average of somewhere about fifty pounds a year.

But hunger abounds, the standard of comfort is low in the working class, fifty pounds a year is a superfluous mine of wealth, men press their services on this employer for an average remuneration of, let us say, fifteen shillings apiece weekly. That is competition. The employer then accepts their terms, his rate of wages falls to fifteen shillings, and his two thousand pounds will now find work for more hands, food for more mouths, although not so much or such good food for each.

But the employer will, in this new position, not only have more workmen to pay (because each is content with a smaller portion of the fund at his disposal), but, having more labour

for the same capital, he makes a larger profit and extends his resources so that he has not two thousand, but two thousand five hundred pounds, to be distributed. He takes, accordingly, new workmen—feeds new mouths—in a proportion greater than is made by the direct interference of the competition. Competition had decided that the given capital should be divided into smaller portions in order that more hands might be recipients of it, but now, in addition to that, its decision has led to the creation of fresh capital, fresh wages, and has placed in his care five hundred pounds more to the credit of the whole body of the working population.

Now reverse this picture. Carry out the theory of controlled wages. Fix this employer to an average of a pound a week for forty people, since he would have to pay high salary to some, the average of about fifty pounds a year to each is reasonable. Stop at the reasonable. All the hungry fellows outside, who would work for fifteen shillings, have to keep aloof. This business will maintain forty men at the fixed rate of payment, but the water goes into the gutter if he should take forty two. The hungry man without must starve or live upon the nation's charity. Competition having been suppressed, the extension of cheap labour does not produce, as it did, rapid increase of capital and fresh extension of employment. The employer's business does indeed grow, but not so fast. Do you see now the use of competition? how it tends to overthrow monopolies, give all men access to the food? And although it is impossible at present to prevent the mouths from being here and there too many for the meat, yet the resources yielded up by property do get in this way to be fairly divided among all, and the advantage divided by property from competition is of a kind which multiplies the loaves and fishes in the lap of those who are competing.

Let us now look at the No-competition system from another point of view. There are many in this country, you may say, who live in luxury, their waste would feed the poor. Since there must be hosts of unemployed men when we put an end to competition we will make these men idle in idleness of bread taken as tax from those who have too much. We will suppose no wrong done to the luxurious by such a tax. Will there be no wrong done by it to the working class, if we convert more than half of them into reckless paupers, sure of their bread? Where, then, will be our independence? We may talk about court sinecures, and titled paupers, and all that sort of thing, with much abated indignation, when we ourselves choose to be pauperised. But never mind that, grant that it is fair, and that our pride does not rebel against the proposition. Let all superfluities be mulcted with a tax to feed the men kept out of work by the forced price of labour. These men, who, under the

system of competition, would, most of them, have been at work and adding to the country's capital, will make a swarm of pensioned drones, playing at work perhaps, set by the state, as little girls have stitch work set to them to keep them out of mischief. At the same time a limited supply of labourers, employed by the capital of the country, would be producing far less wealth from which to provide future wars. Capital yielding year by year a heavy tax, beside the limit on its operation, would diminish steadily, that is to say, the fund out of which wages come would be continually on the decline at the same time, a race of men, careless and sure of food, would cause the population to increase still faster than it does at present, till at last there would come an end to this—a day when we could no more live upon our fat. Competition, then, being natural and wholesome, when it has full play, will keep the social system healthy, although it may now and then involve hard exertions, and make us sicker than we are.

We have left a difficulty still, from which we do not wish to turn aside, present excess of population. The difficulty is not one beyond our power to remove. Well-organised emigration will reduce the competition in this country, but we hope that even the little space we have devoted to the topic has been quite enough to show that there is danger in the doctrine of a forced protection for the poor, no less than for the rich.

THE LAW OF MERCY.

It is written with the pen of heavenly love

On every heart who his skill divine has moulded

A transcript is in the statute book above

Where angels read their sentences will unsold

It bids us seek the holes where famine lurks,

Clutching the hounded crust with trembling fingers

Where food in damp unwholesome caverns works,

Or with stunted eyeballs o'er the needle lingers

It bids us stand beside the dying bed

Of those about to quit the world for ever

Smooth the tossed pillow, prep the sinking head,

Cheer the heart broken, whom death hastes to sever

It bids us tell the tempted that the prey

Of guilt indulged will change evil for sorrow,

The draught of sickly sweetnesses soon will leave,

And pull up in the sated taste to morrow

And those who copy thus Christ's life on earth,

Feeding the poor and comforting the weeper,

Will all receive a meed of peaceful worth,

When ripely gathered by the heavenly harp.

THE FOREIGN INVASION

WHEN Great Britain, through the Royal Commission, presided over by Prince Albert, issued cards of invitation for a *congratulation* of all the world in Hyde Park, those ingenious persons—literary, political, and otherwise—

whose chief mission in this life appears to be prophecy—prophecy in all shapes, and ancient all matters, from the "tip" and "pick" of Derby, or St. Leger winners, to the foretelling of wars and famines—immediately set themselves to work to predict a series of horrors and misfortunes of every description, and all of which were infallibly to result from the Great Exhibition. The large family of birds of ill omen arose as one raven. The finders of mysterious mares' nests, the concoctors of dark legends, having the prophetic "cock" and the visionary "bull" for heroes, the purveyors of traditional pigeons' milk, and the incubators of preternaturally added eggs, gathered themselves together, and, amid the fogs of November, 1850, wagged their heads, and sublated evil predictions awfully.

But the foreign question! The foreigners! That was the *checal de bataille* of the prophetic brigade. The nasty, dirty, greedy, wicked, plundering, devastating murdering, frog-eating, atheistic foreigners! Here was a subject for a Delphic "pick"—for a Sibylline "tip." National Guards marching on London! The Melons of Rumm winking in Lamb's Conduit Street, General Haynau delivering lectures on military discipline to the young ladies' seminaries at Blackheath. The foreigners in London! The *grand Ior Maie de Londres* blacking the Czar Nicholas's jack-boots, while a corps of Austrian Uhlans amused themselves with ball practice in Gough's, with Gog and Magog for targets, and Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey for settler up. The foreigners in London! war, ruin, and desolation! Middlesex the *departement de la Tuaise* and three regiments of Cossacks bivouacking at Price's Patent Candle Manufactory. Pestilence, of course, the plague, the yellow fever, the *romito nero*, and the cholera morbus. The wicked Exhibition Building made useful as a lazaretto; and all the omnibuses turned into plague-carts. The foreigners in London! England unchristianised, the Archbishop of Canterbury guillotined in Lambeth Walk, and Dr Cumming sewed up in a sack with Cardinal Wiseman, the head Rabbi of the Portuguese Synagogue, and the Chief Elder of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, and cast into the Victoria Sewer. Atheism, pantheism, polytheism, deism, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, everywhere. England, of course, nowhere. The foreigners in London! Fire, famine, and slaughter, Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes!

How far these delightful anticipations have been realised, the readers of this sheet know as well as I do. The threatened invasion has taken place, the Gaul, the Teuton, the Muscovite, and the Moslem have arrived—and to the extent of some thousands, too—yet, I am proud to say that the flag of England, named "Meteor" by Thomas Campbell, does "yet terrific burn" above the gates of Buckingham Palace, and Mr. Cutmore's European

Dining Rooms. The stearine in Price's Candle Manufactory yet remains, I am informed, unconsumed by Cossacks, and all men, rash enough to wage war with John Doe and Richard Roe, will find, to their cost, that "Middlesex to wit" has not yet been superseded by any "Département," *Arrondissement*, or "*Division Militaire*" whatsoever. Still, the foreigners are in London.

Where are they? How has room been found for them, as well as for the huge body of provincial also sojourning in the metropolis? I myself (and the confession is humiliating, after my invective on the soothsayers) must admit having previously indulged, to some extent, in the prophetic line about these same foreigners. I predicted Regent Street blocked up, and Pall Mall rendered impassable. My friends and acquaintances, joining me, saw, in futuro, a crop of fizzes in the streets rivaling the poppies in a wheat field. I and they babbled of the confusion of tongues—the polyglot dynasty of dialects—septentrional, meridional, oriental, and occidental, which were to reign in places of public resort. We heard a myriad of voices at Her Majesty's Theatre calling on Mr. Balfe for the "*Marseillaise*," the "*Hymn of Pio Nono*," "*Was ist der Deutscher Vaterland*," "*Viva la Constitution*," the Roman war song, "*Tambour, Tambour*," and "*God save the Emperor Francis*." Yes, we said, "we shall see them." The mercurial Gail, with beard unkempt, and *chapeau à la Robespierre*. The German, in *schauum kraut* perturbed, and thumbing. The Yankee, in his rocking chair at the window of Morley's hotel, walloping his own nigger in the face of the Anti Slavery Society and bowing-kniving the last British traveller who has published his impressions of America. The Mexican, cowering through Barbican, losing the cattle coming from "Smiffel." A council fire of the Duckfoot Indians held in Covent Garden market, and "*La Allah, il Allah*," resounding through the no longer deserted halls of the Arcade of Lowther. In our mind's eye, Horatio, we saw these things. Also, churches for all nations and all creeds from fire worshippers to Obalahmen Als, eating houses, providing a curriculum of comestibles from stewed dog to potato salad. Also, taverns, where the lartar might take his modicum of quass and mares milk, and the water-carrier of Bagdad his fill of Rakı.

The Exhibition is now nearly over, but the actual state of affairs has not, I must further confess, quite come up to what I consider the mark. Thus, my friends and acquaintances have been apt, lately, to fall, what is naively termed, "foul" of me, reproaching me (and doubtless, in private themselves) as regards the discrepancies existing between what I fancied would be, and what really is. "Where are the fizzes?" they impetuously demand. "We have seen but three to-day. One, to our knowledge, belongs to an Egyptian youth, walking King's College Hospital, and who, if

his father wasn't a negro, might certainly apply for a criminal information against his lips and shins for libel while the other appertains to a commercial traveller in the dry goods line, who has just returned from a three weeks' holiday in Paris.

"Where is the Beduin in his bournouse?—the Iberian in his sembrero? where the fierce Sulote in his 'snowy canvas and shaggy capote?' Is not all this that you (and we) have predicted—bosh—and have you not laughed at our boards? I say, sir, that there are and have been, comparatively, no foreigners in London." To which I answer, that they have been, and are, here. "Then, where are they?"

With some idea of solving this question to my own satisfaction if not to that of my co-inquirers I have been on a little voyage of discovery, lately, after our ultramontane visitors. I have chiefly consulted my own nose as a guide in my researches, following it, in fact, with remarkable pertinacity. I am also under considerable obligation to my eyes, for the aid they have afforded me, and I should be doing an act of injustice to my ears, were I to omit to make honourable mention of the aid they have been to me in the matter.

I was in doubt at first to trace the foreigners in any considerable numbers beyond Leicester Square on the one hand, and the interior and exterior of the public conveyances on the other. These latter I found continually passing me, crammed inside and out, with aliens. There were no bournouses, and few fizzes, but there were legions of marvellous heads and mountebanks, and hals of every degree of eccentric construction and soft material. I grew gradually awake to an alarming number of foreign inquiries as to what back fare meant, and of disputes with cabmen as to the amount of the fare itself,—the ideas of the foreigners being generally regulated by the contents of their guide books, which being compiled, as a general rule, from other guide books knocking about on second hand book stalls any time these ten years, gave very contradictory and often apocryphal statements on this *veridical questio*, while the notions of the cabmen were generally guided by the recognised laws of vulgar extortion, and the received statutes made and provided in the case of making hay while the sun shines. Having a slight acquaintance with the principal languages of Europe, I deemed it my duty, in this the outset of my career, to be of such service as I could in the way of interpreting, to these perplexed persons, but I found that in most cases the aliens were more inclined to pin their faith on their guide books (probably on the venerable principle of "what is in print must be true") than on my representations. One corpulent Prussian I witnessed, vainly endeavouring to discover the legal fare from St. Katherine's Docks to

Portman Square, by a reference to the time-table of the East Lincolnshire Railway, in Bradshaw, and another, I found helplessly turning over a volume which he had purchased at Dover, as a complete tabular compendium of cab and omnibus fares, and which I discovered to be 'Paterson's Roads,' published in the year 1812. Gradually, too, I grew alive to the tactics of those aliens unacquainted with the English vernacular, who endeavoured to seduce a cabman to conveying them to their domicile by holding up two fourpenny pieces and saying 'Leicester Square, you see, I am infinitely repulsed with contemptuous indignation.'

I later became aware that I found foreign, of course, but to my astonishment not much more foreign than usual. Had I not known that they were here, and must be here, I should have been disheartened. The same delightful aroma of the virginian weed prevailed as of yore, and the same delightfully mysterious gusts of French cockery were wafted upwards from the kitchens of the Sabloniers. Yet I did not perceive any very great augmentation of the usual outlandish denizens of the square. I had seen the same flying couplet from his utterance any time since the Revolution of July. I had seen the same alien with no waistcoat in smoking, in the first floor of the *Hôtel de Europe* every day since I was a little child. The knot of mus-tachoid men in white hips gathered round the *Prinse de Galles* were no strangers to me; neither was the café-seated alien at the foot of the foreign organ-shed, from whose lips the short black pipe filled with *caporal's* snuffs seldom removed as he himself in his threes held off that empurpled of blue. He has been there since the days of June 18 to my knowledge. They whisper that he was a cabinet minister in the early days of the Republic, and that he travels in the wine trade now. As for the old French oaths,—the *refrains* of the old German *Lieds*, the tag-ends of the old Italian *barabas*, they were familiar to me as "household words," and the greatest stranger I could detect was Mr. Wyld's Great Galche, opposite to which I found a much native of Frankfurt, who had the infallible guide book open as an engraving of the Coliseum before which panoramic trained building he conceived himself to be standing.

Away then, somewhat dispirited into the adjacent Haymarket and Piccadilly where long strings of omnibuses showed me their roofs surmounted by strings as long of foreigners, displaying the soles of their international boots to the passer-by. They were borne away from me speedily, and I followed them to the Exhibition, where, by this time, it had occurred to me that I might find a considerable number of aliens.

Considerable certainly, but not by any means the number I expected. The fizzes still in a woful minority. No signs of the bernouse, the snowy camise, or the shaggy

capote yet. Sunburnt Lancashire faces, Manchester wide awakes, Agricultural red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, decidedly in the ascendant. Here and there the eccentric chapeau, or the enticing bonnet, with the inevitable beard or moustache, show me the male and female alien passing, but I am not jostled, not mobbed by them. The "Coom alongs," and "Lookee carca," are a thousand to one of the "*Dites donec*," or the "*Corpo di Bacos*."

In the French department, I found a fair muster of the volubility the gesticulation of the Grande Nation, but nothing to speak of—a mere drop of water in the sea. Round the "Cock Slave," a compact mass of hard, dry men, with turn-down collars, straight hair, black satin waistcoats, and tall hats on the backs of their heads, who were triumphantly dividing their glances between Mr. Power's statue and Mr. Collins' Wild Indian, and uttully spitting between the crevices of the flooring, meanwhile. These were Americans, I knew, and my teeming fancy immediately shaped forth glorious visions of thousands of Transatlantic visitors gathered together in their rather untidy furnished American department. Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, were perchance to be found rallying round the daguerreotypes. Louisiana, Iowa, and Texas, might be wandering in the regions of India rubber, and New York and Rhode Island might be found waiting at the stand of old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. So impressed was I with this idea, that I contemplated an extended survey of this portion of the World's Fair, but I was deterred, and indeed several subsequent attempts to investigate the United States section cut short by two insurmountable obstacles. The first was the hideous aspect of the India rubber Diver, which (having my nerves as well as other people) I never could prevail on myself to pass, the second, a dreadful individual in this same India rubber department, who was always cracking a ferocious and gigantic India rubber whip, which suggested to me such horrifying thoughts of negro slavery (the villain used to crack it with a vindictive relish, and exercise it on a huge black cushioned cushion, dreadfully like negro flesh)—such freezing pictures of cotton fields, and "cash for negroes, and run away from the subscriber"—such awful tableaux of barracks, and slave shackles, and King Tom or Peter selling God's maize, and his own for rum and muskets to the Christian captain of that tight Brazilian craft, the "*Nostre Senhora de Caridade*,"—such frightful ideas, in a word, of lashings and gashings, paddling, picking, bow-kniving, and revolting, that I never had courage to pursue my American researches farther, and could never again my equanimity without at least half-an-hour's inspection of Mr. Hope's jewels, or the comical creatures from Wurtemberg.

On the whole, therefore, my impressions regarding the numbers of foreigners in the

Crystal Palace were not of a gigantic description.

In my search after the foreign ladies and gentlemen, I visited the elegant establishment of Mr Veery, in Regent Street, where I found the same foreign ladies and gentlemen eating ices, whom I have always seen—and the same gorgeously-bearded Italian nobleman in the wonderful extent of shirt front, picking his teeth after his dinner, whom I know to be attached, in a vocal capacity, to the Royal Italian Opera. I loitered in the Quadrant, but there were as many cigars and beards there in the year 1840 as when I loitered. I strolled into Golden Square, but the private hotel had no more than the usual complement of Spaniards and Italians. I looked in Sheridan Street, and dined at that wonderful Italian table d'hôte, where there are also warm baths. I had macaroni and *macoli*, and wondered which was the dining room, and which the warm bath. I found few foreigners at Bertolini's, and not many above the average array of *premieres dansuses* at Dubouys. I studiously investigated every foreign haunt—every place where, from old foreign connections and habits, I knew the children of the sunny south were wont to "hang out." I found them, but not the thousands—the teeming hordes—I had pledged my word to.

And yet they are all here. I will pledge you my word still. The fez is here. I know where to find the *soubreiro* and the *barbouse*, and I can put my hand on the snowy *camise* and the shaggy *capote*. There are immense numbers of foreigners in London, but shall I tell you the truth about them? *It is never!—LONDON HAS SWALLOWED THEM ALL UP!* This Moloch of a city—this great Dragon of Wantley—holl's them all in her capacious maw, and would holl twice as many. I never had such an idea of the immensity of London as now, knowing as I do how many foreigners there are in it, for when I had left off seeking them in the places I most expected to find them in they started up by thousands in localities where I never had the least idea of seeing them. They beat me at public dinners. I went across them in hospitals and prisons. They beleaguered me in markets and shops. In the next pew of the chapel served by the minister I sat under, there were no less than eight Norwegians, who behaved themselves as decently throughout the service and sermon as though they had been Christians.

I dined at Greenwich. Young France sat beside me, gorged with white bait, and steeped in brown bread and butter. A fez—two fezzes—three fezzes, were deep in some red drink. I hope it wasn't cider cup. As I came out of the door I found Columbia smoking on the threshold, and at the railway station there was a collision between two Hidalgos, with blue blood at least in their veins, and a porter. Young France sang songs in the carriage to

us, all the way to town, and I lost my heart irrevocably to young (female) Germany. I shook hands with old Belgium (grey-headed and silver snuff-boxed) on parting. I confess that he spoke much better English than I did French, and that he knew a great deal more about the Navigation Laws and the Cotton Manufacture than I shall ever do.

I went to the Derby, and the Grand Stand had quite an irruption of fezzes in it. Carriages and four passed me on the road full of foreigners, and, to say the truth, I myself lunched on what a French acquaintance called a "*cosh foreman*,"—which was indeed an ancient mail coach, with the letters painted over, laden with no less than four-and-twenty male and female French people. On coming back the Cock, at Sutton, offered a very good model, on a small scale, of the Tower of Babel, and I think I must have heard tea called for in at least twenty-two languages. They ought to have secured George Borrow, Elihu Buritt, or the Ghost of Pic de la Maudole, as waiters.

A friend of mine, the Middlesex Cock sparrow, indeed, had a "benefit" lately at the house of that well known bountice, and erst champion of the ring Stunming Smithers. The Cock sparrow, it appears, had lately had a difference with a police magistrate relative to the value of the hit coat and left eye of a police constable, all three of which he had damaged (the latter beyond redemption) in a nocturnal affray. The magistrate had assessed these damages at a somewhat high figure, so high, indeed, that my friend was obliged to be continually walking up stairs at a banking house at Brixton, for two mortal months before he could get a receipt in full. When he came out however his friends, to use the language of the placard he caused to be printed "rallied round him," and a choice exhibition of sparing took place between Porky Grimes, the Clerkenwell Bruiser Nigger Hopkins, Charley Fidd, with the Cock sparrow and Stunming Smithers for the wind up. A whole host of foreigners "assisted," as the foreign phrase was at the benefit. How they came there, and who was kind enough to be their *cicerone*, I am unable to state, but there they were, great in hits and beads of every imaginable shape. They called the exhibition "*boots inflame*," and were in ecstasies with the wind-up—shaking hands with the Cock sparrow all round, and tumultuously promising to be present at a "little mill" which was shortly to take place between the Clerkenwell Bruiser and Nigger Hopkins, for twenty pounds a side.

At the theatres, also, I discovered that the foreigners mustered in immense force. Not, curiously enough, at the great foreign establishments, but at the small national temples of the drama. They seemed well pleased, though, I must say, wondrously perplexed at the "screaming farces" they witnessed. I wonder whether it ever struck them that

there was a curious family likeness between the "screamers" in question and their own pleasant chatty vaudevilles,—whether in the antics of that eminent comedian Dobbs—of that established favourite of the public, Nobbs,—they recognised, here and there, something appertaining to their own Achards and Bouffes. Greatly delighted with every thing, they, no less, seemed to be. After the theatres were over, they inundated the neighbouring oyster shops, and, on several occasions, I have even had the honour of acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to a party of foreigners who insisted on visiting the Cider Cellars the Coal Hole, or the Shades. Whenever they had become acquainted with the renown of those extraordinary and somewhat questionable places of entertainment, I have no means of judging, but go they would, and go they did, affably entering into the spirit of the constitutional maxim of giving orders while the waiter was in the room—discussing the fragrant weed, and the steaming whisky and water, and listening to the melancholy singers with extraordinary patience and complacency.

I declare as a man willing to be pleased, and yet requiring something out of the common order of things to please him, that it does me good to see how the foreigners drink our beer and shake hands with us. The first they are continually swigging, the last they are as continually doing. They seem to consider the "*poignée de main*" as an equivalent for that ceremonious hat lifting, so prevalent abroad, and so rare here. As to the beer, they drink it by bucketful. They seem not to regret their own beautiful Bordeaux Burgundies, white and red—their sparkling Hockheims and Rudesheims—their delightful wines of Spain and the Lavant Beer—"porter beer," swigs—is their ultimatum. In vain have I talked to them of the Quassia and Cocculus Indicus, two grams of paradise, known from analysis to form component parts of that beverage. In vain have I hinted at the peculiarity of Budley's Latine, being 'doctored' or 'fined' or whatever the adulterating gentry call it. Beer they would have, and beer they would drink, out of, and by, the pot.

But I must make an end of it, as regards the foreigners, and as regards this paper too. My readers may not have been so curious as I have on the subject. They may have taken the large number of foreigners for granted, and thought no more about the matter. Others again, from a constitutional dislike to "furriners" on principle may have disdained to inquire, and would rather not know any thing about them. Yet even these, I think, must acknowledge that our foreign visitors have neither burnt our houses about our ears, nor run away with our daughters. They have behaved themselves peaceably and good-naturedly, and have borne with our little

peculiarities amiably. Moreover, they have paid for what they have had, like honest men. May I be permitted to surmise, that from this mutual sight-seeing and metropolis-visiting, this international-fête-giving, and hand-shaking, some little, some trifling good may arise? Is it too wild a thought to hope that our children will not quite believe that the French necessarily eat frogs, and are all dancing in waters—that every Italian gentleman carries a stiletto in his bosom, and a bowl of poison in his left hand pocket—that German babies are weaned on sauer kraut—that revenge is the one inevitable passion with which all Spaniards are possessed—and that the unvarying fate of all Turkish ladies is to be sewn up in sacks, and cast into the Bosphorus? Is it really impossible that our grand children may discard those legends altogether? On the other hand, it strikes me that our continental neighbours will not henceforward be quite so decided as heretofore in their notions and impressions respecting us. I don't think we shall be called "pishious Albion" quite so frequently. I am of opinion that the editors of foreign newspapers will no longer declare that we live on raw beef steaks, and occasionally eat the winners of our Derbys, that every nobleman takes his "bouledogue" to court with him, that we are in the daily habit of selling our wives in Smithfield market, and that during the month of November three-fourths of the population of London commit suicide. Altogether, I think that a little peace, and a little good will, and a little brotherhood among nations will result from the foreign invasion, and that it will in future be no longer a matter of course, that because fifty thousand Frenchmen in blue coats and red trousers must fifty thousand Englishmen in blue trousers and red coats, they must all fall to, and cut or blow each other to atoms.

CHIPS.

EYES MADE TO ORDER.

CONTRADICTORY opinions prevail as to the limits that should be assigned to the privilege of cutting Art to the aid of Nature. To some persons a wig is the type of a false and hollow age, an emblem of deceit, a device of ingenious vanity, covering the wearer with gross and unpardonable deceit. In like manner, a crusade has been waged against the skill of the dentist—against certain artificial 'extents' in aid of symmetry effected by the milliner.

The other side argues, in favour of the wig, that, in the social intercourse of men, it is a laudable object for any individual to propose to himself, by making an agreeable appearance, to please, rather than repel, his associates. On the simple ground that he would rather please than offend, an individual, not having the proper complement of hair and countenance, places a cunningly-fashioned wig

upon his head, artificial teeth in his mouth, and an artificial nose upon his face. A certain money-lender, it is urged, acknowledged the elevating power of beauty when he drew a veil before the portrait of his favourite picture, that he might not see the semblance of a noble countenance, while he avoided his crushing interest from desperate customers. It is late in the age, say the pro wig party, to be called upon to urge the refining power that dwells in the beautiful, and, on the other hand, the depression and the consciousness which often attend the constant contemplation of things unsightly. The consciousness of giving unpleasant sensations to spectators, haunts all people who are visibly disfigured. The bald man of five and twenty is an unpleasant object, because premature baldness is unnatural and ugly. Argue the question according to the strictest rules of formal logic, and you will arrive at nothing more than that the thing is undoubtedly unpleasant to behold and that therefore some reason exists that should urge men to remove it, or hide it. Undoubtedly, a wig is a counterfeit of natural hair, but is it not a counterfeit worn in deference to the sense of the world, and with the view of presenting an agreeable, instead of a disagreeable, object? Certainly. A pinch of philosophy is therefore sprinkled about a wig and the wearer is not necessarily a coxcomb. As regards artificial teeth, still stronger pleas—even in those which support wigs—may be entered. Digestion demands that food should be masticated. Shall then, a toothless person be forced to live upon spongy meat because artificial ivorys are denominated as sinful? These questions are fast coming to issue, for Science has so far come to the aid of human nature that according to an enthusiastic professor, it will be difficult, in the course of another century to tell how or where any man or woman is deficient. A millennium for Deformity is it seems, not far distant. M. Bissmann of Paris, constructs eyes with such extraordinary precision, that the artificial eye we are told is not distinguishable from the natural eye. The report of his pretensions will it is to be feared, spread consternation among those who hold in abhorrence and consider artificial teeth incompatible with Christianity, yet the fact must be honestly declared, that it is no longer safe for poets to write sonnets about the eyes of their mistresses, since those eyes may be M. Bissmann's.

The old rude artificial eyes are simply oval shells, all made from one pattern, and differing only in size and in colour. No pretension to artistic or scientific skill has been claimed by the artificial eye manufacturer,—he has made a certain number of deep blues, light blues, hazels, and others, according to the state of the eye-market. These rude shells were constructed mainly with the view of giving the wearer an almond-shaped eye, and with little regard to its matching the eye in sound and active service.

Artificial eyes were not made to order, but the patient was left to pick out the eye he would prefer to wear as he would pick out a glove. The manufacture was kept a profound mystery, and few medical men had access to its secrets. The manufacturers sold eyes by the gross, to retail dealers, at a low price, and these supplied patients. Under this system, artificial eyes were only applicable in the very rare cases of atrophy of the globe, and the effect produced was even more repulsive than that of the diseased eye. The disease was hidden by an unnatural and repulsive expression, which it is difficult to describe. While one eye was gazing intently in your face, the other was fixed in another direction—immovable, the more hideous because at first you mistook it for a natural eye. A smile may overspread the face, animate the lip, and lighten up the natural eye, but there was the glass eye—fixed, listless, and dead. It had other disadvantages—it interfered with the lachrymal functions, and sometimes caused a tear to drop in the happiest moments.

The new artificial eye is nothing more than a plastic skullcap, set accurately upon the bulb of the diseased eye, so that it moves with the bulb as freely as the sound eye. The lids play freely over it, the lachrymal functions continue their healthy action, and the bulb is effectually protected from currents of cold air and particles of dust. But these effects can be gained only by modelling each artificial eye upon the particular bulb it is destined to cover, thus removing the manufacture of artificial eyes from the hands of clumsy mechanics, to the superintendence of the scientific artist. Every individual case, according to the condition of the bulb, requires an artificial eye of a different model from all previously made. In no two cases are the bulbs found in precisely the same condition, and, therefore, only the scientific workman, proceeding on well-grounded principles, can pretend to practise ocular prothesis with success. The newly-invented shell is of metallic canal, which may be fitted like an outer cuticle to the bulb—the corner of which is destroyed—and restores to the patient his natural appearance. The invention, however, will, we fear, increase our scepticism. We shall begin to look in people's eyes, as we have been accustomed to examine a luxuriant head of hair, when it suddenly shoots upon a surface hitherto remarkable only for a very straggling crop. Yet, it would be well to devote the spirit of sarcasm with which wigs and artificial teeth have been treated. Undoubtedly, it is more pleasant to owe one's hair to nature than to Fructif, to be indebted to natural causes for pearly teeth, and to have sparkling eyes with light in them. Every man and woman would rather have an aquiline nose than the most playful pug; no one would exchange eyes agreeing to turn in one direction, for the pertest squint; or legs observing something

approaching to a straight line, for undecided legs, with contradictory bends. Hence dumb-bells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic exercises, the consumption of sugar steeped in Eau-de-Cologne (a French recipe for imparting brightness to the eyes), ingenious padding, kalydora, odontos, Columbian balms, bandolines, and a thousand other ingenious devices. Devices with an object surly,—that object, the production of a pleasing personnel. It is a wise policy to remove from sight the calamities which horribly or sudden, and, as far as possible, to cultivate all that pleases from its beauty or its grace. Therefore let us shake our friend with the cork leg by the hand, and acknowledging that the imitation is worn in defiance to our senses, receive it as a veritable flesh and blood limb, let us accept the wig of our unfortunate young companion, as the hair which he has lost, let us shut our eyes to the goll work that fastens the brilliantly white teeth of a young lady, whose natural dentition has been replaced, and above all, let us never show by sign or word that the appearance of our friend (who has suffered tortures, and lost the sight of one eye) is changed after the treatment invented by M. Bousmoussau.

ADVENTURES OF A DIAMOND

In "Pictures from St. Petersburg," recently published by Mr. Jerrold in the German tragedian we find the history of one of the splendid jewels of the regalia of Russia. The particulars are narrated on the authority of the Pope or Papi in the Greek Church with whom Jerrold fell in during a journey. The conversation respecting the great diamond commenced as follows:—

"Have you been to the Hermitage?" inquired my fellow traveller.—I replied in the affirmative.—Then you saw the Imperial jewels?—I saw the crown the sceptre and globe, and I confess I was amazed at their magnificence. One of the diamonds in the sceptre especially riveted my attention. For size and brilliancy it appeared to me incomparable.—"That diamond," rejoined the priest, "is called 'Moon of the Mountain.' In size it perhaps is surpassed, but I doubt whether it is eclipsed in brilliancy by any other diamond now in Europe. Its history, too, may in the estimation of the curious, tend somewhat to enhance its value. Who was the first possessor of that rare jewel is not known, but an ancient Indian manuscript records that it once served for an eye to the statue of the Gauri and Iama. That, however is a tradition which may possibly admit of metaphorical interpretation, for it may be taken merely as indicative of the exquisite radiance and pure water of the diamond. The facts of its more recent history are, however well authenticated, and I will briefly relate them.—

The celebrated Thomas-Kuli-Khan, who,

from the lowly condition of a shepherd's son, ascended the throne of Persia (taking the title of Nadyr Shah), enriched his treasury by a collection of diamonds of marvellous beauty and value. Two of these jewels were believed to be the rarest in the known world, one was called "Sun of the Sea," and the other, "Moon of the Mountain."

Towards the close of a reign glorified by many deeds of heroism, this tyranny of Nadyr Shah excited his subjects to rebellion. To subdue the outbreak, he raised a numerous force and placed it under the command of his nephew, Ali Kuli Khan. But his nephew turned against him, raised the standard of independence, and challenged his uncle to open battle. Nadyr then marched in person to encounter the rebels, but before departing from his capital he collected his vast treasures, and sent them together with the young prince his son, under the escort of Nasrulla Mirza to the strong fortress of Kelat—a place deemed impregnable. This was in the year 1747 (1160 of the Hegira).

Nadyr's impending doom was sealed. He had pitched his camp at Khabushan, and during the night, whilst he was sleeping, his nephew and three assassins stole into his tent and murdered him. The head, at whose nod all Asia's lately trembled was now severed from the body and exhibited in triumph to the insurgent soldiery.

The rebels were victorious, and most of the strong holds which had belonged to the late Shah either surrendered or were taken by storm. Kelat the amazing strength of whose fortifications caused it to be regarded as one of the world's wonders, long held out against the attacks of its assailants, but, finally, without effect, what force might never have accomplished. As the water poured down from one of the towers by a ladder, which he afterwards neglected to remove. This did not escape the observation of some scouts who were on the watch. Information of the circumstance was communicated to the besiegers, who, having gained access to the tower, soon made themselves masters of the fortress, within whose walls a frightful massacre ensued. The young prince fled, pursued and taken. All were put to death save the youngest, a boy of fourteen, who under the title of Ali Shah, subsequently ascended to the throne of Khorassan.

The jewels and money which Nadyr had placed in security at Kelat, now belonged, by right of inheritance, to Ali Shah, who ordered them to be removed to his capital. On examination it was discovered that many of the valuables had been abstracted by pillage, and among the missing jewels was "Moon of the Mountain." Indefatigable search was made, and large rewards offered for its recovery; but in vain! It was given up for lost.

At that time there dwelt in Bassora a rich merchant, named Shafraz, such, at least,

was his real name, but, on account of his vast wealth, he was usually distinguished by an appellation synonymous with the term "Millionaire." One day this merchant was visited by an Afghan chief, who offered to sell him some costly jewels. Among them was the lost "Moon of the Mountain." The price demanded for it, though great, was far below its value. Nevertheless the cautious Shafat was unwilling to disburse so large a sum without due consideration. He requested to be allowed time to think the matter over. At this proposition the Afghan appeared uneasy and suspicious; but after some hesitation he acceded to the delay. The merchant having maturely weighed the expediency of the purchase, came to the determination of possessing himself of the diamond, and he went in quest of the stranger. Great was his astonishment on learning that the Afghan chief had left Bassora, and that no one knew, with any certainty, whither he had gone. Mortified at his disappointment, Shafat made diligent search for the holder of the diamond, and, after very great difficulty, he traced him to Bagdad. The bargain was now struck, without further delay, and the diamond became the property of the wealthy merchant of Bassora.

There arose a new difficulty. How was Shafat to dispose of this jewel? He prudently resolved to conceal it for a time, or to keep his transaction with the Afghan chief a profound secret. He continued to live quietly in Bassora; being afraid to stir out of the city, for ever so short a time, lest his absence should create suspicion.

At length, after the lapse of twelve years, Shafat ventured on a journey into Europe. He visited Amsterdam, and there offered his jewel for sale. An agent from the Court of England had nearly concluded an arrangement for the purchase, when an offer made by Count Guicciotti Orloff, on the part of the Crown of Russia, was too tempting to be resisted. Four hundred thousand rubles, together with letters of nobility, were the price paid for the jewel. The merchant, well satisfied with his augmented wealth, removed from Bassora, and settled in Bagdad, where his descendants yet live, and "Moon of the Mountain," after its many adventurous journeys, was conveyed to St Petersburg, and found a resting-place in the sceptre of the Empress Elizabeth.

MALVERN WATER.

To spend two days out of the smoke, after having lived for five years in it, is a memorable event. It does not follow that there was no holiday in all those five years. There might have been visits to London, and visits to Manchester, and to Newcastle; but such trips were merely from one density of smoke to another. What a sensation it is now—on

a brilliant September day—to look back on the even, brownish cloud which occupies, below a straight line, the sky, on the side where Birmingham lies! What a sensation it is to perceive, from the noisy railroad, the lanes stealing away under the trees, hiding here, and peeping out there, behind the villages, and among the corn-fields! And to see the gleaners in the upland wheat-grounds; and the geese waddling in the stubbles; and the partridges, in their aristocratic "family compact," perking up their heads here and there, or skirting together over the yellow field! There is still one band of reapers at work—a numerous band on the highest arable ground—whence they look down upon our train, all stopping at once, and all turning at once to their work, as we are swallowed up by the tunnel. And then comes quiet Worcester, with the lights and shadows of its cathedral architecture, cut sharp by the strong sunlight. Even the central streets are quiet, in comparison with Birmingham;—much more so the clean, old-fashioned, red-brick houses within the precincts, where the very pavement seems to be never soiled by the tread of less dainty feet than the hall of clergy and ladies. In the cloisters, the shady side contrasts with that noble is sun-flecked; and how brilliant is the square carpet of green in the middle! Any when Worcester is left behind, and we are wondering at the sensation of coach-travel, long, after years of railroads, how beautiful the first hop-pond, with its tossing clusters, and waving streamers of the freshest green; and little avenues opening between the poles, to quench the thirst of the eye and mind, long parched in the town-desert! Then, there are pear trees, where the pears cluster, and head the topmost boughs of from fifty feet high. Those are the pears of which the famous Barham perry is made. As for the apples, the imagination aches with the question—What is to become of so many! Behind these, however, there is something much better than them—the clear outline of the Malvern Hills. First, the blue mass, growing browner and greener with every mile; then, the black surface of rich woods, rising from the skirts; then, the long, straight row of dwellings, with their white walls shining in the sun. By this time the brown smoke-cloud is almost out of sight; and here is the play-ground of our three-days' holiday.

And what a holiday air there is about the place! We meet invalids among the pleasure-seekers; but even they look merrier than most people elsewhere. The paralytic gentleman, pursuing his infirm walk between his wife's arm and his stick, looks anything but sad;—so does the ash-pale lady coming briskly down from St. Ann's Well;—so does the emaciated girl who is resting, with her cheerful mother, under the tree in the churchyard. In fact, it is notorious that the patients at Malvern are generally given to intoxica-

tion—sure to be tipsy with water, after a few days' trial of the sparkling luxury. Whatever may be the woes of the world in general, Malvern is always merry—that is, the water patients are; and when we speak of Malvern now, we mean water patients.

The conditions of life in England—and, we may add, in America—are much changed within this century, much changed since the beloved Andrew Combe gave us familiar books, to show us something of the laws of health, and teach us, among other truths, the nature and business of the human skin. It is within the period of steam-boat travelling that American ladies were wont to emerge from their berths in the morning, ready dressed, and to dip the corner of a towel in water, wipe their eyes and mouth, and consider themselves finished for the day. It is within the memory of middle-aged English women, that when at school,—at an expensive and eminent school,—the pupils had one foot-bath for the whole number, and only on Saturday nights. It is within the memory of middle aged men that they were struck with astonishment and amusement on first hearing of such a thing as eye-bath all over every day. And perhaps, it is by much within the observation of us all, that Tremaine tells us of the pitmen who

ADVENTURES OF A DIAMOND

In a room, together the cleanest person (very hands) over an unwashed man. It is not long since a clergyman, seeing an old woman of his flock very ill, met her a shilling answer to the advice he gave. "I will send the doctor to you," said he, "and I can tell you what to do meantime. Put your feet in warm water, and go to bed."

"Put my feet in water!" exclaimed the patient, "why not a drop of water has been put in it for thirty years." Moreover, she vowed that not a drop of water should ever touch her feet, and, thinking it proper to render a reason to the clergyman, she told him that she had had a daughter who had once been persuaded to wash her feet, and that that daughter had died before she was twenty-five. It is not longer ago than some months, that a decent woman, too ill after her confinement to dress her infant, interfered to prevent its arms being washed, saying that if a child's arms felt the water before it was six months old, it would become a thief, and, she added pathetically, "I wouldn't like that!"

Till lately, the gentle knew as little as the simple now do, what they suffered from neglect of the skin nor how it was that they suffered as they did. They did not know how, when the pores of the skin are loaded, and its action checked, an undue burden is thrown on the interior organs. When, in this state of chronic fever, the interior organs flagged in their work, and the sufferer was oppressed by sensations of sinking and languor, he was apt to resort to stimulants, which, affording relief for the moment, aggravated the mischief. And when, at last,

the weakest organ gave way, and some attack of illness occurred, the treatment was for the immediate symptoms alone, and the false system of management went on, till occasion was ripe for another fit of sickness. All the while the portion of the brain appropriate to the performance of the bodily functions was suffering. By day, there was oppression, languor, and dull pain somewhere, by night, disturbed sleep, and bad dreams, and always, night and day, and from month to month, liability to low spirits, and all the moral mischiefs which attend unhappiness. Wordsworth used to say to the last, that times were changed for the better, in homes and in society, since he was young. In his early days, every body was understood to have a temper, and the admission in the abstract did not much help the endurance of such peculiarities by neighbours, in daily life. But now, it was considered the rule that people should be amiable and it has become a sin to be otherwise. No doubt the lody state of bad washers—that is of the vast majority—subject, as they were to low spirits—must have had an incalculable amount of influence on the least he was strict. However gay may have been his temper, the last day murdered him. The last of which comes all this to be the traditions that have been down to us of the mirth of society in the and preceding centuries. If we would be of diffidence now, let us look round for (not bad washers for that is disgraceful—un the good ones will answer every purpose) the most healthy and cheerful households we know. Is there a house where the doctor seldom enters, but as a guest—where the lids are hush in shop or watch case and the houses merry at home? It is pretty certain that early hours are found there and plenty of cold water. The fever patient finds inexpressible relief from the sponging with vinegar and water, and the same kind of relief is given by abluition, under the lesser favor of toil. The anxious merchant or statesman is haunted in his bed by images of terror or wearied with galling cares, his morning daught and his morning bath restore all things to their true aspect and their right proportion. The author—the most sensitive of human beings—has gone to Græfenberg or Beuthyding, or Malvern, burdened with care and dread, trembling at the arrival of the mail, recoiling from the sight of reviews and newspapers—and, in a week or two, has omitted to speculate on the fate of his own book. So one of the fraternity bears witness to his friends in private, and, if one of the *genus irritabile* is thus made serene by cold water, what wonder is there in any effect that it may have had on the tempers of men in general?

The slipperiness of the grass on these slopes seems really worse than ice. As we sit under a bank, eating our dinner, we see two young ladies on an opposite slope in a most helpless position. They have poles, with spikes at the end, and they hold each others' hands, but they can make no way, upwards or sideways.

with feet, knees, or hands. There is nothing to grasp; and the grass is shiny as satin. If they join hands, they go down only the faster. They drive their toes into the ground, and rest on their poles. Now they try again. Worse and worse! Now they scramble, using all their resources, and achieve two or three feet of ascent; only to slide down half-a-dozen. Their shoe-soles must be like satin by this time. They must take their chance of getting safe to the bottom, and make one slide of it. So we think; but they do not. By the time we have dined, one of them has siddled to a patch of gravel, whence she can extend aid to her companion. When they are on the stony path, how they step on, enjoying the security, and roughening their shoe-soles as they go!

How happy every body looks! the elderly lady with her newspaper under the tree; the pretty girl in the riding-habit, with her pocket-handkerchief tied about her throat, as, heated by her ride, she comes up into the wind; the pale gentleman, who takes the short cuts up the hill, instead of following the zigzag. He brought the pale face with him, no doubt; but hardly that springy step. And there is a cheerful granny, knitting in the sunshine, while that unparalleled creature, her first grandchild, tottles and topples on a safe piece of level grass. How many women, young and old, are sewing or knitting in the open air! And in the cool chamber at St. Ann's Well, where the water is trickling into the marble basin, sits another, plying her needle, while enjoying pious conversation with a lady who has some tracts in her hand. They are saying, how very "andsome" the clergyman was that preached last Sunday. We leave these sedentary people behind us, and rove where we shall meet the rovers. While dining, we surveyed the vast expanse through which the Severn winds to the south-west, and where we can descry Worcester in one direction, and see in another the smoke which indicates Gloucester, and some glittering appearance, which we are told is Cheltenham. Now we turn our backs on this, and walk a mile through the serpentine valley, to see what the other side of the range will show.

When we come out upon that glorious view, we find a little party of Scotch ladies, pleasant and kind, who show us the Bristol Channel, a bright line issuing from behind far-away hills; and Welsh mountains, cloudlike, but well-defined, through an atmosphere reeking with heat. While we sit, picking out churches and gentlemen's seats, and tracing roads, and envying the dwellers in nesting farm-houses, and counting ponds (because the complaint of the fastidious is of want of water in the landscape), and laughing at the ploughing (four bullocks, two horses, and four men and boys to a plough), the Scotch party think "it is very warm, certainly," but that they must "just go over the hill." They

will not stop short of the beacon, we think. It is only half-a-mile off; steep, certainly, but only half-a-mile. At all events, we go.

When there, and leaning against the pole, and remembering how many hats have been blown either ipto Herefordshire or Worcestershire, we acquire for a wind. See there! there is a little girl actually weighing snuff in her tiny scales of gourd-skin, balanced upon a forked stick stuck in the ground. Not a grain flies off to set anybody sneezing. Who comes here for snuff? The mother, sitting with her face to the north, to make a shadow to sew in, may sell cakes and fruit; but who would come one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea for snuff?—this being, moreover, the most windy point in the county. It cannot be snuff that these very small bees have come hither for; these little, dusty-looking, fawn-coloured bees; and these tiny red-and-black butterflies. Why are they here? We have left the blo-soming gorse far below; and the foxgloves are lower still; yet there are bees resting on my companion's bonnet, and butterflies flapping their wings on the stones of the crumbling mound.

There go the swallows, sending specks of shadow skimming down the slopes. We shall see more of them, no doubt, in the dewy morning, to-morrow. And look, what a noble pair of hawks! Their brown plumage and the outline of head and beak are wonderfully distinct against the sky, in such a light as this. Now they quiver in one spot of air for a minute together; and then they swoop majestically, and rise to quiver again. Where is the doomed mouse that the nearest seems to have fixed its eye on? Will it not have the sense to run in under the gorse, as I saw one do, as we came up the hill? There are many mice here, I see; and that is why we are treated with this show of balancing and wheeling hawks.

Those who want shade here must bring umbrellas. There are only scraps of shade anywhere about, and those are taken possession of by the sheep; except one, where I saw a baby laid, for its noon-day nap. The sheep huddle in, and coil themselves up like dogs. They look so sleepy, that we are sorry to disturb them. We say so, in the civillest manner, but they will not trust us, but go leaping and trotting away into the sun. Perhaps they will come back to their sofas when our backs are turned.

For some time, as we walk southwards along the ridge, the grass has been growing thinner; and now we have really rough walking on broken rock. This is an adventurous lady on her donkey, at such a height, on such a ridge, among these *débris*. What is her child asking, that toddling two-year-old? "Who made all this mess?" My dear little fellow, what an irreverent question! He will not find that out; for his mother cannot answer him for laughing. His father informs him that we cannot always tell how

meases are made. Here is another kind of mees; chaff scattered about. We soon see why. On this sharp edge of the ridge, the very narrowest, whence it seems as if we could leap into Wales on the one hand, and England on the other, is a man thrashing his little crop of wheat on the bare ground. No doubt, he brings it up here to be winnowed by the wind; for it is a strange threshing-floor enough. If so, he is disappointed; for not a speck of chaff rises in the air. It lies as dead as the grain. In answer to our question, he says he brings it from his field on the hill-side, below.

One more glance down upon Great Malvern, before we turn towards the Wyche. The old church looks well, though the square top, the roof, of the tower is the most conspicuous part of it to us; and how gay the white houses look, with their gardens! The parterres, one rose-colour with verbenas, another scarlet with geraniums, are bright to the eye, even here. That white road looks terribly dusty. This is decidedly the best way to the Wells to those who are not in a hurry.

We pass the chasm of the Wyche, turning our heads away from the tobacco and snuff shop, and the handbills which are stuck on the rocky walls. We lose sight of Welsh mountains and Herefordshire orchards for to-day, and descend gradually, by broad, easy paths, to the great ash, under whose hospitable shade we rest. Then, down and down, till we are under great oaks, loaded with acorns, and beeches rich with mast, and chestnuts with their prickly green fruit, and mountain-ash with berries of brilliant scarlet, bright beyond all precedent. We enter the back-door of the Well's House, and find ourselves on the third story. We go down to the up-stairs drawing-room, where friends and coffee are awaiting us. O! what a view it is from that window! How the shadows are spreading over that vast champaign, swallowing up a pool here, a range of corn-ricks there, and beyond, nook after nook of the reaches of the Severn! We cannot stay within. If a carriage is to be had, we must be off, and see Eastnor-park and Ledbury church—never mind how far it is! Don't count the miles! It is full moon to-night, the harvest moon, and we shall be on high ground, far above the mists of the champaign.

Into that wide champaign we must not now set foot, in description, or we shall lose sight of all bounds. We have to do with the hills alone.

The early morning is, after all we have said, the time for the hills. Then the trees have shaken down dew enough to lay the dust on the lower paths; and on the uplands, the grass is glistening with the tiny drops. Then the sheep come running up the shaded side to meet the sun, instead of crouching into dark nooks. Then the lark springs up from some grassy crevice, and the swallows are innumerable. The hawks are not abroad yet, and

every other creature is. It is pleasant to see the water-patients running about already, with all the vigour of the healthy. We know that they have had the balmy sleep which creeps over them from the folds of the wet sheet, and the animating stimulus of the cold bath, and of the draught of water at St. Ann's Well; and here they are,—a few of the bravest, on the ridge. Those who remain below see but little of the prospect; for on the east, the mists still shroud the landscape; but on the Herefordshire side all is clear and bright, both within the shadow of the hills and beyond it. What a vast shadow it is! and how cool lie the farmsteads and orchards and dark pools within it! Brilliant as the sunshine is, to us all looks cool, while the pure breeze searches out every pore of the skin, and refreshes the whole frame. There is one, however, who does not enjoy this like the rest. That young lady is heated and panting, as if she had raced all the way up the hill, instead of being brought on a donkey. No wonder! Look at her waist! Compare that pinched waist with the unlaced human form, and say if it can be true and good. Compare it with the Venus de Medici, and say if it can be beautiful. As for the beauty, can she not see, by examples before her eyes, and by her own looking-glass, that she has to pay in complexion for any fancied gain in form by tight-lacing? As for the rashness, we could take her to a school where two or three of the girls cannot write an exercise without palpitation of the heart, and seem doomed to the fate of a companion who lately died suddenly from tight-lacing. This young lady can hardly be a water patient; for no physician would surely undertake the case. Any physician would tell her that nothing can be done while the trunk is compressed, the circulation impeded; too much work thrown upon the lungs, too little play allowed to the heart, and no action to a considerable portion of the skin. The tightness is not the only, though it is the greatest, mischief. There should be free access of air allowed to every part of the external frame, and that cannot be while the trunk is closely cased in double or treble jean. The bath and the draught of water can be of little use, if the skin is immediately after stopped in its action. The bringing of the blood to the surface by the water treatment, and the impulse to the circulation by this morning exercise, are of no use—of less than none—if the heart and lungs are to labour as we see them labouring in this panting girl, whose life may, any day, go out under the effort. Is there no one who will show her a few illustrations of what she is about, in thus dressing herself?—no one who will show her examples (or plates, as more striking) of the bent spine, the contracted heart, the congested liver and lungs, the impure complexion, the starved or gorged brain, which come of tight-lacing?

See how the shadow is drawing in! It is well we are so hungry, or it would be too

hard to leave this breezy summit, and the sunny bench which somebody has been kind enough to set up for us. The shadowy circles on Camp Hill look tempting, and, in this clear light, the summit seems very near. If we were not so hungry, we could not but go—almost as straight as the bad flies. We will be there before the noon haze veils the prospect—will not we?

"Yes, but if so we must go down now to breakfast." "So be it. Will you engage to be in the house within ten minutes?—Is it
Let us try."

THIRTY DAYS OF PLEASURE FOR FIFTEEN FRANCS

SUCH is the marvellous announcement that—paraphrased in newspapers, posted up in walls and sent forth on the wings of handbills—has been astonishing Paris in several weeks past,—a marvellous project to provide pleasure for thirty consecutive days to some two hundred thousand persons. But pleasure of what kind? To many barricades are pleasures and thirty days not too long for their enjoyment. Could it be the object of the prospectus to get up a revolution? A subscription to provide each subscriber with fifteen francs worth of free loan according to the particular taste? As may be supposed, there were not wanting alarmists, who, taking that view, had settled the veriest minutia of the matter. It rising—down a list of prices to be submitted to the public, at fixed prices, as—Luncheonment for one, two francs; open and advised speaking, one franc, fifty centimes; ditto, with sarcasms, or suave inquiries, two francs; ditto, with libels two francs, fifty centimes. General violence *a discretion*. Bloodshed and infamous excesses to be charged as supplements.

A short time elapsed, however, and the united sagacity of at least six journals about six hundred *exile* politicians and no end of the mob, was found to be miserably at fault and the credulous and superficial were in a "blaze of triumph." The design was discovered to be a mere humbug attempt to apply the principles of association and co-operation in a new manner, to secure to the people—not their political rights, which they somehow manage to do without—but their favourite pleasures, which, to Frenchmen are something like a necessity. Benevolent societies, in England of all descriptions, had done much to teach "the people" to be provident, the Great Exhibition had done more in encouraging them to be industrious, but it was reserved for the French to point what is, to Frenchmen, an equally useful moral, by showing them how they may combine to make the most of the result, both of their providence and their industry. Accordingly, France has her "*Trente Jours de Plaisir pour quinze Francs*."

The nature of the design being no longer

doubtful, the ways and means had to be discussed. How was it possible for the projectors to give two hundred thousand persons, in the short space of thirty days, free admission to the opera, the theatres, the public gardens of Paris, to Mabilly, to the *Chambrée*; to the *Château Rouge*, and to the fêtes of the surrounding country—*Asnières*, *St. Cloud*, *Versailles*, *Meudon*? In the first place, the speculation could never "pay," ten sous per head per diem being the only return for an expenditure involving at least as was calculated, ten times that amount. Physical impossibility was also set up as another slight objection.—Suppose the two hundred thousand persons should take it into their heads to visit the same place on the same identical evening—How could the requisite amount of accommodation be provided for them? What would be the fate of the opera, with two hundred thousand determined sight-seers besieging its doors? What could be expected of the most yielding and expensive of public gardens?

The financial part of the matter was soon answered. It was not a question between the projectors and the public, but between the projectors and themselves. Their great and undisguised object being the acquisition of money they had of course made all due calculations. If these calculations failed, they were prepared to take the consequences. With regard to the *material* difficulty, the solution was equally simple. If the two hundred thousand subscribers desired anything so unnatural as a simultaneous visit to the same place of amusement they could not be gratified. In fact, according to the arrangements, they could not select their own particular amusement for any particular evening, but must submit to take their turn as general convenience might dictate. Thus the two hundred thousand would be distributed every evening over all the places of amusement, every man seeing everything by degrees in due course.

The projectors calculated that the theatres, spectacles, balls, concerts and public gardens in and around Paris afforded duly accommodation for three hundred thousand persons, and they got united to make arrangements with the directors of these amusements for places for their two hundred thousand subscribers. They further supported their case by citing the opinions of such men as Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, who expressed their warm belief, both in the commercial practicability and social advantages of the scheme. The principal theatres, to be sure, announced, publicly, their refusal to make any "arrangements," for the reception of this wholesale visitation on any but the usual terms, a "reduction on taking a quantity" was out of the question. This decision would, of course, involve extra expenditure on the part of the projectors, but, nevertheless, could not prove fatal to the project, which was soon understood to be in a fair way of realisation.

The most potent enemies of the "Trente Jours de Plaisir" were now the satirical journals, who could not, of course, give up so good a "subject" for ridicule. The "Corsaire" was too dignified to trouble itself much about the matter, so long as there remained Red Republicanism, or Moderate Republicanism, or Republicanism of any kind, to bring into contempt; but the "Charivari" needed subjects for its artists, who had been working "*Actualités*" and "*Causeries*" to the last point of despair; and the "Trente Jours" was too tempting to be missed. But after a few days of most unparalleled facetiousness in its pictorial department, the "Charivari" appeared one morning with the imposing advertisement of the "Trente Jours" on its back page; and, by a curious coincidence, from that exact date the "Trente Jours" disappeared from its pages as a subject for satire. Meantime the "Tintamarre" had not been idle. The "Tintamarre" is the latest literary offspring of the satirical mind of Paris. It spins your "polished razor keen" as a weapon of wit, and, in its warfare, inclines itself to the five-and-twenty-bladed pocket-knife; while it does not neglect to attack with the tomahawk as often as it has strength to lift that weapon. It inclines itself to zoological comparisons; and, when a minister or journal of Order is to be attacked, the old-established donkey is its favourite illustration,—except when this animal gives way to the equally congenial baboon.

The "Tintamarre," from the very first, waged war against the "Trente Jours," for no reason more serious, I believe, than the fact that it afforded a good mark. The arguments against the practicability and utility of the scheme having been exhausted, a grand discovery was made,—that the name of the director of the project was Rion, and that his name was naturally susceptible of a pun! Accordingly, the changes were rung upon the word, most remorselessly. "*Rion de tout*," figured in every column, in an endless variety of forms, all tending to the conclusion that "nothing at all" was precisely what the subscribers were likely to get for their money. As may be supposed, the donkey was trotted out, until he must have been as dead beat as the reader himself; and as to the baboon, his synonyme was legion.

Notwithstanding, however, this terrible resistance, it was announced, a few days ago, that the directors were in a position to proceed with the accomplishment of the project. Whether or not they had secured the desired number of subscribers, I am unaware; but it is evident that they have obtained a sufficient number to justify them in taking the step. Nor is there any reason why the project should not be successful with even something less than the proposed number of subscribers; everything depends upon the facilities which the directors of the public amusements give to the undertaking. These, of course, vary:

in some cases it will be necessary to pay the full price of admission; but then, on the other hand, there are many sights in Paris well worth seeing, but which meet with but little support; and these may, doubtless, be secured on advantageous terms. The conclusion, therefore, must be, that, taking the average, all the amusements of Paris may be at the disposal of M. Rion, for considerably less than the sum subscribed.

However this may be, the scheme is now in operation; and thousands of the middle classes of Paris are availing themselves of an opportunity that, to a Frenchman, is no common boon. To secure a day's pleasure, for the sum of five-pence, is, indeed, an effort of human ingenuity that few except a Frenchman could have conceived; but so tempting are the terms offered, that there is no reason to suppose that a nation, even less partial to pleasure than the French, might not take advantage of them.

Such is the venacious history of an undertaking that has been exciting the ridicule, reprobation, approbation, and, ultimately, co-operation of all the harmless people in Paris, who are not too much occupied with politics, for the last several weeks. Whether it be a very important or desirable object to throw open so much miscellaneous amusement to an equally miscellaneous collection of persons, is another question; but the realisation of the "*Trente Jours de Plaisir*" (unless M. Rion happens to be ruined) is certainly not without its significance, as an indication of what we may expect for the future—either of good or evil—from the associated movements of large masses towards a common object. As a matter of taste, the notion of thirty days of pleasure implies wastefulness of the most valuable but most fleeting of human possessions; as a matter of practice, it may be pronounced impossible. About a week of continuous sight-seeing is sufficient to sicken any person possessing a respectable amount of fastidiousness; a month of it will scarcely bear contemplation. For my part, I would as soon walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Nevertheless, *chacun à son goût*: M. Rion has accomplished a bold feat, and M. Rion's subscribers have my hearty congratulations.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 82.]

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THE LONDON TAVERN.

I suppose that most readers of *Household Words* have dipped at times into the pages of the "Prose Edda;" and, in the antique freshness of its narrations, enjoyed a picture of the beliefs of our Scandinavian ancestors. I suppose they have mused over the odd feastings of the gods in that jolliest of all mythologies; and have concluded with me, that the taste for *asocial* business and banqueting runs in the blood of us Northerners. For does not Tacitus tell us, in his oracular, epigrammatic way, that the ancient Germans discussed public affairs twice; once when drunk, and once when sober? And did not that notable Douglas, Archibald the Grim, stop the mouth of the gentleman who came with the King's warrant, by saying that it was "ill talking between a full man and a fasting?"—by which allusion to an admitted maxim, he excused himself for hanging the prisoner whom the warrant was to have liberated.

The fact is notorious that dining is a solemn, national institution. "The destiny of nations," says Brillhat Savarin, "depends upon the manner in which they dine." We make political movements; we establish world-wide commercial enterprises; we organise public charities, by means of dinners. Everything of importance is done, when—"the cloth being removed"—there is a fair stage for exertion. The ancients sanctified their chickens; we roast them: they canonised their pheasants; we shoot and eat them. They decorated their demi-heroes with crowns of parsley. We garnish with parsley the offerings which excited enthusiasm sets before our Warriors when they return from India to be feasted at the public *Walhalla* in Bishopsgate Street.

The temple of these ceremonies; the "head-quarters of 'prog,'" (to borrow a phrase from Moore's Mr. Bob Fudge) is a building of a solemn and decorous aspect. It is made known to the world by the newspapers as the "London Tavern"—the London Tavern, supposed to represent the genus. The purpose-like gravity of its aspect causes it to be occasionally mistaken, by country cousins, for the Bank of England. Neither would a provincial disbelieve you if you told him it was Exeter

Hall. Only, during the summer season, you may see certain placards announcing dinners, "with his Grace the So-and-so, of So-and-so, in the chair," hanging modestly outside; and at six o'clock, during the same period, white cravats are plentiful at the portals; for it is here that the most important dinners of the day are devoured. Here, the East India Company solemnly feeds, in celebration of its empire; and many City Companies make The London Tavern their Hall, and the depository of their plate.

Such is the establishment of which I propose to give readers a sketch. Patriotism demands it of me. Who am I? you will say. Some garrulous diner? No matter. I may be a solitary enthusiast, who has visited this scene of so many dinners with the reverential feelings of other patriots when they wander over the field of Waterloo.

I think I ought to begin with what they call a "historical sketch;" but I must first note the significance of the name "tavern." Your superficial observer classes "hotels," and "taverns," and "inns" together. He is wrong. The genuine tavern furnishes no beds. It affordeth not the casual chop to the stray wanderer. It issueth not the occasional bottle of wine to the solitary toper. It has no coffee-room partitioned off for dining mankind as Mr. Huxley fattens oxen, by stall-feeding; but, on the contrary, displays broad acres of snow-white pasturage teeming with the richest viands and sparkling with the brightest wines. It is not a place at which a man can say, indifferently, that he has "had his dinner;" but where, he will tell you unctuously that he has "dined"—a vast distinction: the first being a mere impulse of physical voracity; the second a rite. If you go into that hall; and, with an irreverent off-hand air, order an impromptu repast, you will be referred to the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, or to "Joe's" in Finch Lane: the London Tavern is a temple of gastronomic art; and you would be equally justified in ordering "a profile in this style in half-an-hour" of Maclise or Stanfield. Dinners of a scientific character—whether expensive or moderate; but always scientific—are the business of the Tavern proper. It was to promote these that the London Tavern was established, on the Tontine principle, eighty

years ago. What prospectuses describe as a vault was felt for something of the sort, at that time, and the house was built to supply it. The eighty years have rolled past, dinner after dinner has been eaten, and the Tavern still remains open to fresh meetings, ready for fresh banquets, keeping, on the establishment an army of servants sixty or eighty strong, taking on auxiliary legions during the dining season, and feeding parties varying in numbers from a snug six to a multitudinous or hundred. Just so, too, the commercial traveller, coming about to-morrow may give a modest little dinner to his bachelor friends, with reasonable port, or De Bouchier may entertain his high born cousin's with cobweb woven champagne, still radiant of the sun that warmed the vintage of '37.

A dinner, then, at the London Tavern is far from a heedless or inconsiderate proceeding. It must be organised beforehand with due deliberation and forethought. Let me tell you, then, whether you be Smiles or De Bouchier, the proprietor of a Grand White Wheel Copper Mining Company or the treasurer of a Royal Staircase. Heatal you will do well to appoint a sub-committee for the sole purpose of arranging preliminaries—constituting yourself, as a matter of course chairman. Your committee, being essentially a committee of taste, will have to undergo a small preliminary dinner for how will your committee be able to settle the bill with that sound judgment which is result of experience without a full dressed rehearsal? Take care that on this occasion you submit your sketch of the bill of fare to your host. He will see by it at a glance your position in life, and what class it places you represent. Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are. Such the great gastronomic lawgiver. With the hand of a master artist he will dash in—according to the rank and station of yourself and your dinner—a soup here, a side dish there, he will, peradventure, lighten your roasts with a *hors d'œuvre*, or give aplomb to your sweets with an *entree* of game. That settled he will tell you with what wines your dinner can be (according to the price per head) and ought to be mitigated. If he thinks "your committee worthy of the honour" he will propose a descent into his cellars—in the morning about eleven, "when," he will say, "your palate is clean." Go, by all means. I shall accompany you.

We descend not by a narrow ladder, but over a regular flight of stairs. We begin by remarking a singular honour paid to our venerated friend the Turtle. An important vault has been sacrificed to him, positively a whole wine-cellar has been appropriated to his tanks. Before, he was not kept in a favourable temperature, his artificial habitat was

"too cold and damp,
For a soul so warm and true."

And such is his importance (for, says the worthy proprietor, "Turtle must be had properly!") that, as I say again, you vault is given to his use. We approach the recess of a somewhat sepulchral appearance, and gaze into a little lake. The town shells are heaving dimly on the surface of the water, the roving, podgy heads are peering out. We muse over the pictures, our first thoughts are of zoology, our second of soup. We remember that the turtle is called *Tortudo*, that he is a West Indian, and amphibious, and that he is generally "caught napping." We learn that he bores all with an equal temperature of fifty five degrees. That abstemious animal (who, not the cause of abstemiousness in others) lives for three months upon a little rough salt in a great deal of water, and does not decrease more in weight than ten per cent. The smallest turtle we has (you calculate turtle by weight) thirty five pounds, the largest one hundred and twenty pounds. It is only one third of him that is used for soup, the upper part makes the celebrated *calfish*, the lower, the celebrated *calfipe*. We turn away from the vat, whereon two fine turtles are peacefully swimming, and pass on through the vaults—our footsteps falling light and silently upon the muffling sidewalk.

On the end of a stick gleams a novel of candle which sends a light flickering over the place like a Jack-o-Lantern, running down the low vaulted roof, dancing among the cobwebs as if it would tear them, and lighting up walls of bottle ends, that point grimly towards us like battens of cannon. This is the region of bins. Here there are bins of bottles deep for of bottles full of port there are ten thousand three hundred. On the wall of the vault of Sir Charles Withrall, port, we are given to understand worthy of a lawyer a wit and (remember the antique respectable orthodoxy of the wine) a lord. The light falls next on some champagne of fourteen years' bottling, each bottle trading a venerable head, and slowly maturing into mellowed glory in its recess. These bottles, like

"the alicens of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Here, also is some champagne of the vintage of '46—a peculiarly good champagne vintage, a happy year for champagne lovers. Lucky the man who secures the wine of that year, it being common among dealers to mix the wines of various vintages. Denouncing the practice with considerable emphasis, we pass on—between heretombs of Johannesburg, Tokay, and Burgundy—to more port in what is happily named "a rising bin." Port keeps its ancient popularity still, for wine-labelling people obey the French adage, and always return to their first love. In this bin is some very fair port, through which Jones, a full-bodied member of "your committee," looks knowingly as he

holds it in the light; and over which South smacks his contented lips. But

"In vander are a Drued lies!"

a rare and venerable wine, worthy of the palate of the most accomplished of existing judges. There is some pleasure in giving such a wine to him, a pleasure such as an artist feels in the applause of a master. I ask, with humble awe who might claim the distinction of being the best judge of port? I lean the name. It is a good name,—a name as good as bank notes, for, scribbled at the foot of a long little document, it commands the payment of thousands of pounds; and the awe of hundreds of citizens I cherish that name in my memory, and if I ever meet the bearer (may it be at a feast!) I rather think I shall be very civil to him.

But 'whither dostest thou me, O Bacchus!'—as Horace exclaims. Still we hold the high rivers of swadst between good embankments of wine. There are twelve hundred dozen bottles of champagne down here, there are between six and seven hundred dozen of claret. Coked up in the bins is a capital of from seven to twelve thousand pounds, whose jewels absorb in simple interest at five per cent, an amount amounting to some five or six hundred pounds per annum. You can mutter, 'naturally puzzled' with this embarrasment of vinous riches. They are too much for the senses. Despairing, they ascend from the vault. As they take leave till dinner time they speak confidentially to mine host—'As to the wine,' says Jones, 'we leave all that to you'—A wise resolution, Jones.

I gain the hall. Bless me, what a bustle! Men of business, expect hurry in. A hasty scrape of the feet, and—

"Which to the Mean in Bondholders?"

"Second floor, sir," says the porter.

"Which to the Railway Smith Assurance?"

"Up stairs, and first to the left."

"Is the Beloved Baly Asylum met yet?"

"Yes, sir. End of the passage."

"Which way to the Gibleton Junction?"

I pick up my cues. A worthy relative of mine had speculated considerably in the Gibleton. A more beautiful line was never devised, it was to join Gibleton to the Great Trunk Due Eastern Junction—the only thing objectionable was, that Gibleton had no need of the union in question.

"First floor to the right, sir," replies the porter.

The Gibleton meeting seems attractive. dozens of gentlemen hurry to it with a certain air of determination. They clench their teeth as if they had to take particularly good care of bank notes between them.

I follow. As I ascend the stairs, I reflect that this especial tavern fulfils its etymology to the very letter. Understand that the root of the word tavern is—*Tabula*, a table, and we have already seen that no solitary hutches,

ranged lun-wise, are here permitted, nothing but the social and expand'd "table." The ancients, when they used to dine in the open air, covered in their tables, and called the building *tabernaculum*—hence, from the Tabernacle Tavern, not only a table house, but a meeting house. The London Tavern, therefore, is in the purest sense of the term a tavern. The division of its day is less into morning, noon, and night, than into Meetings and Dinners. The tedious cymologist, Lemon, hath at that—My philology is interrupted, a lovely face presents itself on the London. Its smile is bewitching—and when in a voice of music, it sings, rather than says, 'Pray give me your vote, sir.' I hate myself for not being a subscriber to the Beloved Baly establishment. The ladies all the way up are fluttering with bills. *Vote for A. Milt the opponent of capital! Vote for Mary Broop, afflicted with three children*, and a few humane pleads, begun simply *Gibbles Orphan*. My present sympathy is, however, enlisted for the Gibleton shareholders. The Gibleton is to be 'wounded up' this day, in turn of three and experience expected out of the thirty shillings paid. Could Gibleton shareholders be courted under the circumstances even to the lovely canvaser for *Levy Hedges*?

The rooms are filled with benches, and sumptuously laid out. At the end is a long table for the Directors with many singing boys of pure lineage. The benches are fully cup'd. Stomping on the carpet beam, and mirth in a rattling of sticks and umbrellas against the chamberlains. A sold of organs, and in midst the Directors, bowing modestly, several of them in elderly gentlemen spikely respectable in dress. The Secretary reads the statement. Then the Chairman, Jacob Barber, introduces the paper in his hand fluttering with nervousness. Health duly been in Irish song, Mr. O'Grater of the Castle Hotel, would have got up and made a flourish about Canute and the ocean, and if any shareholder was violent, another Director would say that 'men of family were not to have personal imputations cast on them,' and all that. But Mr. Baldy, though enormously wealthy, is painfully timid. He makes a quiet preface about the 'unfortunate strike of railway affairs,' (a low demonic murmur of laughter succeeds), and 'the prospect of an unworkable arrangement,' (nominal titlers from a freshly dressed youth who had risked the pocket money of years), whereupon the embossed ceiling reverberates with a wild cry for 'The accounts!'

The Secretary rises with a clean, trim, beautiful document in his hand—the balance-sheet. I observe that the Directors look with some industry at the table all the time. The Chairman casts his eyes up to the ceiling in a very anxious state of absence of mind. The only member of the Board betraying no uneasiness is Captain Gunnersly, who leans

back in his chair with the unmistakable *groans* of a man who is bored. The captain's name is down on forty lines; and he has since resided, I believe, principally on the Continent. "Preliminary expenses!" begins the Secretary with a "hem!" "That is to say, surveying and Engineers, eight thousand six hundred and twenty pounds, two shillings, and twopence, (groans, yells, and stamping with umbrellas, very much muffled by the Turkey carpet). Solicitors, nine thousand two hundred pounds, (a burst of groaning, and cries of 'Shame!') Directors' travelling expenses, three hundred and fifty pounds," (immense laughter and groaning, during which Mr. Balder takes a note with a very business-like air). There are some more items, and the Secretary sits down. He leans against the back of his chair, with a thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat; and receives a continuous volley of groans and hisses, upon the brazen buckler of a sardonic smile.

The Chairman rises, and blandly wishes to know whether any shareholder has any observations to make?

Observations! I think they have some observations to make, indeed. One little fellow in black, on the bench beside me, springs to his legs as if he had become the sudden victim of a corking-pin. It is now time for the shareholders to assert themselves, he says. The conduct of the Directors was fraudulent (Order). Well, if their conduct was not fraudulent, they had put their hands into the shareholders' pockets, and had spent their money! Then as to the "Directors' travelling expenses." He wants to know who travelled with them?—a dark inquiry, which causes immense emotion; particularly in the breast of an old shareholder from the country. The little man in mourning then draws a picture of what he describes as the "guzzling," which he had reason to believe prevails on those occasions.—Then the flashily-dressed young gentleman, (an eminent member of a debating club in the West End) makes some smart observations in the style of the late Mr. Canning. After him, of course, somebody calls the attention of the meeting to the "real business before them,"—namely,—the dividend (*Hear! hear! hear!*). It comes out then that there is about "two and twopence" to divide per share; and a facetious gentleman proposes to spend the balance in a white-bait dinner.

How it all is to end, I don't know. But this I do know, that I have bought a ticket for the Hooping Cough Asylum dinner; that it is now nearly five o'clock, and the dinner is advertised to take place at six, in that very room. Is this possible? The Mexican Bondholders are stamping and hooting over our heads upon the identical floor that is expected to groan, in one hour, with the weight of a feast for the worshipful Company of Cordwainers. Will the infant Mitt, or the suckling Broggs be elected, in

another room, into the Bereaved Baby's Asylum, soon enough to allow of the Protestant Tailors to celebrate their nineteenth anniversary? I care little. The question whether I shall dine or not in "Messrs. Bathe and Breach's best style," as the reporters have it, is, at this particular juncture, my all in all. The main ingredient in a good dinner—punctuality—seems to me wholly impossible. My feelings overcome me. I can bear the suspense no longer. I descend the stairs between a Mexican Bondholder and a Protestant Tailor. An aroma of brown gravy; delicious, genial—and appetising, smites my senses. I look at the clock, and hope against hope. As I pass a half-open door, appetite is further excited by the green gleam of a hock glass which catches my eye. A snug little table is laid out for a small party. Madness! "Your Committee" is arranging itself at table.

The air will perhaps revive me. I try it; and with success in purifying myself from the heat and perspiration of the Gibleton meeting; but it cannot allay the acuteness of my suspense respecting the dinner. This I can bear no longer. I re-enter. To my inexpressible relief, the Gibleton chairman darts past me like a fox with the whole pack at his tail. A low murmur comes from the stairs. The two-and-twopenny men are descending. It is a quarter past five, and the room is but this moment cleared.

The secretary has scarcely bound the last piece of red tape around his papers, when four men rush to four corners of the Turkey carpet, and half of it is rolled up, dust and all; four other men, with the half of a clean carpet, bowl it along in the wake of the one displaced. While I am watching the same performance with the remaining half of the floor, a battalion of waiters has fitted up, upon the new half carpet, a row of dining tables; and covers them with tablecloths. While, in turn, I watch them, the entire apartment is tabled and tableclothed. Thirty men are at this work, upon a system rigidly departmental. Rinse, Ragget, Thomson and Jiggs lay the knives; Burrows and three others cause the glasses to sparkle on the board. I express my wonder at this magical celerity. Rinse modestly replies (supposing me to be a guest who has mistaken the hour) that the same game is a-going on in four other rooms.

"Does this often happen?"

"Six days out of seven, in the dining season," says Mr. Rinse. "Last February, when the banquet was given to Mr. Macready, we could not accommodate all the company here, because there were seven hundred and odd; so we had to take the Hall of Commerce, down the street. The merchants and brokers were doing their business there at four o'clock; and in two hours we had seats, tables, platforms, dinner, wine, gas, and company all in."

"By six o'clock?"

"To a minute—punctual." Rinse tells me this in a locomotive way, as he places tumblers up and down the tables; and I follow him as he speaks.

By a quarter before six, everything is ready; a chair is planted before each plate. Exactly at six, the soup is placed on the table, and most of the guests are seated.

The same side-door which admitted the Gibleton directory opens, and the presiding Duke is portentously ushered in. He is a quiet, homely old gentleman. Along the tables are many bald-headed old gentlemen, dipping into their soup like a flock of white birds in rows. There are many spruce young gentlemen who are dining by proxy, for fathers and uncles; and, who cannot be said to neglect the duty which has been imposed on them. As a general rule, I cannot describe the company as conversational. It is true, that one must not neglect to dine; but a lively remark now and then helps digestion. I remark that the sociality is warmed up most rapidly among the "gentlemen of the press," opposite to me. One of these is an exception. He is young, and the picture of misery. He would give the world to be snug in his chambers in the Temple; where the page of Macaulay awaits his perusal; where his friend Bizley will call this evening, on the chance of a game of chess; but who will drop, in the dead silence, a card into his letter-box—over which the victim to dinner and public duty will sigh when he returns.

At last, the cloth is removed. A youth who wears moustachios, and whom we have missed from his seat, lately—(having taken him for a distinguished foreigner, and wondered why he departed)—suddenly appears in public at one end, and stands up with eight others. They begin to sing—it is *Non nobis*. Then come the "usual toasts." Then comes the "toast of the evening."

I am bound to say that there is a decided want of inventive genius among our post-prandial orators. Could not the toast of Our Hooping Cough Hospital, I submit, have been proposed without our hearing over again the unhappy old formula that "Up to so-and-so, and so-and-so, much had been done for the afflicted;—the measles had had their friends; the stutrer *his* asylum; the squinter *his* home. ONE class remained to be relieved," &c.

The important part of the evening's formalities is the announcement of subscriptions. Then it is, that the benevolent donor learns what it is to feel the applause of his fellow-citizens; he hears it thumped on the table, and jingling from the wine-glasses. Then, the cheek flushes, and the waistcoat heaves with emotion, and the spirit spreads. Mr. Higg subscribes "one guinea" (faint applause); Mr. Snigg, "two pounds two" (increased applause); Alderman Whallema, "five pounds" (cheers). His Grace, the Noble President of the day,

"fifty pounds" (deafening cheers). The late Miss Dorcas Cripplegate, of Peckham Rise, "nine hundred and seventy-three pounds, eight and-a-half-pence, Three-and-a-quarter per cent. stock" (tremendous applause, which lasts for several minutes). All this is for the good of the little Toms and Bettys of the charity—who are occasionally brought in, perched on a table, and told to cough, but by no means to cry.

And so the evening wears on. Faint odours of pine-apple, quinces, and figs, mixing with the aroma of port and claret, and the dismal sounds of a spiritless attempt "to return thanks for the honour," &c., make one drowsy. I rouse myself by a vigorous draught of cold water, and am glad to emerge from among the crowds of red faces and white neckcloths, and sally out into the street. The night air feels chilly. Cub!

GOLD.

ROAD-MENDING is pretty general at this time of the year, and upon roads now being newly macadamized we may pick up a good many differing specimens of granite. On the newly-broken surface of one of them, four substances of which it is composed can be perceived with great distinctness. The more earthy-looking rock, in which the others seem to be embedded, is called felspar; the little hard white stones are bits of quartz; the dark specks are specks of hornblende, and the shining scales are mica. Felspar, quartz, hornblende, and mica are the four constituents of granite. These are among the rocks of the most ancient times, which form a complete barrier to the power of the geologist in turning back the pages which relate the story of our globe. Layer under layer—leaf behind leaf—we find printed the characters of life in all past ages, till at last we come to rocks—greenstone, porphyry, quartz, granite, and others—which contain no trace of life; which do not show, as rocks above them do, that they have been deposited by water; but which have a crystalline form, and set our minds to think of heat and pressure. Those lowest rocks are frequently called "igneous," in contradistinction to the stratified rocks nearer the surface, which have been obviously deposited under water. Between the two there is not an abrupt transition; for above the igneous, and below the aqueous, are rocks which belong to the set above them, inasmuch as they are stratified; while they belong to the set below them—inasmuch as they are crystalline, contain no trace of life, and lead us by their characters to think of heat and pressure. These rocks, on account of their equivocal position, are called metamorphic.

Under the influence of air, combined with that of water—water potent in streams, lakes, and seas, but not less potent as a vapour in our atmosphere, when aided by alternations

in the temperature—granite decomposes. We noticed that one of the constituents of granite—felspar—was a comparatively earthy-looking mass, in which the other matters seemed to be embedded. In the decomposition of granite, the felspar is the first thing to give way, it becomes friable, and rains or rivers wash it down. Capital soil it makes. When the constituents of granite part in this way, quartz is the heaviest, and settles. Felspar and the others may run with the stream, more or less, quartz is not moved so easily. Now as our neighbours in America would put it, 'that's a fact,' and it concerns our gossip about gold.

Believe the oldest rocks there lie hidden the sources of that volcanic action which is not yet very correctly understood. Fortunately, we are not now called upon for any explanation of it. It is enough for us that such a force exists, and thrusting below, fires granite and such rocks (which ought to be quiet at the bottom), thrusts them up into the air, until in some places, they form the summit of considerable mountains. Such things are not often, it ever the results of volcanic activity here, which generates a great catastrophe upon the surface of the earth, they are the products of a force constantly applied from within in a given manner. In "geologic reasoning" we are apt to forget, precisely when we leave out of our calculation the most important element of time. These lower rocks, then, these greenstones, porphyries, and granites, micrites and serpentines, thrust themselves in many places through the upper strata of the earth's crust, in such a way as to form mountain ranges. Now, it is a fact that wherever the oldest of the aqueous deposits—such as these chalky clay-salts, limestones, and greenclays, and times happen to be superimposed, so as to be broken through by pressure from below, and intruded upon by the igneous rocks, (especially if the sedimentary rocks form ranges trending at all from north to south) there gold may be looked for. Gold at first may be found combined with much newer formations, but it is under the peculiar circumstances just mentioned that gold may be expected to be found in any great and valuable store.

In Australia, the gold discoveries, so new and surprising to the public, are not new to the scientific world. More than two years ago, in an 'Essay on the Distribution of Gold Ore,' read before the British Association, to which our readers will be indebted for some of the facts contained in the present gossip, Sir Roderick Murchison reminded his geological auditors that, in considering the composition of the chief, or eastern, ridge of Australia, and its direction from north to south, he had foretold (as well as Colonel Helmersen, of the Russian Imperial Mines) that gold would be found in it, and he stated that, in the last year, one gentleman resident

in Sydney, who had read what he had written and spoken on this point, had sent him specimens of gold ore found in the Blue Mountains, whilst, from another source, he had learnt that the parallel north and south ridge in the Adelaide region, which had yielded so much copper, had also given undoubted signs of gold ore. The operation of English laws, by which noble metals lapse to the crown, had induced Sir Roderick Murchison to represent to Her Majesty's Secretary of State that no colonists would bestir themselves in gold mining, if some clear declaration on the subject were not made, but, as no measures on this head seemed to be in contemplation, he inferred that the Government may be of opinion, that the discovery of any notable quantity of gold might derange the stability and regular industry of a great colony which eventually must depend upon its agricultural products. That was the language used by Sir Roderick Murchison in September 1849, and in September 1851 we are all startled by the fact which brings emphatic confirmation of his prophecy.

But it is not only about the Blue Mountains, and in other districts where the gold is now sought, that the geological conditions under which gold may be sought reasonably are fulfilled. Take for example the Ural Mountains. In very ancient times the Scythian natives supplied gold from thence, and gold was supplied also by European tribes in Germany and elsewhere. Most of those sources were worked out long since. Russia for centuries possessed the Ural and Tergits gold. Many of us were boys when that was discovered. The mountains had been worked for their iron and copper by German miners, who accidentally hit upon a vein of gold. The old vein was worked in a Tatar mine—a process expensive, inefficient, unproductive as we shall presently explain. Then gold being discovered accidentally in the superficial drift the more profitable work commenced. It is only within the last very few years that Russia has discovered gold in another portion of her soil among the spurs of the Alta Mountains between the Jura and the Tien-shan, and along the shores of Lake Baikal. This district has been enormously productive, and, for about four years before the discovery of gold in California had been adding largely to the gross amount of that metal annually supplied for the uses of society. The extent of this new district now worked is equal to the whole area of France, but all the gold-bearing land in Russia is not yet by any means discovered. The whole area of country in Russia which fulfils the conditions of a gold-bearing district is immense. Eastward of the Ural Chain it includes a large part of Siberia, and also in Russian America there is nearly equal reason for believing that hereafter gold will be discovered.

Before we quit Asia, we may observe, that the Chinese produce gold out of their soil;

and although many of the mountain ranges in that country tend from east to west yet the conditions of the surface, and the meridional directions of the mountains too, would indicate in China some extensive districts over which gold would probably be found in tolerable abundance. Gold exists also in Lydia and Hindostan.

Now, to pass over to America, where, as we have already said, the Russians have a district in which gold may some day be discovered. In many districts along the line of the Rocky Mountains, especially in that part of them which is included in the British territory gold may be looked for. The gold region of California has been recently discovered. Gold in Mexico where the conditions are again fulfilled, is not a new discovery. Gold in central America has been neglected, on account of the sad political condition of the little states there. There is gold to be found, perhaps, in the United States some distance eastward of the Rocky Mountains. Certainly gold districts will be found about the Alleghenies. Gold has been found in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, it exists also in Canada and may, probably, be found not very far north, on the British side of the St. Lawrence. In the frozen regions, which shut in those straits and bays of the North Pole to which early adventurers were sent from England on the search for gold, gold districts most probably exist although the shining matter was not yet which first excited the cupidity of our forefathers. Passing now to South America, New Granada, Peru, Brazil, La Plata (Chile), even Patagonia contain districts which say "Look for gold." There are one or two districts in Africa where gold exists—certainly in more districts than that which is called the Gold Coast, between the Niger and Cape Verde, also between Darfur and Abyssinia, and on the Mozambique Coast opposite Madagascar. In Australia, the full extent of our gold treasure is not yet discovered. In Fuzhou, out of Russia, Hungary supplies yearly one or two hundred thousand pounds worth, there is gold in Transylvania and Bohemia, the Rhine washes gold down into its sands from the crystalline rocks of the high Alps. The Danube, Rhone, and Tagus, yield gold also in small quantities. There are neglected mines of gold in Spain.

To come nearer home. In the mining fields of Leadhills, in Scotland, gold was washed for busily in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is found also in Glen Lurich, in Perthshire, and at Cumberhead, in Lanarkshire. Attempts have been made to turn to a count the gold existing in North Wales and Cornwall. About sixty years ago, gold was found accidentally in the bed of streams which run from a mountain on the confines of Wicklow and Wexford, by name, Cloghan Kinsheela. A good deal of gold was collected by the people, who, having the first pick, had soon earned about ten thou-

sand pounds among them by their findings. Government then established works, and having realised in two years three thousand six hundred and seventy five pounds by the sale of gold, which it cost them more than that amount to get, they let the matter drop, judiciously.

Let nobody be dazzled, however, by this enumeration of gold districts, which is not by any means complete. It is quite true that there is no metal diffused so widely over the world's surface as gold is, with a single exception, that of iron. But with regard to gold, there is this important fact to be taken into account that it is not often to be obtained from veins but is found sprinkled—in many cases sprinkled very sparingly, it is found mixed with quartz and broken rock, or sand and alluvial deposit, often in quantities extremely small so that the time lost in its separation—even though it be the time of slaves—is of more value than the gold, and so the gold does not repay the labour of extraction. It is only when a gold district does not fall below a certain limit in its richness that it yields a profit to the labourer. Pure gold in lumps or grains, or flakes, is to be found only at the surface. While it is here and there the case, even if it is found deep in connexion with the quartz, it is combined with other minerals, from which it can be separated only by an expensive process, so that a gold vein, when found, generally yields less profit than a field. As for gold hunting in general, the history of every gold district unites to prove that the trade is but a lottery in which, to be sure, there are some prizes but there is quite the usual preponderance of blanks.

The villages of gold-seekers about Accra and elsewhere, on the Gold Coast, are the villages of negroes more squalid and wretched than free negroes usually are. The wretchedness of gold hunters in the rich field of California is by this time a hackneyed theme. Take, now the picture of a tolerably prosperous gold-seeker in Brazil. He goes into the river with a leathern jacket on, having a leathern bag fastened before him. In his hand he carries a round bowl, of fig-tree wood, about four or five feet in circumference, and one foot deep. He goes into the river at a part where it is not rapid, where it makes a bend and where it has deep holes. He pleased to remember that and do not yet lose sight of what was before said about the heaviness of quartz. The gold-seeker, then, standing in the water, scrapes away with his fist the large stones and the upper layers of sand, and fishes up a bowlful of the older gravel. Thus he shakes and washes, and removes the upper layer, the gold being the heaviest thing in the bowl, sinks, and when he has got rid of all the other matter, which is after a quarter of an hour's work, or more, he puts into his pouch the residual treasure, which is worth twopence farthing, on an average. He may

earn in this way about sevenpence an hour—not bad wages, but, taken in connexion with the nature of the work, they do not look exceedingly attractive. Here there is a safe income, at any rate—no lottery. A lump of gold, combined with quartz like that which has been dragged from California by its lucky finder—a lump worth more than three thousand pounds—is not a prize attainable in river washing. That lump its owner says, he got out of a vein which he comes to Europe to seek and in working. Veins of quartz contain gold when they occur, directly they cease to be superficial, cease generally to be very profitable to their owners. But of that we shall have to say more presently.

By this time we have had occasion to observe more than once that gold and quartz are very friendly neighbours. Now, we will make use of the fact which we have been saving up so long, that when granite decomposes quartz, the heaviest material is least easily carried away, and when carried away is first to be deposited by currents. Gold also, is very heavy in its light state compound; it is twelve times heavier than water, and pure gold is nineteen times heavier, and therefore when stirred out of its place by water, will soon settle to the bottom. Very often gold will not be moved at all nor even quartz, so gold and quartz remain, while substances which formerly existed in their neighbourhood are washed away. Or when the whole is swept away together after gold has been sinking quartz will soon be sinking, and even in shingle and alluvial deposits gold and quartz are apt to occur as exceedingly close neighbours to each other.

How the gold forms in these elements we have no right to say. But remember that in newer formations it occurs, although more sparingly. How the gold forms we do not know. In fact we have no right to say of gold that it is formed at all. In the present state of chemistry gold is considered as an element, a simple substance of which other things are formed, not forming itself compound out of other. In the present state of our knowledge there is no other metals really the elements—well, have nothing to trouble ourselves about. Gold is one of the elements (there are somewhere about forty in all) of which the earth is built of course existed from the beginning and will be found in the oldest rocks. It exists like other elements in combination. It is combined with iron, antimony, manganese, copper, arsenic, and other things. But it is one great peculiarity of gold that it is not easily oxidised, or rusted, rust being caused in metals by the action of oxygen contained in our air. When therefore, gold, in a compound state, comes to be superficial, the air acting on the mass will generally oxidise the other metals, and so act upon them, more especially where water helps, that in the lapse of time this superficial gold

will have been purified in the laboratory of nature, and may be finally picked up in the pure, or nearly pure, state, or else it may be washed, equally pure, from the superficial earth, as is now done in the majority of gold districts. But deep below the surface, in quartz veins contained within the bowels of a mountain—though, to be sure, it is not often found in such positions—gold exists generally in a condition far from pure, the chemistry of the artisan must do what the chemistry of nature had effected in the other case, and this involves rather an expensive process.

Surface gold is found, comparatively pure, in lumps of very various sizes, or in rounded grains or in small scales. In this state it is found in the gold district contained in a mass of coarse gravel like that found in the neighbourhood of London, elsewhere it is contained in a rough sludge, with much quartz, and elsewhere, in a more mud-like alluvial deposit. The water that has washed it out of its first bed has not been always a mere mountain torrent or a river or a succession of rains. Gold shingle and sand have been accumulated in many districts by the same causes which produced our local drifts in which the bones of the mammoth, the rhinoceros and other extinct quadrupeds occur.

The nearly pure gold thus deposited in very superficial layers, may be readily distinguished from all other things that have external resemblance to it. Gold in this state has always more or less its well-known colour, and the little action of the air upon it causes it particles to glitter, though they be distributed only in minute scales through a bed of sand. But there are other things that glitter. Scales of mica to the eye only, very much resemble gold. But gold is extremely heavy, twelve or nineteen times heavier than the same bulk of water, mica is very light, sand itself being but three times heavier than water. Let therefore, sand, with glittering scales in it, be shaken with water, and let us watch the order of the settling. If the scales of gold, they will sink first and quickly to the bottom, if they be mica they will take their time and be among the last to sink. It is this property of gold—its weight—which enables us to obtain it by the process called sluicing. Earth containing gold being put into water the gold falls to the bottom. Turbulent water containing gold being poured over a skin the gold falls and becomes entangled in the hairs, or such water being poured over a board with transverse grooves, the gold is caught in the depressions. This is the reason why the Brazilian searcher looks for a depression in the bottom of the river, and thus is also the origin of those peculiar rich bits occasionally found in the alluvium of a large gold field. Where there has been a hollow, as the water passed it, gold continually was arrested there forming those valuable deposits which the Brazilians call *Caldeiras*. Some-

times, where the waters have been arrested in the hollow of a mountain, they have, in the same way, dropped an excessive store of gold. This quality of weight, therefore, is of prime importance in the history of gold, it determined the character of its deposits in the first instance, it enables us now to extract it easily from its surrounding matter, and it enables us to detect it in a piece of rock, where it may not be distinctly visible. There are two substances which look exceedingly like gold,—copper and iron pyrites, substances familiar to most of us. We need never be puzzled to distinguish them. Gold is a soft metal, softer than iron, copper, and silver, although harder than tin or lead. It will scratch tin or lead, but it will be scratched with the other metals. That is to say, you can scratch gold with a common knife. Now, iron pyrites is harder than steel, and therefore a knife will fail to scratch it. Gold and iron pyrites, therefore, need never be mistaken for each other by any man who has a piece of steel about him. Copper pyrites can be scratched with steel. But then there is another very familiar property of gold, by which, in this case, it can be distinguished. Gold is very malleable, beat on it with a stone, and it will flatten, but not break, and when it breaks, it shows that it is torn asunder, by the thready, fibrous nature of its fracture. Beat with a stone on copper pyrites, and it immediately begins to crumble. No acid, by itself, can affect gold, but a mixture of one part nitric and four parts muriatic acid, is called *Aqua Regia*, because in this mixture gold does dissolve. A common test for gold, in commerce, is to put nitric acid over it, which has no action if the gold be true. There is, also, a hard smooth stone, called Indian stone, or flint jasper, by the mineralogists and touchstone by the jewellers on which gold makes a certain mark, and the character of the streak made on such a stone will indicate pretty well the purity or value of the gold that makes it.

We have said that when the gold occurs in a deep-seated vein, combined with other minerals, its extraction becomes no longer a simple process. Let us now point out generally what the nature of this process is and then we shall conclude our brief discussion for what else we might say, either lies beyond our present purpose, or has been made, by the talking and writing of the last two years, sufficiently familiar to all listeners or readers. Mr Gardner, superintendent of the Royal Botanic Garden of Ceylon, thus describes the process of extracting gold out of the mine of Morro Velho. This mine, when St Hilare visited it, was considered as exhausted, it is now one of the richest in Brazil. Thus Mr Gardner writes of it—

"The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and is afterwards broken, by female slaves, into small pieces, after which it is conveyed to the stamping machine, to be re-

duced to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverised matter to what is called the *Strakes*—a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided into a number of very shallow compartments, of fourteen inches in width, the length being about twenty-six feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about three feet long, and sixteen inches wide, which have the hair on. The particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper, or head skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand which is washed from the head skins is collected together, and amalgamated with quicksilver, in barrels, while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing house, and concentrated over strakes of similar construction to those of the stamping mill till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head-skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put, together with the quicksilver, are turned by water, and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the sand by washing. It is then pressed on chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation."

Let us explain those latter processes in more detail. If you dip a gold ring or a sovereign into quicksilver, it will be silvered by it, and the silvering will not come off. This union of theirs is called an amalgam. On a ring or sovereign it is mere silvering, but when the gold is in a state of powder, and the amalgamation takes place on a complete scale it forms a white doughy mass, in which there is included much loose quicksilver. This doughy mass is presently washed clear of all impurities, and is then squeezed in skins or cloths through the pores of which loose quicksilver is forced, and saved for future operations. The rest of the quicksilver is burnt out. Under a moderately strong heat, quicksilver evaporates, or—to speak more scientifically—sublimes, and gold does not. The amalgam, therefore, being subjected to heat, the quicksilver escapes by sublimation, leaving the gold pure. The quicksilver escapes by sublimation, but its owner does not wish it quite to escape out of his premises, because it is an expensive article. Chambers are therefore made over the ovens, in which the mercury may once again condense, and whence it may be collected again afterwards. But, with all precaution, a considerable waste always takes place. Other processes are also in use for the separation of gold from its various alloys. We have described that which is of most universal application.

Let us not omit noting the significance of the fact, that a quicksilver mine exists in California.

FLOWER SHOWS IN A BIRMINGHAM HOT HOUSE

Forty years ago, one of the things we were most sure to see on entering the parlour of the farm house, lodging house, or shop-keeper's back room—the kitchen of the best sort of cottage, was a gaudy tea tray, set up against the wall on the top of the bureau, or the side-table, or the dresser. On the tray might be painted a yellow tiger, or a scarlet lion, or a pink alpheidias with a green shepherd, or a very yellow sheep beside a very red cow, or flowers and fruit, not particularly like anything that ever was really seen. Those were the war days, when the English taste had no opportunity of being improved by intercourse with foreign countries. Those were the days when brown and white cats, and green and scarlet parrots in final plaster, stood on the mantel piece, where we now see busts of great men and casts of the Graces and the Muses and of Cherubs and Gladiators, and of Jove and Aro and William Tell. Those were the days when we knew nothing of the most graceful and brilliant flowers that the great were importing from foreign lands. The China rose was only just beginning to grow beside the cottage window. Lady Holland was bringing the dahlia from Spain but it had not yet superseded the sunflower in common gardens. The fuchsia has still the small red blossom that we now see less often than the variegated and highly magnified kinds which are the pride of the window-sill in town and country. There might be no hurn in this, for there are many who prefer the original fuchsia to this day. But it was not common and we do not remember that it ever grew to half the size that may now be seen all over England. If there were verbenas in these days they must have been rare for we saw no particles of brilliant lilac and scarlet and rose-coloured verbenas, such as now catch the eye of the traveller, as he is whirled along the railway. Again, all the Californian annuals are new,—but there would be no end, if we were to make a list of the beautiful things that have become common since the Peace, things beautiful in themselves, and elements of beauty in the arts of common life. To see what the advance has been, we need but look at the papers on the walls of humble parlours, at the mantel-piece, and at the grate and tender beneath, and (to come back to our first thought) at the tea-tray on the top of the bureau.

Forty years ago, the tray was heavy—being of iron. It was gay when new, but the colours soon flaked off in the middle and rusty spots broke out in the ground. It warped, and stood uneven, and clattered with every jog of the table. The

rim was apt to crack, and leave jagged edges, which tore whatever they caught. When this rim became rusty, any drop which fell upon it from the kettle was sure to leave an iron mould on the sleeve, or apron, or cloth, which touched it. In finer houses, there were better trays lighter to carry, less ugly to the eye, and less mischievous when they began to wear out. But nobody looked for much beauty in trays, and there was little variety. They were either of an oblong square, or round. They were plain black, polished in the middle, and there were lines, and sometimes vine or oak leaves in gilding round the rims, but the gilding did not wear well. Those who chose to have their trays kept bright and clean must make up their minds to see the gilding rub off in patches, leaving a dull surface which no elbow grease could polish. The advantages of lightness and steadiness remained, however, when the first beauty was gone. This was because the trays of the gentry were made of a good material. They were made of paper. It had then been known for half a century that paper would wear better than iron, in this particular article. Not only is paper, under certain management, harder than wood—turning the edges of tools sooner than any common wood—but it was found to stand the wear and tear of daily use better than iron.

What could this paper be? and what could be the management of it? The paper is a kind of blitting-paper soft and porous. It is when changed by treatment to *papier niche* (which is French for chewed paper) that it becomes hard enough to turn the edge of the plane and the chisel. We went the other day to see the process, and found that we were viewing the works of the very men, Jennings and Bettridge, who, forty years ago, set to work to improve the national tea tray, and who have since carried their improvements into every sort of dwelling—from the cottage kitchen to the state rooms of Buckingham Palace. There are other palaces, too, in which this mashed or chewed paper is found, in the shape of inkstands inlaid with pearl, brilliant chess and work tables, folding screens adorned with trailing flowers, with burnished humming birds glittering on the sprays, chairs and couches, framed in a series of classic groups, miniature frames, and paper knives, and even roses, for Catholic or Mahomedan use, the beads of which are black and polished, and light as jet, while less liable to fracture. In Egypt, the Pasha may be found dining from a vast tray made at these works—a tray made to receive the tiligree saucers on which great Oriental dinners are served. And at the Persian court there will soon be seen tables, and screens, and flower-stands, all glowing with our common fuchsia, and rose, and convolvulus. But, amidst all we saw in that wonderful show-room, there was nothing which charmed the eye and mind so much as

a tray, of a simple form—circular, with a scalloped rim—with a handful of glowing verbenas in the middle, so natural, as to deserve to take a good place in any school of flower-painting.

From this room, full of landscape and flower painting, of arabesques and mosaic, of pearl, and gilding, and burnish, of cushions and tables, screens, allumettes, card-cases, paper-knives, pen-dishes, rosaries, hearth-brush cases, desks, jewel boxes and a host of other beauties, we went at once among the primary elements of the manufacture. The first thing we saw was the model of the great tray in the Pasha of Egypt. The rim hung against the wall, giving no idea of the beauty which was to grow out of it. Next, we passed a pile of the paper, as it came from the mill—simple grey blotting paper which turns with a touch. Some women were wasting sheets of this paper, one upon orders in a model—the paste being made on fast Mr. and boiling water. A man who was the counter the model of a tray, where the stand of the fall between the level put and trays of wine pasting of paper from the rolling the advantage of this unit shall now be, over every other in its thickness, is wine and of one sheet comes like white in of two others, and thus an unity of substance is produced. An ordinary tray, which is about a quarter of an inch thick, is made of ten, or about thirty sheets of paper. The greatest thickness attained (without a hollow) is that of six inches, a wonderful solidity to be obtained from paper.

And here we found—what we were far from thinking of—a new illustration of the mischievous of the paper duty. The duty paid on this paper is three halfpence per pound, and the price is sixpence halfpenny. For a chipper and coarser manufacture, the fragments of this paper together with rags are reduced to a pulp at the paper mill, and this pulp (which may be called the devil's dust of the *papier mâché* manufacture) is pressed into form, and used for the cheapest trays. A set of three trays, of this material, can be sold for ten shillings. In the raw state, the sheets look like thick oat-cake. The material does not admit of good finish, and, what is of far more importance, it has little wear in it. It may be torn by the hand, it easily bursts asunder when burdened with any heavy weight. But the duty is only three farthings per pound on this mashed paper, and the cheapness thus occasioned causes a preference for the bad article over the good, which would be accessible but for this duty. Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge do not affix their names to the articles they make of this material, because they cannot warrant the wear, and cannot be proud of the workmanship. They have represented to the Excise the mischief that is done by this duty, in depraving

the manufacture, and they have even asked that, if the duty cannot be removed from the real paper, it may be laid equally upon the paper-pulp, that the manufacturer and the buyer may have a fair chance of producing and enjoying a good article. The pot nites of the Excise have listened respectfully, and promised consideration, and the thing to be desired next is, that their consideration should be quickened and deepened by a popular demand for the repeal of the duty. Official men should know, that while authors and publishers are straitened in their best enterprises by this duty, and the upholsterer cannot fully display his art in paper hanging, the humble housewife is mourning over the wrecks of her best china smashed by the tea-tray having burst across the middle. One would like, too, that—as it is quite possible to put such a luxury within common use—the cottage tray should have the smoothness and polish of a mirror, instead of being rough and dull, even when new.

Articles which are flat, or merely curved, are removed from the mould simply by cutting off the overlapping edges. Round articles, such as vases, allumette stands, and the such brush cases are split, and joined together by glue. Every article is subjected to strong pressure, in various presses to prevent warping. After that, the processes are the same as in cabinet making allowance being made for the material being harder to work than wood. When this it is lighter than wood or rather, its texture admits of its being used thinner, for, in the mass, it is heavier than wood. The reason why screen-stands, the legs of work tables and feet of pillars, are so light, is, that the material admits of their being made hollow. They are formed on a mould and paper is slit round pasted over the bottom leaving a hollow space within.

The rough articles are now brought under the saw the plane, the chisel the file, and the lathe, as if they were wood. The sharp edges and round mouldings which come out from the rough surface in the lathe, are curious to see, when one considers what the material really is. A final smoothing is given by sand-paper, before the varnish is applied. The varnish (shellac) is obtained from the same manufactory which supplies the coachmakers. The articles are "stoved"—put into ovens, where the varnish turns black under a heat of two hundred and thirty degrees. Fresh coats of varnish are laid on—from twelve to eighteen, according to circumstances, and the articles, after each coating, remain in the stoves from twelve to twenty-four hours. This must be unwholesome work to the superintendents of the process. The heat of the stove rooms is very great, and the smell of baked varnish almost intolerable to novices.

In the midst of the series of varnishes occur the decorative processes. A large quantity of goods, partly varnished, and smoothed by being rubbed with pumice stone,

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sand, and rag, are ranged on shelves and in racks, in a gloomy apartment, where everything is black. These are the "plain goods,"—goods which are hereafter to be decorated to order. When the order comes, and a tray, for instance, is to be inlaid with pearl, with certain initials on a medallion in the centre, a neat-handed woman may be seen to undertake the task—or, more probably, a skilful man; for the nicest parts of the work are usually done by men. We were rather surprised at this, till we heard the reason. The decorative parts of this manufacture seem to suit woman's faculties of head and hand, and it looks strange at first sight that only about a fourth of the three hundred people employed in this establishment are women, and that the women do the coarser parts of the work—having, necessarily, lower wages than the men. The reason is that women do not learn the business and stick to it, as men do. A boy serves an apprenticeship of seven years, and then regards the business as the main employment of his life. Girls come for months or years, as it may happen, and it never does happen that they look upon it as the one settled business of their lives. They marry, or they think of marrying. They are sooner or later more or less unsettled, and it commonly happens that a home and a husband call them from the manufacture, as soon as they have become thoroughly trained to the work. It is therefore most probably men who have to mix this tray with pearl.

The pretty flakes of pearl which he deals in little heaps and in saucers and cups in for the most part from New Zealand. Some come also from Guimara. For the best and most expensive kind of work the flakes are carefully selected, that the grain (so to speak) may be all one way, that there may be no cross lights in the figures. In a chest of drawers worth sixteen guineas which we saw in the show room, the spaces or framed of these pearl flakes, disposed in different patterns with all the grain lying one way. The pattern is disposed on the varnish to which it is fastened by an adhesive substance. (After a coat of varnish is then laid on, and the pearl is covered with asphalt till it first glimmers red, then brown and then disappears completely buried from sight. When the last coat is fairly baked on, the surface is rubbed with pumice stone, as before, then with sand and rag, then with rotten stone, and the pattern is revealed. It now only remains to give the final polish with the hand under which the surface becomes bright as a mirror. A peculiar quality of hand is requisite for this, a quality attained only by practice. The finest of aristocratic ladies whose hand is seldom out of her glove, could not polish a pen-dish, or door plate. She might possibly find that she had scratched it, while she might see a hard-working poorly dressed woman, with long, bony, turned-up fingers, skinny and yellow, producing an un-

rivalled polish, though she finishes her job by daubing the work with little touches of oil, which she carries smeared upon her left wrist. This is to remove any dust or dimness which may have lodged in any corner, or crease. One final stroke, removing the oil, turns out the work complete.

If the tray, or other article, is to have the initials of the purchaser, or any other figure, embossed in the centre, it is done by embedding a plate of pearl, painting the letters or figures on it, in a substance which cannot be corroded, and then rubbing over the whole with rotten stone, and an acid which corrodes the pearl. More varnish is then laid on, and the raised letters are disencumbered of their covering.

There is a great fancy at present for a style of ornament which we do not at all admire. The pearl is used for flowers and fruit, coloured afterwards, it looking as unlike nature as anything the first artist could do. Flowers and fruit do not show the tints of a tinfoil look about this material matter. The genuine flower-paint is far more permanent, no doubt, than the painted imitation.

The pattern on the room of the prettiest under the sun is the gilding of borders and wood-work. The artist paints his border with a steady hand and graceful strokes, with a camel hair pencil dipped in gum and water. He then lays on leaf gold, and presently rubs off the superfluous gold, leaving the pattern gilt. Near him may be seen another man varnishing a set of maroon-coloured pen-dishes. These had been coloured by him and then painted over with lake, to produce the maroon colour, then gilded in graceful patterns with gum and leaf gold, and now the transparent varnish is laid on with a brush. Not far off sits another artist, with a convolvulus in water before him. He is painting flowers on a work box. On some of the screens in the show room the flowers were finished with a most mysterious softness. We could not conceive how such a melting away of colours could be managed. We now see how it is done. An artist has laid on various flowers in white or cream-colour. He throws on some colouring powder, depositing it in the darkest centre and wiping it thinner and thinner towards the lighter edges. A flower thus tinted, with the dark folds of the centre, indicated by the black under surface being more slightly covered, gives real enjoyment to the eye that rests upon it.

panels—such as might doors of small cabinets, or the top of jewel-boxes—splendidly inlaid with pearls, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, and turquoises. Two of these were designed from the Queen of Spain's jewels, the quick eye of the artist having sensed their character, while on view in the

Exhibition. We are not learned in jewels, but it appeared to us that these panels are quite as pretty as the Queen of Spain's jewels; and that neither the one nor the other is half so pretty as the convolvulus in the wine-glass, or the half-open lily, or drooping fuchsia, on many a screen or paper-knife in the colouring room.

There is something to be said about the forms, as well as the colouring of these beautiful productions. Those who have seen the contributions of this firm to the Exhibition will not be surprised to hear that such men as Bell the sculptor, and Redgrave the painter are employed in its service. The Oriental chair at the Exhibition is a marvel for beauty of form, ease to the lounge, splendour of decoration, and—as we learned while viewing the model—difficulty of production. It is said to be unique, but it will probably not be so for long, for orders from Eastern potentates are flowing in fast. Mr Redgrave has transferred to trays the convenience of horse-shoe tables. Instead of the painful sight of waiters holding trays of wine and cake at a long stretch, supporting the inner edge against their bodies, we shall now see them in a state of ease, if not in attitude of grace. The inner rim of the wine and fruit tray is now cut out, so that the whole tray presents the air of a circle projecting towards the guest and relieving the waiter from his strained attitude. At each corner is a little pit, sunk to contain the decanter.

From end to end of the show room of this manufacture, there is a refinement of convenience as well as of beauty, which would make one ashamed but for the evidence presented throughout, that the luxury is not confined to the rich, even now, and that it is likely to descend more and more abundantly into humble homes. The trust beauty—that which is natural—ought to cost nothing; beauty of form ought to be had as cheap as ugliness. The humblest cottage may as easily be well-proportioned as not, and the cheapest tea tray will soon be of as convenient and graceful a form as the most cumbersome. It may be of plain black, with a simple coloured or gilt border, instead of being painted with flowers, or inlaid with gems, but it will be ornamental from its form, and will drive out for ever the yellow tazel, and pink and green shepherdesses of a grocer's time. At a more removed, but already promised period, we, or the next generation, may see the inkstand or writing desk in the cottage window, or on the bazaar, where the pen has scarcely yet found its way. If we can but see this, we shall willingly let unique Oriental chairs go to Persia, and sixteen guinea chess tables to India, satisfied with our humble share in the improvements of the arts of life. We may even look without envy on our Norwegian neighbours, if we see them line their churches with papier-mâché. There is a church actually existing, near Bergen, which

can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relieves outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mâché, rendered waterproof, by saturation in vitriol, lime water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this pitch of audacity, in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick the Second of Prussia set up a limited papier-mâché manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff boxes, by the slight-of-hand of advancing art. At present, the old-fashioned English, who hunt cathedrals, and build churches like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed impossible to cover eighteen acres of ground with glass, as to erect a pagoda of soap bubbles, yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by an thousand voices pealing through an edifice made of old rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what can and what can not be achieved by Science and Art, under the training of steady practice.

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SULTAN'S WARNING

In days now past (when d we moun the year
The golden men and golden stars in time,
But me as child, left at within the mow,
And humbly living in the own central strength,
A Sultan—the many tell low
Stand at that I have seen the man who struts
Towards the end the lands of the moun—of it
The man I have seen fresh knelt the kiosk
Of high the empire which I have seen repel,
In under the moun the knave and corrupt,
Which of the old man moun the kiosk yet
As it of me the past the moun the kiosk,
Which was, in truth, the moun the kiosk to outwail the w,
The moun the kiosk of luxury
These things the Sultan have seen weeded out
Whereat the moun the moun the moun the moun
(As men who the moun the moun the moun the moun
And their moun the moun the moun the moun the moun
The moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun)

Deaf and the Sultan eager at his work,
And the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun
But the young moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun
Kept the same path moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun
So that, to sight of priests and noblemen,
A glaring phantom, with a somnifer,
(Over the land stood moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun)

One morning the new Sultan knelt in prayer
Before his father's sepulchre when, just
As earth dropp'd outward, and his spirit hung
In vast of space, the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun the moun
He heard a voice within the cavernous vault,

Crying—"I burn!" The voice was loud and harsh,
And husky as with pain; seeming to reel
Under the weight of the eternal years,
And an astounding sense of hopelessness

Thus happen'd every morning till at length—
His mind perplex'd with dark hangings
And doubts, that in the night grew substantive,
Casting a shadow overhanging the day—
The Sultan sought the Chief of the Tumans,
Commanding him to pluck the secret sense
Out of this prodigy. The holy man,
With his infantile face placid and smooth,
And his serene slow speech (as one who holds
The truth of all things by a silken cord,
Restraining its impet at wings from flight,)
Answer'd "O Commander of the Faithful" know
The meaning of this ominous sound. Thy sire
Was curst with love of change, but at all times—
Monstrous when join'd with sovereignty. His hand
Pluck'd the white beard of customary forms,
Beat up the paths of ages, confused rank
With baseness made a scoff of privilege,
Broke the firm music of established awe,
Dislodged authority from sacred seats
Took reverence from halit seized the staff
Of old command from priests and magistrates,
And in the place of fixed and steadfast law—
Brought roaring chaos, staggering, and dizzy,
Draming thus the most rebellious bones
Of war and father like Antiquity.
All such the Prophet (blessed by his name)
Had specially denounced: wherefore, I fear,
Thy father's heart is burning in his breast
And that his voice speaks to thee from the grave,
Warning thee back, while yet thou hast the time

Forth went the Sultan, answering not a word,
And in his closet closely shut himself,
Till after pondering on many things
On Life and Death and the world after Death
And punance in the dreadful tomb—his thoughts
Took sudden shape, and were resolute and calm

Word straight went forth, that, by the morning
light,
The Sultan would proceed in state to pray
Beneath his father's tomb, that he might have
Some stronger confirmation of the truth
Of what his ears reported. Thus on the night
The hum of preparation rose and fell
And at the dawn of day the palace gates
Were throng'd with solemn page intrues, which stood
Silent as visions underneath the sun

The Sultan join'd the train, and forth they went
Through the chief gate,—a tide of living strength
Massive with numbers, dark with flowing robes
Of the old Doctors of the sacred Law,
Burning with banners, that like crimson fire,
Danced overhead gorgeous with silk and gold,
Alive with flash of steady scimitars
And full of motion with the heavy roll
Of the horses, to mid fire while round about
The gusty trumpets flared like windy flame

The tomb was reach'd; the Sultan pray'd. Once
more,
From the far depths, rose up the fearful voice!
The faces of the people crowding round
Caught sudden paleness, and some straightway felt
Unusual life within the hair. Not so

The Sultan. Rising to his feet, he called
His guards about him, and commanded them
To dig the pavement up, and move the tomb,
Right in the presence of those witnesses

Horror fell on the priests, who cried aloud
That it was profanation to disturb
The dead within their quiet palaces,
Or grope in darkness of the sepulchre
For secrets of the unveiled world,
And that an act so cursed would call down
Some keen revenge, that might obliterate
All who stood there, to ashes blank and vague.
In vain! The Sultan would not stir a jot.

The soldiers tore the marble pavement up,
And shovell'd out the earth, until they reach'd,
Within the deep foundations a large hole,
When suddenly with exclamations loud,
They cast up something like a clod of dirt,
Which soon sprawl'd forth two legs and arms and
then
Roll'd over, and display'd a face, and, lo!
It was a priest—*yes*, one of that grave tribe
Who dance in their devotions to a flute

Out laugh'd the Sultan in the sacred place,
As he survey'd the struggling wretch that lay
Helplessly at his feet: then calmly said—
"Behold the visions and fantastic dreams
That crouch about the sacred tomb, and throw
Unloving doubts on the high hearted dead,
Dreams terrible only in the night of Fear.
But laughter fraught when, through impatient rifts
Of scorn, we let the sudden day light in,
And the ghosts shrink to earthly human shapes.
Yet stay! This holy man is burning. Guards,
Carry him forth but softly! Have a care,
Or ye may take the heat into yourselves
By merest contact. Lead him gently out
To the next fountain, and there let him have
Water enough to quench his hottest flames

The people murmur'd, like a swarm of bees,
Among themselves, with lifting up of hands
And rolling of the eyes in wonderment,
And when the Sultan rode back with his train,
The priests and nobles cried continually—
'Allah is great and works in secret ways!'
The mystery of things surpasseth thought!"

Strong human Giant, whoso'er thou art,
Who seek'st to reform this erring world!
Thy course will ever be through phantom hordes
Of men's distorted minds, threatening thy way
With seeming fire, and ghostly voices round,
Like those black knights through whom Sir Launcelot
rode,
Though half in dread, and found them fade like
mist,
Beneath the keen sun arrows. So pass thou,
And with thy sword hew out a lightning path
Through doubt, and fear, and the far reaching dark,
Even to the presence of confusing Death.
The spirit of the world moves on before
Its corporal self, as light precedes the sun,
And thus the prophet of a fairer time
Must take his stand beneath the wheeling night,
A star on the remotest mountain-top,
Steady, and large, and still. The earth is firm,

And true to his deep-seated heart, and soon
Will swim in lucid atmosphere of dawn,
And take the golden blessings of new day.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER IN SIX CHAPTERS

CHAPTER THE THIRD

WHAT is five thousand a year, when a man spends six? Make it ten, and he will spend twelve. There is an old story I have heard my mother tell—

A man had a legacy left him, so large that upon the strength of it he was enabled to change his plan of life. He sat down and calculated the style in which it would henceforward become him to live. His arrangement of income and expenditure would have been perfect, only that the income fell short a certain, not very large, sum. This was a sad business. A few hundreds more, and he would have been quite at ease—he had them not—he began to feel rather poor. A letter arrives from his man of business. There has been a mistake, the legacy is of twice the amount it had been at first stated at. How will it become him to live now? That is easily settled—he has only to double all his expenses. Alas! And he remains twice as poor as he was before.

There is no limit to extravagance—it is a bottomless chasm which is not to be filled.

The income does not exactly suffice—and no man ought to exceed his income. True, but there are unexpected expenses—things that perhaps may never recur. The prudent man economises something else, the imprudent man goes to his capital. He unlocks that sacred door of which he holds the enchanted key in his hand—and ruin rushes out upon him as a flood.

Julian soon began to touch upon his capital. It was but in small sums at first, and yet it is astonishing how rich an easy (for the time) it made him feel. A thousand or two thus added to a man's income makes all mighty smooth, and the consequent diminution of his future revenue is a trifle, not felt, and not worth thinking of. Desires increase with the means to gratify them. He who takes a thousand or two from his capital soon finds it necessary to take more. Income diminishes as debts gain strength, the habit of indulgence grows as the means to gratify it decline.

What with borrowing, and giving bills, and drawing larger bills to pay the former bills when they became due, Julian and his wife had, by the nineteenth year of their marriage, eaten out the whole core and marrow of their fortunes. The edifice now stood, to all appearance, as splendid as ever—but it had become a house of cards over a bottomless pit.

And yet they had children; they had not wanted those best incentives to a better course

ions in this way were not very numerous, people of this description have seldom overflowing nurseries; the mother is usually too fine a lady to look after her children herself. She is contented with hiring some head nurse, taking her on trust from some other young woman as heedless and negligent of her duties as herself, and to her tender mercies she leaves her babies.

Such a nurse had lorded it in Mrs. Winstanley's family, an ill-governed family in every respect, where each servant, from the highest to the lowest, measured his or her consequence by the money which was spent or wasted. Under this nurse's care two lovely boys had died in their infancy. One little girl had tumbled somewhere or in some way—or had been made to stand too long in the corner when she was naughty, or to walk too far when she was tired, or what, I know not. All I know is, there was some internal injury, the cause of which no medical man who was consulted could detect. The other, and only remaining child, was a fine, handsome, spirited girl, of whom Mrs. Nurse thought proper to be excessively proud and fond. And how were these little children educated? Education is an inappropriate word. There was no capacity for education on the part of Nurse, but Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley thought their dinners were just as nutritious and profuse as ever saw not the slightest necessity, whilst the little girls were young, for the additional expense of any better governess. And Mrs. Nurse was left to give all the elementary instruction that was thought needful—a task which she undertook with alacrity, having become somewhat apprehensive, now the two little boys were dead and the two young ladies getting bigger, that she might be superseded.

Her teaching consisted first in shaking and ordering Mrs. Clementine, and keeping her, with her poor aching hip, prisoner in her chair till she had learned a lesson—which, for want of comprehending the absurdly long words of which it seemed purposely composed, it was almost impossible she should learn, and secondly, in laughing at Miss Lila's odd blunders as she read, and telling her every word as it occurred, before she had time to pronounce it.

As for religion, morality, or knowledge of right and wrong, Mrs. Nurse thought too little about such things herself to impart them to others. I suppose she taught the children to say their prayers, but I am sure I know no more than the mother did, whether it was so or no. Sometimes the children were taken to stare about them in church, but not often, for Mrs. Winstanley was in the habit of fulfilling the commandment very literally, and making Sunday a day of rest. Commonly she spent the forenoon in bed, only getting up in time to dress for a dinner-party which Mr. Winstanley made an especial point of having on that day. He, as yet, paid this trifling respect to it, he

abstained from going on Sunday evening to a certain club which he frequented, to play cards, or roulette, for unknown sums.

The elder of these children grew up, suffering, and spiritless; the younger was proud, insolent, overbearing, and tyrannical—as much so as such a little creature could be. They were fast growing up into all this, and would have been confirmed in it, had not an accident arrested the fearful progress.

Spoiled, flattered, allowed to indulge every evil temper with impunity, Ella's faults were numberless, more especially to her helpless sister, whose languid health and feeble spirits excited little sympathy, and whose complaints seemed to irritate her.

"I declare you are the most tiresome, tormenting thing, sitting there looking as miserable as ever you can, and with that whining voice of yours, enough to drive one mad. Why can't you brighten up a little, and come and play? You really *shall* come and play. I want to play! Nurse! O! she's not there! Do make Clementina come and play!"

"Don't, Ella! don't tease me so, pray don't! My hip hurts me, I can't! Do let me alone, pray!"

"Nonsense. You make such a fuss about your hip! I don't believe anything's the matter with it, only you're so ill-natured, you *never* will do anything I ask. Nurse, I say," as the door opened, "do make her—O, it's only Matty! Matty, where's Nurse?"

"She's just stepped out, Miss, and told me to come, and stay in the day room with you till she was back."

And Matty, the new maid, hired but a day or two before, came in with her sewing in her hand, and sat down quietly to her work at the window.

"Matty!" cried Ella, imperiously, "don't sit there, looking so stupid, but come and make this tiresome girl play with me. There she sits, moaning over the fire. If Nurse were here, she'd soon have her up!"

"Don't, pray, Matty," as Matty was rising from her chair. "Pray, don't! I'll go and play; but indeed, indeed, it hurts me very much to move to-day."

"Nonsense! Make her get up, Matty. You must mind me, Matty, you come here to mind me; so do as you are bid, you ugly thing."

Matty indeed merited the title of ugly. She was rather tall, but of a most ungainly figure, with long bony limbs, ill put together. It was difficult to say what the features of her face might have been, they were so crumpled, and scarred, and seamed. Not a feature had been left unimpaired, except her eyes; and they were remarkable both for intelligence and softness.

She put down her work and went up to Clementina, saying, "What ails you, Miss? I hope it isn't true that you feign sickness not to play with your sister?"

The poor girl looked up, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Feign! I wish I did!"

"Then your hip *does* hurt you?"

"To be sure it does. So badly! At night, sometimes, when I'm in bed—so, so badly."

"And do you know that, Miss Ella?"

"Know it! Why, who does not know it? She's always talking of it; but, for my part, I don't believe it's half so bad as she pretends."

"I don't pretend, Ella, you are always saying that. How cruel you are to set Nurse against me, by always saying I pretend!"

Thus it went on for a minute or two, whilst Matty stood silently by, her eyes wandering from one sister to the other.

At last she sighed, and said, "If it had pleased God to spare me my sister, I wouldn't have served *her* so."

Ella turned at this, and lifting up her eyes, measured Matty from head to foot with indignant contempt. It would seem as if she thought it almost too great a presumption in one so humble to have more care for a sister than she had.

"Who cares how such as you serve their sisters?"

"There is One who cares!" said Matty.

Clementina looked at Matty with puzzled wonder as she spoke. Ella haughtily turned away, saying, "I should like, for my part, to hear who this important *one* is, that you mention with such a strange emphasis. Some mighty fine personage, no doubt."

"Miss Clementina! Miss Clementina! only he is how shocking your sister talks. Do stop her!"

"Stop me! I should like to see her, or anyone, attempting to stop me. And why, pray—and what pray, am I saying so mighty bad, Miss Matty? You! A charity girl? I heard Nurse say, but yesterday, that she wondered her mistress would put up with such rubbish, and that she loathed the very look of you, for you put her in mind of the Blue Coat."

"I thank God," returned Matty, mildly, "that he raised up that great charity for me, and many perishing like me, and saved us from wickedness, and taught us to know His holy name. For He looks alike on rich and poor, and will judge both you and me, young lady."

Both girls were a little awestricken at this speech.

But Ella soon recovered herself, and said, "she hated to hear people talk like Methodists."

"What are you talking about, Matty?" asked Clementina, gently; "I don't quite understand."

"Not understand!—why, sure—heart alive!—it can't be as you are ignorant of who made and keeps you and all of us! Sure! sure!" Matty kept repeating in a tone of much distress. "I can't believe my own ears."

"I suppose we know about all that," said Ella, haughtily.

She to teach her '—the child of charity to presume to insinuate a want in her! The idea was intolerable.

She went and sat down at a table at some little distance, and pretended to be busy playing with her bird, whose golden cage stood upon it, but, as she did so, she listened in spite of herself to the following conversation, passing between Clementina and Matty.

"I am so uncomfortable," the young girl was saying, rather fretfully, "I don't know what to do with myself. I try this thing and try that thing, and nothing gives me any ease or amusement, and I think it very hard—I can't help thinking it hard—that I should have to suffer everything and I'lla there nothing, and then, Nurse makes such a fuss of *her*, and nobody in the wide world cares for me. Oh, I am so miserable, some times!"

"I used to be like you, once, Miss," said Matty.

At which I'lla gave a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

But Matty did not regard it, and she went on and said, "I look at my face, Miss Clementina, it's very horrid and ugly, I know, and I don't wonder if Nurse calls me rubbish, and hates to see me in her nice nursery. Many can't help feeling like that. Do you know how this was?"

"No. I suppose small pox, but it's not like that, for your face is all cut to pieces. I don't know how it was done."

"It was done by the dreadful young of fire. When I was but a little child, the living O Miss in such a place—five families of us there were in one low, dark, nasty room, and O Miss, it was like the bad place indeed it was—such swearing, and blasphemy when the men come home drunk, and worse, worse, when the women did so too! Such quarrelling, and fighting and cursing, and abusing—and the poor children, knocked about at such times anyhow—but my mother never got drunk. She was a terrible creature and mostly sat at home all day crying, as they call it, by the fire—for they kept a good big fire in winter in the room. And then when father come home he was generally very bad in liquor, and seeking a quarrel with anything—for something, he must have to quarrel with. Well! One evening—O! I shall never forget it—I cold select, winter day it was, and the wind rushing upon court, and the snow falling thick, and the blackened drops and great lumps of snow coming splashing down, and the fire water oozing under the door sill, and all such a mess, and the poor, tired, or half-drunk creatures coming in splashed and dripping, and quarrelling for the highest places to the fire, and swearing all the time to make one's hair stand on end, and father coming in, all wet and bedabbled, and his hat stuck at the top of his head, and his cheeks red, and his eyes staring, though he was chattering with the cold. Mother was at her place by the

fire, and he comes up in a rage, like, to turn her out, and she sitting sulky and wouldn't move, and then there was a quarrel, and he begun to beat her, and she begun to shriek out and cry, and the women to scream and screech. O Miss! in the scuffle—I was but a little thing—somebody knocks me right into the fire, and my frock was all in a blaze. It was but a moment, but it seemed to me such a time!—all in a blaze of fire! And I remember nothing more of it, hardly, but a great noise, and pouring water over me, and running this way and that. When I come to myself, where was I?"

I'lla turned from her bird, and her attention seemed riveted upon the story. She forgot her pride and her insolence in the pleasure of listening. Clementina seemed hardly to breathe.

"It was very bad being burned," she said, at last.

"Horrible, Miss!"

"Go on, and I'lla, impatiently, "what became of you?"

When I got out of my daze—for I believe it was sometime before I came to myself—I was lying on father's knee, and he had made a cradle for me, like, of his great strong arms, and his head was bent down, and he was looking at me, and great big hot scalding tears were dropping, and upon my poor face.

"My poor—poor little woman, I heard him say.

"Then—for my eyes had escaped—I was aware that there was a beautiful young lady—at least, I thought her more beautiful than the angels of heaven—standing on the other side of me, right opposite my father, and doing something to my poor arms.

"The lady was very young—seemed scarcely more than a child herself, though she was a young married lady. She was beautiful dressed, all in snow white muslin, with white satin such and bows to her side, and a white rose in her hair. She had thrown a large bonnet over it—but now it was tossed off, and lay with her shawl upon the floor. And as I was—O! in such horrid pain—the sight of that beautiful dear angel was like a charm to me, it seemed to draw away the pain. And then she touched me so delicately, and spoke so soft and kind! It was music, Heaven's own music was her voice."

"Who was she? who could she be?" cried I'lla.

"Why, Miss, who should she be, but Mr. Stinger, the apothecary's young bride, as he had just brought home, and all ready dressed to go out to her first dinner."

I'lla turned away contemptuously, with a gesture that expressed "was that all!"

"Clementina said,—

"How nice of her to come to a poor little burnt child like you! and into such a dreadful place too! But I wonder she came in her best gown!"

"As I heard afterwards, it happened that

Mr. Stringer had been sent for out, and was not come back, and when they ran screeching and screaming to the shop, crying a child was burnt in the court hard by, and Mr. Stringer was wanted, as there was no one to go but a little mite of a shop boy. For Mr. Stringer had but just begun business—what does she do, but catch her up a little stuff for burns, clips her bonnet over her pretty white rose, throws her shawl on, and dressed in her beautiful new wedding gown, runs to this horrid den of dirt and wickedness. She did me up as best she could, and then seeing my poor father crying to, and all the people standing round and yet not a word to comfort him, she said, very calmly and kindly to him,

"I say don't grieve so, she will be better by and by, poor dear. Don't groan so badly, poor child! You are very sorry for her, poor man—but don't take on so."

"But the more she spoke in this kind way, all the more he cried, till at last he came to us if he could comfort himself no longer, and he groaned, and almost fainted out."

"Are you the father?" said the young lady. "Where is the mother?"

"Oh! here—here—here—my precious child, my sweet baby!" and my poor mother

and then went on, "It was all of you—you big brute—yes—you pushed your own baby into the red hot flames, as you were a trying to get me! yes, my baby, my poor!"

"Don't speak so badly of a woman, said the young lady gently. "I lay the child up in the bed, turning round—bless me!"—why, there is a bed!"

"We are very poor people, my dear," a woman began, "not a penny to bless ourselves with. It would please us—"

"I remember my father's voice to this day—" said me," he called out in such expression "would you be so good to let the lady to spend in more—don't give em no thing, my dear—give em of us n thing—only tell me what is to be done to save the poor little things like."

"She hesitated, turned, and looked round the miserable apartment. Too true, there was not an apology for a bed, there was not even clean straw."

"Take her up in your arms," said she to my father, "and follow me." And she stooped and picked up her bonnet, and gathered her great shawl round her, and stepped out into the rainy, sleeky, windy night, and my father—this poor creature had lent an old shawl to throw over me, took me and carried me after her, and a turn of the alley which led into the court, brought us out into the street, where the apothecary's shop stood. I was carried through, and up two pair of stairs, and into a little mite of a room—but all so clean and nice—and laid, oh! in such a delicious bed—and oh! it felt so comfortable—it soothed me, like—and I fell fast asleep."

The two girls were silent for some time. Ella spoke first,

"What a good woman!" was the remark she made; "but was she only an apothecary's wife," she went on, "and was her name Stringer? What a horrid ugly name! Are you sure it was Stringer?"

"Yes, Miss—Stringer and Bullem—that was the name over the shop-door."

"What! did they keep a shop?"

"To be sure they did!"

"How long did you stay there?"

"I never went away no more, Miss. When I got better, the lady began to talk to me. I was a little mite of a thing, but I was quick enough. She found what bad ways I was bringing up in, that I had never had once heard of Our Saviour—not even of my Maker—far from ever hearing of the Bible—or having it read, or being taught to pray, or—"

The two young girls looked at each other, but said nothing. Matty, in broken and interrupted sentences, went on.

"She left me, for she could not bear to send me back to that pit of iniquity in which she had found me. And as I lay in my bed, one day, and they thought I was asleep, I heard her arguing the point with her young husband—"

"Why, child, you cannot pretend to adopt all the poor neglected children in this bad town!" he said.

"Oh no! I know one can do little—little enough—it is but one drop of water in the vast ocean—only one little, little drop, but the vessel took it into its shell, and it became a pearl. Let me keep this poor little one. I don't mean to be foolish—indeed, I don't—I will only clothe her, and feed her, and send her to the charity school—indeed, they will half clothe her there. Do—do, dear John,—she is such a miserable object! What is she to do? Let her be a right her duty—let her not be a poor ruined wretch, body and soul at once."

"The young lady would have moved a stone with her talking. Her husband was not very persuadable, he was not like her. He was rather a cold-hearted selfish young man but he couldn't refuse her. And so, when I got better, I was sent to one of the great charity schools in the city, where I learned a deal, but my sweet Mrs. Stringer took a pleasure in teaching me herself, and so I learned a deal more."

Enough of Matty's tale.

Mrs. Stringer, when she devoted such means as she could command to the rescue of one poor child from the misery in which she was living, and raised her from deplorable ignorance, as regarded all higher things, to a knowledge of the supreme and only real good, little thought how extensive her good deed would prove, and that in providing for the religious and moral education of this wretched child, she was preparing the means of a religious education, imperfect, yet still in some sort a sound religious education, for two children of wealth and luxury,

as to such things, most entirely destitute. But so it proved—and this was the only religious education they either of them could be said ever to receive, so utterly, so entirely, were all relations of this nature forgotten and neglected in this house of profusion, where not one single thing but the one thing needful could be said to be wanting.

The story first beguiled the attention, and then awakened the deep interest of the two girls. From this day, a sort of acquaintance arose with Mitty, which ripened into true affection, for Mitty was, in fact, a woman of no common order.

She gradually awakened their sympathies with regard to subjects to her the most deeply interesting. She led them, not unwilling, in those paths which we indeed pursue of pleasantness and peace. She read the Bible with them, and to them, and she taught them the vital principle of effectual religion—the need and the faith to pray.

I want space to follow the course of these influences upon the soul. Imperfect they were. Such a teacher could not lead them very far, but she brought them on Our Saviour's way. And though much remained of wrong, unperceived and unconverted—the change was as from darkness to light.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

And now several years have elapsed and these two girls are grown up to be two beautiful young women. They had been taken out of the nursery when it was time to be thinking seriously of accomplishments, and the reign of Mrs. Nurse had closed. She was superseded by regular governess—a foreigner. A French lady was chosen to undertake the task of forming two English girls to become English wives and mothers. The French lady did well all that she was required to do, for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Winstanley desired that their beautiful daughters should receive anything approaching to what is usually called a solid education.

Mrs. Winstanley had not ten ideas beyond the arrangement of a party, and the keeping of good society. As for John Winstanley himself, he detested reflection, abhorred every thing approaching to seriousness, only desired to get through life as brilliantly and as thoughtlessly as he could.

He was not much at home, but when at home he required to be constantly amused, or he found home intolerable. It was not long before his daughters discovered this.

Till they were, what is called, introduced, these fair girls passed their time secluded in the school room, and saw very little of their parents, but when they were once brought out, and when Mademoiselle was dismissed and they lived in the drawing-room, they were soon initiated.

The plan of life was one not unusual among married people of a certain class. A large and

splendidly furnished house in a fashionable square in London, was home—at which about six months of every year were passed, the remaining six being spent either in travelling, or at watering places or at some hired house in the country. They lived as a privileged order, secured, as by a gulf impassable from the lowest orders around them, and in little communication with the highest. The last condition was not of much importance, but the other was fatal.

What can grow out of such a life, that is really wholesome and good? Many, many residents in London escape this mischief. They have broken down the wall of separation which used to hide the severe existence of want, and misery and sin from the happier and the better, and the obscure dwellings of the London poor have their visiting angels, as well as those in the country. But a great many families still neglect this weighty duty, and live without thought of such things.

Mrs. Winstanley held the regular party-going, London life for the last sixteen or seventeen years. She was beginning to get rather tired of it, when the new excitement arose of having to bring out her daughters.

His bringing out of her daughters became an excuse for all kinds of amusing chances and improvements. Her receiving-rooms had to be newly furnished, a new open carriage to be bought, the Queen's drawing-rooms to be attacked with more asiduity than ever.

The girls were two lovely creatures, they seemed to excuse it, anything could, the expenses thus incurred on their behalf. So said the mother, and so thought the father. The love he felt for his daughters was perhaps the only tender feeling he had ever experienced in his life, for, in general, he might be said to love nothing but even himself.

It might have been the dawn of a better life, this well spring of pure affections, could he have worthily indulged them. But neither his own nor his wife's habits admitted of that.

Mrs. Winstanley would have thought it a disgrace if she had let one single evening disengage whilst they were in London. Even in the dead winter she managed to keep up the ball, what with little parties and concerts, the opera, the French plays, and so forth, she contrived to escape the horror of a domestic evening. As for Mr. Winstanley, he seldom or never dined at home, except when there was a dinner-party. He spent his evenings at his clubs, engaged—he too well knew how.

The two girls presented a striking contrast to each other. Clementina was fair and delicate, with soft hair, and those tender blue eyes, which to me are the most charming of all eyes. Lilla was a noble creature, a figure and form the most perfect that I

ever behold—features of matchless symmetry—eyes dark, large, and lustrous—hair in floods of rich brown waves—a hand that was a model, from which statuary contended to be allowed to copy—and a spirit, energy, and feeling in her gestures and countenance, that won your heart before you were aware.

It was upon her that Julian Winstanley doted. The other girl he thought, and called, a sweet girl, but his Lila was his darling. Nothing was too good for Lila, nothing was to be spared that could please or adorn Lila. To ride with her in the Park, to visit the box where she sat at the Opera, sometimes in a party to hear her sing, seemed to give him a new pleasure.

Yet there was nothing in all this, unhappily, to rouse him to a better life, to break the chain of evil habit in which he was involved. Lila was a child of this world, an impetuous, proud, haughty beauty, a contemptuous disregard of the weak, the wailing and above all, the low or the ugly—living for the day, as her fifth child for the day—she for the day of vanity and pleasure, he for the day of vanity and sin. There was that difference indeed, and it was a vast one, but he did not feel it.

There was no pure and holy influence of a higher and nobler life diffused from the beautiful being. She was no angel of light. She was merely to all appearance a very fine fashionable girl.

And Clementine, in her gentleness and softness, was little more. The world said which Matty had sown had fruited at first, but the briars and thorns were gathering fast around it. The pleasures of life were choking it up. It was a danger of being altogether lost.

Matty had long been gone. She had married a respectable tradesman and was in a flourishing though small way of business. She would have been altogether forgotten a long ago, only that she would not suffer this. She had herself still with her, and when she did come, in both the girls loved her and she perfectly adored them. So she came bringing her little offerings from time to time—little matters such as she dealt in in her shop—humble but for her sake welcome. These two girls had both hearts. Where they got them I don't know.

CHIPS

SUBSTITUTION MURDER

WHILE on the subject of crimes, (says a Madrid officer, in a letter dated the 16th of July in the present year) I may tell you a story of one recently under investigation here, and one, moreover, the most remarkable in its circumstances of any I have ever met with.

On the occasion of the late festival on the top of the Chaumont Hill, at My-sore, six

professional robbers, who were rather "down in their luck," made a resolution to offer a human sacrifice to the deity of the hill, in the full conviction that the deity would then make his appearance in person and reveal the spot where some treasure was concealed.

With this view, they persuaded one of their friends to accompany them at night to the top of the mountain, and having provided him with the flowers to offer to the deity, they cut off his head, while he was in the act of stooping to hang the garland round the neck of the idol. They then waited for some time, in the expectation that the deity would come, but as he did not think proper to appear, they concluded that he was in want of more blood, whereupon they resolved to make the sacrifice complete by putting to death one of their own number. Accordingly they set upon a man called Nazzavim, who is said by some to have volunteered to be the victim, for the benefit of his companions. As soon, however, as he had received a severe wound on the neck, he began to think that life was not so bad after all, and he took to his heels down the mountain, pursued by the other five, who overtook him at the foot. They then despatched him, and threw his body into a large tank.

In the morning, the body of the first man was found at the feet of the idol, and as the companions with whom he had set out were well known they were immediately arrested, and the story I have been telling you is taken from their own confessions, fully supported by the evidence of three women who were with them during part of the time, and by many corroborating circumstances. Among which I may mention that the sword which was found by the side of the body, covered with blood, was identified by a blacksmith as having been brought to him to be sharpened by one of the prisoners on the morning of the murder.

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ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DISGUISES

THE slightest dabbler in the study of nature—one whose knowledge of birds, beasts, and fishes is vague and obscure, the nearly effaced recollection of books read on the verge of childhood—cannot fail to have remarked a strange current of resemblance, either in habits and disposition, form or colour, which links together members of widely-removed divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

A singular instance of this thread of similarity has impressed itself upon my memory, from one or other of the individuals being, at one brief period, constantly before my eyes. The jaguar, one of the most powerful of the feline race, has a skin most beautifully marked with spots of a deep chocolate-brown on a rich yellow ground. It inhabits the whole of South America, and is, in some districts, dreaded as the direst enemy to man and beast.

In the same regions is a bird of the Bittern tribe, marked with brown and yellow in a wonderfully similar manner, whose cries, during its period of activity in the evening and night, can scarcely be distinguished even by a practised ear, from the howlings of the jaguar in the remotest recesses of the forest. In the language of the natives and by the Creoles, it is called the "Light Bird."

In the waters of the Upper Essequibo, there abounds a fish—to use the words of a distinguished traveller and naturalist—"entirely of a reddish brown colour, spotted irregularly with different sized spots of black, from which it has received the name of Tiger fish. Its habits are almost unknown, but it may most probably be classed with the bird and the cat, as predatory in disposition."

Among the *moco moco* leaves which fringe the rivers and creeks, a fierce looking grub, arrayed in a partly coloured suit of the same pattern, may frequently be observed greedily devouring the numerous aphides. To complete the list, two trees are found in the woods—the *Bouracourra* or *Latterwood*, and the *Itthiourra* built or *Tigerwood*—both of which, but more especially the latter, closely resemble in their rich and beautiful markings the skin of the jaguar. Once I picked from the river part of the petal of a flower, with the same combination of colours. Possibly, these few instances of an adhesion to one type, are far from being all that exist.

But the most remarkable likenesses are those which are to be found existing between objects of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Parts of plants resembling insects, and insects resembling portions of plants, may frequently be met with, witness the many pretty forms of the orchis tribe—the bee orchis, in which the insect appears to be probing the nectaries of the flower—the spider and the fly orchis. Again, I may instance an oval, broad backed beetle, which I captured, last summer, in great abundance, in that wild spot—so noted for the rarest treasures of the entomologist and the botanist—Castle Eden Bene. In form and colour it so closely resembled the green seeds of a species of hemlock, that numbers had been emptied from my sweeping net before its true character was discovered. Nature had given it the instinct to increase the deception by holding its short, delicate limbs close to its body, and keeping them stiff and rigid during the time it was handled.

In the tropics these resemblances are even more singular and illusive, scores of insects are found in Guiana curiously analogous to a vegetable in appearance and in structure, the foliaceous arrangement of the nervures of their wings, the sprout like character of the head and legs, and, stranger still, the eggs formed like the seed of a plant, are unmistakeable—while their colour is in such perfect harmony with the surrounding vegetation,

that numbers may be clustered amidst the foliage of a neighbouring bush, without the observer being at all aware of their presence. Some are of a bright green, like a growing leaf or one newly fallen from the tree, while, in others, the extremities and edges of the wings have a brown or yellowish tinge—the semblance of leaves which have for long strewed the ground, and are already withering.

Nor do insects alone seem to lurk among the petals of the gorgeous blossoms of the *Guiana Orchidee* birds, reptiles and even small animals, are secretly imitated. But it is not to this tribe, or, indeed, to the flowers exclusively of any other, that this character so fully appertains. I have just been examining a vegetable production having the likeness of a living thing, plucked on the banks of the Essequibo, where the grateful tree in which it grows is a native. It is the kernel of a nut enclosed in a smooth and tough shell, about the size of a walnut. The crumpled mass which meets the eye on opening the shell gives no indication of the singular form that lies enveloped amid the many folds of filmy skin, but this has only to be carefully detached to call forth our expressions of surprise and astonishment. The Chinese are said to have formed their first letters from the curved roots of vegetables, it is well that this nut is not a native of China, and that they confined their attention to the lower extremity of the plant, for had it been otherwise, the love of complication to man would assuredly—to the supreme disgust of all who attempted to acquire their language—have made them model a character after this kernel, and one fuller, if it were possible, of stranger twistings and contortions than any in their alphabet. There is a broad flat head, with two distinctly mailed eyes, whence springs the future tree and a long tapering body, curled up like a bill. This mimic snake, however, assumes not the position of one in perfect health, but rather seems to be writhing in the agonies of some internal malady, or simulating a future Python, newly born, testing the elasticity of its body. Hard and cold it looks as if it had been exposed to the action of a violent heat, and had been baked and stiffened during the painful pangs of its death. In the West Indies, as every body knows, oysters grow upon trees. Barnack geese were once thought to do the same, and here, we have a tree which we can well excuse the ignorant and superstitious in believing to produce serpents, the vital spark is only wanting. Traces of serpent-worship have been found among most of the nations of antiquity, and there is abundant proof that it was prevalent among the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and South America. No doubt this singular tree was considered sacred, from its intimate connection with the objects of their reverence. These "snake-nuts," as they are called, may

have been seen in the Crystal Palace, in that department of the Exhibition which is devoted to the productions of Guiana.

A MUSICIAN IN CALIFORNIA

MR HENRY HERTZ, the distinguished pianist, has returned to Europe after a long tour in America which he had devoted to California. To his friend, M. Fiorentino, the famous *feuilleton* writer, he seems to have given an account of his adventures, and that gentle manner of mingling the latest sensations of the 'salon' with the delights of the 'rue de la Paix' of the French newspapers with an account of the theatrical prospects of the United States. In this sketch we draw the full winged sketch of the musician's career in the Western Domain.

Towards the end of February 1850 the American imagination was at its highest degree of fever and enthusiasm. People dreamed out of one thing, California, and California. Professor Lorenz, a distinguished philosopher, was in the midst of preparing his lecture on the subject of the celebrated pianist's reception. When he accordingly found him leaving the dense and difficult atmosphere of the United States to embrace as they best could with all his might and main, he turned himself to the brilliant and more agreeable company of emigrants. He ships that convey emigrants to California, it is well to observe, are even worse than the emigrant ships. Dr. Emerson has told us that as a passenger with a chance of being drowned, but the chance is only of being drowned but of being saved, people sail on the voyage and very likely murder it at various points and. Our young man, however, fortunately escaped all these calamities and, on entering the port of San Francisco, felt himself somewhat recompensed, by the novelty of the scene for all the hardships he had undergone. A forest of masts rising from vessels carrying the colours of every nation of the earth, — an agitation, a movement, a confusion of cries of languages of orders, — and the confusion of merchandise being dismantled, of joyous choruses and frightful oaths. Such was the spectacle which presented itself. One would have thought if the port of Liverpool or Marseilles at least, to judge by the great display of wealth, the even greater display of activity, and the ceaseless and bewildering noise.

But the admiration which M. Hertz had conceived in the first place diminished sensibly with the first steps which he took in the city. Most of the streets he found to be impassable. What they call a rowl in San Francisco is simply a canal of mud, through which the traveller wades (so we are assured) above his knees. If they had gondoliers, as at Venice, this would be endurable, but here

there is nothing of the kind. The footpaths, less convenient than picturesque, were formed of planks and empty boxes and barrels, nailed together with every degree of insecurity. The first performance — not in a musical sense — of the pianist was to find out a lodging by no means an easy matter at San Francisco. The hotels were detestable, and beyond all price. After much wandering — or, rather, wading — through the streets he at last found an intelligent plebeian who offered him accommodation, in the only apartment which he had vacant for six dollars a day. The room to be sure, was not much larger than a scutcheon-box, but M. Hertz, not being addicted to 'swimming cuts' — as the phrase goes — found it less inconvenient than would gentlemen under the influence of that propensity. He was in the mean well satisfied, he was certainly the first pianist who had penetrated into those far regions, it would be curious to try the power of music on the half-savage people who would probably bend their knees to him as they would the Americans do, and by Columbus at the view of the first eclipse.

A handsome cherishing this flattering idea, he mounted up to the door which, perhaps, revealed a young man, whose long fair hair and Germanic accent sufficiently indicated his country. He believed he had the pleasure of speaking to the celebrated Henry Hertz — was he right? Certainly, but if he intended to enter the celebrated musician it would be unnecessary, in the first place, that the celebrated pianist should himself withdraw through the window, as the apartment was not adapted to curving double.

That is precisely what brought me here," said the young man with the fair hair, "to induce you to quit your lodgings. The furniture is very beautiful, I admit, and the house has a superb appearance, but it is necessary to be on one's guard against these houses at Francisco. They build them too quickly, they economise their foundations, and the soil not being very firm, it not infrequently happens that people who go to sleep in the quiet, awake in the cellar."

The musician opened his eyes, thanked his informant for the advice given, and asked for more. "Where should he go to lodge?"

"I cannot," said the young man, "to ask you to lodge with me."

"You are then, an hotel-keeper?"

"No sir, I am a pianist."

"Pianist!" cried Henry, starting back. Foreign pianists do not meet in such a place as California, and pass one another with a tilt of the hat, like English gentlemen in the desert. Everybody knows the story of the Englishman who believed himself to be the first who had climbed to the top of some high mountain, and who, on putting his hand into an opening in a rock, found the visiting card of a countryman. Henry Hertz was about as much astonished at finding a brother pianist in California.

"And you have been here for a long time?" he asked with curiosity.

"No, only a year. There were only ten or twelve cabins when I arrived. I found here, already, an Italian, who gave lessons and concerts, but one day, happening to quarrel with one of his pupils, who was of rather a hasty temper, he was killed and I became the inheritor of his piano and his connexion. Affairs go tolerably well. I practise some little economies, I have purchased a house, and I should be the happiest man in the world if the celebrated Henry Heitz would accept my modest hospitality.

Behold Henry Heitz ensconced the same night with his brother musician. A twelfth standing, however, that he was lodged in an elegant apartment in the best part of the house, he could not sleep. He thought of nothing but the insecurity of the San Francisco houses, of which his young host had spoken. He felt a presentiment of danger, and seriously begged that his bed might be removed to another part of the building. The young German laughed at him but eventually yielded, and the piano removed the bed. Scarcely had they performed this operation, than the side of the house on which Heitz had slept gave way, and fell with a tremendous noise. The young pianist was undisturbed. Heitz tried to console him by saying—"Never mind, my friend, everything is not lost as long as we possess a piano." But the young man had not even a piano. His only instrument had perished in the ruin—a piano of five octaves, of which two, it was time refused to give forth my sound, still it enabled him to earn his living. Henry Heitz, however, it fortunately happened, had had sent before him, to San Francisco, two of his most beautiful pianos, and with them and he determined, on the morrow to give a concert, the proceeds to be devoted to the restoration of his young friend's wall and fortunes. The first thing necessary was to convey the pianos to the theatre.

Henry Heitz went out to make preparations for his concert. As he passed before a *café*, he was surrounded by three or four persons who were unknown to him. He did not even know the names of these gentlemen, whose attire was something more than neglected, but he had seen them often at the French opera, and the *Café de Paris*. The most amiable of the number now loaded him with civilities and offers of service.

"Will you be so good," said the musician, "as to tell me where I can find somebody to carry my pianos to the theatre?"

"Certainly, it shall never be said that we left a countryman in trouble. Come, Vicomte, lend me a hand, we will carry Monsieur's piano. Allow me to present to you the Vicomte de Faubourg—a charming young man, who loves to oblige his friends.

"This is a joke."

"Not at all, I assure you—nothing can be

more serious. We must do in Rome as the Romans do. If you find us two not enough, we will go and call the Marquis."

But the Marquis did not reply. He was occupied inside the *café*, in marking the points for the billiard players.

One hour afterwards the two pianos were at the theatre.

Heitz returned to his host. "They have carried my pianos without truck or cart and how much do you think they want for the job?"

"How much?"

"Three hundred piastres."

"That is the regular price."

"The devil! These obliging gentlemen should have told me that they were nothing but porters."

"They do here all sorts of things in order to live. Nobody degrades himself in California."

The next week was to find an orchestra. This was not difficult. There were musicians of all kinds—open to some little objection—such as blindness on the part of the clarinet, an incurable asthma on that of the cornet, piston and so forth. The clarinetists demanded between three and four pounds each for the night on the Boulevard; they would have obtained about two sous. Heitz without hinting at their defects, promised to employ them on some future occasion. He only needed a hand to fill up the intervals between the parts of the concert. He next required his young host to conduct him to the office of the principal journal in order to make the necessary announcement. The office in question was situated on the ground floor of a house of two stories. Two enormous dogs howled in the court, and were with difficulty appeased by a negress, who conducted the visitors into the presence of a tall and athletic individual—the editor in chief. He was remarkable for a formidable beard, that had evidently never been subordinated with the scissors, a red shirt, and a pair of enormous hunting boots. He wrote sitting at a desk, with a candle and a brace of pistols beside him.

The business of the visitors was soon explained. They wished to advertise in the journal.

"Certainly, the terms are only four dollars a line for announcements of the kind."

Henry Heitz opened his eyes a little, and wondered what they would think of such prices in Paris, but he looked at the uncompromising aspect of the editor, at his candles, and at his pistols, and finally paid the money.

The day of the concert arrived, and at an early hour the theatre was besieged by an immense crowd. Fierce, ill-looking fellows, clad in the strangest of costumes, presented themselves each instant for tickets, and were deeply offended if they were offered a second-rate place at four dollars, instead of first-rate places at eight. The money-takers had before him a pair of scales. The public declined put him in order, and each in his turn placed in his hand a black leather purse. The official

opened the purse, took from it a pinch of gold-dust, weighed it, and then delivered the ticket.

The concert commenced, and in due time the concert concluded—can it be doubted with what success! It would require no end of concentrated English “*Loxing Nights*” to realise half the uproar of this eventful evening. And if uproar and confusion, and disorderly and disgraceful behaviour, are not a test of success, we may ask any London manager what is? In the stage boxes Henry Herz recognised a lady whom he had known as the keeper of a tobacco-shop in the Rue Vivienne, and two French milliners retired from business. Here they were keeping it up in immense state, and nobody would dream that they were anything less than duchesses.

At the conclusion of the concert the treasurer carried to Mr. Herz a large plate, filled with yellow powder.

“What is this?” was the inquiry.

“These are the receipts of the evening, there are more than ten thousand francs!”

Henry Herz gave fourteen concerts in the same manner—with the same crowd, the same success, the same profit. He began to be reconciled to San Francisco.

One morning, while shaving, he was visited by a gentleman, who was very polite and remarkable especially for the elegance of his dress and demeanour.

“*Monsieur*,” said the unknown, “I am requested to ask you if you could find it convenient to perform in a private house?”

“Why, I don’t know—”

“You are only desired to play for half an hour every evening and you may name in your own terms. I am authentic, that is to say, to go as far as five or six thousand pounds a month!”

“They are rich people. I suppose—passionately fond of music. But why do they not come to my concerts?”

“The fact is, they don’t care about going out. They stay at home, and amuse themselves with another species of play. But then, you know, even cards and dice become at last monotonous, and nothing is more agreeable than to hear a pretty piece of music in the intervals of the game.”

“I understand you perfectly,” said the indignant musician, “you wish me to go and play in a gambling house, to amuse the company. Be good enough to leave the room instantly if you do not wish to be shown out with all the honour you deserve!”

“You are very susceptible,” murmured the unknown, as he departed. “We have artists in California of the highest reputation who do not disdain to perform in the *cafés*, in the gambling-houses—everywhere, in fact, where they are paid.”

Not being willing to accommodate himself in this and other respects to the manners of San Francisco, Henry Herz now betook himself to the Sacramento. Here he met with a magnificent reception, and was pressed

on all sides to give concerts. He asked, in the first place, if they had a concert-room. No there was not one at present, but they would build one in a week. The artist gave his plans and directions, and went in the meantime to see the *placers*. He provided himself with the clothing and utensils necessary to a gold hunter, and hired two horses and a guide. He arrived at the mines dying with hunger and fatigue, he paid an immense sum for a piece of bad biscuit, and a glass of abominable beer. He obtained leave to dig, worked like a negro, and, according to his agreement, gave the little gold he found to the owner of the digging. He returned to the Sacramento, with the conviction that for him, the true mines of gold were in the keys of his piano. By this time he found a very handsome concert-room built for him, and there he gave a series of concerts very brilliant and very productive!

His stay in California was a long series of triumphs. Before quitting, he wished to make his *adieu* at San Francisco. It was the night of the First of May. It was the most beautiful weather imaginable. The farewell concert of the artist had been announced for the next day, and the most perfect of his pianos had been carried to the theatre. After having paid a visit to the ferocious journalist, and paid for his last advertisement, Henry Herz walked out with his young friend with the fair hair.

All at once they heard horrible cries, the tocsin sounded, columns of smoke arose from several parts of the city. The fire made fearful progress. The theatre was consumed in a few minutes, and with the theatre the beautiful piano of Henry Herz. While the flames were devouring three quarters of the town, the masons and architects and men of business, instead of attempting to stop the destruction, entered into engagements to rebuild the city—signing, by the light of the flames, their bonds upon stamped paper! Nothing could exceed the coolness of the Americans at this crisis: in many gambling houses, while the first floor was being reduced to ashes, they were trumping and turning up kings most tranquilly on the third.

“It is a decree of fate,” said Henry Herz, “I can do nothing more here. The concert-room is no more, my piano is burnt, it is time to take my leave.”

“Not at all,” said the young German, “in a few days we shall have a new city, more spacious, more regular, more handsome, and more solid, than the one we have lost!”

But the disconsolate pianist could only be persuaded to add *au revoir* to his *adieu*.

“You will not forget my house,” said his young friend, “when you return here.”

“Never fear, but try and steady the left wall in the meantime. Your house is not very secure.”

“True enough. But it is the only house that the flames have respected. It is fire-proof!”

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

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BALLOONING.

It would appear that, in almost every age, from time immemorial, there has been a strong feeling in certain ambitious mortals to ascend among the clouds. They have felt with Iliac,—

"Oh what a dainty pleasure us
To sail in the air!"

So many, besides those who have actually indulged in it, have felt desirous of tasting the "dainty pleasure" of a perilous flight, that we are compelled to believe that the attraction is not only much greater than the inducement held out would lead one to expect, but that it is far more extensive than generally supposed. Eccentric ambition, daring, vanity, and the love of excitement and novelty, have been quite as strong impulses as the love of science, and of making new discoveries in man's mastery over physical nature. Nevertheless, the latter feeling has, no doubt, been the main-stay, if not the forerunner and father of these attempts, and has held it in public respect, notwithstanding the many follies that have been committed.

To master the physical elements, has always been the great aim of man. He commenced with earth, his own natural, obvious, and immediate element, and he has succeeded to a prodigious extent, being able to do (so far as he knows) almost whatever he wills with the surface; and, though reminded every now and then by some terrible disaster that he is getting "out of bounds," has effected great conquests amidst the dark depths beneath the surface. Water and fire came next in requisition; and by the process of ages, man may fairly congratulate himself on the extraordinary extent, both in kind and degree, to which he has subjected them to his designs—designs which have become complicated and stupendous in the means by which they are carried out, and having commensurate results both of abstract knowledge and practical utility. But the element of air has hitherto been too subtle for all his projects, and defied his attempts at conquest. That element which permeates all earthly bodies, and without breathing which the animal machine cannot continue its vital functions,—into that grand natural reservoir of breath, there is every

physical indication that it is not intended man should ascend as its lord. Travelling and voyaging man must be content with earth and ocean;—the sublime highways of air, are, to all appearance, denied to his wanderings.

Wild and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and, also, that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the Icarus of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his "History of Britain," the flying man being a monk of Malmesbury, "in his youth." He lived to be impudent and pious on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742 the Marquis de Bacqueville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own house on the *Quai des Théatins* to the gardens of the *Tuileries*. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the river Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said

they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied, but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive, and the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution.

That flying however could be effected by the assistance of some more elaborate sort of machinery or with the aid of chemistry was believed at an early period. Friar Bacon suggested it, so did John Wilkins, and the Marquis of Worcester, it was likewise projected by Hiesler, by the Jesuit Lana, and many other speculative men of ability. So far, however, as we can see, the first real discovery of the balloon was Dr. Black who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas, and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire balloon" or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and filled with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rozier, a gentleman of scientific attainments who was to conduct the machine and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer in the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently. Pilâtre de Rozier, during the success of the balloon afterwards made by Professor Charles and others (i.e. a balloon filled with hydrogen gas) conceived the idea of uniting the two systems and accordingly ascended with a large balloon of that kind having a small fire balloon beneath it—the upper one to sustain the greater portion of the weight, the lower one to enable him to alter his specific gravity as occasion might require, and thus to avoid the usual expenditure of gas and ballast. Right in theory—but he had forgotten one thing. Ascending too high, confident in his theory, the upper balloon became distended too much and poured down a stream of hydrogen gas in self relief, which reached the little furnace of the fire-balloon, and the whole machine became presently one mass of flame. It was consumed in the air, as it descended, and with it, of course, the unfortunate Pilâtre de Rozier. The untimely fate of the Marquis d'Arlandes, his companion in the first ascent ever made in a balloon, was hastened by one of those circumstances which display the curious anomalies in human nature,—he was broken for cowardice in the execution of his military

duties, and is supposed to have committed suicide.

If we consider the shape, structure, appurtenances, and capabilities of a ship of early ages, and one of the present time, we must be struck with admiration at the great improvement that has been made, and the advantages that have been obtained, but balloons are very nearly what they were from the first, and are as much at mercy of the wind for the direction they will take. Neither is there at present any certain prospect of an alteration in this condition. Their so-called "voyage" is little more than "drifting," and can be no more, except by certain manœuvres which obtain in certain exceptions, such as rising to take the chance of different currents or lowering a long and weighty rope upon the earth (an ingenious invention of Mr. Green, called the "gundrop") to be trailed along the ground. If, however, man is ever to be a flying animal, and to travel in the air whither he listeth, it must be by other means than wings, ball, or pulley machines, and wind ships—a vessel of which are now building in America, in Paris and in London. We do not doubt the mechanical genius of inventors—but the motive power. We will offer a few remarks on these projects before we conclude.

But let us, at all events, ascend into the sky! Taking balloons as they are, in better, for worse, as Mr. Green would say,—let us for once have a flight in the air.

The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air which takes away in it either a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is that you experience no sensation at all so far as motion is concerned. So true is this, that on one occasion when Mr. Green wished to rise a little above the crowd, in order to get out of the extraordinary heat and pressure that surrounded his balloon, those who held the ropes misunderstanding his direction, let go entirely, and the balloon instantly rose, while the aeronaut remained calmly seated, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, after the exertions he had undergone in preparing for the flight, and totally unconscious of what had happened. He declares that he only became aware of the circumstance when, on reaching a considerable elevation (a few seconds are often quite enough for that) he heard the shouts of the multitude becoming fainter and fainter, which caused him to start up and look over the edge of the car.

A similar unconsciousness of the time of their departure from earth has often happened to "passengers." A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures, and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the

rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not go up at all, but at about five minutes past six on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, went down!" What follows is excellent: "I cannot have been deceived," says he, "I speak from the evidence of my senses founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves—down they all went about thirty feet!—then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion, till, at length Mr Green snapping a little rope, and thus letting loose the rope by which the earth was suspended to us—like Atropos, cutting the connexion between us with a pair of shears—down it went with everything on it, and your poor, pultry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your Car at Metropolis, as you insolently call it), having been placed on casters for the occasion—I am satisfied of that—was gently rolled away from under us!"*

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you in going up in a balloon, is the quietude—the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless living to mid-air of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket work of the car—all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations—to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong. As all this will differ with different individuals according to their nervous systems and imaginations, we will leave each person to his own impressions.

So much for what you first feel, and now what is the first thing you do? In this case everybody is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously—keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion—and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our travelling cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Everything below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed and simultaneously—so much too-much at a time—that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downwards, and this repays us much

better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position, and ascending retreat from them, (though it is *they* that appear to sink and retreat from us.) They are 'stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer.' "An idea," says Monck Mason, "involuntarily seizes upon the mind, that the earth with all its inhabitants had, by some unaccountable effort of nature, been suddenly precipitated from its hold, and was in the act of slipping away from beneath the aeronauts feet into the murky recesses of some unfathomable abyss below. Everything, in fact, but himself, seems to have been suddenly endowed with motion." Away goes the earth, with all its objects—sinking lower and lower, and everything becoming less and less but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat towards minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens—men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two, one inch—and now a speck, the Great Western is a narrow strip of parchment and upon it you see a number of little trunks "running away with each other," while the Great Metropolis itself is a board set out with toys, its public edifices turned into 'lobby houses, and pepper castors, and extinguishers, and chess-men, with here and there a dish cover—things which are called domes and spires, and steeples!" As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky grey, winding serpent, and his largest ships are no more than flat pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy indistinct, and then all is lost in in floating clouds fill up all the space beneath. Lovely colours outspread themselves, ever varying in tone, and in their forms or outlines—now sweeping in broad lines, now rolling and heaving in huge, richly, yet softly-tinted billows—while sometimes, through a great opening, rift or break, you see a level expanse of grey or blue fields at an indefinite depth below. And all this time there is a noiseless retreat of snowy cloud rocks filling around you—falling swiftly on all sides of the car, in great fleecy masses—in small snow white and glistening fragments—and immense compound masses—all white, and soft, and swiftly rushing past you, giddily, and incessantly down, down, and all with the silence of a dream—strange, lustrous, majestic, incomprehensible!

Aeronauts, of late years, have become, in many instances, respectable and business like, and not given to extravagant fictions about their voyages, which now, more generally, take the form of a not very lively log. But it used to be very different when the art was in its infancy, some thirty or forty years ago, and young balloonists indulged in romantic fancies. We do not believe that there was a direct

* "Crotchets in the Air, or an Unscientific Account of a Balloon Trip," by John Poole, Esq. Colburn, 1838.

intention to tell falsehoods, but that they often deceived themselves very amusingly. Thus, it has been asserted, that when you attained a great elevation, the air became so rarefied that you could not breathe, and that small objects, being thrown out of the balloon, could not fall, and stuck against the side of the car. Also, that wild birds, being taken up and suddenly let loose, could not fly properly, but returned immediately to the car for an explanation. One aeronaut declared that his head became so contracted by his great elevation, that his hat tumbled over his eyes, and persisted in resting on the bridge of his nose. This assertion was indignantly rebutted by another aeronaut of the same period, who declared that, on the contrary, the head expanded in proportion to the elevation, in proof of which he stated, that on his last ascent he went so high that his hat burst. Another of these romantic personages described a wonderful feat of skill and daring which he had performed up in the air. At an elevation of two miles, his balloon burst several degrees above the equator (meaning, above the middle region of the balloon) whereupon he crept up the line that it attached to the car, until he reached the netting that enclosed the balloon, and up this netting he clambered, until he reached the aperture, into which he thrust—not his head—but his pocket handkerchief! Mr. Monk Mason to whose "Aeronautics" we are indebted for the anecdote, gives eight different reasons to show the impossibility of any such feat having ever been performed in the air. One of these is highly graphic. The 'performer' would change the line of gravitation by such an attempt: he would never be able to mount the sides, and would only be like the squirrel in its revolving cage. He would, however, pull the netting round—the spot where he clung to, ever remaining the lowest—until having reversed the machine, the balloon would probably make its escape, in an elongated shape through the large interstices of that portion of the net work which is just above the car, when the balloon is in its proper position! But the best of all these romances is the following brief statement—A scientific gentleman well advanced in years, (who had 'probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pea beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine) was impressed with a conviction on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared owing, as he said to the pretentious distension of his skin, and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth!

These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny pie would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild

birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downwards as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing, on the contrary, being "called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose, neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin. We see that it is impossible to climb up the netting of the balloon over-head, and so do not think of attempting it, neither do we find all the lines in our face getting filled up, and the loveliness of our "blushing morning" taking the place of a marked maturity. These fancies are not less ingenious and comical than that of the sailor who hit upon the means of using a balloon to make a rapid voyage to any part of the earth. "The earth spins round," said he, "at a great rate, don't it? Well, I'd go up two or three miles high in my balloon, and then 'lay to,' and when any place on the globe I wished to touch at, passed underneath me, down I'd drop upon it."

But we are still floating high in air. How do we feel all this time? 'Calm, sir—calm and resigned. Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen (and you will more especially feel this under the careful conduct of the veteran Green), a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations,—to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect—a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick!—or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch, and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. But you have got a warm outer coat, and travelling boots, and other valuable things, and you have not left behind you the pigeon pie, the ham, cold beef, bottled ale and brandy.

Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be, and probably, much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which too romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

We are now nearly three miles high. Nothing is to be seen but pale air above—around—on all sides, with floating clouds beneath. How should you like to descend in a parachute!—to be dangled by a long line from the bottom of the car, and suddenly to be 'let go' and to dip at once clean down through those grey blue and softly rose-tinted clouds, skimming so gently beneath us? Not at all. Oh, by no manner of means—thank

you! Ah, you are thinking of the fate of poor Cocking, the enthusiast in parachutes, concerning whom, and his fatal "improvement," the public is satisfied that it knows everything, from the one final fact—that he was killed. But there is something more than that in it, as we fancy.

Two words against parachutes. In the first place, there is no use to which, at present, they can be applied, and, in the second, they are so unsafe as to be likely, in all cases, to cost a life for each descent. In the concise words of Mr Green we should say—"the best parachute is a balloon, the others are bad things to have to deal with."

Mr Cocking, as we have said, was an enthusiast in parachutes. He felt sure he had discovered a new, and the true, principle. All parachutes, before his day, had been constructed to descend in a concave form, like that of an open umbrella, the consequence of which was, that the parachute descended with a violent swinging from side to side, which sometimes threw the man in the basket in almost a horizontal position. Mr Cocking conceived that the converse form, viz, an inverted cone (of large dimensions), would remedy this evil, and becoming convinced, we suppose, by some private experiments with models he tried to descend on a certain day. The time was barely adequate to his construction of the parachute and did not admit of such actual experiments with a sheep or pig or other animal as prudence would naturally have suggested. Besides the want of time, however, Cocking equally wanted prudence, he felt sure of his new principle, this new form of parachute was the hobby of his life, and up he went on the appointed day (for what argument shall due to "disappoint the Public?")—descending by a rope fifty feet long from the bottom of the car of Mr Green's great Nassau balloon.

The huge upper rim of the parachute, in imitation, we suppose, of the hollow bones of a bird was made of hollow tin—a most implicable and brittle material, and besides this, it had two fractures. But Mr Cocking was not to be deterred, convinced of the truth of his discovery, up he would go. Mr Green was not equally at ease, and positively refused to touch the latch of the "liberating iron," which was to detach the parachute from the balloon. Mr Cocking arranged to do this himself, for which means he procured a piece of new cord of upwards of fifty feet in length, which was fastened to the latch above in the car, and led down to his hand in the basket of the parachute. Up they went to a great height, and disappeared among the clouds.

Mr Green had taken up one friend with him in the car, and, knowing well what would happen the instant so great a weight as the parachute and man were detached, he had provided a small balloon inside the car, filled with atmospheric air, with two mouth-

pieces. They were now upwards of a mile high.

"How do you feel, Mr Cocking?" called out Green. "Never better or more delighted in my life," answered Cocking. Though hanging at fifty feet distance, in the utter silence of that region, every accent was easily heard. "But, perhaps you will alter your mind?" suggested Green. "By no means," cried Cocking, "but how high are we?—'Upwards of a mile'—I must go higher, Mr Green—I must be taken up two miles before I liberate the parachute." Now, Mr Green, having some regard for himself and his friend, as well as for poor Cocking was determined, not to do any such thing. After some further colloquy therefore, during which Mr Green threw out a little more ballast, and gained a little more elevation he finally announced that he could go no higher, as he now needed all the ballast he had for their own safety in the balloon. "Very well," said Cocking, "if you really will not take me any higher, I shall say good bye."

At this juncture Green called out, "Now, Mr Cocking if you mind at all misgives you about your parachute I have provided a tackle up here, which I can lower down to you, and then wind you up into the car by my little grand iron winches and nobody need be the wiser—" "Certainly not," cried Cocking, "thank you all the same. I shall now make ready to pull the latch cord." Finding he was determined Green and his friend both crouched down in the car and took hold of the mouth-pieces of the little balloon. "All ready?" called out Cocking. "All ready!" answered the victim acrimoniously above. "Good night Mr Green!"—"Good night, Mr Cocking!"—"A pleasant voyage to you, Mr Green—good night!"

There was a perfect silence—a few seconds of intense suspense—and then the aeronauts in the car felt a jerk upon the latch. It had not been forcible enough to open the liberating iron. Cocking had failed to detach the parachute. Another pause of horrid silence ensued.

Then came a strong jerk upon the latch and, in an instant the great balloon shot upwards with a side-long swirl, like a wounded serpent. They saw their flag flung flat down against the flag-staff, while a torrent of gas rushed down upon them through the aperture in the balloon above their heads, and continued to pour down into the car for a length of time that would have suffocated them but for the judgmatic provision of the little balloon of atmospheric air, to the mouth-pieces of which their own mouths were fixed, as they crouched down at the bottom of the car. Of Mr Cocking's fate, or the result of his experiment, they had not the remotest knowledge. They only knew the parachute was gone!

The termination of Mr Cocking's experiment is well known. For a few seconds he descended quickly, but steadily, and with-

out swinging—as he had designed, and insisted would be the result—when, suddenly, those who were watching with glasses below, saw the parachute lean on one side—then gave a lurch to the other—then the large upper circle collapsed (the disastrous hollow tin-tubing having evidently broken up), and the machine entered the upper part of a cloud in a few more seconds it was seen to emerge from the lower part of the cloud—the whole thing turned over—and then, like a closed up broken umbrella, it shot straight down to the earth. The unfortunate, and, as most people regard him, the foolish enthusiast, was found still in the basket in which he reached the earth. He was quite wretchedly, but uttered a moan, and in ten minutes he was dead.

minute moonlight was of parachute time.

He, who went so high to see what but who these romantic persons may one day perform up in the air, is not a bad specimen of the kind. He is a well-to-do man, and his balloon is a fine one. He is above the "equator" (the line of the middle region of the balloon) and is about to reach the netting that is attached to the parachute. He is a fine specimen of the kind. He is a well-to-do man, and his balloon is a fine one. He is above the "equator" (the line of the middle region of the balloon) and is about to reach the netting that is attached to the parachute.

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becomes slower—another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian aeronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon, when it touches the earth, partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the iron has been lowered, and dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers labourers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank—it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock frocks a policeman five boys, followed by three little girls, and last of all a woman with a child in her arms, all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-men and up go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge—grapples with its roots, the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard, the four men seize the rope, and down they are hauled, and held fast till the acid fulsome water is squeezed out. A gigantic heave and punt, surer for it disengages, and begins to resign its inflated robust proportions. It subsides in irregular waves—mks puffs, flattens—draws a thin shivelled skin, and being folded up like Peter's hind's shadow, is put into a bag and stowed away at the bottom of the little car it so recently overshadowed with its buoyant encumbrance.

We are glad it is all over, delighted, and admit as we have been we are very glad to take our supper at the solid firmly fixed oak table of a country inn, with a brick wall and a barn-door for our only prospect, as the evening closes in. Of ethereal currents and the sciences of infinite space, we have had enough for the present.

Touching the accidents which occur to balloons we feel persuaded that in the great majority of cases they are caused by unexperience, ignorance, rashness, folly, or—more commonly than all—the necessities attending a show. One announced for a certain day or night (an innumerable practice, which ought to be prevented)—and, whatever the state of the wind and weather, and whatever science and the good sense of an experienced aeronaut may know and suggest of imprudence—up the poor man must go, simply because the public have paid their money to see him do it. He must go, or he will be ruined.

But nothing can more strikingly display the comparative safety which is attained by great knowledge, foresight, and care, than the fact of the veteran, Charles Green, being now in the four hundred and eighty-ninth year of his

balloonical age; having made that number of ascents, and taken up one thousand four hundred and thirteen persons, with no fatal accident to himself, or to them, and seldom with any damage to his balloons.

Nevertheless, from causes over which he had no control, our veteran has had two or three 'close shaves.' On one occasion he was blown out to sea with the Great Nassau balloon. Observing some vessels, from which he knew he should obtain assistance, he commenced a rapid descent in the direction of the Nore. The valve was opened, and the car first struck the water some two miles north of Sheerness. But the wind was blowing fresh, and, by reason of the buoyancy of the balloon, added to the enormous surface it presented to the wind, they were drawn through the water at a speed which set defiance to all the vessels and boats that were now out on the chase. It should be mentioned, that the speed was so vehement, and the car so unboat-like, that the aeronauts (Mr Green and Mr Rush, of Elsenham Hall, Essex) were dragged through, that is *under*, every wave they encountered, and had a good prospect of being drowned upon the surface. Seeing that the balloon could not be overtaken, Mr Green managed to let go his huge grapnel net, which shortly afterwards took effect at the bottom, where, by a fortunate circumstance (for them) there was a sunken wreck, in which the net took hold. The progress of the balloon being thus arrested, a boat soon came up and relieved the aeronauts, but no boat could venture to approach the master balloon, which still continued to struggle and toss and bound from side to side. It would have capsized any boat that came near it, in an instant. It was impossible to do anything with it till Mr Green obtained assistance from a revenue cutter, from which he solicited the services of an armed boat, and the crew fired muskets with ball cartridge into the rolling monster, until she gradually sunk down flat upon the waves, but not until she had been riddled with sixty-two bullet holes.

So much for perils by sea, but the greatest of all the veteran's dangers was caused by a diabolical trick, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. It was as follows—

In the year 1832, on ascending from Cheltenham, one of those malicious wretches who may be regarded as half fool and half devil, contrived partially to sever the ropes of the car, in such a manner as not to be perceived before the balloon had quitted the ground, when receiving, for the first time, the whole weight of the contents, they suddenly gave way. Everything fell out of the car, the aeronauts just having time to secure a painful and precarious attachment to the hoop. Lightened of its load, the balloon, with frightful velocity, immediately commenced its upward course, and ere Mr Green could obtain possession of the valve string, which the first violence of the accident had

placed beyond his reach, attained an altitude of upwards of ten thousand feet. Their situation was terrible. Clinging to the hoop with desperate retention, not daring to trust any portion of their weight upon the margin of the car, that still remained suspended by a single cord beneath their feet, lest that also might give way, and they should be deprived of their only remaining counterpoise, all they could do was to resign themselves to chance, and endeavour to retain their hold until the exhaustion of the gas should have determined the career of the balloon. To complete the horrors of their situation, the net work, drawn awry by the awkward and unequal disposition of the weight, began to break about the upper part of the machine—mesh after mesh giving way, with a succession of reports like those of a pistol, while through the opening thus created, the balloon began rapidly to ooze out, and swelling as it escaped beyond the fissure, presented the singular appearance of a huge hour-glass floating in the upper regions of the sky. After having continued for a considerable length of time in this condition, every moment expecting to be precipitated to the earth by the final detachment of the balloon, at length they began slowly to descend. When they had arrived within about a hundred feet from the ground, the event they had anticipated at length occurred, the balloon, rushing through the opening in the net work with a tremendous explosion, suddenly made its escape, and they fell to the earth in a state of insensibility, from which with great difficulty, they were eventually recovered.

Apart from the question of dangers, which science, as we have seen, can reduce to a minimum—and apart also from the question of practical utility of which we do not see much at present, yet of which we know not what may be derived in future—what are the probabilities of improvement in the art of ballooning, its restriction, or the means of travelling through the air in a given direction?

The conditions seem to be these. In order to fly in the air, and steer in a given direction during a given period, it is requisite to take up a buoyancy and power which shall be greater (and continuously so during the voyage) than be fatal to sustain its own mechanical weight together with that of the aeronauts and their various appurtenances, and is much also in excess of these requisitions as shall overcome the adverse action of the wind upon the resisting surface presented by the machine. At present no such power is known which can be used in combination with a balloon, or other gas machine. If we could condense electricity, then the thing might be done, other subtle powers may also be discovered with the progress of science, but we must wait for them before we can fairly make distant voyages in the air, and reduce human flying to a practical utility, or a safe and rational pleasure.

The "latest news" of new inventions in balloons we shall comprise within the period of the last ten or eleven years. A writer in the "Polytechnic Journal" (1840) thought he had discovered a certain means of propelling balloons at the will of the aeronaut. He proposed to do this without taking up an additional power, or engine, but simply by a new application of the *weight*, as well as the strength, of the aeronaut and his passengers. A fan-wheel is to be constructed to act upon the air, for the direction of the course of the balloon, and this wheel is to be worked after the manner of the tread mill. When a certain impulse in a direction against the wind, is to be given, the aeronaut and his friends will get into the wheel, and work it round by the usual process. If more power is needed, they must use their hands, and also carry weights on their shoulders.

Passing over M. Poitevin's equestrian performances in the air as simply consurable we come at once to the three or four announcements which have last interested the lovers of this delightful art, as Monck Mason terms it. Of the Spanish nobleman lately arrived in Paris, who is to fly in a new machine, accompanied by his daughter, we are unable to say more than he has himself put forth, which amounts to nothing but the announcement. Respecting the New American Flying Ship, with its copper boilers and engines of twelve horse power, which are to cause a revolution of flats, it is yet being finished (owing to the unwhimsical hangings back of the American public in the amount of dollars still necessary to be subscribed) we make no remarks—but utter a word of two.

The invention of M. Petin, a respectable tradesman of Paris who has devoted many years to this delightful art. Instead of sailing horizontally, he proposes alternately to ascend and descend in an oblique direction, and at each ascent and descent he contends that the balloon is to be driven forward. The apparatus he employs is gigantic. First there is an immense frame work *seventy yards* long by ten wide, and to it three large balloons are to be attached, connected with the frame work by large frames of sail cloth, which open and close, somewhat like those of a conservatory. When all these frames are closed the resistance of the air is alike on all, and the machine swims horizontally, but when some at one end are opened, the resistance of the air becomes unequal, and the machine rises or descends. Advantage is taken of this movement to propel the balloon by means of a screw, worked by a mechanical apparatus.

But the French are not to carry off all the honours of these aerial tuncies. We have a Steam Aerostation Society with an Office in the Strand, London, where it is announced that a "Lecturer" explanatory of the object will be given, on the payment of five shillings, which constitutes a Perpetual Associate, with privilege to attend the progress of the Machine

now building on the premises." The Duke of Brunswick is also hard at work on a new Aerial Machine.

In the Great Exposition, we have had the pleasure of examining the new Aerial Machine invented by Mr E. Mason, of Brompton, together with the Locomotive Balloon, and Locomotive Parachute of Mr H. Bell, of Millbank. The former of these presents the appearance of a huge vegetable marrow, with a broad Dutch rudder at the stern, and an apparatus of revolving sails at each bow. Mr Bell's invention is a long silver fish, for a boat, with revolving fans, in place of fins, for progression, and sustained by a balloon of blue silk (It is said that Marshal Ney expended a considerable sum in experiments with a balloon of the fish-shape, but it could not be made to swim the air as he wished.) Mr J. Brown, of Leadenhall Street, has a most solid looking model, like a mahogany Dutch boat, sustained by an immense inflated hamlet, or closed hood, and guided by a jib in front with a tri sail for a rudder. Mr H. Plummer has a machine to fly with wings only the power to be derived from the action of springs, &c. Mr G. Graham exhibits a steering apparatus for a balloon. It resembles some enormous fire work case, or skeleton of some great fabulous bird. These long wings are, in fact, to be used as immense oars, a project somewhat resembling that of Messrs. Aime and Robert, in 1784. Mr W. Sadler, of Wandsworth, exhibits a singularly light and curious aerial machine, evidently the result of immense consideration in its principles and details, and if ever we ventured up in an experimental trip of this kind we should be disposed to give this — but it is good to be careful and better still perhaps, not to venture for a long time to come. All these machines have a wonderfully eccentric look, of course, and there are no explanations to any of them excepting the following —

A pamphlet has just been published by Mr Huntley, with a frontispiece of a very new kind of balloon, in form not unlike two big-pipes of the early Italian shepherds, sewed together. It is to be of prodigious magnitude. The principle of propulsion will be that of the screw, but the balloon is to be its own screw and work itself by rotation through the air. A wheel and strap are to give the rotatory motion, and the inventor is convinced that one end of the big-pipe (or queer curled point) will propel, and the other attract the air in its embrace which will enable the aeronaut to advance in any direction he pleases. His power is to be derived from steam, and the weight of cargo he expects to be able to carry (besides the weight of his machine and apparatus) is the moderate amount of twenty-seven tons—about the weight of six full-grown elephants, with their "castles".

Well, we take our breath after all this, but, supported by the opinion of many scientific

men of various periods, and by the scientific triumphs accomplished in our own time, we venture to indulge a hope of flying, some day, whither we list (with a reasonable recollection that even ships at sea cannot leave port in an adverse storm, and that very few birds can fly against a strong wind); but we do not think the day has yet arrived; and we confess to a somewhat uncomfortable sensation at the idea of "going up" in company with a cargo of twenty-seven tons.

THE WAY I MADE MY FORTUNE.

THREE of us were sitting in a small room, and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honour to a Rothschild; coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author, if I could only find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation; "and he told me that for forty louis a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "agree with George—the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! that is all one requires," exclaimed George; "we will conjure up this cousin of yours—or could we not kill him? Yes; James Méran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand louis, to his well-beloved cousin, Louis Méran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert—slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honour to the testator—lost no time in concocting and afterwards publishing a full account, in the local newspaper, of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course, I endeavoured to undeceive them, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1789.

Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which it was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumour of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you are come for those fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your orders for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir; cousin's mourning. Dark bronze frock, for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer——"

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor; who busily employed himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did want some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favour to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the look-out for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have heavy demands to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I, buy your house? Why, it would be madness to think of such a thing."

"Madness? no such thing; you could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say 'done,' and I'm off."

And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word.

Two hours after, I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers.

"Really, sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. That house is indispensable to me; I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed, and I felt sure that he would be obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different; so I come to ask if you will let me have it for seventy-five thousand francs."

Fifty thousand francs, dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to five Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with candour:—

"I should tell you, sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house, till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me equally as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send it to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges and Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum, that had been left me by an uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The signification of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumour of my legacy had reached Paris, so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter.

"SIR,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres to your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of those securities admits of your selling out at a premium.

"We remain, Sir,

"Yours to command,

"FLANGES AND CO."

To this was added a postscript written by the head of the firm.

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good-fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services, as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if, more conversant with terms of commerce and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal, was only the yearly interest! I lost no time in writing to my correspondents to inform them that the sum was much too large.—"I have received no money," I said, "from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post.

"We learn, with regret, that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan.

According to your orders, we have sold out half the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with the delays which bequests at such a distance must necessarily involve, to think for a moment that you can be immediately put in possession of your inheritance; but your simple signature will suffice to procure you all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments; lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. With the hope that you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Gimmugen. You will please to observe, Sir, that no deposit is required, and that, as calls are only made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares, should you change your mind, without your having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honour to remain, &c

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me, no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters; especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The *Journal de Goub-monges* thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin, and the editor wrote to me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies, begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money that I had to pay for postages was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries, I hastily departed for Paris. Directly I got there, I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally are.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret; "there has been a great rise; however, we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir; ten thousand piastres stock at seventy (the piastre being at five francs, thirty-five centimes) the sum already paid being—If you sell out to-day you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think?"

"Yes; the Government made some difficulty about granting a charter; but it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly, you have fifty, at four hundred and fifty francs profit—that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange, but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to find a secure investment for those sums, would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five per cents. I know of nothing more secure, at the present price of that stock, you get six per cent for your money. I can easily understand that you should be worried by such trifling details as these; you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then, if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spanish stocks in the five per cents, what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs—funds at eighty—eighty—twenty—yes, twenty thousand francs a year."

"Ah! twenty thousand francs a year! And when can the investment be made?"

"To-morrow morning; that is, if you will allow our firm to conduct the transaction."

"Certainly, in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

The banker made a polite bow.

"And now, I continued, I should feel obliged if you would have the goodness to give me a few hours, as I am rather short of cash."

"My dear sir, all the cash I possess is at your service. How much do you want—two hundred?—four hundred?"

"I think you fifty will be quite sufficient."

"May I hope, said the banker, when I use to take leave, that our firm may be favoured with the continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

It is at few moments of my life on which I look back with more satisfaction than on those occupied in my interview with M. Bergerot. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a year, if it had not been for the fifty napoleons.

In the meantime, my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris, which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return, they came to see me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead!"

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied, "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well, but you know that this inheritance is only a hoax!"

"To tell you the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention, for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot remain long concealed, people began to wonder that no news came from Martinique, the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that I was always rather sceptical about that inheritance."

And I also said M. Felix, "though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike for instance—

"Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Meran and having heavy payments to meet, will feel obliged by a cheque for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies disarmed all doubts of my perfect solvency.

"Mr. Meran thanks Mr. Mayer for having at last sent in his account, and encloses a cheque for the amount."

My cool and unconcerned demeanour kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another, "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess, I felt compunction of conscience, but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and that I owed it all to a universal public worship of the Golden (all, and to the truth of Albert's axiom, 'the next best thing to capital is credit.'

INDIAN FURLOUGH REGULATIONS.

Once upon a time, it was considered rather mean in any man to alter his opinions. Consistency was the great moral card played in politics, and even nowadays there are a few people wedded for better or worse—we should say very much for the worse—to anything that brings a testimonial from our ancestors. Lately, however, the great changes that have taken place in the conditions of our social life, have decidedly tended to stagger some of us. It often becomes horribly obvious that what looked quite right (and we think really was quite right) thirty years ago, looks now as if it were quite wrong.

A very good example of the way in which the march of civilisation turns sense into nonsense, is supplied by the Furlough Regulations of the Services of the East India Company. At least to all the Europeans in its

pay, the East India Company is, on the whole, ~~an exceedingly good master~~. The Furlough Regulations, framed before any steam vessel had buffeted the broad Atlantic with its puddles, and before locomotives whistled their way through the world, were sensible enough. The same Regulations being still in force, are as unsuited to the service as a set of long clothes might be for a coachman's uniform. The fact that the Regulations are outgrown, is felt uncomfortably by every servant of the Company employed in India; it is distinctly seen by the Court of Directors, who have had their eye on a new suit for some years past; it is admitted as obvious by the Board of Control, which had and must coincide with the Directors in their mode of tailoring. No private interests are interfered with, no prejudices stand in the way of an amended set of Regulations; every one unanimously votes them necessary, so much unity of opinion begets a calm, and the result is, that no way is made. Nobody is being stirred by any opposition into energy, and consequently the old Furlough Regulations still remain in force, and may remain in force for ever. Here there is, contemporary fossils.

In the first place, each member of the East India Company's service is allowed, after completing ten years of actual duty in India, a furlough of three years on his private affairs. He receives furlough pay according to the branch of service to which he may belong, and the rank he has attained in it, but if he comes to Europe, this pay is so small that it does not pay more than the expenses of his journey home and back, leaving him nothing to expend in Europe. An officer may obtain a furlough of two years to Europe, even before the completion of his first ten years' service, if he can satisfy the local Government that the business on which he returns home is absolutely urgent. But in this case he will receive no pay whatever. Another exception is made also in the case of sickness, when, upon the certificate of his medical attendant, an officer can obtain sick furlough for a period of three years, receiving pay, if he should go to Europe, according to the rate formerly mentioned for an European furlough granted after ten years' service. In every case of an officer proceeding to Europe, whether on furlough, sick certificate, or urgent private affairs, he forfeits his Indian pay and allowances, both staff and regimental. Furthermore he forfeits all claim to return to whatever staff employ he may have left, and has to wait for the good fortune which may restate him in his old position, by the withdrawal of a new appointment. The time elapsing between the date of any officer's departure from India until his return, in case he takes his holiday in Europe, is not, under any circumstances, allowed to count as a portion of the service which entitles to a pension.

But if an officer contents himself with the enjoyment of his furlough "within Indian

limits," the case is entirely different. For six months he may at any time obtain leave of absence on his private affairs, and, if he has not over-passed the limits, will receive his full pay and allowances, with the half-pay of any staff appointment that he may be holding. He may have sick leave for two years, to the Cape of Good Hope, China, Egypt, New South Wales—for these are places "within Indian limits"—and still draw his full pay and allowances, his half staff pay, if he have any to draw, and when he returns will return to the full possession of his staff appointment. The period of his absence, also, is allowed to count as a period of service.

When these regulations were constructed, the journey to England, before steamers were in use, and Overland routes were known, was round the Cape, and occupied five months. It was duly considered that in case of any emergency which would require the presence of all available officers and troops, an officer in Europe could not return in obedience to a summons in much less time than a twelvemonth. That was a serious affair, heavy discouragement was therefore put on European furloughs. The consequence has been, and now is, that unless driven to seek in European climate, by an almost irreparably shattered health, very few, indeed, of our Indian friends revisit us until the expiration of their Indian service, extending in most cases to thirty, and sometimes to forty, or even fifty years.

Time has slipped by. To Europe now there is a great high road, and from India to England is, we may fairly say, a few days' journey. England is more quickly accessible from India now than the Cape, an officer who comes home to Europe is in fact more within call than if he only journeyed up to the Nilgherry Hills. We need say nothing of the moral and material advantage to the Indian service which must accrue from putting those who left the centre of our civilisation in their youth into a fair amount of communication with the mother country. Engines of power as these Indian servants are, what rusty engines some of them must be, we feel when we consider that some of our countrymen, in India now, left us before we had a railroad, and know nothing practically of our world as it now is. We do not dwell upon the sentimental part of the question, nor on any other part of it either. There is nothing to urge. The whole matter is obvious. Everybody admits it. European furloughs should be at a premium now, not a discount, the calculation upon which the Indian Furlough Regulations were framed by those who went before us was good then, and prudent then, but by the changes since made in the aspect of society, it is now turned precisely upside down. The authorities are quite aware of that. The Court of Directors once upon a time even sent to the Board of Control a pen-and-ink sketch of a new set of Regulations adapted to

the new state of things. But the Board was sleepy. The Company's servants have not made an outcry, there has been no pressure from without, and so, since the whole thing was so simple, it appeared the most natural proceeding possible to tie a bit of red tape round the case, and put it on a shelf. It is a matter, to be sure, that concerns many true and faithful men, for the settlement of which thousands wait, sick at heart, dreaming of home. But since the thousands are so quiet and respectful, the official gentleness in difficulties neglects them, as people who give little trouble, while he spends his time on those who are more clamorous to get their dues.

A petition embodying the arguments we have repeated was adopted in the Indian service some time back, and was received with favour by the East India Company. Its prayer is not yet granted, although it is a petition unopposed from friends to friends. It does not speak even of an abuse, but of a regulation fallen to the ground by the slipping away of the world from under it. The fault of the business is its simplicity. It sleeps in a calm, and if the public will but agitate it gently for a little while, it will be doing every service for a set of men who have done hard service for us and for their rulers.

A WORD FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

TREMBLE NO MORE TO HEAR MY VOICE
I or not in thunders, as of old,
When the far-echoing deaden'd roll,
That over hill and hollow roll'd,
Was follow'd by the wild death-shriek,—
But harmless as a child, I speak

Tremble no more! Not charged and slain,
As in those days, with iron shot,
And smoke that blacken'd the blue sky,
And made the earth one reeking pit,
My mission ends its mortal lease,
And I would speak before I cease

For I have play'd a mighty part
In human change and have, therefore,
A right my burden to impart,
Ere I become a thing of yore
A monster in the calendar
And annals of red written war.

Have I not built imperial thrones,
And batter'd old foundations down?
Old warfare was a strife of crosses
Before I rose on field and town,
And heaving deck,—a creature strange,—
And utter'd the great voice of Change!

A voice that I must hear in turn,
And feel to be a thing of doom,—
A voice that, day by day, I yearn
To hear, as now, with gradual boom,
It rises in acclaiming notes
From myriads of united throats

The cry is 'Peace!' and, at the word,
I feel as though my tune were come,—
The time when I shall not be heard,
For I am dead when I am dumb.
The earth may claim a parting roar,
And I shall shake its fields no more

'Tis well! I came when I was call'd,
I go before a growing good,
May that fair seed be not forestall'd
By Tyranny's last struggling blood,—
A deeper curse—a fiercer ill—
Than war, or perverse human will

I go! Ambition cannot now
At use me for its purpose vile,
Nor Avance claim the peaceful plough
By my crest and light the while
The crimes of monarchs and of states
Henceforth I leave unto the fates

Or do I dream!—who thus so long
Have stood up in this bastion'd height,
I call'd to meditate with Wrong,
In its perpetual strife with Right—
Is it a dream—that I have done,
And see the setting of my sun

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER

IN SIX CHAPTERS

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"ON ELIZ! ELIZ!"—what's the use of your turning your head from me!—Why, I can see you are colouring crimson—as if I had no eyes! Oh! he is charming, is not he?"

"How tame some you can be, Clementina! I am sure I don't care. No, not besides, he's your flirt, not mine."

"Is he? I wish he were! But I know better. He loves you, Eliz, and what's more, you love him. And if you don't know it—which perhaps you don't—I do, and he does."

"He does!—I like that!—he does!—Upon my word! I like him, and he knows it! I do no such thing."

"Take care what you say. Walls have ears."

"Pooh!—nonsense! And if they have, I tell you, I don't care."

"You don't?—you are sure you don't?—Oh, very well! If that be really so, then I had better keep my message to myself."

"Message!—what message?"

"You know a man does not like to be refused, and so, if you really do not care for him, why, I had better hold my peace. He is young, and he is volatile enough. And, indeed, I have wondered, Eliz, sometimes, how you ever came to take a fancy to him,—but I am forgetting. It was my mistake. You never have taken a fancy to him."

"How you do run on!" she said, taking the last rose out of her hair, for she was standing before the glass, undoing her braids, the sisters, having dismissed their attendant, that they might have a comfortable chat together. And then the hair came all tumbling over her

shoulders, and upon her white muslin dressing-gown, and she looked most beautiful—half pleasant, half angry—as she turned round, and, trying to frown with her eyes, whilst her lips smiled, said—

"Cie, you are the most intolerable gulf in the world."

Cie smiled, looked down, and said nothing.

"You may as well tell me, though."

"No, I won't unless you will be a true girl—own what you ought to own—say what you ought to say—that you do not quite hate him. You really may say that—and then we will see about it."

"Hate him! Did I say I hated him?"

"Or, pretended you did. Or, that he was indifferent to you."

"Well, well, I don't hate him, then."

"Then come here, and sit down by me, and I will tell you that Lionel loves you, and adores you—and all that. Very easily said. But far more than that—and with great difficulty said—he wishes to make you his wife!"

"Ah me!"—and again the colour flushed into her face, and such an expression was visible in her eyes!

Suddenly she threw her arms round her sister, and embraced her tenderly.

"You dear, dear girl! she whispered—

"Oh, I am so—so happy! But tell me—tell me—all, from the beginning. Lionel—is it possible?"

"You thought we were very busy talking together to-night, at Mrs White's ball, didn't you?—You were a little jealous were you not you silly thing? Ah, my Ella! My proud—proud Ella! To have made such a tumble into love!"

"Nonsense!—how you talk! But tell me all he said. I've missed every single word of it."

"He said he loved you more than his life and all that sort of thing, and that I must tell you so to night, and, if you would give him the least atom of encouragement I was to take no notice and he would speak to papa and mamma immediately, but if you hated him as much as I said I was sure you did."

"How could you say such a stupid thing?"

"I thought that was what I ought to say."

"How foolish you are, Chick! Well?"

"Well, in that case, I was to write. Shall I write?"

She did not write.

And from this time the existence of Ella was changed.

She loved, with all the fervour and energy of her nature, and life took at once a new colour. True love is of the infinite. None can have deeply loved—when or how in other respects it may have been—but they have entered into the unseen world, have breathed a new breath of life, have tasted of the true existence.

What is often called love, may do nothing of all this—but I am speaking of true love.

Lionel seemed at that time scarcely worthy of the passion he had inspired. Yet he had many excellent qualities. He was warm-hearted, generous to excess, had good parts, a brilliant way of talking, and was a favourite with all the world.

He had not the splendid gifts which nature had bestowed upon Julian Winstanley. By the side of her father, even in the eyes of Ella, the bright halo which surrounded her lover would seem somewhat to pale. The young man even appeared to feel this, in some degree, himself. He always, yet with a certain grace, took the second place, when in her father's presence. Ella loved her father, and seemed to like that it should be so.

"Oh, my sister! oh, my friend! what—what shall we do? Oh, misery! misery! what is to become of us all?"

Clementina's eyes were swimming with tears, but she would not give way. In passive endurance she excelled her sister.

She held her arms clasped closely round her, whilst Ella poured a torrent of tears upon her bosom.

"My father! my beautiful, clever, indulgent father, that I was so proud of—that I loved so—who spread nothing upon either of us—does not! how little, little, did I guess whence the money came!"

Clementina trembled and shivered as her sister poured forth these passionate lamentations, but she neither wept nor spoke for some time. At last she said:

"Ella, I have been uneasy about things for some time. We are young, and we have not much experience in the ways of the world, but since our poor mother died, and I have had in some degree to manage the house, I have been every day becoming more uncomfortable."

"You have?" said Ella, lifting up her head, "and you never told me!"

"Why should I have told you? why should I have disturbed your dream of happiness, my dear Ella? Besides, I hoped that it concerned me alone—that it things might hold on a little while longer—at least, till you were provided for, and safe."

"Safe and what was to become of you?"

"I did not much think of that. I had a firm friend I knew, in you, Ella, and then, lately since mamma's death, since you have been engaged to dear Lionel, and I have been much alone, I have thought of old things—old things that good Matty used to talk about. I have been endeavouring to look beyond myself, and this world; and it has strengthened me."

"You are an excellent creature, Cie!"

She shook her head.

"But, my father! what is to be done? Can anything be done?"

"No, my love. I fear nothing can be done."

"He loves me!" said Ella, raising up her head again, her eyes beaming with a new hope "I will try—I will venture. It is perhaps great presumption in a child, but my father loves me, and I love him."

Again Clementina shook her head.

"You are so faint-hearted—you are so discouraging. You give up everything with out an attempt to save yourself or others. That is your way!" cried Ella, with her own impetuosity, and some of her old injustice. Then, seeing sorrow and pain working upon her sister's face as she spoke thus, she stopped herself and cried—"Oh! I am a brute—worse than a brute—to say this. Dear Clementina, forgive me, but don't let my discouragement, when I want all my courage. I will go—I will go this moment, and speak to my father."

Clementina pressed her sister's hand as she started up to go. She feared the effort would be vain,—vain as those she had herself made, yet there was no knowing. Ella was so beautiful, so correct, so eloquent, so pre-vailling!

She followed her, with her eyes to the door, with feelings of mingled hope and apprehension.

Down the splendid stairs, with their gilded balustrades, and carpets of the richest hue and texture, rushed the impetuous Ella. Through the hall—all marble and gilding—and her hand was upon the lock of the library door. She was about to turn it, with out reflection, but a sudden fear of intruding came over her—she paused and knocked.

"Who is there?" exclaimed an irritated voice from within, "go away—I can see no one just now."

"It is I, papa—Ella, pray let me come in."

And she opened the door.

He was standing in the middle of the lofty and magnificent apartment, which was adorned on every side with pictures in gorgeous frames, with busts, vases, and highly ornamented bookcases fitted with splendidly bound books— seldom if ever, opened. His pale, worn, haggard face, and degraded figure formed a fearful contrast to the splendid scene around him, showing like a mockery of his misery. A small table, richly inlaid, stood beside him, in one hand he held a delicate cup of fine china; in the other, a small chemist's phial.

He started as she entered, and turned to her an angry and confused countenance now rapidly suffused with a deep crimson flush, but, as if electrified by a sudden and horrid suspicion she rushed forward, and impetuously seized his shaking arm.

The cup fell to the floor, and was broken to atoms, but he clenched the phial still faster in his trembling hand, as he angrily uttered the words.

"How dare you come in here?"

"Oh! papa—papa!"—she had lost all other terror before that of the horrible suspicion

which had seized her—"what are you about? what is that?" stretching out her arms passionately and endeavouring to wrench the phial from his fingers.

"What are you about? what do you mean?" he cried, endeavouring to extricate his hand. "Let me alone—leave me alone! what are you about? Be quiet, I say, or by—" And with the disengaged hand he tore her fingers from his, and thrust her violently away.

She staggered, and fell, but caught herself upon her knees, and flinging her arms round his lifted up her earnest imploring face, crying, "Father—father! papa—papa! for my sake—for your sake—for all our sakes, oh, give it me! give it to me!"

"Give you what? what do you mean? what are you thinking about?" endeavouring to escape from her clasping arms. "Have done, and let me alone. Will you have done? will you let me alone? fiercely, angrily, endeavouring again to push her away.

"No! never—never—never! till you give me—"

"What?"

"That!"

"That!" he cried. Then, as if recollecting himself, he endeavoured, as it seemed, to master his agitation, and said more calmly, "Let me be, Ella! and it it will be any satisfaction to you, I will thrust the bottle into the fire. But, you foolish girl, what do you gain by closing one exit, when there are open ten thousand is good?"

Disengaging himself from her relaxing arms he walked up to the fire-place, and thrust the phial between the bars. It broke as he did so, and there was a strong smell of bitter almonds. She had risen from her knees. She followed him, and again laid that hand upon his arm—that soft, fair hand, of whose beauty he was wont to be so proud. It trembled violently now, but as if impelled with unwonted courage, and an energy inspired by the occasion, she ventured upon that which, it was long since any one ever had presumed to offer to Julian Winstanley—upon a plain-spoken remonstrance.

"Papa, she said, "promise me that you will never—never—never again—"

"Do what?"

"Make an attempt upon your life—if I must speak out, she said, with a spirit that astonished him.

"Attempt my life! What should I attempt my life for?" said he, and he glanced round the scene of luxury which surrounded him. He was continuing, in a tone of irony—but it would not do. He sank upon a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, groaned—"Yes—yes, Ella! all you say is true. I am a wretch who is unworthy to—and more—who will not live." He burst forth at last with a loud voice, and his hands falling from his face, displayed a countenance dark

with a sort of resolute despair "No—no—no—death death—annihilation—and forgetfulness! Why did you come in to interrupt me, girl?" he added, roughly seizing her by the arm.

"Because—I know not—something—Oh! it was the good God surely, who impelled me," she cried, bursting into tears. "Oh, papa! papa! Do not! do not! Think of us all—your girls—Cle and I. You used to love us, papa—"

"Do you know what has happened?"

"Yes—no. I believe you have lost a great deal of money at cards."

"Cards—was it? Let it be. It may as well be cards. Yes child, I have lost a large sum of money at cards—and more. He a life! setting his teeth and speaking in a sort of hissing whisper—more than I can exactly pay."

"Oh, papa! don't say so. Consider—only look round you. Surely you have the means to pay! We can sell—we can make any sacrifice—any sacrifice on earth to pay. Only think, there are all these things. There is all the plate—my mother's diamonds—there is—"

He let her run on a little while, then, in a cool almost mocking tone, he said—

"I have given a bill of sale for all that long ago."

A bill of sale! What is a bill of sale?

"Well! It is a thing which passes one man's property into the hands of another man to make what he can of it. And the poor dupe who took my bill of sale, took it for twice as much as the things would really bring, but the rascal thought he had no alternative. I was a fool to give it him for the dice were loaded. If it were the last word I had to speak, I would say it—the dice were loaded."

"But—but—"

"What! you want to hear all about it do you? Well! it's a bad business. I thought I had a right to a run of luck—after all my ill fortune. I calculated the chances, they were overwhelmingly in my favour. I staked my zero against another man's thousands—never mind how many—and I lost, and have only my zero to offer in payment. That is to say, my note of hand, and how much do you think that is worth, my girl? I would rather—I would rather," he added passionately, changing his tone of levity for one of the bitterest despair—"I would rather be dead—dead, dead—than—"

"Oh, papa! papa! say it not! say it not! It is real! Such things are not mere words. They are real, father, father—Die! You must not die."

"I have little cause to wish to die," he said, relapsing again into a sort of gloomy carelessness, "so that I could see any other way out of it. To be sure, one might run—one might play the part of a cowardly, dishonourable rascal, and run for it, Ella, if you like that better. Between suicide and

the escapade of a defaulter, there is not much to choose, but I will do as you like."

"I would not willingly choose your dishonour," said she, shuddering, "but between the dishonour of the one course or the other, there seems little to choose. Only—only—if you lived, in time you might be able to pay. Men have lived and have laboured, until they have paid all."

"Live and labour—very like me! Live, and labour, until I have paid all—extremely like me! Lower a mountain by spadefulls."

"Even spadefulls," she said, her understanding and her heart seemed both suddenly ripened in this fearful extremity— even spadefulls at a time have done something—have lowered mountains, where there was determination and perseverance."

"But suppose there was neither. Suppose there was neither courage, nor goodness, nor determination, nor perseverance. Suppose the man had lived a life of indolent self-indulgence, until, squeeze him as you would, there was not one drop of virtue left in him. Crush him, as fate is crushing me at this moment, and I tell you you will get nothing out of him. Nothing—nothing. He is more worthless than the most degraded beast better to die as a beast, and go where the beasts go."

She turned ghastly pale at this terrible speech—but, No, she faltered out—no—no!

"You will not have me die, then?" he said, pursuing the same heartless tone, but it was forced, if that were any excuse for him. "Then you prefer the other scheme? I thought he went on 'to have supped with Pluto to night, but you prefer that it should be on board an American steamer'."

"I do," she gasped, rather than uttered.

"You do—you are sure you do? said he, suddenly assuming a tone of greater seriousness. "You wish, Ella, to preserve this worthless life? Have you considered at what expense?"

"Expense! How! Who could think of that?" she answered.

"Oh! not the expense of money, child—the expense of the little thing called honour." Listen to me Ella, and again he took her arm, and turned her poor distracted face to his. "You see I am ready to die—at least, *were* ready to die—but I have no wish to die. Worthless as this wretched life of mine is, it has its excitements, and its enjoyments, to me. When I made up my mind to end it I assure you, child, I did the one only generous thing I ever was guilty of in my life, for I did it for your girls' sakes, as much or more than for my own. Suicide, some think a wicked thing—I don't. How I got my life, I don't know, the power of getting rid of it is mine, and I hold myself at liberty to make use of it or not, at my own good pleasure. As for my ever living to pay my debt, it's folly to talk of it. I have not, and

never shall acquire, the means. I have neither the virtue nor the industry. I tell you, I am utterly good for nothing. I am a rascal—a scoundrel, and a despicable knave. I played for a large sum—meaning to take it if I won it—and not being able to pay, I lost it—and *that*, I have still sense of honour enough left to call a rascally proceeding. Now there is one way, and one way only, of cancelling all this in the eye of the world. When a man destroys himself, the world is sorry for him—half inclined to forgive him—to say the least of it, absolves his family. But—if he turn tail—and sneak away to America, and has so little sense—he went on passionately and earnestly—‘of all that is noble and faithful, and honourable, that he can bear to drag on a disgraced, contemptible existence, like a mean, pitiful, cowardly selfish wretch as he is—why, then—then—he is utterly blasted, and blackened over with infamy! Nobody feels for him, nobody pities him—the world speaks out, and curses the rascal as heartily as he deserves—and all his family perish with him. Now, Ella! choose which you will!’

“I choose America,” she said, with firmness. And how am I to get to America? and how am I to live there when I am there? To be sure there are your mother’s diamonds, he added.

Those are included in the bill of sale. Did you not say so? she asked.

‘Well, perhaps I did. But if a man is to live, he must have something to live upon. If he is to take flight, he must have wings to fly with.’

‘I will provide both.’

‘You will?’

“I am of age. What I have—which was not your gift—is it left my own. I don’t like being generous, I have the means to pay your passage.”

‘Aye, aye—I don’t! But afterwards, how am I to live? He will not like—no man would like—to have to maintain a wife’s father and that man a defaulter too. You should think of that, Ella!’

“I do! I will never ask him.”

‘Then who is to maintain me? I tell you, I shall never manage to do it myself.’

‘I will.’

“My poor child! he cried—one short touch of nature had reached him at last—‘what are you talking of?’

‘I hope, and believe, that I shall be able to do it.’

“I stood with my household gods shattered around me,” is the energetic expression of that erring man, who had brought the fell catastrophe upon himself.

And so stood Ella now—in the centre of her own sitting room, like some noble figure of ruin and despair, yet with a light, the light divine, kindling in an eye cast upward.

Yes! all her household gods—all the

idols she had too dearly loved and cherished, were shattered around her, and she felt that she stood alone, to confront the dreadful fate which had involved all she loved.

What a spectacle presented itself to her imagination, as drearily she looked round! (On one side, defaced and dishonoured, soiled, degraded, was the once beautiful and animated figure of her father—the man so brilliant, and to her so splendid a specimen of what human nature, in the full affluence of nature’s finest gifts, might be. Upon another side her lover—her husband—who was to have been her heart’s best treasure—who never was to be hers now. No! upon that her high spirit had at once resolved, never impoverished and degraded, as she felt herself to be, never would she be Lionel’s wife. The name which would, in a few hours’ time, be blackened by irreparable dishonour, should never be linked to his. One swell of tender feeling in it was over! All that is wrong, and all that is right, in woman’s pride, had risen in arms at once against this.)

The last figure that presented itself, was that of her delicate and gentle sister. But here there was comfort. Clementina was of a most frail and susceptible temperament, and eminently formed to suffer severely from adverse external circumstances, but she had a true and faithful heart, and if to Ella she would be obliged to cling for support, she would give consolation in return.

Lilla looked upward—she looked up to God!

That holy name was not a stranger to her lips. It had been once, until the chill of charity had taught the rich man’s laughter some little knowledge of it. But such use had never been thoroughly realised by her mind, and now when in the extremity of her destitution, she looked up—when “Out of the depths she cried unto Him—alas! He seemed so far far off, and her distresses were so terribly near!”

Yet even then imperfect as all was, a benediction was made. The thick darkness of her soul seemed a little broken—communion with the better and higher world was at least begun. There was a light—dim and shadowy—but still a light. There was a strength, vacillating and uncertain, but still a strength, coming over her soul.

THE MAGIC TROUGHS AT BIRMINGHAM

On the 7th of next May, it will be twenty years since the largest meeting ever held in our island was assembled at Newhall Hill, Birmingham. At the bottom of the hill were the hustings, whence it was declared that the Reform Bill should become the law of the land, and from every part of the slope, from tens of thousands of voices, came the solemn chant of the Union Hymn, and the words of the oath, singly spoken, by every man present,

to devote himself and his children to the great cause. There is no room now for such a meeting on Newhall Hill. Within these twenty years, buildings have sprung up, over nearly the whole surface, and the roaring of the furnace and the din of the hammer are heard where the hymn and the solemn oath resounded in a less peaceful time.

Among these buildings, at the bottom of the hill, are the large premises of Messrs. Elkington, Mason and Co.—the firm celebrated for their electro-gilding and plating. They have actually enclosed the canal within their premises—built over it—and their work-shops are still extending. There may be seen nearly four hundred men and boys employed diligently and constantly, upon work of so high an order, that the wonder is how in the imperfect state of our popular education so many can be found to manage such processes. As for the diligence of arts of so high an order as these cannot be served by halves. Here must be no Monday laziness after Sunday's rest, no caprice as to going to work or staying away. Like time and tide—like brewer and dyer—the work at Messrs. Elkington cannot wait for men's humours. Any one who engages himself here must go through with what he undertakes. He is told on being engaged, "We find you six days' work, and you are to find six days' labour." And the wages given are such as to justify this compact being made stringent. They rise from twenty-five shillings to three pounds a week, according to the nature and quality of the work.

Any one who has seen the contributions to the Exhibition from this house will understand that a special education is required. In almost every department of this manufacture the fruit-baskets, twined with the cynosural vines, are perfect enough, but the inkstands, with their crests—Eldon at the Well, the Milkmaid and her Goats, and the two cups and the sturgeon—are productions which require artistic heads and hands at almost every stage. And as yet this craft of art is new in England, and so is the process of manufacture. Formerly we bought our plated candlesticks, and table-forks, and mustard-pots, and inkstands from Sheffield. There was a small choice of patterns, very rarely anything new— seldom anything remarkably beautiful. The few who could spend money lavishly—princes and peers, and half a dozen wealthy commoners—might go to Rundell and Bridge and indulge their taste for works of art in gold and silver, but in plated goods there was little beauty, little variety, and very poor work. Preparation was making, half a century ago for the day which has arrived. Mr. Rundell was bringing over works of art—seizing every interval of continental truce to import pictures, statues, and gems, and paying sixpence and twenty pounds for his model and drawing of the shield of Achilles—of

which four casts only were made—for two royal princes and two peers—but meantime, the middle classes were served with patterns almost as hackneyed as the willow pattern in our dinner-plates. Preparation was making, unawares, for the other grand improvement, by Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, and Mr. Smea, of the Bank of England, having applied the process of electro-plating to taking copies of embossed surfaces. Where the discovery originated is not yet settled. Russia claims it. Italy claims it. But while it was used only for taking copies of gems and coins, we of the middle classes, who cannot afford to buy silver plate, were annoyed by seeing the copper peeping through the edges and prominences of our plated candlesticks, forks, and sugar-basins, and too often a bend or a dent here and there showing that there was as little wear in the metal and its solder in one way as in its silver covering in another.

Mr. Elkington was one of those who first saw how the process of electro-plating might be extended to the supply of our needs. He saw that by the agency of electricity the gold or silver plating might be in one substance with the material in which it is deposited, instead of being a mere covering, liable to be rubbed off by use. He saw that a whiter and harder metal than copper might be used as a basis, and employ the German silver for the purpore. He saw that the most various and elaborate designs and ornaments could be produced by this method in place of the few old forms, and that it would be an inestimable advantage to the plating list after all the repairs and finishing, instead of the clumsy

finishing of such things, and finishing and burnishing after the rule of the silver-hall. Seeing all this, he took out a patent for his process in 1840. About thirty other manufacturers in England are licensed by him to use his process, and there are not more than two houses now which maintain the old Sheffield method of laying silver on copper, and using the old soft tin solder. That any such houses remain may be very well because they turn out their work cheap, and keep down the price of the superior article. By the time they also have recourse to the new method their patent will have expired, and competition will keep prices reasonable. The process has also spread widely over the Continent, so that society may consider that it has the discovery side for general use. What remains to be wished is that our Schools of Design should be extended and improved, and that a Museum of practical work, in various departments of manufacture, should be attached to them. We have not enough of fresh and beautiful designs actually offered, but, few as they are, they are more than can be used, from the designers' want of knowledge of the practical business of the manufacture. While we are complaining of the dearth of employment for educated women, here is one, remarkably suited to the female faculties,

much needed, and therefore very profitable; but from which young women are at present almost excluded, for want of the practical part of the study. One, here and there, may design a pattern, unexceptionable in taste, and in every sort of fitness but one—but if it cannot be brought, her labour and her hopes are lost.

Let us send a glance over what we saw at Messrs Elkington and Mason's the other day, where a friend, connected with the establishment, showed us whatever we wished to see. From the show-room—the Art-chamber—which we shall not describe, because every one may go there, we were conducted to the room where the modellers were at work. There, on a shelf, stood some tall volumes—books on Art, and choice engravings. Engravings, and patterns of beautiful figures were hung up, and at their respective tables sat several artists, modelling in wax. One should come here to understand what pains are spent on the common articles which we use every day. Here is one side of a stand for cutlery. This one side consists of three pieces, the straight centre, and the two oblique sides, on which the pattern must be reversed, every half a breadth of each of which must be modelled with the nicest care,—a smooth stroke here, a gentle touch there. And then there is the stem, with the handle at the top, and two sides again. These common articles surprise one more by the detail than the more luxurious productions—the nut-shell, for instance, in pink wax, which is the pattern of a flower-stalk, or the group of palm-trees and oak, overshadowing the sick Hindoo, and the soldier surging on stooping over him, lance in hand,—the piece of testimonial plate presented to the surgeon of a regiment.

It seems as if as much precision and care were necessary in the coarse interior parts of the work as in the outside finish. For instance, in raising the foundation of a sugar-basin, which must have no join in its circumference, because it is to be gilt inside. It is one of the nicest arts in cookery to make a raised pie a true circle or oval, and, in the huddles business, to make one side of a wig match the other. In forming the foundation of a sugar-basin, the flat sheet of metal has to be raised in a bulge first, and then contracted, and then it must bulge again, and this form must be truly given by turning the metal with one hand, on the vibrating steel bar, which serves for the anvil, while the other hand uses the hammer, with equal and steady strokes. A similar process is used for raising an embossed pattern on the metal, when the form renders casting out of the question. Under the process of *marling*, as this is called, it is curious to see the bumps rising under the hammer—bumps caused by the round head of the steel bar beneath, and destined to group themselves into clusters of leaves or fruit as the work advances. When a hard mixed metal is used for these foundations,

and the copper scales at the surface, the work must go into *pickle* before it can be further dealt with. In a year, therefore, stand little vats of this pickle, in which sulphuric or nitric acid predominates, causing the copper to scale away.

But the foundations must be annealed before hammering that the pores of the metal may be opened. In the annealing room is a furnace, such as was formerly blown by bellows, like that of a blacksmith's forge. Now the engine saves that labour. A cock is turned, and there is an instant commotion among the lazy embers. Blue, yellow, red, and white flames dance and leap, and want something to devour. A sugar-basin or teapot is held over them on a metal slice, and, in a few seconds, the black metal becomes a deep red, and then in a few more seconds, scarlet, pink, white, and then it is laid down on the ground, to grow black again at its leisure.

Meantime, the ornamental runs, and little prunks, and all the decorations which are to be afterwards attached to the article, are in preparation elsewhere. A man stands at a pair of shears fastened to his counter, and cuts out pieces of German silver, as marked roughly from a pattern. These are the little plates which are to receive the embossed patterns, now in course of being struck off from steel dies in another room, or the slips which are to become rims themselves. In that other room are three or four men, who seem to be seized with a frantic convulsion, at intervals of a minute or so. They are the stampers. Having fixed the concave part of the die under the stamp, and attached the punch to the stamp, they lay on a slip of German silver, throw themselves by one foot and hand into a sling of rope, raising the stamper by its weight, and then let it fall, punching the slip of metal, which then gives place to another. There are no less than thirty tons of steel dies on the premises, each die being a costly and precious article of property. They are the most expensive part of the apparatus, as the castings are the most expensive process of the manufacture, from the time and minute pains required. Of the castings nothing need be said here, as the process is the same as in every iron foundry,—the work being only on a smaller scale, and more delicately finished. The sand, employed in the castings, is from the neighbouring Cemetery. As fast as the red sandstone is hewn away there, to make room for new chambers of the dead, and fresh nooks for flowering shrubs and green graves, the rubbish is bought by the manufacturers for their castings, to an amount which materially supports the funds of the Cemetery.

The chasing of the cast articles is one of the most astonishing processes to an observer. It seems as if every man so employed must be an artist. One sits with a salver before him. With the left hand, he turns it this way and

that, while with the graving tool which he holds in his right, he runs graceful patterns, without hesitation and without fault. Parallel curves, and curves that meet, are marked off with a roundness and steadiness that no mechanism could surpass. The folioid leaf, the pendulous flower, the wandering tendril, grow under his touch, and no one of them wanders out of its place. Near him sits another artist, it work upon a statuette, fixed in the position he wants by being stuck in pitch. A row of little chasing tools is arranged at his side, each pointed with a different pattern. Here he by gentle taps of the hammer on the tool in hand, makes a rim round the head or rim there, by using another tool, he produces a diced pattern, where shadow is to be represented. Then, the folds of the drapery are more finely streaked, and a finish is given to the bands of hair. Close by is another man so intent on his work, that he twists a wire round his head to keep his hair from falling over his eyes. He is engaged on a vase filled with pitch to preserve the smallest indentations of the pattern from injury while he hammers away daintily at the minutest finishings of the bark of a tree or the fleece of a sheep.

Next, we see how the stamped rims, or other loose parts are soldered on to the main body of the work. It is not now as in the old days, when the spout of a teapot was liable to come off, at the top of the nozzle of a candlestick to part company with the cylinder. Those were the days when the soft tin-seller was used, and the soft solder was used because the work had to be carried to the fire, whereas now the fire is brought to the work. On stands in the middle of the room are huge iron pans like saucers containing embers. At each of these pans or saucers stands a man, with pincers in one hand wherewith he applies the solder and turns over the article to be soldered, and in the other hand a flexible tube by which he administers air and oxygen gas to the fire among the embers. This tube consists of two compartments, one of which conveys air and the other gas, and it is in the power of the holder to increase the flame to any intensity and apply it in any direction, to this side or that, above, below and around the most delicate ornament that has to be united with any other piece. The white powder that is thrown on, where the solder has been applied, is borax, which fuses the solder. One sees the metal bubbling and running like a liquid, and when it has diffused itself and shown by a white streak that it is done enough and then becomes cool, the join is evidently as lasting as any other part of the work. Nothing comes to pieces that is soldered under this blow-pipe.

There is, of course, some roughness at these joins. Formerly under the old method of plating, the silver had to be laid on before such blemishes were removed. A finishing

process was gone through after the plating. The advantage of electro plating, in this respect, is great. The gilding and silvering are done the last thing. Now, therefore, the goods are carried from the soldering to receive such touches from the file, and smoothing apparatus, as may make all sharp and polished, and fit for the final process. When the file has removed all roughness at the joins, the whole surface of the article is smoothed and polished, under the hands of sooty workmen in paper caps, who apply the surface to swift revolving cylinders, which administer a polishing with oil and sand. After being cleansed in vats containing a ley of caustic potash, the goods are ready for the final process. The fumes from a little congregation of vats, direct the observer to the place where this cleansing goes on, and he finds them suspended in the liquor where they put with the oil, and every other kind of soil that they may have brought from the workman's hands.

The visitor may next find himself introduced to what looks like a dinner party, or nearly fifty people. A second glance, however, shows him that the guests are all women, and that their dress, however neat, is not precisely suitable to the decorations of the table. The long table is set out from end to end with cypresses, candelabra, fruit baskets, cruet frames, bottle stands, and silver dishes, and between forty and fifty women are employed in burnishing and finishing giving the last polish with the hand and cleaning out the last speck of dust or dimness which may lurk in any crease or corner.

As for the gilding and silvering chambers, they are like seats of magic. One might look on for a year and have no idea of the process, but that it must be done by magic. There is a machine containing a great wheel and large bands of a horse shoe shape which we are told are magnets. From this machine, loose wires extend to the troughs, and dangle over the sides. In the troughs are plates of silver, standing in a brownish liquor, and in this liquor hang the articles to be silvered, suspended by copper wires from thicker copper wires laid across the top of the troughs. There hang the teapots, and spoons and trays and nothing comes till the magician, in the shape of a man in a dark-blue blouse, takes hold of one of the dangling wires, and unites it with the wires on which the goods are hung. Then, in an instant, they become overspread with silver. The coating is a mere film at first, and it requires some hours (from five to ten, according to the quality of the article) to obtain a sufficient silvering. The brownish liquor in the troughs is a solution of oxide of silver in cyanide of potassium. At the magnetic touch of the loose wire from the machine, the silver is deposited upon the surface of the article communicated with, and not only laid upon it, but intimately united with it. Gilding is done more rapidly than silvering, and the gilding process is therefore

that which is usually exhibited to strangers. In this case, a man holds a bent copper wire, from which is suspended the bunch of spoons, plate, scissors, watch-keys, or vinaigrettes to be gilt, he holds, at the same time, the loose wire in connexion with the other, and washes his charge for a few seconds to and fro, and, lo! it comes out golden. Having heard something of a cobweb having been gilded at this trough, in the service of Prince Albert, we made inquiry, and found that it was really so—that a cobweb had been gilt—but it was by accident. A rosebud was gilded in the Prince's presence, and when it came out of the trough, it was found to have been crossed by a delicate thread of cobweb.

We asked, what could be done in the case of articles *parcel gilt*? where, for instance, bunches of silver flowers or fruit appear on a gold ground, or a gold net-work covers a silver ground,—and we found that the matter was very simple. The parts which are not to be gilt are varnished over, and the varnish is easily removed afterwards. The minutest atoms of the gold and silver are saved, by the goods being dipped in four or five troughs in succession, till every loose particle is washed off. The superintendence of these troughs is a situation of great trust. The value of a pint of the solution may be about fifteen shillings, and, of course, it would not be difficult to carry off small quantities of it. The whole work of the establishment, however, requires a somewhat superior order of men—men who might be supposed superior to the temptation of theft.

But here, alas! comes in the regret which cannot but be felt by the observer of the working classes in Birmingham—regret for their extreme and unaccountable improvidence. Without doubting that there may be exceptions, we are obliged to see that, as a general rule, the best wages, and the most constant work, are no security against poverty and dependence. It is too common a thing to find that a man who has, for years together, earned from thirty shillings to sixty shillings a week (twice or three times the income of a multitude of clergymen, retired military and naval officers, poor gentlemen, and widow ladies), has not a shilling beforehand when he falls sick, and must be sustained by a subscription—by private charity—as the only alternative from public relief. It is too common a case that women, employed in the manufactures of the town, buy expensive shawls or gowns, paying for them by weekly instalments (extending over years for a single shawl), and pawning them every Monday morning, to redeem them on Saturday night for the Sunday's wear. It is too common to hear employers speak coolly, if not with satisfaction, of this state of things, because it keeps the workmen dependent and humble, and lessens the danger of those strikes about wages, which are the plague of the manufacturer's life. "Well, never mind!" says the

employer, significantly "Let things be. It may be all very well."

To us, however, it seems not well that men, with incomes exceeding one hundred pounds a-year should fail to secure their own independence, should fail to educate their children, should fail to provide a soft pillow for a time of sickness, while indulging in pleasure and luxury during their best days. To us, it seems not well that, just at present, when the necessities of life are one-third cheaper than they were when the men were receiving the same wages as now, no attempt at saving should be made by so many as, in Birmingham, exhibit their improvidence to all the world. Here and there, however, something better is seen. In the manufactory we have been describing, every workman above twenty-one years of age, is a member of a relief club, paying three pence a week to secure support under sickness or accident. Many of the people on the premises, also, are members of the Fichhold Land Association, and are acquiring property in that excellent manner. One pleasant change in their mode of life appears in their love of reading. At the tea-hour, those who do not go home, and who used to gossip over a pot of beer, have turned readers, and under their counters several popular periodicals may be seen stowed away. We must hope that the improvement will proceed, and that, while dismissing from under their hands, to the houses of the great, the articles of luxury and beauty which Birmingham supplies, the men of Birmingham will aspire to have their own humble homes furnished with every needful comfort, and brightened by that intellectual enlightenment, and that power of mind about their families and their future, without which neither luxuries nor comforts can yield any true and lasting pleasure.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN King Henry the Second heard how Thomas à Becket had lost his life in Canterbury Cathedral, through the ferocity of the four Knights, he was filled with dismay. Some have supposed that when the King spoke those hasty words, "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man?" he wished, and meant him to be slain. But few things are more unlikely, for, besides that the King was not naturally cruel (though very passionate), he was wise, and must have known full well what any stupid man in his dominions must have known, namely, that such a murder would rouse the Pope and the whole Church against him.

He sent respectful messengers to the Pope, to represent his innocence (except in having uttered the hasty words), and he swore solemnly and publicly to his innocence, and contrived in time to make his peace. As to the four guilty Knights who fled into Yorkshire,

and never again dared to show themselves at Court, the Pope excommunicated them and they lived miserably for some time shunned by all their countrymen. At last, they went humbly to Jerusalem as a penance, and there died, and were buried.

It happened fortunately for the pacifying of the Pope, that an opportunity so very soon after the murder of a Becket for the King to declare his power in Ireland, which was an acceptable undertaking to the Pope as the Irish who had been converted to Christianity by St. Patrick (the wise Saint Patrick) before any Pope found it not nobly could go to Heaven without his leave, considered that the Pope had nothing at all to do with them or they with the Pope, and accordingly refused to pay him Peter's Pence or that tax of a penny which as we have elsewhere mentioned the King's opportunity arose in this way.

The Irish were at that time as bad as any people as you can well imagine. They were continually quarrelling and fighting, cutting one another's throats, slaying one another, noses running on one another's noses carrying away one another's wives and committing all sorts of violence. The country was divided into five kingdoms—**DESMOND**, **THOMAS CONNOR**, **ULSTER** and **LEINSTER**—each governed by a separate King, of whom one claimed to be the lord of the rest. Now one of the Kings named **DERMOT MAC MURROUGH** (a wild kind of name, spelt in more than one wild kind of way) had carried off the wife of a friend of his and he would not let her on an island in a lake. The friend resenting this (though it was quite the custom of the country) complained to the chief King, and with the chief King's help drove **DERMOT MAC MURROUGH** out of his dominions. **DERMOT** came over to England for revenge, and offered to hold his claim as vassal of King Henry, if King Henry would help him to regain it. The King consented to these terms but only assisted him then with what were called Letters Patent authorising any English subjects who were so disposed to enter into his service, and all his cause.

There was at Bristol at certain times **RICHARD DE CLARE** called **STRONGBOW** of no very good character, needy and desperate and ready in anything that offered him a chance of improving his fortunes. There were in South Wales two other broken knights of the same good-for-nothing sort, called **ROBERT FITZ STEPHEN**, and **MATTHEW FITZ GERALD**. These three each with a small band of followers took up **DERMOT**'s cause, and it was agreed that if it proved successful, **Strongbow** should marry his daughter **Ivy**, and be declared his heir.

The trained English followers of these knights were so superior in all the discipline of battle to the wild Irish, that they beat them against immense superiority of numbers. In one fight, early in the war, they cut off

three hundred heads, and laid them before **Mac Murrough**, who turned them every one up with his hands, rejoicing, and coming to one which was the head of a man whom he had very much disliked, grasped it by the hair and ears, and tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. You may judge from this, what kind of gentleman an Irish King in those times was. The captives, all through this war, were horribly treated, the victorious party making nothing of breaking their limbs, and casting them into the sea from the tops of high rocks. It was in the midst of the miseries and cruelties attendant on the taking of **Waterford** where the dead lay piled in the streets and the filthy gutters ran with blood, that **Strongbow** married **Ivy**,—in odious marriage company those mounds of corpses must have made in one quite worthy of the young **Ivy**'s father.

He did, after **Waterford** and **Dublin** had been taken and various successes achieved, and **Strongbow** became King of **Leinster**. Now came King Henry's opportunity. To restrain the rising power of **Strongbow**, he himself repaired to **Dublin** as **Strongbow**'s Royal Master, and deprived him of his kingdom but confirmed him in the enjoyment of great possessions. The King then holding great state in **Dublin** received the homage of nearly all the Irish Kings and Chiefs and so came home again with a great addition to his reputation as Lord of Ireland, and with a new claim on the favor of the Pope. And now their reconciliation was complete—more easily and mildly by the Pope than the King might have expected, I think.

At this period of his reign, when his troubles seemed to flow and his prospects so bright, these domestic miseries began which gradually made the King the most unhappy of men, reduced his great spirit, wore away his health and broke his heart.

He had four sons, **HENRY**, now aged eighteen, his secret crowning of whom had given such offence to **Thomas à Becket**, **RICHARD**, aged sixteen, **GEOFFREY** fifteen, and **JOHN**, his favorite, a young boy whom the courtiers named **LACKLAND**, but to whom he meant to give the Lordship of Ireland. All these misguided boys, in their turn, were unnatural sons to him, and unnatural brothers to each other. Prince **Henry**, stimulated by the French King, and by his bad mother **Queen Eleanor**, began the undutiful history.

First, he demanded that his young wife, **MARGARET**, the French King's daughter, should be crowned as well as he. His father, the King, consented, and it was done. It was no sooner done, than he demanded to have a part of his father's dominions, during his father's life. This being refused, he made off from his father in the night, with his bad heart full of bitterness, and took refuge at the French King's Court. Within a day or two, his brothers **Richard** and **Geoffrey** followed.

Their mother tried to join them—escaping in man's clothes—but she was seized by King Henry's men, and immured in prison, where she lay, deservedly, for sixteen years. Every day, however, some grasping English noblemen, to whom the King's protection of his people from their avarice and oppression had given offence, deserted him and joined the Princes. Every day he heard some fresh intelligence of the Princes levying armies against him, of Prince Henry wearing a crown before his own ambassadors at the French Court, and being called the Junior King of England, of all the Princes swearing never to make peace with him, then father, without the consent and approval of the Barons of France. But with his spirit still and energy unshaken, King Henry met the shock of these disasters with a bold and heroic face. He called up all loyal fathers who had sons, to help him in his cause; and, then, he hired out of his riches twenty thousand men to fight the false French King, who started his own blood against him, and he carried on the war with such vigour that Louis soon proposed a conference to treat for peace.

The conference was held beneath an old wild spreading green elm tree upon a plain in France. It led to nothing. The war recommenced. Prince Richard began his fighting career, by leading an army against his father, but his father beat him in his army back, and thousands of his men would have died the day on which they fought in such a wicked cause had not the King received news of an invasion of England by the Scots, and promptly come home through a great storm to repress it. And whether he really began to fear that he sullied these troubles because a Becket had been murdered, or whether he wished to rise in the favor of the Pope who had now declared a Becket to be a saint, or in the favor of his own people of whom many believed that even a Becket's senseless tomb could work miracles, I don't know, but the King no sooner landed in England than he went straight to Canterbury, and when he came within sight of the distant Cathedral, dismounted from his horse, took off his shoes, and walked with bare and bleeding feet to a Becket's grave. There he lay down on the ground, lamenting in the presence of many people, and by and bye he went into the Chapter House, and removing his clothes from his back and shoulders, submitted him self to be beaten with knitted cords (not beaten very hard, I dare say, though) by eighty Priests, one after another. It chanced that on the very day when the King made this strange exhibition of himself, a complete victory was obtained over the Scots, which very much delighted the Priests, who said that it was won because of this great example of repentance. For the Priests in general had found out, since a Becket's death, that they admired him of all things—though they had

hated him very cordially when he was alive.

The Earl of Flanders, who was at the head of the base conspiracy of the King's undutiful sons and their foreign friends took the opportunity of the King being thus employed at home, to lay siege to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. But the King, who was extraordinarily quick and active in all his movements, was at Rouen too before it was supposed possible that he could have left England, and there he so defeated the said Earl of Flanders, that the conspirators proposed peace, and his bad sons Henry and Geoffrey submitted. Richard fasted for six weeks, but, being taken out of castle after castle, he at last submitted too, and his father forgave him.

To forgive these unworthy princes was only to afford them breathing time for new faithlessness. They were so false, disloyal, and dishonourable, that they were no more to be trusted than common thieves. In the very next year, Prince Henry rebelled again, and was again forgiven. In eight years more, Prince Richard rebelled against his elder brother and Prince Geoffrey, and unflinchingly said that the brothers could never agree well together unless they were united against their father. In the very next year after their reconciliation by the King, Prince Henry again rebelled against his father, and again submitted, swearing to be true, and was again forgiven, and again rebelled with Geoffrey. But the end of this perfidious Prince was come. He fell sick at a French town, and his conscience terribly reproaching him with his business, he sent messengers to the King his father, imploring him to come and see him, and forgive him for the last time on his bed of death. The generous King, who had a royal and forgiving mind towards his children always, would have gone, but this Prince had been so unnatural, that the noblemen about the King suspected treachery, and replied to him that he could not safely trust his life with such a traitor, though his own eldest son. Therefore the King sent him a ring from off his finger as a token of forgiveness, and when the Prince had kissed it, with much grief and many tears, and had confessed to those around him how bad, and wicked, and undutiful a son he had been, he said to the attendant Priests, 'O, tie a rope about my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon a bed of ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner!' And so he died, at twenty-seven years old.

Three years afterwards, Prince Geoffrey, being unhorsed at a tournament, had his bruns trampled out by a crowd of horses passing over him. So, there only remained Prince Richard and Prince John—who had grown to be a young man, now, and had solemnly sworn to be faithful to his father. Richard soon rebelled again, encouraged by

his friend the French King, PHILIP THE SECOND (son of Louis, who was dead), and soon submitted and was again forgiven, swearing on the New Testament never to rebel again—and, in another year or so, rebelled again, and, in the presence of his father, knelt down on his knee before the King of France, and did the French King homage, and declared that with his aid he would possess himself, by force, of all his father's French dominions.

And yet this Richard called himself a soldier of Christ Our Saviour! And yet this Richard wore the Cross, which the Kings of France and England had both taken, in the previous year, at a brotherly meeting underneath the old wide-spreading elm-tree on the plain, when they had sworn (like him) to devote themselves to a new Crusade, for the love and honour of the Truth!

Sick at heart, wearied out by the falsehood of his sons, and almost ready to lie down and die, the unhappy King, who had so long stood firm, began to fail. But the Pope, to his honor, supported him and obliged the French King and Richard, though successful in fight, to treat for peace. Richard wanted to be crowned King of England, and to be married to the French King's sister, his promised wife, whom King Henry detained in England. King Henry wanted, on the other hand, that the French King's sister should be married to his favorite son John: the only one of his sons (he said) who had never rebelled against him. At last King Henry, deserted by his nobles one by one, distressed, exhausted, broken-hearted, yielded all that was demanded.

One final heavy sorrow was reserved for him, even yet. When they brought him the proposed treaty of peace, in writing, as he lay very ill in bed, they brought him also the list of the deserters from their allegiance, whom he was required to pardon. The first name upon this list was John, his favorite son, in whom he had trusted to the last.

"O John! child of my heart!" exclaimed the King, in a great agony of mind. "O John, whom I have loved the best! O John, for whom I have contended through these many troubles! Have you betrayed me too!" And then he lay down with a heavy groan, and said, "Now let the world go as it will. I care for nothing more!"

After a time, he told his attendants to take him to the French town of Chinon—a town he had been fond of, during many years. But he was fond of no place now; it was too true that he could care for nothing more upon this earth. He wildly cursed the hour when he was born, and cursed the children whom he left behind him; and expired.

As, one hundred years before, the servile followers of the Court had abandoned the Conqueror in the hour of his death, so they now abandoned his descendant. The very body was stripped, in the plunder of the Royal

chamber, and it was not easy to find the means of carrying it for burial to the abbey church of Fontevraud.

Richard was said in after years, by way of flattery, to have the heart of a Lion. It would have been far better, I think, to have had the heart of a Man. His heart, whatever it was, had cause to beat remorsefully within his breast, when he came—as he did—into the solemn abbey, and looked on his dead father's uncovered face. His heart, whatever it was, had been a black, detestable, and perjured heart, in all its dealings with the deceased King, and more deficient in a single touch of tenderness than any wild beast's in the forest.

There is a pretty story told of this Reign, called the story of FAIR ROSAMOND. It relates how the King doted on Fair Rosamond, who was the loveliest girl in all the world; and how he had a beautiful Bower built for her in a Park at Woodstock; and how it was erected in a labyrinth, and could only be found by a clue of silk. How the bad Queen Eleanor, becoming jealous of Fair Rosamond, found out the secret of the clue, and appeared before her, one day, with a dagger and a cup of poison, and left her to the choice between those deaths. How Fair Rosamond, after shedding many piteous tears and offering many useless prayers to the cruel Queen, took the poison, and fell dead in the midst of the beautiful bower, while the unconscious birds sang gaily all around her.

Now, there was a fair Rosamond, and she was (I dare say) the loveliest girl in all the world, and the King was certainly very fond of her, and the bad Queen Eleanor was certainly made jealous. But I am afraid—I say afraid, because I like the story so much—that there was no bower, no labyrinth, no silken clue, no dagger, no poison. I am afraid that fair Rosamond retired to a nunnery near Oxford, and died there, peaceably; her sisters-nuns hanging a silken drapery over her tomb, and often dressing it with flowers, in remembrance of the youth and beauty that had enchanted the King when he too was young, and when his life lay fair before him.

It was dark and ended now; faded and gone. Henry Plantagenet lay quiet in the abbey church of Fontevraud, in the fifty-seventh year of his age—never to be completed—after governing England well, for nearly thirty-five years.

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MR. BULL AT HOME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

We all know what delightful times the mediæval times were. We all know, on undeniable authority (if we would only believe it and act accordingly) that to restore the mediæval times is the only hopeful and thoroughly sensible thing left us to do in these degenerate days. Let us be middle-aged or perish!

We will present the reader with a sketch of Mr. Bull at Home, after the manner of the Middle Ages. Mr. Bull's home shall be a mediæval home; but our sketch of it shall not be, after the manner of the middle ages, false in drawing and extravagant in colour. We will sketch correctly; coming fresh from the instruction of an able master, Mr. Hudson Turner, who has lately published an elaborate work on the "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages."

To begin with house-building. The Romans in Britain scattered a few villas here and there among our woods; but the Romans were very far from British in their habits. They were accustomed to the warm sky of the south; but, for all that, they were John Bullish, too, in one respect: what it was the custom to do, they thought could not be wrong. They built houses in Italy, of which the grand apartment had no roof, and had a rain-cistern in the middle of the floor: with little bed-rooms, very much like penitentiary cells, leading out of it. The grand apartment was the sitting-room, and study, and dining-room, and also kitchen: to do the Roman justice, however, we must add a bath to this ground-plan of his family mansion. It is very doubtful whether the Romans in Britain often allowed it to occur to them, that in our climate a parlour without a roof is open to wind, rain, fog, and other inconveniences. Sometimes, no doubt, a spirited proprietor roofed himself in; but we can imagine more than a few Romans of the true hereditary breed who scorned to let effeminacy lead them to the breach of a time-honoured custom. Roof or no roof to his hall—*atrium* he called it—the ground-plan of a Roman's house remained the same, and it was always very solid in its structure. The remains of Roman towns and houses greatly edified the Saxons, whose

taste ran for a less solid kind of house property. The Romans having made roads over the country, conveyed stone from distant quarries, to give strength to the massive buildings, which the Saxons called emphatically works, and honoured with their verbal admiration by such names as the Ald-wark in York, and the South-wark in London.

The Romans gradually went, the Saxons gradually came; and where the Saxon chieftain found a Roman house vacant, he would not object to become its tenant. Why should he? He had been accustomed, in his home by the Baltic, to a two-roomed establishment, of which one was the cooking, feasting, and promiscuous sleeping room; the other was the private council chamber, and the place in which he and his chief retainers were littered down at night, in a more select and exclusive manner. The old Roman house still left him a feasting-hall, and gave him increased private accommodation. The family mansion of a Saxon thane was built of the same wood that overspread the country, and was thatched with reeds or straw, and roofed with wooden shingles. It was the usual two-roomed "compact residence;" there was the hall, with a fire lighted in the centre, and a hole in the roof above to let the smoke out—that is to say, when the owner had a spice of foppery about him: generally, the smoke found its way out as it pleased. It was wood smoke, of course.

Wood, and mud, and thatch, therefore, were the building materials of our forefathers, the Saxons; their chiefs may have added a few daubs of paint, by way of ornament, or a little gilding, and a few pinnacles. Moreover, in the latter centuries of Saxon dominion, stone buildings were raised, undoubtedly. Churchmen, and traders out of England, saw the world, and brought some wisdom home with them. The clergy cried for "churches in the Roman manner," and, being spoiled children, of course got them. Mansions, however, in the Roman manner, did not include chimneys. In 1368, a Prince of Padua visiting Rome, took with him masons, who built a chimney in the inn at which he stopped, "because," says Muratori, "in the city of Rome they did not then use chimneys; and all lighted the fire in the middle of the house, on

the floor." Chimneys, probably, were understood in principle, centuries before custom gave way, and permitted them to be introduced into common practice. For Saxon fortresses, they probably were not worth much: the fortresses of England in those times were supplied by Nature—fens and forests. Alfred retired for protection to the woods and marshes of Somersetshire; and the last stand of the Saxons against the Normans was made among the fens of Ely.

The Normans, prevailing, introduced their style of house, in which the accommodation still consisted of a great hall and a single bed chamber. They used more stone, and paid more attention to the Roman manner, than the Saxons had done. Still, however, wood and mud clay were employed by the vast majority of house-builders, still, the carpenter might answer, as he answered in the colloquy of Ælfric, "that he made houses—and howls." To the end of the middle ages, the great bulk of the house property in England was of this character. We talk glibly, in these present times, of the slight manner in which houses are run up in London. In the most flourishing period of these dark Middle Ages, it was the duty of a London alderman to be provided with a hook and chain, that he might be ready to pull down any house that smimed against existing regulations.

Travelling over the twelfth century, and a step farther, over the days of *Cour de laon*, and John, and *Magna Charta*, we do not find that there was much improvement in houses of the people. Let us what sort of house the king inhabited. It will help us to test the amount of comfort enjoyed by Mr. Bull.

The King's houses at Kennington, Woodstock, Portsmouth, and Southampton were all built after one fashion. There was the great hall, with a high-pitched roof and a very muddy floor littered with rushes. The house had a door large enough for wagons to pass through, and window-holes unglazed, with badly-fitting wooden shutters, these windows being placed high, that the wind rushing through them might be kept as near the ceiling as possible. The walls were white-washed, and the great hall, altogether, very much resembled a large barn. Where the hall was too broad for a roof to cover it, in a single span, pillars were raised of wood or stone; so halls, sometimes, were divided into three aisles, like a church. Out of the hall, a door at one end led into a small stone chamber on the same floor—the cellar. At any rate (say you) they kept a cellar. Yes, and they put into it a terrible quantity of *vin ordinaire*, supplied by the wine-merchants of Bourdeaux. Over the stone cellar, was built a wooden chamber, also small, which was called the "solar." This was the royal sanctum, the loft in which his Majesty reposed. A British of this age would refuse to sleep

in such a place. There was a clay floor, a window with a wooden shutter that let in the wind through all its chinks (an extra change was made to his Majesty, at Kennington, "for making the windows shut better than usual"), and there was a clumsy lath-and-plaster cone projecting from one wall to serve the purpose of a chimney. To complete the picture of the royal cabinet at this period, we may as well put in the furniture. There were sometimes hangings on the wall. There was a bed; that is to say, there was a bench fixed in the ground, upon which were placed a mattress and bolster of rich stuff, so that his Majesty's sleeping accommodation may be likened, very fairly, to that sort of bed which is, now and then, in our own day improvised by housewives for a supernumerary male guest on the sofa. In addition to this bed, the King's chamber contained also a chair, with its legs rammed into the ground—a moveable chair being a special luxury, occasionally ordered. Nothing else was contained in the King's apartment except his box, in which he kept his clothes. This bedroom for a single gentleman had to be shared by the Queen; and it was not only a bedroom by night, but it was a parlour by day, when then Majesties had a desire for privacy, or when any state business of a private nature had to be transacted. In 1287, Edward the First and Queen Eleanor were sitting on their bed side, attended by the ladies of the court, when they narrowly escaped death by lightning.

The solar, generally, was the only portion of the building not on the ground-floor, having been originally elevated probably out of a desire, on some King's part, to escape ague and rheumatism. It was reached by stairs from the hall, or, perhaps oftener, by an external staircase; in which last case his Majesty had to go out of doors to climb into his cockpit. These external staircases frequently were covered. Two other little chambers, a larder and a sewery, opened by doors into the great hall. In the sewery were kept household stores, and so forth. What a larder is, we know. But in the great days of feasting, was there not a kitchen? Why, sometimes there was a door which led from a temporary shed or lean to, on the outer wall; or there were two or three wooden enclosures, without roofs in the court-yard; or, quite as frequently, the cooking took place in the court-yard in the open air. There were two courts, with pigs and fowls in one of them; and a fence or wall outside all, with a moat. Posts and chains were often fixed round the hall porch to keep out cattle. We must add the idea of a separate shed, used as a chapel.

So lived the King, and so lived English Gentlemen, in the days of *Magna Charta*. Some houses, however, were at that time raised; being the habitable part, all placed on the second story, and approached by a stair-

case, generally external. The hall furniture was very simple, consisting of a long table, sometimes of boards laid upon tressels with the legs rammed well into the ground, and forms fixed into the ground in the same manner—now and then having backs. The floor was covered with dry rushes in the winter, and with green fodder in the summer. The lower part of the hall below the dais, sloppy enough, was often called "the Marsh." In this hall, guests and domestics of both sexes slept upon the forms or upon the fodder. And for centuries the practice continued after the thirteenth minstrels and romancers had well stocked themselves with ribald tales, based on the results of this arrangement.

In towns the desire which men had to reside within the protection of their walls made space valuable, and led to the frequent erection of second stories. The houses were here and there of stone, but, in the great majority of cases of wood and mulch, thatched perhaps plastered—certainly whitewashed both inside and out. It was considered only proper, as a precaution against fire, "that before every house there should be a tub full of water."

We are now in the good time of the Edwards, to which Harrison, the author of a "Description of Brittain" written in Queen Elizabeth's days looked back with much regret as the real good old times of his time. At the time of the coronation of Edward the First, there were two halls in Westminster a greater while ago. But, further more, on that occasion all the vacant ground within the enclosure of the palace at Westminster was entirely covered with buildings. Several halls were raised on the south side of the old palace in which tables, firmly fixed in the ground were set up whereon the magnates, and princes and nobles were to be feasted on the day of the coronation, and during fifteen days thereafter. All poor and rich, who came to the solemnity, were to be welcome to the feast. "And numerous kitchens, also, were built within the said enclosure, for the preparation of viands against the same solemnity. And lest those kitchens should not be sufficient, there were numberless leaden caldrons placed outside them, for the cooking of meats. And it is to be remembered, that the great kitchen, in which fowls and other things were to be cooked was wholly uncovered at the top, so that all manner of smoke might escape. No one can describe the other utensils necessary for the sustentation of so great a court, no one can tell the number of barrels of wine which were prepared for it." Yes, certainly, the antiquary can there were three hundred barrels of *vin ordinaire*, of which one hundred and sixteen were emptied on the coronation day. They cost six hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and fourpence, which

sum you must multiply by fifteen to bring it to the value of money at the present day. A shilling in the days of the Edwards corresponds to fifteen shillings in the days of Victoria.

The kitchens, as we have said, were merely sheds. In the seventeenth year of Henry the Third, the royal kitchens at Oxford were blown down by a strong wind. A large shed, to contain wood for the kitchen fires and for any other fire that might be made, was, of course, necessary. The Londoners, at first, living in little whitewashed boxes, made a strong objection to the use of sea coal, on account of its being impossible to keep their walls white in the smoke it made.

In the King's houses there were now attached wardrobes—a set of windy lofts or store rooms in which were kept the heavy cloths and stuffs for the apparel of the household. Here the linen tailors worked. The court attendants being all clothed at the King's expense he was a wholesale purchaser of diapers goods, and, at that period, such quantities as he required of fur and cloth could be had only at the great periodical fairs. Hence the necessity of wardrobes, in which also were stored, by the by, almonds, sugar, spice and all things nice which came under the title of stomachics.

In the year 1245, the predecessor of Edward the First had only one glass cup, which Guy de Roussillon had given to him. He sent it to Edward of Westminster, a famous goldsmith in his day, with orders to take off the glass foot and to mount it on a foot of silver gilt, to make a handle to it answering to the foot, to surround it with silver gilt hoops, and, having done this with all haste, to present it in his name to the Queen. Glass was first applied to windows in the churches and the monasteries, and although the Edwards and some of their chief nobles introduced glass into their own windows also they did so sparingly, using it as so rare a luxury, that, in the best of palaces, there was but a glass window here and there, the other windows having wooden lattices or wooden shutters. The glass in a man's windows was a portion of his personal estate.

The Romans made good glass, and knew the use of it in windows. Brittle as glass is, it stood firm under the blows that crushed the Roman empire, and, from the beginning of the middle ages, the island of Murano, near Venice, was celebrated for its works in this material. In Italy, church windows were glazed in the seventh century. The art spread into France and Germany long before England practised it. It used to be obtained by us in England, from the Flemings, in exchange for wool, some came from Normandy, that being all, or chiefly, window glass, the drinking glasses were made in Venice, after patterns sent out by the English dealers. After the age of the Edwards, in 1386, glass

was so scarce, that, to mend the broken windows in a chapel at Stamford, the King issued his writ to one Nicholas Hoppewell, to take as much glass as he could find, or might be needful for his purpose, from the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln. Yet, though scarce, glass was not very dear; and, from this fact, we fairly may deduce, that it was not, on the whole, much cared about. Even in the reign of Edward the First, it cost but threepence-halfpenny a foot, including the expense of glazing; threepence-halfpenny being, it is remembered, equal to about four shillings and fourpence of our modern currency.

In the matter of fire-places, it must be observed, that marble mantel-pieces, carved or painted, were in use at this period. One of the cosy notions of King Henry the Third was, that a certain mantel-piece should be painted over with a blue-nosed personification of winter—an old man with contorted body, by way of contrast to the comfortable blaze. So Egyptian ladies had the head of a demon to adorn the handles of their looking-glasses, and to cheer their hearts by the suggestion of a contrast. These mantel-pieces did not always border fires. In many remains of this period no trace of a chimney is perceptible, because it was a common custom to attach it to the wall in the form of a light-plastered structure,—a mere cobweb, which, of course, time would have dusted off.

We have mentioned the stairs, often external, which led to the solar chamber. Sometimes these stairs communicated with a trap-door. It was through a trap-door that Henry the Third descended from his chamber to his chapel at Clarendon; so the said chamber had another quality pertaining to a cock-loft. In Rochester Castle the chapel of the same King was above the chamber, and his Majesty ordered the construction of an outer stair, because he had been worried by the number of people passing up to chapel through his bed-room.

Deal wainscoting painted, especially painted green, and starred with gold or decorated with pictures, began now to be adopted by the high and mighty. It was probably not carried higher than five or six feet. Hangings were not generally applied to private rooms, though they were used abundantly in churches on a festival; also, the outsides of houses in towns were covered with drapery on great occasions, so that the streets were on each side thoroughly be-curtained.

In the reign of Henry the Third, the first attempts were made at underground drainage. The refuse and dirty water from the royal kitchens had long been carried through the great hall at Westminster; but the foul odours were said seriously to affect the people's health. An under-ground drain was devised, therefore, to carry the offensive matter to the

at this more advanced period, still

had to be made for its owner on the premises. In 1240, Henry the Third sent a writ to one of his bailiffs, authorising him to obtain by gift or purchase a great beech tree for the purpose of making tables for the royal kitchens. It was to be sent by water to London immediately. There were fixed tables and forms in the great hall; the royal seat, sometimes of stone, being elaborately carved and painted. In the private chamber, forms and chairs were fastened round the wall; so the King and Queen and their attendants must have made rather a stiff party when they sat together. There were some moveable chairs; the Coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey, being one of them. Eleanor of Castile introduced, for her own use, carpets—to the scandal of the Londoners. Carpets, however, church furniture, had long been known. Eleanor's fashion was not followed, even by Kings, until the succeeding century. The private chamber, when large, was sometimes divided into boxes by thin partitions, which kept the royal person more secluded. The bed of the King was a clumsy sofa, to which by this time a canopy had come to be added. The King's mattresses, bolsters, and pillows were covered with silk or velvet. Sheets and counterpanes were used even by men quite in the middle class, and the royal outlay for table-linen leads one to suppose that at the royal feasts clean table-cloths were spread even before the poor. Upon the cloth, the mighty salt-cellar was the chief table ornament; the King feasted from silver; but the people ate and drank from wooden bowls and platters. Gourds, horns, and cocoa-nut shells were also put in valuable settings, and employed as cups.

People ate with their fingers, or used spoons. The cook is often represented, in the pictures of the period, bringing his meat upon the spit, and offering it in that way to each guest, who cuts off with his knife, and removes with his fingers, what he wants, and suffers the cook then to pass on, and present the spit to his neighbour. Among very great people these spits were usually made of silver. Forks were scorned by Mr. Bull, long after this period, when they were known in England. It was a mark of good breeding to keep the hand as little greasy as possible. It is recorded of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from 1458 to 1490, that he was very accomplished in this respect. His contemporary biographer says that at that time, in Hungary, forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy; but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account Hungarian fingers were always found to be much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. The biographer praises the King for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Now, as to the aspect of the country. It is well known that every county in

England contained, at the time of which we speak, forests or woods, abounding in game, and not deficient in wolves—four-footed and two-footed. For, to these forests, fled great numbers of lawless men: who lurked behind the bushes, and had little mercy upon wayfarers. For better protection against such marauders, it was enacted in 1285, "that the highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that there should be no bushes, woods or dikes within two hundred feet on each side of the road; and those proprietors who refused to cut down underwoods abutting on high-roads were to be held responsible for all felonies that might be committed by persons lurking in their covert." Next to London, Winchester, the old Anglo-Saxon capital, was the chief town of England in those days. At Winchester there was held yearly a great fair; and upon traders journeying to this fair, with goods, or quitting it with money, robbers loved to pounce. The wooded pass of Alton was a favourite ambush for the outlaws, so that a custom arose of sending five mounted sergeants-at-arms to keep this pass during the continuance of this fair of St. Giles.

Of the districts uncovered by forest, a large part was occupied by fens and marshes, on which cranes and storks, both now extinct in this country, were plentiful. The roads were such as we should now not tolerate. There were no inns; monasteries were the halting places of the traveller; he received there food and lodging gratis, and was sold provisions to take forward on his journey. Towns were generally walled; the chief towns, then, being, after London, Winchester, York, Lincoln, Boston, St. Ives, Lynn, and Stamford. Dover and Dunwich were both important seaports, and Southampton already a thriving place. Yarmouth was starting into life through the herring-fishery, and Newcastle had just begun to profit by its coal. But over the whole country there was nothing like the hive of people which increase of wealth and population now supplies for the day's work of British Industry. The whole population of London itself was under twenty thousand. "In the fourteenth century, the whole number of the inhabitants of Lincoln, who contributed to an assessment of ninths, was less than eight hundred." London we have to picture as a mass of little whitewashed tenements, with an approach to pavement in the narrow streets, each street appropriated to its own trade. Down the centre of streets leading to the Thames, ran the town drainage into the river; near the river, dwelt the merchants and the adventurers on the deep sea. Beside the corporation wards, the city contained *sokes* or districts under independent lords: the *soke* lords and their tenants had a vote as citizens, but were exempt from city jurisdiction. The consequence of this arrangement, was a city divided against itself, which gave comparative impunity to malefactors. The streets were so dangerous that the canons

of St. Martin-le-Grand were afraid to go across the road to their collegiate church, and so obtained leave to connect their lodgings with the church tower by a wooden bridge.

The main traffic out of London was to Dover, and this road was worked by hackney-men, who let a horse at Southwark for the stage to Rochester, where it was exchanged for another hackney that went on to Canterbury, and so on. The charge was for each of those two stages sixteen pence; that is to say, a sovereign in present money. Carts were also provided to transport the luggage; but the roads were so bad that in some districts it was necessary to rest the cattle four days after travelling two, although the usage was to travel four days and rest three; so four days made a week to travellers. No cross-road could be attempted without the assistance of a guide. Ladies of rank went out occasionally in covered cars, vehicles richly painted and lined, but lumbering wagons as to their construction. King Henry the Third ordered a house of deal to be made, running on wheels; so a King of England was the first of the long train of attractions who have since travelled in caravans.

Trade was in keeping with the poverty and scanty numbers of the population. Goldsmiths and others merely worked in other men's material. Those who kept stores supplied them from the annual fairs, and if any run upon the shops exhausted them, it was requisite to wait until the next fair came round. When Henry the Third wanted to take Bedford Castle, pickaxes were required, and ropes wherewith to pull the battering machines. He sent a royal order to the sheriffs of London to supply the necessary articles; they were not to be raised in London; and ropes and pickaxes were demanded of the sheriffs of Dorsetshire, and other counties: immense trouble being taken, throughout several counties, to execute an order which two tradesmen would now receive as a trifling item in the routine of their business.

When it is remembered that the details of home comfort which we have given, miserable as they are, have been drawn from the establishments of Kings, it will be easy to imagine what was the condition of the common people in this country during the blessed ages of romance and chivalry. Those wretched good old times! There is hardly a glory in them that will bear the light. Even the Warden pie, that phantom emblem of good cheer, which we troll over with an oily chuckle when we sing about the monks of old, is—what? "The Cistercian monks of Wardon, in Bedfordshire, produced, at some early but uncertain time, a baking variety of the pear. It bore, and still bears, the name of the abbey; it figured on its armorial escutcheon, and supplied the contents of those Wardon pies so often named in old descriptions of feasts." The flagon of wine and the Wardon pie, what have they come to? *Vin et pain*

in a wooden mug, and a quashy mess of baking pears under a pie-crust of the Middle Ages!

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY

"Sir," said Samuel Johnson to the Scotch gentleman—"sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." If I had not a thousand other reasons to love and revere the memory of the great and good old doctor, I should still love and revere it for his preference of Fleet Street to the fields—of streets generally to sylvan shades—of the hum of men and the rattling of wheels, to the chirp of the cricket or the song of the skylark. It may be prejudice, or an unpoetic mind, or so on, but I am of the streets, streety. I love to take long walks, not only down Fleet Street, but up and down all other streets, alleys, and lanes. I love to loiter about Whitehall, and speculate as to which window of the Banqueting House it was, and whether at the front, or at the back that Charles Stuart came out to his death. I see a vivid mind-picture of the huge crowd gathered together that bleak January morning, to witness the fall of that "prey dis-crowned head." Drury Lane I affect especially, past and present—the Maypole, Nelly Gwynn, and the Earls of Craven, dividing my interest with Vinegar Yard, the costermongers, the pawn brokers, and the stage-door of the theatre round the corner. Holborn, Cheapside, the Old Bailey, the great thoroughfares on the Surrey side of the water, have all equal charms for me.

I will take a walk down Whitechapel way."

How many thousands of us have lived for years—for a third part of our lives, probably, in London—and have never been down the Whitechapel Road? I declare that there are not half a dozen persons in the circle of my acquaintance who can tell me where Bethnal Green is. As to Hatchett Highway, Shadwell, Poplar, Limehouse, and Rotherhithe, they are entirely *terra incognita* to shoals of born-and-bred Londoners.

"Down Whitechapel way." Have you ever been "down" that way, reader? Ten to one you have not. You have heard, probably, of Whitechapel needles; and the costermonger from whom you may occasionally have condescended to purchase vegetables would very likely inform you, were you to ask him, that he lives "down that way." Perhaps your impressions connected with Whitechapel, refer vaguely to lutehars, or, probably, to Jews, or possibly to thieves. Very likely you don't trouble yourself at all about the matter. You had an aunt once who lived at Mile End; but she quarrelled with everybody during her lifetime, and left her money to the London Hospital when she died, and you never went to see her. You see scores of omnibuses pass your door daily, with Aldgate, Mile End, painted on their

panels; but you have no business to transact there, and let the omnibuses go on their way without further comment.

Those who care to know a little about what their neighbours in the far East are doing this Saturday night, are very welcome to accompany me in the little excursion I am about to make. A thick pair of boots, and perhaps a mackintosh, or some light covering of that sort, would not be out of place; for it is rainy, slushy, and muddy a Saturday night as you would desire to have (or not to have) in the month of October. Stay, here is a friend with us who has known Whitechapel and its purloins any time this five-and-twenty years, on all sorts of days and nights. Here is another who is an enthusiast in the noble art of self-defence, and who insists on forming one of our party, on the principle that a night excursion to Whitechapel must necessarily involve a "scrimmage," and an opportunity to develop the celebrated tactics of the prize-ring on a grand scale. Those who patronise the deleterious weed may light cigars; and so onward towards Whitechapel!

On, through Fleet Street—passing St. Dunstan's as eight strikes; noting the newspaper offices blazing with gas from basement to garret; jostled occasionally by the well looking (though round) agricultural gentlemen, with mass watch-chains (and bankrupt purses) who have been discussing port and Protection after an ample dinner at Peel's or Anderson's. On, and up Ludgate the lofty, watching the red and blue lights of the doctors' shops as they are mirrored in the wet pavement, and thinking, perhaps, that, after all, there may be some good in that early-closing movement which has fastened the portals of all those magnificent palaces of linen-draperies, and sent those shoals of spruce clerks and assistants forth for health and recreation—many, it is to be hoped, to the Literary and Scientific Institute, the class-room, and the singing lesson, and not *all* (as some kind souls would insinuate) to the taproom or the cigar shop. On, round the solemn dome of St. Paul's, and by that remarkable thoroughfare on the left hand side, where, to my mind, the odours of a pastrycook's shop, of a tallow-manufactory, of the Chapter Coffee House, and all the newly-bound books in Paternoster Row are irreversibly combined and blended. On, by Cheapside, the magnificent, where rows of dazzling gas-refractors illumine shop-fronts, teeming with yet more dazzling stores of watches, rich jewellery, and bales of silver spoons and forks. There are desolate ragged wretches staring wistfully at the glittering heaps of baubles, just as they would at the pennyworth of pudding in the window of a cook's shop. Are they speculating on the possibility of a gold watch filling a hungry belly? or are they, haply, contemplating one bold dash through the frail sheet of glass—one hasty snatch at the watches, and rings, and bracelets—one des-

perate throw for luxury and riot at the best, or at the worst for the comfortable gaol, the warm convict's dress, and the snug cell with its hot-water pipes?

Leaving Cheapside, the magnificent, avoiding the omnibuses in the Poultry as best we may, skirting the huge Mansion House, where a feeble gleam from an office on the basement suggests that Messrs John and Daniel Forrester are yet wide awake, while the broad glare of light from the windows in Charlotte Row proclaims jolly civic festivities in the Egyptian Hall, striking through Cornhill, the wealthy, crossing Gracechurch Street, and suppressing a lingering inclination to take a stroll by the "Old Flower pot," and older South Sea House, into old Bishops, etc Street, just to have a vagabond quarter of an hour or so of thought about Bring Brothers, Crosby Hall, Great St Helen's, Sir Thomas More, and Mr Ross the hand-dresser—Supposing this, I say, our party boldly invades Leadenhall Street. Opposite the India House I must stop for a moment, however. Is there not Billiter Street had by, with that never dying smell of Cushman shawls and opium chests about the silk rooms? Is there not St Mary Axe, redolent of Hebrew London? Is there not the great house itself, with all its mighty associations of Civic and Warren Hastings, Nuncoman, and fully-flooded Plussy, Vicot and Seringpatam—Sheridan, thundering in Westminster Hall on the case of the Begums—and the mighty directors with their millions of subjects, and their palaces in Belgravia and Tyburnia who were once but poor hucksters and chupmen of Monopoly chains and indigo balls—mere buyers and sellers of rice, sugar, and pepper? Put my commissions are impatient, and, dropping a hasty tear to the memory of Mr To let, the great toastmaster and buffoon—(dost thou remember him, Eurymachus that magnificent cocked hat and scowl cut!)—we have Leadenhall Street the broad for Leadenhall Street the narrow, and where the tortuous Gracechurch Street also converges emerge into the open space by Aldgate pump. We have no time to dilate on the antiquity of the pump. A hundred yards to the left, and here we are not absolutely in Whitechapel itself, but at the entrance of that peculiar and characteristic district which I take to be bounded by Mile end gate on the east, and by the establishment of Messrs Aaron and Son on the west.

First, Aaron is, splendour, wealth, boundless and immeasurable, at a glance. Countless stories of gorgeous show-rooms laden to repletion with rich garments. Gas everywhere. Seven hundred burners, they whisper to me. The tailoring department, the haberdashery department, the hat, boots, shawl, outfitting, cutlery department. Hundreds of departments. Legions of "our young men" in irreproachable coats, and neckcloths void of reproach. Corinthian columns, enriched cornices, sculptured panels,

arabesque ceilings, massive chandeliers, soft carpets of choice patterns, luxury, elegance, the riches of a world, the merchandise of two, everything that anybody ever could want, from a tin shaving-pot to a cushioned shawl. Astonishing cheapness—wonderful celerity—enchanting civility! Great is Aaron of the Minorities! Of the Minorities? of everywhere. He pervades Aldgate, he looms on Whitechapel, an aerial suspension bridge seems to connect his Minorial palace with his West End Branch. Aaron is everywhere. When I came from Weedon the other day, his retainers pelted me with his pamphlets as I quitted the railway station. Aaron has wrenched the lyre and the bays from our laureate's hands, he and his son are the monarchs of Parnassus. His circulars are thrown from balloons and fired out of cannon. I believe they must grow in market gardens somewhere out of town—they are so numerous. Of course, Aaron is a great public benefactor.

Crossing the Minorities, and keeping on the right hand side of the road, we are in the very thick of "Butcher Row" at once. A city of meat! The gas, no longer gleaming through ground-glass globes, or uded by polished reflectors, but flaring from primitive tubes, lights up a long vista of beef, mutton, and veal. Legs, shoulders, loins, ribs, hearts, livers, kidneys, gleam in all the gaudy panoply of scarlet and white on every side. "Buy, buy, buy!" resounds shrilly through the greasy, tobacco-laden gas-lit air. There are eloquent butchers, who rival Orator Henley in their encomiums on the legs and baskets they expose, manuating butchers, who wheedle the softer sex into purchasing, with sly jokes and well-turned compliments, dignified butchers (mostly plethoric, double-limbed men, in top-boots, and doubtless wealthy), who seem to think that the mere appearance of their meat, and of themselves, is sufficient to ensure custom and seldom condescend to mutter more than an occasional "Buy!" Then, there are bold butchers—vchement rogues, in stained frocks—who utter frantic shouts of "Buy buy buy!" ever and anon making a ferocious rally into the street, and seizing some unlucky wight, who buys a leg of mutton or a bullock's heart, *volens, volens!*

Bless the women! how they love marketing! Here they are by scores. Pretty faces ugly faces, young and old, chaffering, snapping and scolding vchemently. Now, it is the partly nation—housekeeper, may be, to some wealthy, retired old bachelor, she was the boldest butcher, and makes even the dignified one incline in his top-boots. And here is the newly married artisan's wife—a fresh, rosy-cheeked girl, delightfully ignorant of housekeeping, though delighted with its responsibilities—charmingly diffident as to what she shall buy, and placing implicit, and, it is to be hoped, not misplaced, confidence in the manuating butcher, who could, I verily believe, persuade her that a pig's eye is a

saddle of mutton. Poor thing! she is anxious to be at home and get Tom's supper ready for him; and as for Tom, the sooner he gets away from the public-house, where his wages are paid him every Saturday night, the better it will be for his wife and for him, too, I opine. There are but few male purchasers of butcher's meat. Stay, here is one—a little, rosy man, in deep black, and with a very big basket, and holding by the hand a little rosy girl, in black as deep. He is a widower, I dare say, and the little girl his daughter. How will it be, I wonder, with that couple, a dozen years hence? Will the little girl grow big enough to go to market by herself, while father smokes his pipe at home? or, will father marry again, and a shrewish stepmother ill-treat the girl, till she runs away and—Well, well! we have other matters beside Butcher Row to attend to. We can but spare a glance at that gaunt old man, with the bristly beard and the red eyelids, who is nervously fingering, while he endeavours to beat down the price of those sorry scraps of meat yonder. His history is plain enough to read, and is printed in three letters on his face. G. I. N.

On the pavement of this Butcher Row, we have another market, and a grand one too. Not confined, however, to the sale of any one particular article, but diversified in an eminent degree. Half-way over the curbstone and the gutter, is an apparently interminable line of "standings" and "pitches," consisting of trucks, barrows, baskets, and boards on trossels, laden with almost every imaginable kind of small merchandize. Oysters, vegetables, fruit, combs, prints in inverted umbrellas, ballads, cakes, sweet stuff, fried fish, artificial flowers, (!) chairs, brushes and brooms, soap, candles, crockery-ware, ironmongery, cheese, walking-sticks, looking-glasses, trying-pans, bibles, waste-paper, toys, nuts, and firewood. These form but a tithe of the contents of this Whitechapel Bezeestee. Each stall is illuminated, and each in its own peculiar manner. Some of the vendors are careless, and their lamps are but primitive, consisting of a rushlight stuck in a lump of clay, or a turnip out in half. But there is a degree of luxury in not a few; "Holliday's lamps," green paper shades, "fishtail" burners, and, occasionally, camphine lamps, being freely exhibited. I don't think you could collect together, in any given place in Europe, a much queerer assortment than the sellers of the articles exposed, were it not the buyers thereof. Here are brawny costermongers by dozens, in the orthodox corduroys, fur caps, and "king's man" handkerchiefs. Lungs of leather have they, marvellous eloquence, also, in praising carrots, turnips, and red herrings. Here, too, are street mechanics, manufacturers of the articles they sell, and striving with might and main to sell them: and you will find very few, or rather, no Irish among this class. I see women among the street sellers, as I move along—some, poor widow souls—some, who

have grown old in street trading—some, little puny tottering things, sobbing and shivering as they sell. The buyers are of all descriptions, from the middle to the very lowest class, inclusive. Ruddy mechanics, with their wives on their arms, and some sallow and shabby, reeling to and from the gin-shops. Decent married women, and comely servant girls, with latch-keys and market-baskets. Beggars, by dozens. Slatternly, frowsy, drabs of women, wrangling with wrinkled cronies, and bating down the price of a bunch of carrots fiercely. Blackguard boys, with painted faces, tumbling head over heels in the mud. Bulky costers, whose day's work is over, or who do not care to work at all. Grimy dustmen, newly emancipated from the laystall. The bare-headed, or battered-bonneted members of the class called (and truly) unfortunate, haunt the other side of the road. There is too much light and noise here for them.

But the noise! the yelling, screeching, howling, swearing, laughing, fighting saturnalia; the combination of commerce, fun, frolic, cheating, almsgiving, thieving, and devilry; the Geneva-laden tobacco-charged atmosphere! The thieves, now pursuing their vocation, by boldly snatching joints of meat from the hooks, or articles from the stalls; now, peacefully, basket in hand, making their Saturday night's marketing (for even thieves must eat). The short pipes, the thick sticks, the mildewed umbrellas, the dirty faces, the ragged coats! Let us turn into the gin-shop here, for a moment.

It is a remarkably lofty, though not very spacious, edifice—the area, both before and behind the bar, being somewhat narrow. There are enormous tubs of gin, marked with an almost fabulous number of gallons each; and there are composite columns, and mirrors, and handsome clocks, and ormolu candelabra, in the approved Seven Dials style. But the company are different. They have not the steady, methodical, dram-drinking system of the Seven Dials, Drury Lane, and Holborn gin-shop *habitues*; the tremulous deposition of the required three-halfpence; the slow, measured, draining of the glass; the smack of the lips, and quick passing of the hand over the mouth, followed by the speedy exit of the regular dram-drinker, who takes his "drain" and is off, even if he is in again in a short time. These Whitechapel gin-drinkers brawl and screech horribly. Blows are freely exchanged, and sometimes pewter measures fly through the air like Shrapnel shells. The stuff itself, which in the western gin-shops goes generally by the name of "blue ruin" or "short," is here called, indifferently, "tape," "max," "duke," "gatter," and "jacky." Two more peculiarities I observe also. One is, that there are no spruce barmaids, or smiling landladies—stalwart men in white aprons supply their place. The second is, that there are a multiplicity of doors, many more than

would at first seem necessary, and for ever on the swing; but the utility of which is speedily demonstrated to me by the simultaneous ejection of three "obstrepulous" Irish labourers, by three of the stalwart barmen.

The trucks and barrows, the fried fish and artificial flowers, are not quite so abundant when we have passed a thoroughfare called Somerset Street. They get even more scarce when we see, on the other side of the road, two stone posts, or obelisks on a small scale, marking at once the boundaries of the City, and the commencement of that renowned thoroughfare, politely called Middlesex Street, but known to Europe in general, and the nobility and gentry connected with the trade in old clothes in particular, as Petticoat Lane. It is no use going down there this Saturday, for the Hebrew community, who form its chief delight and ornament, are all enjoying their "shobbbhouse," and we shall meet with them elsewhere. We will, if you please, cross over, leaving the curbstone market (which only exists on one side), and, allured by the notes of an execrably played fiddle, enter one of those dazzling halls of delight, called a "penny gaff."

The "gaff" throws out no plausible puffs, no mendacious placards, respecting the entertainment to be found therein. The public take the genuineness of the "gaff" for granted, and enter by dozens. The "gaff" has been a shop—a simple shop—with a back parlour to it, and has been converted into a hall of delight, by the very simple process of knocking out the shop front, and knocking down the partition between the shop and parlour. The gas-fittings yet remain, and even the original counters, which are converted into "reserved seats," on which, for the outlay of twopenny, as many costers, thieves, Jew-boys, and young ladies, as can fight for a place, are sitting, standing, or lounging. For the common herd—the *ol πολλοι*—the *conditio vivendi* is simply the payment of one penny, for which they get standing rooms in what are somewhat vaguely termed the "stalls,"—plainly speaking, the body of the shop. The proscenium is marked by two gas "battens" or pipes, perforated with holes for burners, traversing the room horizontally, above and below. There are some monstrous engravings, in vile frames, suspended from the walls, some vilely coloured plaster casts, and a stuffed monstrosity or two in glass cases. The place is abominably dirty, and the odour of the company generally, and of the shag tobacco they are smoking, is powerful.

A capital house though, to-night: a bumper, indeed. Such a bumper, in fact, that they have been obliged to place benches on the stage (two planks on tressels), on which some of the candidates for the reserved seats are accommodated. As I enter, a gentleman in a fustian suit deliberately walks across the stage and lights his pipe at the footlights; while a neighbour of mine, of the Jewish persuasion,

who smells fearfully of fried fish, dexterously throws a cotton handkerchief, containing some savoury condiment from the stalls to the reserved seats, where it is caught by a lady whom he addresses by the title of "Bermondsey Bet." Bet is, perhaps, a stranger in these parts, and my Hebrew friend wishes to show her that Whitechapel can assert its character for hospitality.

Silence for the manager, if you please!—who comes forward with an elaborate bow, and a white hat in his hand, to address the audience. A slight disturbance has occurred, it appears, in the course of the evening; the Impresario complains bitterly of the "mackinations" of certain parties "next door," who seek to injure him by creating an uproar, after he has gone to the expense of engaging "four good actors" for the express amusement of the British public. The "next door" parties are, it would seem, the proprietors of an adjacent public-house, who have sought to seduce away the supporters of the "gaff," by vaunting the superior qualities of their cream gin, a cuckoo clock, and the "largest cheroots in the world for a penny."

Order is restored, and the performances commence. "Mr. and Mrs. Stitcher," a buffo duet of exquisite comicality, is announced. Mr. Stitcher is a tailor, attired in the recognised costume of a tailor on the stage, though, I must confess, I never saw it off. He has nankeen pantaloons, a red nightcap—a redder nose, and a cravat with enormous bows. Mrs. Stitcher is "made up" to represent a slatternly shrew, and she looks it all over. They sing a verse apiece; they sing a verse together; they quarrel, fight, and make it up again. The audience are delighted. Mr. S. reproaches Mrs. S. with the possession of a private gin-bottle; Mrs. S. inveighs against the hideous turpitude of Mr. S. for pawning three pillow-cases to purchase beer. The audience are in ecstasies. A sturdy coalheaver in the "stalls" slaps his thigh with delight. It is so real. Ugh! terribly real; let us come away, even though murmurs run through the stalls that "The Baker's Shop" is to be sung. I see, as we edge away to the door, a young lady in a cotton velvet spencer, bare arms, and a short white calico skirt, advance to the footlights. I suppose she is the Fornarina, who is to enchant the dilettanti with the flowery song in question.

We are still in Whitechapel High Street; but in a wider part. The curbstone market has ceased; and the head quarters of commerce are in the shops. Wonderful shops, these! Grocers, who dazzle their customers with marvellous Chinese paintings, and surmount the elaborate vessels (Properties for a Pantomime) containing their teas and sugars with startling acrostics—pungent conundrums. Is it in imagination only, or in reality, that I see, perched above these groceries, an imp—a fantastic imp, whose head-dress is shaped like a retort, who, has

a lancet in his girdle, and on whose brow is written "*Anagallis*?"—that, when I read the placards relative to "Fine young Hyson," "Well-flavoured Pekoe," "Strong family Sou-chong," "Imperial Gunpowder," this imp, putting his thumb to his nose, and spreading his fingers out demoniacally, whispers, "Sloe-leaves, China-clay, Prussian blue, yellow ochre, gum, tragacanth, gubage, poison?"—that, pointing to Muscovado, and "Fine West India," and "superfine lump," he mutters "Saud, chalk, poison?"—that when I talk of cocoa, he screams, "Venetian Red, and desiccated manure!"—that, when I allude to coffee, mocking gibes of burnt beans, chicory, poison?—that he dances from the grocer's to the baker's, next door, and executes maniacal gambadoes on the quarter loaves and French rolls, uttering yells about chalk, alum, and dead men's bones?—that he draws chalk and horse's brains from the dairyman's milk; and horse-flesh, and worse offal still, from sausages?—that he shows me everywhere fraud, adulteration and poison! *Avant, imp!* I begin to think that there is nothing real in the eating and drinking line—that nothing is but what is not—that all beer is *cocculus Indicus*—all gin, turpentine, in this delusive Whitechapel. And not in Whitechapel alone. Art thou immaculate, Shoreditch? Art thou blameless, Borough? Canst thou place thy hand on thy waistcoat, Oxford Street, the aristocratic, and say thy tea knows no "facing or glazing," thy sugar no potato starch, thy beer no doctoring?

But one of my friends is clamorous for beer; and, to avoid adulteration, we eschew the delusive main thoroughfare for a moment, and strike into a maze of little, unsavoury backstreets, between Whitechapel Church and Goodman's Fields. Here is a beer-shop—a little, blinking, wall-eyed edifice, with red curtains in the window, and a bar squeezed up in one corner, as though it were ashamed of itself. From the door of the tap-room which we open, comes forth a thick, compact body of smoke. There are, perhaps, twenty people in the room, and they are all smoking like lilac-kilns. From a kiln at the upper extremity, comes forth the well-remembered notes of the old *trink-lied*, "*Am Rhein, am Rhein*." We are in Vaterland at once. All these are Tentons—German sugar-bakers. There are hundreds more of their countrymen in the narrow streets about here, and dozens of low lodging houses, where the German emigrants are crimped and boarded and robbed. Here, also, live the German buy-a-broom girls. There are little German public-houses, and German bakers, and little shops, where you can get sauerkraut and potato-salad, just as though you were in Frankfort or Mayence. Dear old Vaterland! pleasant country of four meals a-day, and featherbed counterpanes—agreeable land, where you can drink wine in the morning, and where everybody takes off his hat to everybody else! Though thy cookery

is execrable, and thy innkeepers are robbers, I love thee, Germany, still!

My experienced friend, when we have refreshed ourselves at this hostelry, brings us, by a short cut, into Union Street, and so into the broad Whitechapel-road. Here the curbstone market I have alluded to, crosses the road itself, and stretches, in a straggling, limping sort of way, up to Whitechapel Workhouse. We come here upon another phase of Saturday-night Whitechapel life. The children of Jewry begin to encompass us, not so much in the way of business; for though their Sabbath is over, and work is legal—though Aaron, at the other extremity, is in full swing of money-making activity, yet the majority of the Israelites prefer amusing themselves on a Saturday night. They are peculiar in their amusements, as in everything else. The public-house—the mere bar, at least, has no charms for them; but almost all the low coffee-shops you pass are crowded with young Jews, playing dominoes and draughts; while in the public, where taprooms are attached, their elders disport themselves with cards, bagatelle, and the excitement of a sing-song meeting. Smoking is universal. Cigars the rule—pipes the exception. Houndsditch, the Minories, Leman Street, Duke's Place, St. Mary Axe, Bevis Marks, and Whitechapel itself, have all contributed their quota to fill these places of amusement; and here and there you will see some venerable Israelite, with long beard and strange foreign garb, probably from Tangier or Constantinople, on a visit to his brethren in England. There are legends, too, of obscure places in this vicinity, where what the French call "*gros jeu*," or high play, is carried on. In Butcher Row, likewise, are Jew butchers, where you may see little leaden seals, inscribed with Hebrew characters, appended to the meat, denoting that the animal has been slaughtered according to the directions of the Synagogue. In the daytime you may see long bearded rabbins examining the meat, and testing the knives on their nails.

What have we here? "The grand Panorama of Australia, a series of moving pictures." Admission, one penny. Just a-going to begin. Some individuals, dressed as Ethiopian serenaders, hang about the door; and one with the largest shirt-collar I have ever seen, takes my penny, and admits me, with some score or two more, where, though it is just a-going to begin, I and my friends wait a good quarter of an hour. There are two policemen off duty beside me, who are indulging in the *dolce far niente*, and cracking nuts. There is a decent, civil-spoken silk-weaver from Spitalfields, too, whose ancestors, he tells me, came over to England at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who has a romantically French name. He has the old Lyons indentures of his ancestors at home, he says.

We give up the panorama in despair; and,

for aught we know; it is "just a-going to begin" at this moment. In our progress towards the Gate, however, we look in at a few more public-houses. Here is a costermonger's house, where the very trucks and baskets are brought to the bar. Here is that famous hostelry, where is preserved an oil painting, containing authentic portraits of the three Whitechapel worthies, who once drank one hundred-and-one pots of beer at one sitting. The name of the captain of this gallant band was "Old Fish." Here, again, is a thieves' house—thievish all over, from the squint-eyed landlord to the ruffianly customers. Go in at one door, and go out at another; and don't change more five pound notes at the bar than you can help, my friend. Here are houses with queer signs—the "Grave Maurice," supposed to be a corruption of some dead-and-gone German Landgrave, and "The Blind Beggar," close to Mile End Gate.

Another "gaff" on the right-hand side of the road—but on a grander scale. The Effingham Saloon, with real boxes, a real pit, and a real gallery; dreadfully dirty, and with a dirtier audience. No comic singing, but the drama—the real, legitimate drama. There is a bold bandit, in buff-boots, calling on "yon blew Ev'n to bring-a down-a rewing on ther taraytor's ed." There is nothing new in him, nor in the young lady in pink calico, with her back hair down, expressive of affliction. Nor in the Pavilion Theatre over the way, where "Rugantino the Terrible" is the stock piece, and where there are more buff-boots, rusty broad-swords, calico-skirts, and back hairs.

Shops, Gin-palaces, Saloons—Saloons, Gin-palaces, Shops; Costermongers, Thieves, and Beggars—Beggars, Thieves, and Costermongers. As we near the Gate, the London Hospital looms heavily on one side, while on the other the bare, bleak walls of Whitechapel Workhouse stretch grimly along, with a woful skirting-board of crouching Irish paupers, who have arrived too late for admission into the Workhouse, and are houseless for the night.

Going along, and still anxious to see what is to be seen, I look, curiously, at the portraits hanging on the walls of the coffee-houses and bar-parlours. The democratic element is not very strong in Whitechapel, it would seem; for the effigies of Her Majesty and Prince Albert are as a hundred to one of the effigies of the Cuffies and Meaghers of the sword. One portrait, though, I see everywhere; its multiplications beating all royal, noble, and democratic portraits hollow, and far outnumbering the Dog Billies, and winners of memorable Derbys. In tavern and taproom, in shop and parlour, I see everywhere the portrait or the bust of Sir Robert Peel.

Mile End Gate at last, and midnight chimes. There is a "cheap-jack," on a

rickety platform, and vaunting wares more rickety still, who gets vehemently eloquent as it gets later. But his auditory gradually disperse, and the whole road seems to grow suddenly quiet. Do you know why? The public-houses are closed. The pie-shops, it is true, yet send forth savoury steams; but the rain comes down heavily. Therefore; and as I (and I fear you, too, dear reader) have had enough of Whitechapel for one while; let us jump into this last omnibus bound westwards, reflecting that if we have not discovered the North West Passage, or the source of the Niger, we have beheld a strange country, and some strange phases of life.

QUEEN ZULEIMA.

Not less a Queen, because I wear
No crown upon my weeping hair!

Not less a Mother, that my breast
Is childless, and a rifled nest!

Not less a Woman, for the oath
I swore—to be avenged for both!

O youth! thou hast a comely grace;
Strange sympathy is in thy face.

And hast thou heed of mine and me,
In that old City by the sea?

Give me thy hand, and let me feel
What one soft pressure may reveal.

I read by hands; 'twas thus I tried
My husband, when I was a bride.

'Tis well! but that it throbs too much,
As if it felt its mother's touch.

Thy mother? Tell me, is she far?
And art thou, youth, her wand'ring star?

It trembles! Dost thou fear a Queen
Discrown'd, and seen as I am seen!

Nay! kneel not, kneel not! Wherefore thus
Is this wild trembling come on us?

Two strangers! Did I tremble then
Before the hosts of eager men?

That sea of savage lips and eyes,
Clamouring murder to the skies?

They threw my husband from his throne,
They mock'd me as I sat alone.

I sat in state, and let them mock:
Mad waves against the regal rock!

Robed and crown'd, I calmly smiled,
And lifted up my little child.

"Your future King!" I cried aloud;
And many of the people bow'd.

But, as I held it, strode a man—
A stern, black-bearded ruffian—

He strode, and snatch'd my child away,
Albeit I left my throne to pray.

I clung about his knotty knees,
And wept and shriek'd my agonies.

I came again to conscious breath;
I heard the anguish worse than death.

No handmaid near, but one old nurse,
Whose face flash'd like a living curse;

And yet her wrinkled woman's heart
Fell faltering on the bitterest part.

She could not speak it—*woe* is me!
Made human by my misery.

But thou art changed! Rise from the spot;
Still at my feet? I say, kneel not!

Thou claspest me! What word?—what word?
Mother?—is't "Mother" that I heard?

Mother, and Queen?—O, hungry breast,
Feed on his beauty!—Rest, rest, rest!

Believe it, O true heart! now trace
Thy trembling when thou saw'st his face;

And weep, that thrones should dawn again,
To give our pleasure pomp—and pain.

Weep, weep, to see him standing there,
With his proud father's noble air.

Joy, joy! but weep that there should be
So proud a thing as majesty.

I fear it, now it is re won;
We will arise and go, my son!

lofty tower of the church-steeple. It gilded the church vane and weathercock; it sparkled from the windows of the houses around the graveyard; it glistened on the lowly graves.

Cheerfulness was around him, for the bright sun of heaven cheers and ennobles everything upon which his beams fall. And there was a soft wind, too, which stirred among the leaves of a few poplars, that stood hard by, whispering sweet secrets of nature, even in that dismal spot.

He stood there, motionless and tearless, until the sexton had finished his task, had shouldered his spade, and, still whistling, had walked away. Then he sat down upon the little mound, and hid his face in his hands. He sat there, for some time—for a long, long time—and then slowly arose, and with feeble and uncertain steps retraced the way he had come, and found himself at the door of the handsome house, whence he had followed the funeral in the morning.

He made his way to the lady, who happened to be still there, and who now (as I have said), indignation having yielded to compassion, was prepared to satisfy the yearning anxiety he had expressed, to hear all she could tell him of his once proud and beautiful child.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

AND NOW that wretched man, broken with disease and misery, sat there, with the lady, who, patient and pitying, even to the worst of her fellow-creatures, had been moved by the sincerity of his distress. The extremity of his misery had raised so much compassion in her heart, as to overcome the resentment and indignation which she had at first felt, on recognising him.

He had entreated her to tell him everything she knew of the fate of one whom he had that morning followed to the grave. For wretched as was his attire, defiled with dirt, and worn with travel, he had left the house, and had followed, a tearless, but heart-broken mourner, the simple procession which attended the once lovely and glorious creature whom he had called daughter, to her resting-place.

He had stood by, at her funeral, whilst ill-taught children stared and scoffed, until the busy mercenaries had pushed and elbowed him aside. He had seen his best and loveliest one consigned, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; he had waited quietly, until all had dispersed, and every one was gone home. He had no home—and he yet stood by, and watched the sexton, completing his work, and cheerfully whistling as he proceeded with it.

For it was now a gleaming bright day, and the sun had burst forth, and beamed upon the

"You know where you are, and what I am, and what I and the other ladies whom you have seen with me, employ ourselves upon when we come here."

"No," he said, looking round. "It never struck me to inquire, or even to reflect upon what I saw."

"This house is a kind of hospital."

He started—and a faint flush passed over his face.

"Yes," he said, "it was natural—as things had gone on—a consequence inevitable. Then she died at last in the hospital?"

"Not exactly that—as you would interpret the word. This house is, indeed, a species of hospital; it is intended as a refuge for the sick and dying, who have nowhere else to go; but it does not exactly resemble an ordinary hospital. In the first place, the services performed, are not altogether gratuitous; in the second, every patient has a room to herself. We are only women, except the medical attendants; and we admit none but women—and those women of a higher class, of gentle breeding, and refined habits, who have fallen into poverty, and yet who have not been hardened in their sensations by habit, so as that the edge of privation is blunted; or what, perhaps, is still more difficult to bear, that painful sense of publicity unfelt, which renders shelter in an ordinary hospital a source of suffering to them—which—God be thanked!—it does not necessarily prove to those for whom such places of refuge were intended. This house would have been more justly

called an asylum than an hospital, for it is intended as a shelter for the sick and destitute; but yet those who are received into it are expected to contribute to their own support."

He made no answer to this explanation. After all, it interested him little now to know that his Ella had not been a mere object of the charity which is extended to paupers. His pride had died within him, for his nature had been much changed; but, only as such natures change. His faults had withered away, but no good qualities seemed as yet to burst forth to flourish in their stead. The soul had been so utterly ruined and devastated, the portion of living waters had been so completely dried up, that he seemed merely to have lost the inclination to do wrong—that was all.

"We are a small party of friends," the lady went on; "some of us in the heyday of prosperity, but who, amid all the triumphs of youth, wealth, and beauty, have not quite forgotten the poor, the sick, and the miserable: others, who, like myself, are fallen into the yellow leaf of life—whose years cannot of necessity be many—may be very few—and who would fain do something in the great vineyard before they are called away. It is our practice for some of us to visit this place every day, to see our patients, attend to their wants and comforts, and, where it is desired, administer by our conversation such helps and solace as we can. I come here pretty often, for I am not one who is very much occupied upon this earth; and, as I love to sit with the sufferers, and am more aged than the majority of them, they seem to lean upon me a good deal. They love to have me with them; and many of the younger ones have treated me with a confidence, which has excited, I can scarcely say whether more satisfaction or pain."

He still spoke not, but listened with deep attention.

"A few months ago," she continued, "the matron of the establishment came to me one morning, and said that a young lady had been received here some days ago, whom she wished me very much to visit. I had but the day before returned from an excursion into the country, and had been absent from my post about a fortnight. I asked, at whose recommendation the patient had been received. She said—that of Lady R., but that Lady R. knew nothing about her. It was at the earnest solicitation of the wife of the Baker, who supplied her family with bread, that Lady R. had given the order; the woman, who was a very plain sort of person, but highly respectable in her way, having assured her that it was a case of the most urgent necessity: that the young lady was utterly penniless and destitute, and in an almost hopeless state of health. She had brought on a decline, by over-exertion to maintain a sick sister, and pay some debts of

that sister's, which she thought herself bound in honour to discharge,—and other expenses," she added, somewhat mysteriously,—promising that she would advance the required guinea a-week; for, as for the young lady, she did not believe that she had five shillings left in the world."

He struck his hand flat at the top of his head, and held it there, leaning his elbow upon the table, so that his arm covered in part his face, which was painfully contracted; but he neither spoke, nor groaned, nor even sighed.

"I went up to the young lady's room immediately. Our rooms are each provided with a single bed, a sofa, an easy chair, a table, and such other requisites as make a chamber at once a bedroom and a sitting room.

"The matron knocked gently at the door; but no one answered it; she therefore quietly turned the handle of the lock, and we went in.

"The window was open. Her head looked upon those green trees you see at the back of the house, and the fresh air came pleasantly in; but it seemed unheeded by the sufferer. She was clothed in a long white sleeping-gown. One arm was thrown above her head; her hair had gotten from her comb, and fell in waves and curls of the utmost beauty and luxuriance, almost to her feet. She lay with her face upward, resting upon the back of her head, almost as motionless as a corpse; her features were fixed; her eyes rested upon the top of the bed. She seemed lost in thought. Never in my life have I seen anything so supremely beautiful."

"Ella—Ella!" he just muttered.

"When we approached the side of the bed, she first perceived us, gave a little start, glanced at the matron, and then, with a look of rather displeased surprise at me—

"'I beg your pardon if I intrude upon you,' I said. 'Mrs. Penrose asked me to pay you a visit. I am but just returned from the country. I spend a good deal of my time when in town with the sick ladies here, and they seem to like to have me; but if you do not, I will go away directly.'

"She made an impatient and half-contemptuous motion of the head as I used the words 'sick ladies;' but she fixed her large, lustrous eyes upon me as I went on speaking—saying nothing, however, when I concluded, but keeping those large dark eyes fixed upon my face.

"'Shall I go?' I said, after a little time thus spent.

"She made a gesture as if to stop me—but without moving those large mournful eyes, in which I could see that tears were slowly gathering.

"Mrs. Penrose had already left the room. I said no more; but took a chair, sat down by the bed-side, and laid mine upon her thin, fevered, but most exquisitely-formed hand.

"I gave a gentle, gentle pressure; it was

saintly, very faintly returned; and then the tears, which had so slowly gathered into her eyes, fell in a few large drops over her faded cheeks.

"This is lonely, desolate work, do what we will," I said, as a sort of answer to these few large tears, falling so quietly and still, and without convulsion of features—the tears of a strong but softened mind. "To be sick, and without familiar faces—to be sick, and among strangers—is a sorrowful, sorrowful thing—but we do our best."

"O, you are good—very good," she said.

"There is nothing I feel so much myself this destitution of the heart; solitude in sickness is to me almost more than I can bear; and, therefore, it is, perhaps, that I am almost troublesome in offering my society to those here who have not many friends and visitors especially to the young. I can bear solitude myself, better now, badly as I do bear it, than when I was young. Society seems, to the young, like the vital air upon which they exist."

"Yes, perhaps so," she said, after musing a little—"yes. So long as there was one near me whom I loved, I could get on—better or worse—but I could get on. But she is gone. Others whom I have loved are far—far away. The solitude of the heart! yes, that kills one at last."

"Then will you try to make a friend of me? A new friend can never be like an old friend. Yet, when the old wine is drawn down to the dregs, we accept the new, although we still say the old is better."

"How very kindly you speak to me! You have none of the pride of compassion," she said, fixing her lovely eyes, filled with an earnest, intelligent expression, full upon mine. "You will not humble me, whilst you serve me."

"Humble you! My dear young lady! That, I hope, indeed, would be far from me—from every one of us."

"I dare say so—as you say it. I have seen none of the ladies, only the matron, Mrs. Penrose, and a friend of mine, to whom I owe much; but they are both so inferior to myself in habits and education, that I don't think they could humble me if they tried. The insolence of my inferiors, I can defy—the condescensions of my superiors, are what I dread."

"I saw in this little speech, something that opened to me, as I thought, one side of her character. All the notice of it, however, which I took, was to say, 'We must not exact too much from each other. A person may have a very single-hearted and sincere desire to serve us, and yet be somewhat awkward in conferring benefits. We must not be unreasonable. Where people do their best to be kind, we must accept the will for the deed, and besides . . .'"

"You mean to say that benefits may be accepted ungraciously,"—and she laid her hand upon mine, and pressed it with some fervour.

"Yes, that is true. We may, in the pride of our unsubdued and unregulated hearts, be captious, exacting, and unjust. We may be very, very ungrateful."

"Do I tire you with relating these things?" said the lady, breaking off, and addressing the fallen man. "Shall I pass on to others? Yet there are few events to relate. The history of this life of a few months is comprised in conversations I thought you would probably like to hear them."

"I do like to hear them. I adjure you, solemnly, to omit nothing that you can remember of them. She was a noble creature." And he burst forth with a bitter cry.

"She *was* a noble creature!"

"I sat with her some time that day, and learned some little of her history; but she was very reserved as to details and explanations. She told me that she had once lived in great affluence; but that a sudden reverse of fortune had ruined her father, who had been obliged to quit the country; and that she and her sister had found it necessary immediately to set about getting their own livelihood. Only one course was open to either of them—that of becoming governesses in private families, or teachers at schools. They had wished to adopt the latter course, which would have enabled them to keep together, but had not been able to provide themselves with situations; so they had been compelled to separate."

"My sister," she said, "took a situation in London: I was obliged to accept one that offered in a distant county, so that we were entirely parted; but in such cases one cannot choose. My dear Clementina's accomplishments were such as the family in London wanted; mine suited those who offered me the place in the country, or I would have exchanged with her. But it was not to be. Things in this miserable world are strangely ordered."

"For the best," I said, "when their issues are known."

"Who shall assure us of that? and when are their issues known?" she asked, with some bitterness. "It would need great faith, when one receives a heavy injury, to believe it was fraught with good, and well intended."

"It would, indeed! Yet, we must have that faith. We ought to have that faith in Him, the All-wise, Merciful, and Good. We should have it,—should we not?—whatever appearances might be, in an earthly friend of this description."

"Ah! but we see and know such a friend."

"We ought to know, though we cannot see, that other friend."

"Ah! well—it is so, I dare say. But, oh, there are moments in life when the cruel blow is so real, and the consolation so illusory!"

"Seems so real—seems so illusory! Ah!"

my dear young lady, have you drank so deep of the cup of sorrow? And have you not found the great, the only true reality, at the bottom?

"She had loosed her hold of my hand and turned her head coldly away, as I uttered the last speech.

"I asked her why she did so.

"'Because you talk like all the rest. At ease yourselves, religious faith is in easy matter to you. It is easy to give these every day religious consolations, when we have nothing else to give. But they are things of a peculiar character. If the soul does not put them within itself, none upon earth can bestow them. They are only given of God, and it has not pleased Him to give them to me. No,' she went on, with much emotion. 'If there be light in darkness, it shines not for me. If out of the depths they call, and He listens, He has not listened to me. My prayers have been vain, and I have wearied myself with offering them. There was no help in them.'

"I was grieved and shocked to hear her speak thus. I, however, ventured to urge my point a little further.

"'But you did find help, somewhere?'

"'Not such as I wanted, not health and strength to my poor darkened spirit.

"'And why? 'Because they sought it not in faith.

"'Ah! faith! but who can command this faith?'

"'Everybody.'

"'Everybody! If it has pleased God to darken our understandings so that we do not know him at all, it may be as you say. But if we know him—not to trust in him—that worst of faith must be our own fault.'

"She was silent, and seemed to sink into a reverie, which I would not disturb. At last she shook it off, and turning suddenly to me, said, 'Clementina had got nearer this truth than I had, or have. Yes, that it was—that it must have been—which supported her in circumstances far worse than mine. She was patient, composed, resigned, and, in spite of her natural feebleness, showed a strength which I ever wanted. She endured better than I do, when she lay low as I do now, and suffered worse, far worse. How was it?'

"'My strength is made perfect in weakness.'—Is not that said?'

"Again she fixed her eyes with a searching, earnest, expression upon mine.

"'But, tell me,' I continued, 'how it fared with you? I fear badly.'

"'Perhaps you are not aware, Madam, how much strength, both of body and spirit, it requires to make a governess.

"'I think I am aware of it, in good measure.'

"'There seems nothing very onerous in the task of teaching children during a certain number of hours every day, and living with them during the rest. But, those who have

tried it alone know how irksome, how exhausting is the wearisome routine of ungrateful labour. My situation was no less so. They were a family of high spirited children, as wild as the hills in which they had been bred, and whose greatest pleasure was to torment their young governess, though I was rather excited than depressed by our frequent struggles for mastery. Then the mother, when she did interfere, was sensible and just, and she supported me when she thought me right, through everything. If she disapproved, too, I could be hot and unreasonable in my turn, and she gently told me of my fault in private, so as never to impair my authority. She was a wise and excellent woman. A good mother, and a true friend, even to her governess. But it was different with Clementina. Shut up in London, with a family of cold hearted, proud children, already spoiled by the world, and never finding it possible to satisfy an exacting mother, do what she would, the task was soon too hard for her. The more languid her health and spirits became, the feebler her voice, the paler her cheek, the greater was the dissatisfaction of the lady whom she served. When the family doctor was at last called in, he pronounced her to be in so critical a state of health, that rest and change of air were indispensable. So she left, with fifteen pounds—a half year's salary.

"'Consumption had set in when I saw her. What was to become of her? We knew of no such place as this then.

"'The lady whom I served was kind and considerate. When I came to her in tears, she bade me fly to my sister, and not return until I had settled her somewhere in comfort. But where was that to be? We had not a friend in the world except one. She had been our under-nursery maid. She was now a baker's wife, but she had always loved us. She had such a heart! And she did not fail us now.

"'She took my sister home, and insisted upon keeping her. We could not allow this to be done without offering what compensation we could. My sister's little purse was reserved for extraordinary expenses, and I contrived out of my own salary to pay a little weekly stipend to our good Matty. She would not have taken it, but she had a husband, and upon this point we were resolved.'

"Here she pruned, and raising her head from her pillow, rested it upon her hand, and looked round the room with an expression of satisfaction which it gave me great pleasure to see. The little apartment was plainly furnished enough, but the walls were of a cheerful colour, and the whole furniture was scrupulously clean. The windows stood open, looking upon a space in which a few green trees were growing. The scene was more open, airy, and quiet than one can usually obtain in London. The air came in fresh and pleasant, the green

trees waved and bowed their heads lovingly and soothingly.

"It is not until we are sick that we know the value, that we feel the necessity, of these things," she began again. "Thus I may venture to say for us both. We had been cradled in luxury and elegancies, surrounded by every thing that the most lavish expenditure could bestow. We gave them all up without a sigh. So much unhappiness had attended this unblest profusion, that it seemed almost a relief—something like an emancipation—to have done with it, and be restored at once to simplicity and nature. Whilst our health and spirits lasted, we both of us took a pleasure in defying superfluity, in being easy and content upon a pallet bed, and with a crust of bread and a glass of water; but, oh! when sickness comes—deadly sickness! The fever, and the languor, and, above all, the frightful susceptibility to external influences. When upon the hard bed you cannot sleep, though sleep is life to the exhausted frame. When the coarse food you cannot touch—though your body is sinking for want of nourishment—when the aching limbs get sore with the rugged unyieldingness of that on which they lie—when you languish, and sicken for fresh air, and are shut up in a little close room in some back street—when you want medicine and cure, and can command no services at all—or of the lowest and most inefficient description—then—O then! we feel what it is to want—then we feel what it is to have such an asylum prepared for us as this. Poor thing! she was not so fortunate as I have been."

Here, the broken man who had until now sat listening in what might almost be called a sullen attention, suddenly lifted up his head, looked round the room where he sat, and through the large cheerful window upon the branches of the trees and the blue unclouded sky; and, suddenly, even his heart seemed reached.

He arose from his chair, he sat down again, he looked conscious, uneasy, abashed. It was so long since he had felt or expressed any grateful or amiable sentiment, that he was almost ashamed of what he now experienced, as if it had been a weakness.

"Pray have the kindness to go on," he said, at last.

"It was some days before I learned much more of the history of my poor young invalid, but one day when I came to see her, I found a very respectable-looking woman, though evidently not belonging to the higher class, sitting with her. She was a person whose appearance would have been almost repulsive from the deep injuries her face had received—burned when a child, I believe—if it had not been for the sense and goodness that pervaded her expression. Her eyes were singularly intelligent, sweet, and kind.

"I found she was the wife of the baker—she, who had once been nursery-maid in your family. The only friend the poor young creature seemed to have left in the world, and the only person from whom she could bear, as it afterwards appeared, to receive an obligation. This excellent person it was, who advanced the guinea a-week, which the laws of the institution required should be contributed by a patient.

"When she took her leave I followed her, to inquire further particulars about my patient. She then told me, that the sister had died about three years before, leaving a heavy debt to be discharged by the one remaining; consisting of her funeral expenses, which were considerable, though everything was conducted with all the simplicity compatible with decency; and of the charges of the medical man who had attended her: a low unprincipled person, who had sent in an enormous bill, which there were no means of checking, and which, nevertheless, the high-spirited sister resolved to pay. But the first thing she did, was to insure her own life for a certain sum, so as to guard against the burden under which she herself laboured, being in its turn imposed upon others.

"So, madam," said the good Mrs. Lacy, with simplicity, "you must not think that the guinea a-week is anything more than an advance on our part—there will be money enough to repay us—or my dear Miss Ella would never, never have taken it. She would die in the street first, she has such a noble spirit of her own. She told me to provide for her sister's debts,—she had made an arrangement with a publisher to be a regular contributor to a certain periodical,—she had likewise produced a few rather popular novels. To effect this she had indeed laboured night and day,—the day with her pupils, half the night with her pen. She was strong, but human nature could not support this long; and yet labour as she did, she proceeded slowly in clearing away the debt. I cannot quite account for that," said Mrs. Lacy, "she dressed plainly, she allowed herself in no expense, she made no savings, she paid the debt very slowly by small instalments, yet she worked herself into a decline. There seemed to be some hidden, insatiable call for money."

If the lady who was recounting all this, had looked at her listener at that moment, she would have been moved, little as she liked him. A wild horror took possession of his countenance—his lips became livid—his cheek ghastly—he muttered a few inarticulate words between his teeth. But she was occupied with her own reflections, and noticed him not.

"This could not go on for ever," said the lady, presently. "She was obliged to throw up her situation; soon afterwards the possibility of writing left her; and she was brought here, where I found her."

"And that it was—that it was, then!"

cried the wretched man. "O Ella! my child!—my child! I was living, in indolence and indifference, upon her hard-earned labours! I was eating into her life! And when the supply ceased, I—I never knew what it was to have a heart!—I thought she was tired of ministering to her father's wants, and I came to England to upbraid her!"

"It was too late. She was gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest," said the lady.

"You need not—you need not—my heart is hard, but the dagger has pierced it at last. You need not drive in the steel: it has done its work," he rather gasped than said.

The lady felt that she had been too severe. His apparent insensibility had, it is true, irritated her almost beyond bearing, after all he had done, and after all that had been suffered for his sake.

"I am sorry if I gave you pain. I ought to be sorry for you, not angry."

"Did she never mention me?" he asked, in a tone of agony. "And there was another, on whom her young heart doted, only too fondly. Did she never speak of either of us?"

"She spoke of both."

"Tell me what she said."

The lady hesitated.

"I pray tell me—I can bear it."

"I am afraid I have given you too much pain already. It is over now. Let it be over. Go home; and may God give you grace at the eleventh hour, and bring you and yours together again at last!" she said fervently, and the tears starting in her eyes.

"I have no home but one; and to that I shall shortly go. But let me not depart tormented with a yearning desire to hear all. Tell me; I ask it of you as a favour. What was her state of mind as regarded her mother—her father—and her?"

"God gave her grace to find Him at last. The darkness and the doubts that had distressed her, gradually disappeared. That grace took possession of her heart, which the world can neither give nor understand; and all was hope and tranquillity at last."

"As she grew worse, her spirit became more and more composed. She told me one day. Then she asked me whether I thought she could recover."

"I was silent."

"She turned pale. Her lips moved, as she said, 'Do I understand your silence rightly?'"

"I am afraid you do."

"She was silent herself for a short time; then she said,

"And so young!"

"It is not for us to know the times and seasons which the Father hath kept in his own power," said I.

"But must I—must I die? I am not ashamed to own it,—I did so wish to live. Did you never hear that I had a father living?" she asked in so low a voice, that it was almost a whisper.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then, you have heard his most unhappy history?"

"Most of it, I believe, I have."

"He seems to you, I fear, a very—very wretched man."

"I was silent."

"There is good in him still," she cried; "believe it or not who may, there is good in him still."

"And now her tears began to flow fast, as she went on.

The will of God be done! The will of God be done! But if it had been His pleasure, I hoped to have lived; to have had that father home; to have joined our two desolate hearts together; to have brought him to the knowledge of One whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light. O, was that wish wrong, that it was not granted! O, my father! who shall seek you out now!"

"Remember," I said, gently, "we are in the hands of One, wiser and more merciful than ourselves. He would spare, surely, where we would spare, if it were good it should be so. If means would avail, He would provide the means. His work will not stand still because the instruments (as we regard things) seem taken away. Your death, dear girl, may do more for your father's soul than your life could ever have done."

And now, he bowed his head—humbly—and he covered his face with his hands, and the tears rained through his fingers.

"Thus," the lady went on, "I comforted her, as I could; and she died: with her last breath commending her father to the mercy of God."

"Her lover was dear—but not dearer than her father. She told me that history one day. How she had loved; how devotedly, how passionately. But that when her name was disgraced, she had resolved never to unite it with his. She had withdrawn herself; she had done it in a way such as she believed would displease him. 'I thought he would feel it less if he were angry,' she said. 'I often wished in my desolation I could feel angry.' She told me his name; and I promised to make inquiries. I had fortunately the opportunity. I had the pleasure to tell her, that he had made the greatest efforts to find her out, but in vain; that he had remained unmarried and constant to her memory; that what had happened had given a new turn to his character. Habits of dissipation, which had been gradually acquiring power over him, had been entirely broken through. He had accepted an office in a distant colony, where he was leading a most useful and meritorious life. Never shall I forget the glow of joy that illuminated her face when I told her so. She looked already as if she had entered into the higher and more glorious existence!"

"I shall not see him again," said she; "but you will write to him and tell him all. You

will say that I died true and blest, because he was what he was, and that I bid him a fond adieu, until we should meet again in a better world. For, O! we shall meet again, I have a testimony within, which will not deceive me."

"She then reverted to her father.

"He will come back," she said, "even will see that he will come back and he will inquire what is come of me, why his child has forgotten him and is silent. It will be the silence an I forgetfulness of the grave. Perhaps he will come back as he went, his heart yet unchanged, defying and despairing. Tell him not be patient with him, good kind friend, for my sake. There is good in him, good he knows not of himself, that nobly knows of, but his loving child, and the God who made him weak and strong as he is. Tell him he must no more be weak and cringe. Tell him there is forgiveness for all who will return at last, but that forgiveness supposes newness of life. Tell him—"

The sentence was unheeded by the lady, for he who listened fell prostrate on his face upon the floor.

They raised him up, but his heart seemed broken. He neither moved nor spoke false, however, was not extinct, for in this condition he remained many days.

They could not keep him where he was for this benevolent institution was strictly devoted to women of the more refined orders. He was carried to a hospital. There was nowhere else to carry him.

Seven days he lay without speaking, but not absolutely senseless. The spirit within him went to work. In his last days he had never wanted energy. His heart was ever strong for good or for bad. What passed within him, in those seven days was between his soul and the Highest. He came out of his death trance an altered creature.

The once handsome, dashing profane, luxurious Julian Winstanley looked now a very old, old man. Quite grey, very thin, and stooping much. From that time he continued to earn his bread honestly as an attendant in the very hospital where he had been recovered. He had little room to himself and it was filled with certain simple treasures, hallowed by his recollections.

His patient and tender attendance upon the sick, his assiduous discharge of all his duties was beyond praise.

One day a man who had risen to a very high post in one of our colonies came to visit him. The two were long together. When they parted, it was evident that both had wept much.

The old man, after that, faded rapidly. One morning they found him dead in bed. His hands were clasped together as if he had departed in the act of prayer. He lies buried in a neighbouring churchyard, under a simple mound of earth, such as covers the humblest and the poorest.

He had left behind him a scrap of paper, earnestly imploring that so it might be. So it was. May God forgive us all!

THE WONDERS OF NAILS AND SCREWS

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago our fathers were told, by a man of high character whose testimony could not be doubted that he had himself seen several boys, under twenty years of age, each of whom could make two thousand three hundred nails in a day. This gentleman—Adam Smith—explained that, to produce so surprising a result, these boys must have passed their whole lives in nail-making; for that a smith, who had been pretty well accustomed to making nails but not wholly devoted to it could not make more than from eight hundred to one thousand in a day, while a smith who could handle his tools cleverly but was unused to making nails could not turn out more in a day than two or three hundred. The making of nails Adams continues is by no means a simple operation. He tells how the bellows have to be blown, and the fire kindled, and the iron heated, and every part of the nail forged, and how the tools have to be changed when the heat comes to be shed. Considering all this, he seemed, in 1776 (when this account was published) a wonderful example of dexterity. This young people should be all with due effort to make two thousand three hundred nails in a day.

That year, not so very long ago, 1776 was the date of the American declaration of independence, and we need not say how extremely young a nation is that of the United States. It is the date of our compulsory permission to that young nation to take care of itself and to see what it could do by its own faculties. It has done a great many wonderful things, and among others, it has invented, and sent over to us, a machine by which boys can make more nails in a day than our readers would remember, if we were to set down the long row of figures. These Americans used to buy our nails made in the way that Adam Smith described. But in a few years they found they had the iron and coal, and the hands and tools necessary for making steam engines and nail-cutting machines—all at home and instead of taking our nails, they have shown us how to make so many that, if the same number were made in the old way, it would take half the nation to accomplish the work.

We do not want all these nails ourselves. Of the smallest kind of nail (tacks), some are still made on the anvil, and those are probably for home use. They must be regarded as a humble manufacture remaining from old times, on account of the expense of the new machinery. The establishment we saw, the other day, at Birmingham, makes twenty tons of nails per week, of all sizes together, that is,

about four tons of the largest size commonly made—six inches long—and sixteen tons of other sizes, descending to the little tack which measures only three sixteenths of an inch. No one can tell precisely how many are made in the kingdom, because there are numerous small manufacturers in the inland towns, whose sales are not ascertainable. But it is supposed that Birmingham alone may supply two hundred tons a week, and the whole kingdom, perhaps, five hundred tons. Now let the imagination follow this,—let us think of a handful of tacks or the household box of nails, and follow these up to the pound and the hundred-weight, and the twenty hundred weights which make a ton, and think of five hundred of these tons, as a weekly supply, and we shall be full of wonder as to what becomes of such heaps of uncountable masses of nails.

The fact is, we send them very far over the world, even to Australia, where they are wanted in large quantities by the growing people there, who are always building more and more houses, and edifices of other kinds. We send vast quantities to the German ports, whence they spread over the interior of the continent. Canada is too near the United States to need any supply from us, and, indeed, there is nail making going on at Montreal which nearly satisfies the wants of that colony.

The sheets of iron brought in material to the establishment which we saw at Birmingham are six feet in length and two in width. These have to be cut into strips. The strip must not be cut the long way of the sheet, because that would bring the grain of the iron (for even iron has a grain) the wrong way for the nail, and a bad article would be produced, as surely as the wrist bands of a shirt would look ill, and soon wear out, if they were cut the wrong way of the linen. As the nails are cut across the strip of iron the strip must be cut across the sheet. Thus, it is clear the nails will be cut from the long way of the sheet.

As for the width of the strip, it must be somewhat more than the length of the nail, because the head must be allowed for. The longest nail that has been made in these machines is one of nine inches. A strip which is to make such nails, must be an inch and one eighth in width. It is a marvellous thing to see the cutting of these strips, which might seem to be thin pasteboard, but for the noise they make in falling. The hidden steam engine turns the wheels of the shearing machine. The iron plate is held to it, the edge put into a groove, and off comes the strip, as quick as thought. It is, in fact, cut from end to end, and not struck off with one blow, but the process is too rapid for the eye to follow—the machine making fifty revolutions in a minute. Thus, these iron ribbons are rained down at the rate of nearly one, every second of time.

Now we have the strips. How many nails will each yield? The number that must be got is two hundred and forty small tacks, or, if of the six-inch size, one hundred and twenty; the other sizes ranging between. It would be impossible to get this number, if one edge of the strip was to yield all the heads, and the other edge all the points. There would be much fewer nails, and a great waste of iron. The strip must be turned for the cutting of each nail, that the slope made by cutting the narrow part of the last may serve for the broad edge of the next. This incessant turning of the strip is the one thing which the workman has to do. His machine actually does all the rest and without failure or pause. Before each machine stands a rest—a good deal like what soldiers used to carry in the days of matchlocks, to rest their pieces on. It is like a large two pronged fork set on end, prongs uppermost and movable in its socket. Taking hold of his strip of cold iron with a pair of long pincers, very like tongs, the boy lodges it across this fork and proceeds to feed the machine with the metal which it is rapidly to digest into nails. A most vigorous and certain process of digestion it is. There is a sharp steel tooth at what may be called the mouth of the machine the ledge on which the strip is laid. The tooth doubles back, like the tang of a table-saw, and, in doing so, it allows a sharp blade to fall, and slice off a nail. While the boy is turning the strip, the severe labour into a groove, where a pair of nippers seizes it by the point, and another advances from behind to strike and hold the shank. The point and shank being thus formed and held fast, a hammer comes on, driven from the right hand, to form the head. The severe blow which forms the head, releases the point and shank, and the finished nail slides down an inclined plane into a trough below. This process of forming the nail goes on in the dusk—in a space below the cutting apparatus—in the stomach to which the mouth has sent down the aliment. But never was such quick digestion known in any kind of stomach for it is empty between the mouthfuls. While the boy is turning his strip, and the blade is cutting it, the nail is dismissed from the groove—finished, head and point, but only finished as to form. It has still to be annealed,—that is, to be roasted, baked, stoned,—call it what you will. The nails are shovelled into square iron pans, with a chemical mixture, and thoroughly baked. When they come out, they are shaken in a sieve with sawdust, when cool, they are weighed, and made up into parcels, or put into casks or sacks of “Dudley muslin,” as the coarsest and strongest of packing-fabrics is nowa-days called.

The premises used for this manufacture need not be large. The machinery occupies a very small space. A small Pembroke table fills more width than a single machine, and the machines may be placed as near together

as will merely leave room to pass. The steam-engine must be accommodated, and there must be an apartment or two for the repair or making of the machinery. The annealing, and cooling, and weighing, and packing can be done in a shed and yard. Adam Smith's young acquaintances would have wanted the whole site of Birmingham—for their forges to make as many nails as go forth from the premises we saw. So compact is the space required, that one man attends to four machines. He is called a "minder." He engages a boy for each machine, and sees that it is properly fed. The "minder" is paid by the hundred weight, for all sizes of nails, except tacks which are paid by the thousand. It is calculated that one hundred weight contains about fifty thousand nails of all sizes. If so, the quantity of nails formed in a year, in this one apartment is no less than a thousand and sixty millions! When we see the stroke given, which makes the head, we cannot but wonder where the nail will next be struck on the head,—whether in some shed on the banks of the Danube, or in the cabin of some peasant on the black plains of Russia or in some Italian lunging, or in a cattle fold on the grassy levels of Austria, or in some chalet on the Alps, or on the bank of some mine high up in the Andes, or under the palm roof of some missionary chapel in the South Sea islands. As the nails are snipped off and fashioned, much faster than the nimblest fingers can snip paper, it is wonderful to think how they will be spread over the globe, nowhere meeting practically with a single person who will think of where their heads were last struck, unless one of them should be floated in some piece of wreck to the feet of some Robinson Crusoe, who will start at this trace of a man's hand, and seem to hear once more the paut of the steam engine, and all the sounds of busy toil and the voices of men, for which his ear and his heart are thirsting. What would he not give to be a "minder" where that nail was made?—or the humblest helper on the premises, so that he might work among his fellow men?

The "minder" has it in his power to enjoy all the best things of life if he so pleases. He easily earns from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty pounds a year. But, unfortunately, he reckons his wages by the week. If diggers and others—who would be glad of his income—did so, they might make less of their small means than they do, the weekly surplus being a constant temptation to spend. And too truly too sadly, it is so with the "minder," with an exception here and there. If he receives five pounds a week for months together, and pays away nearly, or quite half, to the four boys below him, keeping fifty shillings or more for himself, and if the machinery has to stop for a few days, he is sure to borrow money of his employer. After years of constant employ-

ment and good health, if he falls sick, he has not a shilling beforehand. This story has been told before—often before—and it must be told again now—and often again—till the workman learns to accept that welfare from himself which he is too apt to expect from law or society, which can effectually help only those who help themselves.

In a neighbouring manufactory, which would seem to require the strength of hard-handed men, we find women employed in the proportion of ten to one, and of that one portion, many are boys. The manufacture is that of screws, steel, brass, copper, and a few of silver. From the smallest screws required for putting together the nicest philosophical instruments, to the heavy bolt screws which sustain the wear and tear of mighty steam-engines we find here specimens of all sorts and sizes. The forging must be done by men, of course, and here we find the anvil, and the glowing furnace (fed by the steam-engine), and see the great square heads of bolt screws beaten white at a white or red heat.

The coils of wire, of different thicknesses, of which the screws are made, come from the wire drawers. They have been made by drawing the heated iron through holes in hardened steel plates. The smaller kinds of wire are drawn by a hard mechanical gripe, through smaller and smaller holes till they become of the thickness required. Then the wire is brought to the screw manufactory, and there we see it lying about in shining coils. One end of a coil is presented to a machine worked by boys or women, when we see the end seized, and drawn forward, and snipped off the proper length, the snip falling, hot, into a pan of saw-dust below. Women are preferred to boys for this work. Their attention is more steady and they are more careful of their own flesh and blood. Boys are apt to make mischief, and, if they look off their work, it is too likely that they may lose their finger ends. It is in this department of the business that most of the accidents happen. It is more satisfactory to see the lads filing the circular saws used in making the machinery, or in other processes where they have not to deal with such inexorable powers as those which cut or stamp the metal.

The heads of the bits of steel are next stamped by machinery, and delivered over to women to have the heads polished. There is nice fingering required here, and, to do it, we see rows of women, who earn from five to twelve shillings per week, each attending a machine of her own. She presents the head of the screw to a vice, which seizes it and carries it to a flying wheel, which smooths and polishes it, and it comes out in an instant, brightened with that radiating polish which we observe in the head of a finished screw. All the while, a yellowish ugly

Liquid is upon the metal, and upon the woman's fingers, from a can above. It is a mixture of soapsuds and oil, which dribbles from a spout, and keeps the metal from becoming too hot for the touch.

We have now the shank of the screw, and its neat polished head: but there is no slit in the head wherein to insert the screw-driver; and the shank is plain and blunt. The next thing is to "nick" the head. This part of the business used to be done by working the "nicking" machine with treadles. By the modern method, a barrel—somewhat like that of a barrel-organ, but pierced with holes, instead of being stuck over with upright bits of wire—revolves slowly, so that every row of holes is brought under the line of a cleaver, which descends to make the cleft across the heads of the screws in a row beneath. It is the business of the steam-engine to turn the barrel, and send down the cleaver: it is that of the women to stick the screws into the holes in the barrel,—as they would put pins in rows into a pincushion. They do this with quickness and dexterity, as the empty holes come up; and the notched screws fall out by their own weight, on the other side, as it descends with the revolution of the barrel.

This is all very well, as far as it goes: but the shank is still plain and blunt, and perfectly useless. The grand operation of "worming" remains. This also is women's work; and we may see one hundred and twenty women at a time busy about it. The soapsuds and oil are still dropping upon their fingers and their work; and the job looks anything but a tidy one, while we regard the process alone. But it is different when we stand aside, and survey the room. Then we see that these six score women are neatly dressed; hair smooth, or cap clean—handkerchief or little shawl nicely crossed over, and fastened behind; faces healthy, and countenances cheerful. These women are paid by piecework; and they can easily earn ten shillings per week. Their business still is to feed the machinery—to present the heads of the screws to a vice which seizes them, and carries them forward—then back again, and again forward—as often as is necessary to have the worming made deep enough. As the shank is pressed, in its passage forward, against the cutter which grooves out the steel between the "thread,"—which, in other words, "worms" it,—the filings curl away and drop off, like so much wood, or rasped cheese-rind. It is wonderful to see this rasping of steel. But we were informed that there will be something hereafter more curious still to be seen. On these premises, there is at work now some machinery which is shut up from prying eyes, by which the shank is picked up, wormed, and dropped, without being touched by human hands: and strange it must be to see the screw, not a quarter of an inch long,

picked up by a metallic gripe, and the largest—massive and heavy as they are—carried onward, again, and again, and again, as the depth of their worming requires.

After this comes the cooking in sawdust; and the drying and bolting (as a Miller would say) of the finished screws in sieves; and the counting, and the packing. They are counted by weight, of course. The packing is a pretty affair. A nimble-fingered woman throws down half a-dozen or more screws, according to size, on a square paper, the heads lying all one way; and then the same number, with the heads lying the other way, and the shanks falling between the first. Then the same number are laid across; and so the pile is built up into a square, which is kept compact by the wall of round heads on all the four sides. The paper is folded over, and the square packet is passed to a neighbour, to be tied up. With a dexterous twist of the string she fastens on a specimen screw, ties the knot, and passes on the packet—to be sent to Germany, or almost anywhere in the world where men are screwing anything together—always excepting the United States. Very few are sent there; for, as we were again told here, America rivals us, or, as would be said across the Atlantic, "America flogs the world" in screw-making. There are eight houses in Birmingham employed in this manufacture: and this was all we could learn of the amount of production. No one seems to know how many are made in England; for no one can tell what proportion the produce of the little manufactories bears to these larger ones.

Seeing whole bins full of steel filings, and copper, and brass, we inquired what became of them. They are sold; the steel being worth little, and the brass much. The brass comes in at the cost of ninepence per pound; and the refuse goes out, as filings, at fivepence per pound. After the noise and dirt of the earlier processes—the oily wheels, the greasy candles in dark places, the smutty forge, and the yellow dropping from the cans, there is something pleasant in the aspect of the last stages;—the barrels of shining brass filings; the quiet light room where two or three neat women are fingering polished screws, surrounded by drab and brown paper, while behind them are compartments completely covering the wall, filled with their square drab packets.

As we turned away from the hundreds of women thus respectably earning their bread, we could but hope that they would look to it that there was no screw loose in their household ways, that the machinery of their daily life might work as truly and effectually as that dead mechanism which is revolving under their care, for so many hours of every day. It is much to see dead mechanism producing strength and convenience, in a flow as constant as that of the stream from the cavern in the rock: but it is much more to see vital comfort

and beauty issuing from an intelligent daily industry, which works on behalf, not of vanity and wasteful pleasure, but of home

WANTED, AN ORGANIST

THE church organ had for years been the great musical anxiety of the parochial district of Twirlington. It was a 'Father Smith,' had seen its best days, and, to use the idiom of Captain O'Sullivan, bothered the organist entirely. If he played on the full organ, people complained that the shrill squalls drowned their voices. If he played on the diapasons, or the choir organ, people could hear nothing, and could not follow the tune. If he used the swell it jerked the people into the middle of the next verse. One half the congregation said the organ wanted power; the other half thought it too loud. The first half thought there was too much music in the service; the second half declared that the Latin and responses ought to be chanted as at St. Eells Church, Oxford Place, Cambridge Street. The only matter they agreed on, was in worrying the organist and in determining not to spend a shilling on the organ to make it better.

After some seven or eight years of halving, the organist gave up his situation very much impaired in health and reduced in spirits to a state of chronic melancholia. The vicar had continued to get the parish into debt for certain repairs and alterations of the church by a contract the terms of which few of the ratepayers understood and having made a sort of composition with a wealthy tallow chandler for the settlement of the contract, the tallow chandler's daughter was quietly inducted into the vacant situation. Nobody understood anything about the reasons for the choice except that Miss Kidd was an indifferent pianist, and that her father was a sort of bill-discounter and had a great deal of property, together with six votes in all parochial elections. Although the vicar's "set" were satisfied people of taste became angry.

Matters, however, went on as usual. The vicar the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle preached as heavily, and spent the same number of months in the country as of old. The new organist's style was excellent and her touch unsteady. She took a long time to forget that in an organ was not a stunged instrument and, instead of holding down the keys to sustain the sounds of the longer notes, brought out the fine old psalm tunes in short puffs of the most aggravating *staccato*. To increase the tortures of the Twirlington amateurs, Miss Kidd's brothers, sisters, and intimate friends, got up such a powerful choir, that while it advantageously drowned the organ, it hawled down the voices of the congregation. The service itself was neither cathedral nor parochial, but a clumsy medley of both. One set of psalms were chanted, and others read,

without even a subliminal reason for the distinction. The choir, destitute alike of taste or training, sang the penitential and thanksgiving psalms with the same deatening, but unsteady, vigour. The whole performance, vocal and instrumental, seemed to consist of a series of jerks, which made people tremble for the organ case and the organ gallery. One beautiful feature throughout, was the compact uniformity of the whole service, for no one could detect the slightest variation in the import of the words, or in the character of the melodies.

The Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle cared very little about things in general, and still less about music. He hated the pedal pipes at St. Doncaster cathedral, because they buried over his head while he dozed through the afternoon cathedral prayers, and he had an instinct notion of the musical profession as being made up respectively of organists, of people who gave lessons, and of theatrical performers. For, the junior churchwarden, made a fool of now and then but he was afraid of the vicar, and Stegg the senior, or vicar's churchwarden never said anything but what the vicar said about anything.

Just about this time the Reverend Pitaph Bronze threw the neighbouring parish of Foxglove upon Willows into a useful turmoil, by suddenly turning to the East cutting down his ample shut collar to the even dimensions of a hoop, and opening in extensive aperture for wax candles with Mr. Kidd senior. People began to draw malicious comparisons, and, it was soon currently reported that the Kidd family supplied both parishes with candles, and that their hearts turned towards Pome. Miss Kidd's supposed religion gave more offence than her bad playing, and the vicar stood aloof with the charge of bringing in a Roman Catholic organist to serve matters of private convenience.

But the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle was not easily put out of his way. He avoided the pertinent questions of influential individuals and took care never to listen to those of the mediocracy. As to interfering with the organ, he could not think of putting the parish to any expense.

At length, fortunately for the Twirlington parish, the Bishop of Smothering rewarded the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle for having a great deal of money, by giving him a great deal more, in the rich living of Duggenfield West. A successor was appointed immediately. This gentleman was an active and pleasant sort of man, liked things properly done, and began to remedy much of his predecessor's mismanagement. Miss Kidd troubled him sadly. He could not get rid of her, because the appointment was understood to be permanent, although a nominal reelection was kept up every Easter Monday. He was, moreover, too much the gentleman to interfere with a female under any circumstances. He, however, quietly cashiered the

choir, and compelled Miss Kidd to content herself with the charity children .

But the Kidd family were bent upon singing somewhere, and, not content with appearing in the chorus of the Royal Society of Cecilian Amateurs, they transferred their vocal strength to an unmitigated and undisguised Roman Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood and with which the patriarch of the Kidds had recently made a most advantageous contract for wax lights. Miss Kidd suddenly discovered that she had been guilty of great moral impropriety in leaving the psalmody of a Protestant Church while her heart was in Rome, and, to quiet the pangs of a smitten conscience she went over—but didn't return one penny of the Protestant salary she had been receiving.

Mr Iwrik, the musical authority of Twirlington had just returned from the Continent, bringing with him several scores of *concerti* most beautifully transcribed by an Italian *maestro* two violins of fabulous ages, and a plan and programme of the contents of about half the continental organs. Being personally acquainted with the new *viu*, the state of the church organ attracted his attention at once. A subscription was gradually opened. Meanwhile a violent dispute arose respecting the person to be elected to the situation vacated by the secession of Miss Kidd. Several candidates appeared, but three only had a chance of success.

Mr Nicolas Newhorn was the 'favourite' with the evangelical ladies. He brought great recommendations for piety from two Dissenting preachers and one Church of England clergyman, but his musical testimonials were mostly from unknown members of the profession.

Mr Thomas Frogue was a clumsy thick set, ill-dressed man whose chief recommendation appeared to be that he really did not want the situation. Good living, and the lay case enjoyed from a little private property, and in his office of secretary to the Twirlington Literary Institution, had produced an amount of gout which rendered him incapable of performing except occasionally ill, at the church at which he was already engaged. His playing was of the heavy style, but without much dignity. He never touched the pedals, by reason of the gout, but groaned away upon the lower manual, till the melody was confused in his indistinct growlings for correct basses, which he seldom found. His performances, in short, were a musical edition of his personal appearance—heavy and confused.

The third popular candidate was an 'harmonious blacksmith.' He was a quiet, sober, honest man, and made a fair living by shoeing horses, and other farriers work. Few people disliked him, and he was known to possess an excellent ear for music. But his education was totally insufficient for the situation. He could play a mild extemporaneous voluntary with taste and some finish, and he

combined the stops neatly. But of the Church services he knew little, and was not a safe 'tunist.' He was largely a favourite with the plebeian portion of the community.

Canvassing, questioning, promising, declaiming, equivocating, 'seeing about it,' considering, persuading, regretting having promised—and all the other forms and ceremonies connected with election matters, were going on most actively. Plenty of spleen, endless ill-nature, invidious comparisons, personal allusions, and indirect sarcasms, were distributed with copious freedom in the parochial district of Twirlington. The vicar was tired of the matter, and, foreseeing that there was little chance of getting a good player, declined interfering. Mr Iwrik was in agonies.

Suddenly circusus appeared, announcing that Mr Sebastian Bach Schulze, sub organist to St Doncaster, intended contesting the election. He was a pleasant man of thirty, and seemed master of every instrument he touched. His popularity began to be great among the musical portion of the congregation. Iwrik took him by the hand energetically, and introduced him to all the musical parties in the parish. The new candidate began to shake the confidence of the respective parties in the other three. The system of trial determined on was as follows.—Each candidate was to perform the service for a Sunday, and they were then to play against one another on a certain day. After this, there was to be a fortnight's canvass, and then the 'tug of war.'

Sunday and Sunday, and Sunday continued the now rising impression respecting the inefficiency of the three previous candidates, and people began to be anxious for the new candidate's performance. On that auspicious occasion, Mr Iwrik accompanied Schulze into the loft and offered to manage the stops for him. But Mr Sebastian Bach Schulze knew his business too well for that.

In the Twirlington as in most of Father Smith's organs, the diapasons and octave stops were clear, rich, and melodious, and the swell, which was of later addition, was—when properly managed—tolerably good. Want of bass was the grand mischief, and a single octave of pedal-pipes to go, ill-compensated for the unevenness of a manual bass in short octaves, running in the following whimsical rotation, *cc, cc, cc sharp*, tuned to *AA, DD*, and so on. The easy manner in which Schulze sat at the instrument, contrasted with the paroxysmatic jerks of the previous performers, would have satisfied any one that he was a master. Firm, marked, and distinct, faultless in time, mellow, and subdued in tone, his playing was at once artistic and church-like. His concluding voluntary developed powers that no one had believed could be elicited from the old, abused Twirlington organ. All the other players had cried out against the instrument, and made it bear the blame of their incompetency.

Mr. Schulze said very little, but sketched out a plan of improvement.

The people of good taste or impartiality had made up their minds to vote for the new candidate. But there were too many opinions in Twirlington, to allow merit to have an undivided influence. In the first place, a great number of people resolved to vote for Mr. Nicolas Newborn, because he was "a young man just beginning the world." A greater number did not scruple to designate Mr. Nicolas Newborn with the strong expression that he was a "sanctified humbug," and declared their resolution to vote for Mr. Thomas Brogue, because "they cared nothing about music, and had known him a long time." The farrier's large family was a prepossessing reason for the patronage of mothers; and, the sympathy in his favour was increased by his honest confession of the greater ability of the new candidate. Another set of persons resolved not to vote at all, to avoid giving offence, and another set voted for the old candidates, because they "didn't want the church turned into an Opera House."

Meanwhile Mr. Twirk had secured for his friend all the musical interest in Twirlington; in spite of a report, that if Mr. Schulze got the situation, the parish would be plunged into debt and bankruptcy to build a new organ. Another report was, that he was a German Roman Catholic; another, that he was a Calvinist; another, that he was going to be married to a public concert-singer; another, that he knew the Reverend Epitaph Bronze, and that he was going to introduce Gregorian chants, and Puseyism in general. Fortunately, however, it came out that Mr. Nicolas Newborn had twice been in the county gaol at Sloucumb-upon-Thames, for debt; and that his piety was a novelty, only dating from the recent epoch when he gave up skittles. This changed the old minds and Evangelical party, and brought a wonderful accession of strength to the collecting forces of Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze.

At length the election-day came. The Brogue party made a last effort by calling upon the Twirlingtonians to oppose foreigners and Puseyism,—a call which gave much entertainment to its object and his adherents. Despite the hand-bills, squibs, reports, mis-statements of the poll, and other electioneering manoeuvres, Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze found himself successful. The farrier shook him by the hand, congratulated him with honest sincerity, and went home, a little disappointed, perhaps, but without a shade of ill-feeling.

A few weeks after, a vestry was called to determine on the steps to be taken for the repairs of the organ. Hawks, the upholsterer, declaimed against any such proceeding, because "the music cost too much already." Shotts, the haberdasher, was for voting fifty pounds, when Mr. Twirk quietly announced that upwards of three hundred pounds had been subscribed by private parties,

and that nothing but voluntary offerings were required. Grumbling and opposition were silenced, and the malcontents relapsed into whispers of Popery, Puseyism, Papistry, Jesuitism, and the Seven Hills.

At last, despite all opposition, "a grand performance on the organ, re-constructed for Twirlington parish church," was announced by Messrs. Green and Smith, and a large party of amateurs and idlers were assembled at their workshops, on the rough seats "run up" for their accommodation. Mr. Schulze gave a performance that showed not only the player, but the organ. Confining himself wholly to sacred music, he displayed, alternately the sweetness of the portions preserved from the old organ, and the power and scientific appliances of the modernized ones. People wondered when they heard the mellow old diapason pipes blending with the ponderous tones of the new pedal organ. They were surprised to find, that although the power was tripled, nothing seemed noisy. In a word, whilst a large portion of the organ was of some two hundred years' standing, the superstructure grafted on the old foundation, seemed to have always stood there. Despite the number of couplet-stops, the pedals yielded easily to pressure, and spoke simultaneously with the touch. The pneumatic lever prevented the jerking and wavering of the wind in the pipes, and lightened the touch of the keys.

The Twirlington organ met with equal favour when it once more appeared in the old gallery. Although it contained nearly double its former number of stops, no one complained of the noise; and although it was susceptible of every variety of change, no one complained that they could not follow its changes with the voice. But this was owing to the organist. Strict in making the instrument subservient to the voice, he made use of the fancy stops sparingly, and then made them serve to give the key-note; for which their purity and distinctness admirably qualified them. Nor did he make the perfect construction of the instrument an excuse for perplexing feats of skill. A quiet, regulated dignity; a judicious blending, not a violent contrast, of light and shade, was the prevailing feature of his playing, and the calm soberness of his style was only equalled by the quietness with which he occupied his seat. The musical services were infinitely improved without any one being bothered with out-of-the-way changes. The Brogue party felt that they had only placarded their ignorance, and kept silent in the vestry on subsequent Easter Mondays, when the reappointment of the organist was mooted.

The "harmonious blacksmith" often gets a quiet practice on the grand organ, by the sociable permission of Mr. Schulze, and often expresses his delight that the best player was chosen. Mr. Twirk is one of Schulze's best pupils, and is a greater musical lion than ever.

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SUCKING PIGS.

As we both preach and practise Temperance according to the English signification of the word, and as we have lately observed with ashes on our head that one or two respected models of that virtue have been thrown into an ill-humour by our paper on Whole Hogs, we trust they will be soothed by our present reference to the milder and gentler class of swine: which *may* become Whole Hogs if they live, but which we fear are but a measly description of Pork, extremely likely to be cut off in their Bloom.

The accidental use of the foregoing flowery expression, brings us to the subject of our present observations: namely, that last tender and innocent offspring of Whole Hogs, on which has been bestowed the name of **BLOOMERISM**.

It is a confession of our ignorance which we make with feelings of humiliation, but when the existence of this little porker first became known to us, we supposed its name to have been conferred upon it in right of its fresh and gushing nature. We have since learnt, not without impressions of solemnity, that it is admiration's tribute to "MRS. COLONEL BLOOMER," of the United States of America. What visions rise upon our mind's eye, as our fancy contemplates that eminent lady, and the Colonel in whose home she is a well-spring of joy, we will here make no ineffectual endeavour to describe.

Neither will we enter upon the great question of the Rights of Women; whether Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Non-commissioned Officers, or Privates, under Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, or members of any other corps. Personally, we admit that our mind would be disturbed, if our own domestic well-spring were to consider it necessary to entrench herself behind a small table ornamented with a water-bottle and tumbler, and from that fortified position to hold forth to the public. Similarly, we should doubt the expediency of her putting up for Marylebone, or being one of the Board of Guardians for St. Pancras, or serving on a Grand Jury for Middlesex, or acting as High Sheriff of any county, or taking the chair at a Meeting on the subject of the Income-Tax. We think it likely that we might be a little discomfited, if we found

her appealing to her sex through the advertising columns of the Times, in such terms as, "Women of the Borough and of Tooley Street, it is for your good that I come among you!" or, "Hereditary bondswomen of Liverpool, know you not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!" Assuming (for the sake of argument) our name to be Bellows, we would rather than no original proceeding, however striking, on the part of Mrs. Bellows, led to the adoption, at the various minor theatres and in the Christmas pantomimes, of the Bellows Costume; or to the holding at any public assembly-rooms of a Bellows Ball; or to the composition of countless Bellows Polkas; or to the publication of a ballad (though a pleasing melody with charming words, and certain to become a favorite) entitled, "I should like to be a Bellows!" In a word, if there were anything that we could dispense with in Mrs. Bellows above all other things, we believe it would be a Mission. We should put the question thus to Mrs. Bellows. "Apple of our eye, we will freely admit your inalienable right to step out of your domestic path into any phase of public appearance and palaver that pleases you best; but we doubt the wisdom of such a sally. Beloved one, does your sex seek influence in the civilised world? Surely it possesses influence therein to no mean extent, and has possessed it since the civilised world was. Should we love our Julia (assuming, for the sake of argument, the Christian name of Mrs. Bellows to be Julia),—should we love our Julia better, if she were a Member of Parliament, a Parochial Guardian, a High Sheriff, a Grand Juror, or a woman distinguished for her able conduct in the chair? Do we not, on the contrary, rather seek in the society of our Julia, a haven of refuge from Members of Parliament, Parochial Guardians, High Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, and able chairmen? Is not the home-voice of our Julia as the song of a bird, after considerable bow-wow-ing out of doors? And is our Julia certain that she has a small table and water-bottle Mission round the corner, when here are nine (say, for the sake of argument, nine) little Bellowses to mend, or mar, at home? Does our heart's best treasure refer us to the land across the Atlantic for a precedent?

Then let us remind our Julia, with all respect for the true greatness of that great country, that it is not generally renowned for its domestic rest, and that it may have yet to form itself for its best happiness on the domestic patterns of other lands. Such would be, in a general way, the nature of our ground in reasoning the point with Mrs Bellows, but we freely admit all this to be a question of taste.

To return to the sucking pig, Bloomerism. The porcine likeness is remarkable in many particulars. In the first place, it will not do for Mrs Bellows to be a Budder or a Blower. She must come out of that altogether, and be a Bloomer. It is not enough for Mrs Bellows to understand that the Bloomer costume is the perfection of delicacy. She must further distinctly comprehend that the ordinary evening dress of herself and her two eldest girls (as innocent and good girls as can be) is the perfection of indecency. She must not content herself with defending the Bloomer modesty. She must run amuck and slander in the new light of her advanced refinement, customs that to our coarser minds are harmless and beautiful. What is not indicated (in some thing of the fashion of a ship's figure head) through the tight medium of a Bloomer waistcoat, must be distinctly understood to be, under any other circumstances absolutely shocking to persons of true refinement.

What is the next reason for which Mrs Bellows is called upon, in a strong minded way, to crush herself a Bloomer? Tight lacing has done a deal of harm in the world, and Mrs Bellows cannot by any possibility leave off her stays or lace them loosely, without Bloomng all over from head to foot. In this will be observed the true Whole Hog philosophy. Admitting (what of course, is obvious to every one) that there can be no kind of question as to the universality among us of this custom of tight lacing, admitting that there has been no improvement since the days of the now venerable caricatures, in which a lady's figure was always represented like an hour glass or a waup, admitting that there has been no ray of enlightenment on this subject, that marriageable Englishmen invariably choose their wives for the smallness of their waists, as Chinese husbands choose theirs for the smallness of their feet, that portrait painters always represent their beauties in the old conventional stays, and that the murderous custom of tight whale-boning and lacing is not confined to a few ignorant gals here and there, probably under the direction of some dense old woman in velvet, the weight of whose gorgeous turban would seem to have settled on her brain and added her understanding,—admitting all this, which is so self-evident and clear, the next triumphant proposition is, that Mrs. Bellows cannot come out of a pair of stays, without instantly going into a waist-

coat, and can by no human ingenuity be set right about the waist, without standing pledged to pantaloons gathered and tied about the ankles.

It further appears, that when Mrs. Bellows goes out for a walk in dirty weather, she splashes her long dress and spoils it, or raises it with one hand and wounds the feelings of Mrs Colonel Bloomer to an insupportable extent. Now, Mrs Bellows may not, must not, cannot, will not, shall not, shorten her long dress, or adopt any other mode than her own ingenuity (and she is a very ingenious woman) may suggest to her of remedying the inconvenience, but she must be a Bloomer, a whole Bloomer, and nothing but a Bloomer, or remain for ever a Slave and a Pariah.

And it is a similar feature in this little pig, that even if Mrs Bellows chooses to become, of her own free will and liking, a Bloomer, that won't do. She must agitate, agitate, agitate. She must take to the little table and water bottle. She must go in to be a public character. She must work away at a Mission. It is not enough to do right for right's sake. There can be no satisfaction for Mrs. Bellows, satisfying her mind after due reflection that the thing she contemplates is right, and therefore ought to be done, and so in calmly and quietly doing it, conscious that therein she sets a righteous example which never can in the nature of things be lost and thrown away.

Mrs Bellows has no business to be self dependent, and to preserve a quiet little avenue of her own in the world, begirt with her own influences and duties. She must discharge herself of a vast amount of words, she must enlist into an Army composed entirely of Drumpeters, she must come (with the Misses Bellows) into a resounding Spartan Hall for the purpose. To be sure, however, it is to be remarked, that this is the noisy manner in which all great social deeds have been done. Mr Howard, for example, put on a shawl hat turned up with sky-blue fringe, the moment he conceived the humane idea of his life, and (instead of calmly executing it) ever afterwards perpetually wandered about, calling upon all other men to put on shawl hats with sky-blue fringe, and declare themselves Howardians. Mrs. Fry, in like manner, did not tamely pass her time in Jail, devoted with unwavering steadiness to one good purpose, sustained by that good purpose, by her strong conscience, and her upright heart, but restlessly went up and down the earth, requiring all women to come forward and be Fryars. Grace Darling, her heroic action done, never retired (as the vulgar suppose) into the solitary lighthouse which her father kept, content to pass her life there in the discharge of ordinary exacting duties, unless the similar peril of a fellow-creature should rouse her to similar generous daring; but instantly got a Darling medal struck and made a tour through the Provinces, accompanied by several

bushels of the same, by a table, water-bottle, tumbler, and money-taker, and delivered lectures calling on her sex to mount the medal—pledge themselves, with three times three, never to behold a human being in danger of drowning without putting off in a boat to that human being's aid—and enrol themselves Darlings, one and all.

We had it in our contemplation, in beginning these remarks, to suggest to the troops under the command of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, that their prowess might be usefully directed to the checking, rather than to the encouragement, of masquerade attire. As for example, we observe a certain sanctimonious waistcoat breaking out among the junior clergy of this realm, which we take the liberty to consider by far the most incensing garment ever cut: calculated to lead to breaches of the peace, as moving persons of a temperament open to aggravating influences, to seize the collar and shake off the buttons. Again, we cannot be unmindful of the popularity, among others of the junior clergy, of a meek, spare, large-buttoned, long-skirted, black frock coat, curiously fastened at the neck round a smooth white band; two ordinary wearers of which cassock we beheld, but the other day, at a Marriage Ceremony whereunto we had the honor to be bidden, mysteriously and gratuitously emerge during the proceedings from a stage-door near the altar, and grimly make motions at the marriage-party with certain of their right-hand fingers, resembling those which issued from the last live Guy Fawkes whom we saw carried in procession round a certain public place at Rome. Again, some clerical dignitaries are compelled (therefore they are to be sympathised with, and not condemned) to wear an apron: which few unaccustomed persons can behold with gravity. Further, Her Majesty's Judges at law, than whom a class more worthy of all respect and honor does not live, are required on most public occasions, but especially on the first day of term, to maintain an elevated position behind little desks, with the irksome consciousness of being grinned at in the Cheshire manner (on account of their extraordinary attire) by all comers.

Hence it was that we intended to throw out that suggestion of possible usefulness to the Bloomer forces at which we have sufficiently hinted. But on second thoughts we feel no need to do so, being convinced that they already have, as all things in the world are said to have, their use. They serve

To point the moral and adorn the tale

of Whole Hogs. In the lineaments of the Sucking Pig, Bloomerism, we observe a kind of miniature, with a new and pleasant absurdity in it, of that family. The service it may help to do, is, to divest the family of what is unreasonable and groundlessly antagonistic in its character—which never can be

profitable—and so to strengthen the good that is in it—which is very great.

THE GARDEN OF NUTMEG TREES.

JANZ LEYDEN was as happy and jovial as it was possible for any ordinary Custom-House clerk to be, in the sea-girt, sunny isle of Ceylon. The sleepy, apathetic peons were perfectly taken aback as they watched the ebullition of Dutch mirth that gushed from the person of the little chief clerk. The oldest Custom-House underling did not remember to have seen so much jollity within the dark, dusky walls of that strange, straggling old building; no, not since they were little boys, and first learnt to enjoy betel. Janz was so elated, that he made a very poor day's work of it, in his large, solitary, prison-like office: he pretended, once or twice, to be deeply immersed in some tables of exports; but it wouldn't do: one column of figures danced about before his eyes, with its *vis-à-vis*, and the totals at the bottom went up the middle and down again, to the merry country dance, which he could not leave off whistling. When he began a letter, he got to, "It having come to the knowledge of the authorities that certain kegs of brandy have"—he suddenly remembered that the man he was addressing, was hanged for smuggling last October. At last, after nibbling one or two pens, and untying and re-tying a few bundles of very neglected and extremely dusty papers with faded red-tape, he gave up the idea of being busy. The truth was, that Janz was about to be married; that day week was to be the happy period, and as that was the first event of the kind in his life, he conceived himself privileged to be elated, and not altogether fit for office work.

Finding an excuse for closing the Custom-House at an unusually early hour, the chief clerk saw that the establishment (two sub-ordinates, and three peons) had departed and left the old office in proper order; and then, leisurely turning the huge key in the old iron-bound door, gave it to the head peon to deliver to the collector, who was, of course, quietly smoking his pipe in his own verandah. The sentry was seen to, a word exchanged with the corporal of the guard, and Janz strutted out from under the huge dark archway, which led from the strong fort of Point de Galle towards the suburbs, where many of the better class of burghers then resided. In those days, even the chief clerk of a public department could not afford to keep a carriage. None, indeed, but the very highest colonial officials could venture on such a piece of extravagance. This may be readily understood, when I mention that the whole of the money salary received by Janz in one year, did not amount to more than some twenty pounds of our English currency. It is true, there were additions in the shape of fees, and allowances of oil, wood, beef, salt, and other per-

quisites. Nevertheless, it did not on the whole amount to more than a very decent living for a young single man.

Such being the state of affairs, it cannot be matter for surprise that Janz should have felt certain doubts about the future rising amidst his happy dreamings, as he wended his way home to his humble low-roofed bungalow; and 'hence to Katrina, who dwelt with her father not far away on an old Dutch farm.

If Janz had been happy before, how much was his delight increased when the old Dutchman, his future father-in-law, pointed out to him a fine piece of pasture-ground and woodland which he intended to give him on the wedding-day. Money he had little enough of, but he had some rich land, and the young couple were to be put in possession of some thirty acres, which might, one day, be made to yield a comfortable addition to the clerk's little income. Here was a field for Katrina and Janz to build hopes upon. Thirty acres of forest and pasturage! The thing appeared almost too extensive to contemplate in imagination. The Fort of Galle occupied but twenty acres, and was it possible that he, a poor Custom House clerk, should become the proprietor of half as much more land than was spanned by that sturdy, rambling, old fortress?

The next day, Janz engaged a canoe to take them both to the identical spot; and after duty—as soon as cargoes of rice, salt-fish, and cor-ropo could be hurried through the usual official routine—he hastened from the old dark office, and conducted Katrina to the bank of the river that flows from the lofty mountain peaks, past the Fort of Galle, into the Indian Ocean. Half an hour's navigation, by means of poles, took them to the scene of their speculations. They passed many a pretty retired nook, many green paddy fields and palm topes; many deep shady dells, overtopped by clustering bamboos and towering arcakas, where the echo of the cool splashing waterfall was only broken by the low, soft, note of wood-pigeon, or chattering voice of the monkey. They were delighted beyond their fondest expectations with the spot. It was so near to the town; it was so delightfully situated; it was so nicely timbered; why, there were sufficient trees upon it to build half-a-dozen bungalows, and still leave enough for pleasant shade and firewood. And then the soil! Janz, it is true, did not understand quite so much about agriculture, as he did of entries and bonds, and registers; but Katrina declared it was magnificent. She had never seen such soil; why, it would grow anything. In short, they both arrived at the conclusion that a handful of copper *chillies*, flung broadcast upon the ground on any showery morning, would take root before night, and grow into *rix-dollars*. Returning home, they indulged in all sorts of wild speculations about the future.

Katrina, naturally of an imaginative turn, ventured to hint at a regular farm, cows and all; and Janz afterwards declared that she even went so far as to suggest a flock of goats; but little Katrina always denied the charge most stoutly. They were to cultivate everything that would be wanted for food or raiment, from chillies for curry up to cotton for dresses. In short, they were to have a little Eden of their own making, where discord and care should never enter; where only sweetest blossoms and flowers and richest fruits should be found; where nothing that was bad, where everything that was good, should be seen. It was to be a bright spot that "Garden by the River."

Well, they were married and were happy, as all young married people are and deserve to be, and let us hope always will be. In Ceylon, amongst the Dutch descendants to this day, it is a common occurrence for young couples to take up their abode for the first year or two of their married life under the roof of the bride or bridegroom's parents. It may be that economy sometimes renders this prudent; or it may happen that the young wife does not feel quite experience enough to undertake housekeeping all at once, and prefers a little further schooling on many points of domestic details. Be this as it may, it was a common custom in the days I am writing of; and since Janz was an orphan, they took up their residence with old Lourinz, his new parent. The week of feasting and festivities, and congratulations over, they settled quietly down at the paternal farm, as contentedly and as happily as though it were all their own. The little stream at the bottom of the long lawn that wound round the shrubbery so coaxingly and silently, did not run more smoothly than the current of their new-found existence. Janz toiled harder than ever at export and import duties, and occasionally expressed regret to the head store-keeper, an old white-headed Malay, that there was not double the quantity of shipping entering the port. At his new home the clerk had little to complain of. Many a sacrifice did old Lourenz make to the comfort of the young couple. Janz had free and unlimited access to his tobacco-store and his dozen or two of venerable meerschaums. Janz was allowed one of the oldest and most valuable drinking-horns for his own especial use; and, moreover, Janz was permitted to sit, in the cool of the evening, under the same wide-spreading mango-tree, and then, pipe in mouth, fall gently asleep, while Katrina sang an old scrap of a Dutch song, or plied her needle, or drove away the mosquitoes from her father and husband.

Yet with all this, Janz occasionally felt not quite at ease, and was ungraciously enough to vent his restless mood in presence of the father; who heeded not his desire for a little more independence, but quietly refilled his pipe, and settled the question with the un-

answerable argument—pooh! pooh! Sometimes the thoughts of that sweet spot of wood and dell by the river-side came across the minds of the young people, and they sighed as they thought of the remote chance of seeing it as they had once hoped. Now and then Janzs thought of raising money upon it, to cultivate a portion at least, and erect a small bungalow; but a stranger to such proceedings, he fancied the scheme was far too wild and visionary for a clerk upon twenty rix-dollars a month to entertain. Each time he sighed, and gave up the idea.

Katrina had observed that her father had of late been absent from the farm more frequently, and for longer intervals, than was his custom; and that, moreover, he smoked more pipes and disposed of more schiedam during the evening, under the mango-tree, than she ever remembered him to have done at any time of her life. This state of things lasted for a few months. Janzs longed more ardently than ever for emancipation; Katrina sighed for a farm of their own, and the father plied more potently at pipe and dram.

At length old Lourenz told his children that he had a mind to go and see how their little piece of land was looking, and if they would go with him, perhaps they could contrive amongst them all to plan something to be done with it. No second bidding was needed. A large covered canoe was prepared with cushions and mats, and the party started on their visit, taking with them Katrina's younger sister and brother. It was near the end of January—of all months the most agreeable in Ceylon; the evening was so calm, and soft and fragrant; the air appeared to be as though poured down from some other and purer sphere, wafting with it songs of rich melody, and scents of rarest flowers. Nature seemed hushed and wrapped in sweetest peace. The monsters of the forests were at rest. The mountains far away flung their deep, saddening shades o'er many a league of plain: and even restless man looked forth and felt subdued.

Their light and well-manned boat went boldly up the stream, caring very little about the huge trunks of trees that at this time of year are met with in most Indian rivers, as thick as pebbles in a mill-pond. Torn from their birthplaces by inundations, they float down the rapids; until, arrested in their course by some trifling obstacle, they get embedded in the course of the river. The topes and dells and groves appeared to Katrina and her husband more beautiful than ever on that soft evening; and, had not their own loved spot been before them, they would gladly have lauded a dozen times, to walk about and admire the romantic scenery. At last a bend of the river took them suddenly to where a rising wood-clad field told of their little domain.

But that could not be their land. Why, it had a beautiful little bungalow on it, and one of the sweetest gardens round it that could

be imagined; all fenced and quite complete. There were outhouses, too, and a huge pile of firewood, and a nice winding path right down to the water's edge. Neither Katrina nor her husband could at first believe that they had not halted at the wrong spot: yet there was the huge Jack tree at the landing-place, and there were the yellow bamboos and the green arekas by the little stream that came tumbling down the hill-side like a child at play. Well, they both declared they had never seen such a fairy transformation: it was like a story in some Arabian book—only a great deal better; for it was all true, and would not disappear at daylight, as many of such things were said to do.

There was no end to the discoveries made by Katrina and her sister, in their rambles over the place; and though all was in a very primitive form, there was the foundation for a thousand comforts, and as many pleasures besides. Old Lourenz seated himself very quietly under a huge bread fruit tree, and enjoyed his pipe and the contemplation of the happiness he had stealthily bestowed. Labour costs but little in the East; and most of the materials for the building had been found on the spot. Houses are seldom built of brick in Ceylon, even for government use. The best are usually made of "Cabook," a ferruginous clay easily cut from the hill sides. It is quite soft when found; but quickly hardens on exposure to the air; and in time becomes more solid and enduring than any cement. Much of the work had been performed by the neighbouring villagers, for a little rice or tobacco; so that a great deal had been done for a very little outlay. It seemed, however, to Janzs, as though a little fortune must have been spent upon their land, and he was altogether lost in the contemplation of so much valuable property.

The following week saw them in actual possession, and Janzs taking lessons in farming from Katrina; who assured him that if he worked hard enough, and lived long enough, he would make an excellent cultivator. By small degrees, and with many kindly helps from friends and relations, the young couple found they had a tolerable establishment growing up in their charge. The clerk, at the risk of blistering his hands, toiled in the open air, morning and evening, whilst Katrina overlooked a brace of coolies, who laboured through the heat of the day. It was quite wonderful to see how things grew and prospered round and about them. No one in the district of Galle produced such delicious plantains as they grew; their poultry was allowed to be remarkably the finest in the valley; their butter the sweetest in the province, and as to bees, none thrived so well as did those of Katrina. What was better still, Janzs had, about this time, an increase to his salary of five rix-dollars a month; so that, on the whole, it might, with truth, be said that they prospered; and indeed they deserved to

do so, and no one thought of envying them their humble, quiet happiness.

In this pleasant way a year rolled past. At that time a vessel came into harbour, from one of the Eastern islands, noted for its fine plantations of nutmegs; a cultivation then highly remunerative, but which the jealousy of the Dutch Government rigidly "protected," by carefully reserving it to themselves. The commander of this ship had brought up with him, in a very careful manner, many hundreds of young nutmeg plants, at the request, and for the especial benefit, of the Receiver of Customs at Point de Galle. These were brought on shore in barrels of earth as ship's stores, and left in charge of Janzs; who, shortly afterwards received orders to despatch them to the country-house of his superior. One barrel was presented by the collector to the chief clerk; who, well aware of the great value of the nutmeg tree, conceived himself to be at once on the high-road to fortune.

It would be difficult to paint the satisfaction with which he knocked out the head of the barrel, on its reaching the door of his little bungalow, and feasted his own and Katrina's eyes on the sight of a hundred young nutmeg seedlings. It appeared to him as though a hundred little guardian angels had suddenly condescended to pay him a visit, to take up their abode with him for the remainder of his natural life. But what were they to do with them? Plant them, of course. Yes, but how, and where? Katrina was, for once in her little life, most completely at fault on a point of agriculture; and, it turned out on inquiry, that old Lourenz knew about as much of the proper treatment, agriculturally, of the nutmeg tree as did Janzs, or any of his office peons, or the old bald-headed Buddhist priest who lived across the river.

Great was the satisfaction of the chief clerk and his active wife to find that one of the sailors of the vessel, which had brought up the plants, understood the mode of culture, and was willing to come out to their farm and put them thoroughly in the way of rearing fine nutmeg trees. Leave was obtained from the skipper, and the sailor was soon installed as hired cultivator under Katrina's own inspection. When Janzs arrived home after the first day's operations, he was astonished to find a number of moderately sized pits dug throughout his best ground, at regular and distant intervals. He was with difficulty persuaded that these gigantic holes were necessary for the reception of the Lilliputian plants. The sailor assured him that unless the holes were made at least five feet deep, and as wide as the outer branches of the future tree were expected to cover, the plant would not thrive. The roots were of the most delicate texture; and, it was only by forming for their reception a roomy bed of light generous earth that they would be enabled to arrive at the vigour necessary for the full nourishment of the tree, and the perfection of abundant

crops of fruit. Janzs held up his hands in pure astonishment; but he supposed it was all right, when the two coolies flung basket upon basket full of surface soil, and river mud, and dead leaves and weeds, into these holes; and when the sailor—gently as a nurse with a young infant, placed two seedlings in each hole, a few inches apart, filled in some more rich loamy earth around them, pressed them softly down, and then finished the ceremony by a copious baptism of river-water from a coconut shell—Janzs was so pleased with the imposing appearance of the new plantation that he did not heed the sailor's reason for placing the little seedlings in pairs; it was to ensure a sound, healthy plant, the strongest of the couple being left, whilst the more delicate plant was pulled out at the end of the first six months.

This, however, was not all the care that was needed for the young plants. A score of contingencies had to be guarded against. There might be too much sun, or too much wet, or the wind might loosen them and injure the roots. Cattle or wild animals might get at them, and browse on their tender leaves, which would be fatal to them. Insects might prey upon the young shoot or the new bark. So that although, as Katrina was assured, when the trees did survive all these dangers they would be certain to yield a lasting and golden harvest, it would not be without a long trial of watchfulness and care. But she was not easily daunted; the prospect of the future cheered on her little heart against all misgivings. She made the sailor-planter show her how they fenced in the nutmeg trees at Penang and the Moluccas: how they sheltered them from the scorching rays of the noonday sun, and how they protected them from the nocturnal attacks of porcupines and wild hogs, by weaving prickly houghs around them on the ground. Katrina felt quite sure that she could manage the whole plantation, and bring every tree to full bearing; and the sailor took his leave, loaded with thanks and homely gifts. Janzs thought himself the luckiest and happiest of Custom-House clerks, to possess such a wife, and such a garden of nutmeg trees.

Years rolled on in Ceylon much as such portions of time are in the habit of doing in other places. They brought with them changes in men and things at the little sturdy fort of Galle, not less than elsewhere. Few changes, perhaps, were more apparent than those which were perceptible in the nutmeg plantation I have described. The little white-washed bungalow had spread forth wings on either side, and front and ends were shadowed by jessamines and roses. Topes of waving cocoa, and sago palms, and broad-leaved bananas flung a grateful shade over the lawn, and the sweet flower garden, and the path to the river-side. The Lilliputian seedlings were no longer there, but in their places rose, proudly and grace-

fully, a whole forest of bright-leaved, flower-spangled nutmeg trees; and amongst them might be seen, if you looked in the right place, Katrina, still busy, and smiling, and happy, with Janz by her side, and a group of little rollicking children revelling on the soft green grass. Unwearying care and watchfulness had wrought wonders with those delicate nutmegs; and now the time had arrived when they were about to reap the rich reward of perseverance and industry. Janz considered himself, as well he might, a man of some substance. In a year, two, or more, all those beautiful trees would be in full bearing; and if, as they gave promise to do, they bore two or three hundred nuts each, there would be a little fortune for him; a larger yearly revenue than was enjoyed by his superior, the collector of Customs, and all the clerks and peons together.

Fate, however, had decreed that all this was not to be. Those richly promising trees were doomed to an early and sudden death.

I mentioned how the collector had obtained a vast quantity of these young nutmeg plants. There were several thousands of them, and their cultivation had cost him some money, and more trouble. But whether it was that he selected bad land, or had them planted improperly, or neglected them afterwards, there is nothing on record to tell. Certain it is, that his large plantation became a complete failure, much to his vexation. This was no whit lessened, when he learnt, and afterwards witnessed, the entire success of his subordinate Janz with his little garden of nutmeg trees.

Van Dort, the collector, was a small-minded, mean-spirited creature, as you will soon see. He brooded over his disappointment for many a long day; until at length, in the very abjectness of his low heart, he thought that if he could not succeed, neither should Janz. He knew right well that there was an old order in council, forbidding any one in the States-General possessions in the East Indies to cultivate spices, save and except in such islands as they declared to be so privileged; namely, Ceylon for cinnamon and pepper, and the Moluccas and Penang for the nutmeg and cloves. Confiscation and imprisonment for the first offence were the mild consequences of infringing this law. What the second offence was to be visited with, was not exactly known; but better lawyers than Janz, were haunted with an indistinct vision, that in such a case was made and provided nothing short of the gallows. Now Mynheer Van Dort was well aware of the existence of this severe order when he planted his large piece of ground; but he had reckoned on being able to sell his plantation and retire to Europe before the authorities at Colombo could hear anything of the matter; for, in all probability, there were not three persons in the island who knew of the existence of such stringent laws. It occurred to him that, as he had failed and

nearly all his trees had died, he might turn the success of his clerk to good account on his own behalf, by informing the Governor of the bold infraction of the laws by Janz.

In those quiet by-gone times there were but few events of importance to call for any exercise of power by the highest authority in the colony. It was therefore with no little bustle that the Governor summoned his council to consider and determine upon the contents of a weighty despatch received from Point de Galle. This was the letter of Van Dort the collector, informing them of the high criminality of his subordinate. It did not require much deliberation to settle the course to be pursued. The forbidden trees were ordered to be forthwith cut down, the property confiscated, Janz to be imprisoned for five years, and the zealous collector to be rewarded with promotion on the first opportunity.

Turn once more to the quiet, bright spot, the garden by the river. Janz was home as usual from his daily duties. It was evening. Katrina had given her last orders to the gardener and the stock-keeper. The children were gambolling on the green-sward under the large mango-tree. The favourite nutmeg trees were heavy with blossom; the sun was still lingering amongst the topmost branches of the jumbo trees. Everything gave promise of one more of those many happy evenings so prized and loved by Janz and his little wife, when a canoe dashed heavily against the river-bank, and forth from it sprang the fiscal of the district, attended closely by a half-dozen of sturdy, grim looking Malay peons, armed with swords and pikes. The officer of the Crown knew Janz well; and, though inclined to be friendly towards him, had no alternative but to tell him, in a few words, the purport of his visit, and the cause—those bright-leaved trees waving to the breeze, and alive with merry blossoms. The poor clerk could be with difficulty persuaded of the reality of the sad news. A sight of the Governor's warrant, however, settled all doubts, and Janz shortly afterwards staggered to the bout, between two peons, like a drunken man. Katrina saw him to the water's edge, and bade him be of good cheer, for all should yet be well; though her sinking heart gave the lie to her lips.

The work of destruction did not occupy much time. Four peons, with sharp axes, made but a small matter of those young and delicate trees; and, in about half the time that was usually spent in watering them, they were all laid prostrate on the ground. The clicking of those bright axes fell sadly enough on Katrina's ear; each blow seemed to her to be a deadly wound aimed at herself, and as the last of those long-tended and much-loved trees fell heavily to the ground, her courage and spirits fled, and she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Next morning she left that once loved spot,

sad and spiritless ; and, taking her little ones with her, placed them in safety with her father. She then sought her husband in his prison, to comfort and console him, as best she might. None there knew whence the blow came : so little, indeed, did the sufferers dream of how matters stood, that, a few days after the catastrophe, Katrina waited on the collector, and besought him, for the sake of Janz's long service, to intercede for him, and obtain a remission of the cruel sentence.

Weeks passed away, and it appeared that there was small chance of any pardon from the Governor, who viewed with the greatest displeasure any contravention of the Imperial laws. Janz abandoned himself to despair. His friends considered him a lost man. All but Katrina gave up hoping for him. She never for a moment lost sight of any chance which seemed to promise success. Night and day she sought for some friendly aid to carry out her plan. That scheme was to present a petition to the Governor, in person : he was reported to be a just man, though despotic in the administration of the laws. Katrina felt certain that he knew not all the facts of their little history, though the collector had assured her everything had been told him. Amongst others whom she sought for advice and aid, was the minister of their little church, who listened to her with the patience of a child. He knew a good deal of their history, though not aware of the facts connected with their possession of the fatal nutmegs. He heard Katrina tell her sad story, pitied her, condoled with her, bade her to be of good cheer, and finally sent her away, full of faith and hope.

The good old minister saw at once the wickedness of the collector, for he knew who had laid the charge against Janz. He went boldly, though carefully, to work : satisfied himself of the fact of Van Dort having planted nutmegs on a larger scale than his clerk, though unsuccessfully : drew up a petition to the Governor, obtained the signature of Janz, and then proceeded with it to Colombo, and laid it with his own hands at the feet of their ruler. The good man was heard patiently, and in twenty-four hours after perusal of the petition, instructions were sent off to Galle to the Commandant to institute the most searching inquiry into the whole case.

It only remains to relate how the wicked collector was detected, and dismissed the service. Janz was not only restored to the possession of his lands, but received the appointment of collector of Galle, as compensation for his imprisonment. And so all went well. None was more delighted than Katrina, who, however, would not be satisfied until they were once more quietly settled on their pretty farm, by the river side. There, for long years afterwards, they lived in the enjoyment of health and ample means, which were, after all, brought them, indirectly, by their nutmeg plantation : and though none of those ominous trees were any longer growing,

there were hundreds of others, which yielded ample stores of luscious grateful fruit, and flung a cool and balmy shade o'er streams and flowers, in many a quiet nook of that sweet garden by the river.

LIFE AND LUGGAGE.

WHILE our system of lighthouses, light-boats, and beacons, and the matchless judgment, skill, and daring of our boatmen, on many parts of the coast, are the admiration of all, whether natives or foreigners, who have any opportunities of experiencing or testing their merits, there has at the very same time existed the fact, that the preservation from shipwreck of a man's portmanteau receives, as a lawful demand, a proportionate reward—and the preservation of his human trunk, nothing whatever. As if to make this inhuman anomaly perfect,—when a boatman picks up a dead body and brings it safe ashore, he receives, for this important service, five shillings ; but if there be a spark of life in it—nothing. Does not this really look like a premium for murder, or a quiet knock on the head of an insensible person just out of the water, by way of “settling the difference ?”

A ship is on a shoal, crowded with passengers. Never mind the lives, but look out for the luggage ! To this systematic and inhuman teaching of our statutes, what is the practical answer of the brave coast seamen of England ? What answer do the Deal boatmen—the Yarmouth boatmen—the Yorkshire boatmen—the Brouthstairs boatmen, make to this ? There is scarcely a single occasion of shipwreck on any part of our coasts which does not furnish abundant proofs of the self-devotion and generosity of the boatmen ; all of whom, on these dangerous expeditions, are generally volunteers. They preserve lives whenever it is possible : and it frequently occurs—owing to the short time that elapses between a vessel striking and going down, or falling to pieces—that for every life they save, there is some loss of property, in which, if preserved instead, they would have derived some benefit.

There is another very striking feature in this question. The courageous self-devotion of our coast seamen has produced a corresponding impulse in many other minds ; so that while there were not above half-a-dozen, if as many, models of boats or crafts for the special preservation of property from shipwreck, there were, we believe, in the Great Exhibition, some two hundred models of life-boats and other apparatus, specially invented and constructed for the preservation of human life. We have examined upwards of sixty of these, and there was not one that did not display a certain amount of earnest consideration and effort to accomplish this single object. The models and plans of life-boats sent in to compete for the prize of one hundred guineas, patriotically and humanely offered by the Duke

of Northumberland, amount to the extraordinary number of two hundred and eighty, many of which were included in those exhibited in the Crystal Palace. Almost all of these were good. The committee appointed to examine the models were men of practical knowledge and ability in maritime affairs; and, after long deliberation they settled upon no less than a hundred special points as necessary to constitute a *perfect* life-boat. No competition of this kind has ever occurred before to call out the skill and energy of our ship and boat builders; yet the winner of the prize has succeeded in giving to his model eighty-four of these special points; fourteen competitors have accomplished between seventy and eighty of the points required, and, yet more surprisingly, none are below sixty. The highest number received the prize announced; and the two next, we hear, prizes also. The Committee give a list in their Report of the whole two hundred and eighty models, with general descriptions, and large folded drawings of most of the best boats; thus showing due appreciation, and giving due publicity to their estimation. The forethought, justice, openness, and handsomeness of the whole proceeding is a good rebuke to our Government-way of managing these matters. Would it were likely to be a profitable lesson!

It is painful to think of the length of time the people of any country, but especially England, will remain apathetic to the most dreadful evils, because they are "everybody's business," but no one's in particular; except that of the sufferers, who are seldom listened to, if they survive. This seems to continue until some startling event attracts public notice—followed by a clear and alarming statement of facts—and followed also (for all these things are requisite) by the energetic and well-informed efforts of some influential individual. That there is a loss of property, by shipwreck on our coasts, to the extent of about a million and a half every year, we leave to be discussed at Lloyd's. The public is accustomed to regard all this as matter for insurance calculations; but we doubt whether the most stolid individual can hear unmoved, that there is also a loss of life, on our coasts, amounting to between seven and eight hundred human beings every year—few of which can be "insured," but most of which leave behind them widows, mothers, sisters, and orphans.

Last year, six hundred and eighty-one English and Foreign vessels were wrecked on the coasts, and within the seas, of the British Isles. Of these, two hundred and seventy-seven were total wrecks; eighty-four were sunk by leaks or collisions; sixteen were abandoned; and three hundred and four were stranded, and damaged so as to require them to discharge cargo. As nearly as can be ascertained, seven hundred and eighty lives were lost. In the disastrous gale of the 13th

of January, 1843, one hundred and three vessels were wrecked on the shores of the United Kingdom. In the gale of the 31st of August, and 1st of September, 1833, no less than sixty-one British vessels were lost on the east coasts. In three separate gales which occurred in the years 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were lost on the east coast, between the Humber and the Tees, one hundred and sixty-nine vessels. In the single month of March, 1850, not less than one hundred and thirty-four vessels were wrecked on our coasts, or an average for the month of more than *four a day*. The number of wrecks, be it remembered, is only taken from official reports; no doubt, many occur which never appear in Lloyd's lists or other public records. They are lost at sea with every soul on board.

We find, from the report of the Committee, that the whole number of life-boats on the British coasts was last year under one hundred, and of these at least one-third were in an unserviceable condition. In Ireland, with one thousand four hundred miles of coast, there are only eight boats, nearly all of which are out of repair, although the coast of Wexford is one of the most dangerous and fatal of the whole frontier of the United Kingdom. In Scotland, with a seaboard of one thousand five hundred miles, there are also only eight boats; but there is not one upon the west coast from Cape Wrath to the Solway Firth, an extent of nine hundred miles; nor is there a single life-boat for Orkney and Shetland. Of the English boats, forty-five are on the east coast. On the Northumberland coast there are seven boats, or one for every eight miles; at Shields, three; fifteen on the shores of Durham and Yorkshire, or one for every ten miles; in Lincolnshire, four boats, or one for every fifteen miles; and Norfolk and Suffolk have ten boats, or one for every five miles. There are also boats at Broadstairs, Aldborough, and Harwich. These are the parts of the island best supplied. In other parts there is a shameful deficiency, especially on the Scotch and Welsh coasts. On the south coast, from Dover to the Land's End, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, there are seven life-boats, but none at Penzance, *where most needed*. At the Scilly Isles there is one inefficient boat; the same at St. Ives and Bude; and little better at Padstow. "So that" (we quote from the report of the Committee) "from Falmouth round the Land's End by Trevose Head to Hartland Point, an extent of one hundred and fifty miles of the most exposed coast in England, there is not a really efficient life-boat! In the Bristol Channel, the North Devon Association maintains three life-boats in Bideford Bay. There is a new life-boat at Ilfracombe, and one at Burnham. On the south coast of Wales—from Cardiff round to Fishguard, a distance of two hundred miles—there is one life-boat only, at Swansea, and that is unserviceable."

The great annual loss of life, and the utterly inefficient condition of many of the comparatively few life-boats possessed by so extensive a line of coasts—some of the most dangerous of which have not a single boat—has at length aroused the energies of the National Shipwreck Association and during the last two or three years they have given great attention to the subject. But the final blow which has caused the Duke of Northumberland (the President of the Association) to bestir himself so effectually, is a lamentable and unprecedented disaster, by which no less than twenty of the best pilots out of the Tyne were drowned. It is thus narrated in the report:—

"At South Shields, on the 4th December, 1849, the life boat, manned with twenty-four pilots went out to the aid of the *Betsy*, of Litchampton stranded on the Head sand. There was a lee from the eastward, but little wind and strong ebb tide. The boat had reached the vessel was lying alongside with her head to the eastward with a rope fast to the quarter but the bowmast not secured. The shipwrecked men were about to descend into the life boat when a heavy knot of sea, receding from the bow of the vessel, caught the bow of the boat, and turned her up on end, throwing the whole of the crew and the water into the stern sheets. The bowmast not holding the boat drove in this position stern of the vessel when the ebb tide running rapidly into her stern, the boat completely turned end over end and went ashore bottom up. On this occasion, twenty out of twenty-four of the crew, were drowned under the boat. On seeing the accident, two other life boats immediately dashed off from North and South Shields, saved four of the men, and rescued the crew of the *Betsy*."

It was justly considered that an accident like the above to any life boat should be rendered impossible. The Committee, therefore, drew up, after long deliberation, the list of one hundred points requisite to constitute a perfect life-boat.

When the models for competition were sent in, the committee divided them into five classes. The first is that of boats formed on the pontoon principle, the second, of boats formed on the raft or catamaran principle, the third belong to the type of the troop boat or broad flat paddle-box boat, the fourth, are described as partaking chiefly of the north-country coble peculiarities; and the fifth as composed of modifications of the ordinary boat in every day-use, these modifications generally bringing it, to a greater or less degree, within the denomination of those which are commonly known as whale-boats. The flat paddle-box boat comes principally from the coal ports of the North, and the best sailing craft of the whale-boat species from Deal and the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk, in which localities wrecks generally take place on outlying sands, rendering it necessary for the rescuing boats to make their way to the scene of disaster under canvas. The coble form comes from Yorkshire and Northumberland. The com-

mittee consider boats of this class excellently adapted for launching or beaching upon a sandy coast in "not very stormy weather;" but they are low in the stern, and otherwise so built as to be liable to be swamped by the curl of a following sea, when running before the wind. Another class of craft is formed by boats, which without being properly life-boats, are yet safe and handy vessels in a tolerably heavy sea-way, and very fast both in sailing and pulling. These appear to have been formed upon the model of the galley used by the Kentish boatmen for summer service amid the Goodwin Sands, and are invaluable for certain localities. The difference of localities is very judiciously kept in view by the committee though their aim has been to obtain as perfect a life boat as possible for general use.

The collection of life-boat models in the Great Exhibition—most of which were competitors for the prize—has afforded us materials for many interesting reflections. No such boats, as the majority of these are, could have been produced by any incitements of a sudden call, or mere question of lucrative demand, in so short a period. The objects they are intended to accomplish must have long occupied the minds of most of the inventors, and must be the result also of innumerable experiments, each bringing with it some conviction, some correction or some additional care, provision, and improvement. Several of them present a very extraordinary appearance.

Mr J Francis exhibits a boat, in shape not unlike an elongated gourd, or an hour glass cut in half. This shape is occasioned by large air-cells fore and aft, which must give great buoyancy. Mr H Bell, of Millbank, has invented a very clever nest of boats for emigrant or troop ships, one fitting into the other, so as to occupy little more room than a single boat. The invention of Mr Gilbert Bromley, of Sheerness, seems chiefly to consist of adding to an ordinary good sea-boat, a circulating air-case, like a great black snake, lying coiled all round the inside of the boat just beneath the gunwale. There is a boat by P van der Bosch, of Osterhout, in the Netherlands, which resembles the body of a black fish, and seems almost as buoyant and pliable. It is both water-tight and air-tight, and in it are seated three men in water proof dresses united, as it were, to the deck of the boat, which is quite covered over, so that the whole boat seems of one piece, with the upper half of three men sticking out of the uppermost part. They are each provided with a strong canoe-paddle, having a double blade. It is evident they could live (boat and men) in any sea. The provision for saving life consists of a strong cord which passes along each side of the machine, formed into a number of loops or divisions, for shipwrecked persons to hold on by, or to which they might be fastened. For any short period this would be excellent, but if there was a high sea running, it is to be

feared that many might be drowned upon the surface, from the total absence of all protection. The boat by the Messrs Harding has a curious cradle-like appearance. Mr John Robinson, of Stepney, exhibits a twin boat, consisting of two boats coupled together by a copper bar, which allows of a little play, but no separation. We should think it impossible to be capsized, and we take it for granted that the twin contain air-cells which would preserve the boats from going down if filled with water, though we did not observe this provision in their construction. The Messrs Gale, of Whitby have provided a net, as an addition to their life-boat apparatus by which a knot of drowning persons may be fished up altogether in cases of extremity, and Mr G. H. Gale, of Swansea has exhibited a hydrostatic apparatus for life boats, ships, &c, made of gutta serena. Mr Hatland, of Scarborough, has invented a cylindrical life boat and Mr J. Drury of Hartlepool exhibits a model and plan of a ship and shore life boat made of sheet iron which will right herself if upset. Mr A. Wentzel of Lambeth has invented a boat the sides of which curve inwards so as almost to form a deck, leaving only a narrow space for water in the middle. But if nearly impossible to 'ship a sea,' it would be equally impossible to get the water out, unless there be some provision of valves for the purpose, as we find in the boat of Mr W. Paterson the valves of which have the additional advantage of being self acting.

Some of these models are furnished with cork bricks and wedges stowed about the bottom or fixed outside the gunwale, answering the double purpose of obtaining buoyancy, and acting as fenders. One of the latter has nearly half the sides made of cork. There are several of the buoy build, but so constructed in their air cells as to fill it when the inside is full of water, up to the seats. In fact, the bottom of these boats is nothing but a grating open to the sea beneath. One of the boats exhibited is made of Indian rubber, "so thin that, as its American inventor says, "it may be folded up, and put into the pocket." The pocket must belong to a very considerable "great" coat, we fancy. But the Cloak Boat of Mr Matthews, of Charing Cross, has been proved, by a trial instituted at the request of the Royal Humane Society, to be a practical thing. It is a very good waterproof cloak, which, by inflating a cylinder, is convertible into a boat in less than one minute, and its weight is only eight pounds. Mr Matthews has also exhibited a life boat, made of his water proof fabric, which lies in a collapsed or flat and cloth like state, yet can be inflated ready for use in three or four minutes.

The boat to which the Northumberland prize has been awarded, is by Mr James Beeching, of Yarmouth. It compuses, as previously stated, eighty-four of the points

proposed by the committee, the chief of which are its merits as a rowing and sailing boat, its buoyancy, that it ballasts itself, empties itself, rights itself, is roomy for passengers, is of moderate weight for transport along shore, &c, &c. A rival boat of similar form, combining strength with elegance is exhibited by Mr W. R. Hawkes of Whitby. The Messrs Plenty, of Newbury exhibit also several excellent life boats, nor must we omit the boat of the Messrs White, of the Isle of Wight. It is built of mahogany, with sides sloped in a way to let the sea run freely in and out. But this does not matter, as she has air cases along each side, and at both ends each in separate compartments, so that the destruction of one will not injure the other. The rowers sit up to their knees in water, the water she ships and retains being, in fact her ballast. A rope passes down the middle from stem to stern, so that if her bottom were clean stove in, or ground away upon rocks it would little matter, the rowers keeping their seats and the passengers clinging to the rope going down her middle. One of these boats is now at Broadstairs. In the exhibition we have also observed a prodigious number of models of rafts, air tubes, air bags, air belts, bulbs, and cushions with apparatuses of cork, Indian rubber gutta serena, caoutchouc &c, all with the single minded aim of preserving life, and all quite independent of the numerous efforts in the same direction, called into prominent notice by the announcement of the Duke of Northumberland. We should not omit, that the Duke has set the noble example of preparing to fit out, at his own expense, a life boat, and a life-boat station, at every dangerous point of the Northumberland coast.

This greatly increased consideration for human life will, we trust, awaken the legislature to the necessity of an alteration in the laws respecting salvage. Very recently a gallant fellow who had been instrumental in saving no less than seventy lives with his own gully, was lost in a storm off Dungeness, and his wife and family are thrown upon the public for a charitable subscription! The subscription is most right and kindly in itself, indeed, nothing else remains to be done under existing circumstances—but let us only suppose that he had saved, instead of the lives, some portion of seventy cargoes of bear skins, rabbit skins, mole skins, deer skins, goat's-bristles, horsehide, cow hides, and other peltry—how very different would have been the circumstances of his widow and family! Some very earnest suggestions on this point appeared lately in an able article in the "Atlas" newspaper.

"Why not give a man who has saved life, at the risk of his own a pecuniary claim upon the preserved person? Why not, in fact, treat life as property? Why not give salvage for life? If brave men are ready to risk their existence gratis, the more the reason that they

ought to be paid—and highly paid—for their daring. We may be told that the individuals rescued may be poor—may have, in fact, lost in the wreck their means of paying any such claim, and that it is impossible to value lives like market goods. Our answer is ready:—Affix a premium to each person saved. Let a trifle extra be charged, upon ordinary insurance principles, over and above the fixed fares, so far as passengers go—and let a trifle be deducted from the wages of seamen, or, if it be thought better, imposed as a rate upon every British ship, coasters paying the largest proportion; and, from the fund thus accumulated, let there be ample life-boat accommodation provided, and ample remuneration bestowed upon any boat's crew instrumental in saving life." This is, no doubt, a move in a good direction, though we should object to any deduction for the purpose being made from the wages of seamen;—first, because they are by no means overpaid for the hardships and perils of their habitual lives; and, secondly, because such a deduction would instantly make the whole thing unpopular throughout the crews of the merchant service. But that a fund should be raised somehow, we have never for an instant doubted; and that the Government should not be allowed to slink out of all further care, by saddling the entire burthen upon the men most likely to need assistance (which would, in fact, be a grievous tax, in addition to their evil chances), we think almost equally obvious, and we believe that the voice of the country will, before long, be heard in a demand for the adjustment of this important question of salvage, so that a man's life should be considered, at least, as valuable as property in his portmanteau.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

(Suggested by seeing a venerable Oak in Warwickshire, which is supposed to occupy the exact Centre of England)

A joy runs through thy branches, Ancient Tree,
Exulting, waving in thy verdant pride;
Free, o'er the mighty heart, whence circles free
A swift and generous tide!

Rear high the honours of thy leafy spoil!
O'er the broad Land thy goodly branches wave!
Strike deep thy roots within the kindly soil
That may not bear a slave!

The heart of England Thou! but not the heart
Of distant lands that own her widening sway;
For, as from her, Day's cheering beams depart,
They flush to meet its ray!

Wave green! fit emblem of the constant mind,
The patient courage, the enduring will,
That onward, ever, bears her sons to find
New paths—new homes to fill.

And are they fill new graves, to leave a trace,
A land-mark, on the way where they have been;
They toil—the firm, unconquerable race,—
Sons of the Ocean Queen!

Look o'er the Land, thou Ancient Warder, still!
What of the night, Old Watcher? Thou canst speak
Of times when first above the dusky lull
Thou saw'st the morning break;

Of times when Truth, impatient of the gloom,
Rejoicing like the strong man in his might,
Arose, the darkling nations to illumine,
And run its race of light.

Wave proudly! Thou hast marked the gradual ray,
From old heroic ages dimly caught,
Expand to Freedom's pure and perfect day
Of Action and of Thought.

And yet the thoughtful eye may trace where lies
A cloud, that if no larger than the hand,
In gathering blackness casts through summer skies
A shadow o'er the land!

When shall some soul arise, in fervent truth,
To banish from our Heaven its dark presage,
And yearn, in Christian love, o'er untaught Youth,
And unenlightened Age?

When will they learn to know—our Country's
Chiefs—
What works the poor man's woe—the poor man's
weal;

Look on his homely joys, his lowly griefs,
And feel what Peasants feel?

Oh! be it ours to put the evil thing
That lurks within our Israel's camp—away;
Then every year will brighter blessings bring,
And every coming day

Will break in richer glory o'er our sky,
When LIBERTY and PEACE their palm crowns
wreath,

Where none unpitied live—unsuccoured die,—
Where all are free, that breathe!

CHIPS.

A ZOOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

ON the third day of October, 1851, and towards the hour of evening, one of the Boa Constrictors in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park received a present of two live rabbits for his supper. It is a painful thing to contemplate any process of killing; but the boa constrictor would not eat rabbits if they were dead, and then he would die himself of starvation, so that it comes to a question of serpent's life or rabbit's life; for if you keep one, you must sacrifice the other; and no doubt the serpent thinks, if he thinks at all on the subject, that since rabbits must be killed by somebody, he, who is to live by them, has as much right to kill rabbits as any one else. On the other hand, however, it is a blessed provision of nature, or circumstance, that these home-bred rabbits have no comprehension of their destination, no sense of what a serpent is. They skip about in the inside of the great glass case, quite at their ease; they often approach close to the serpent's nose, and even touch it with their own—on which occasion both serpent and rabbit draw back with a little start. When

the weather is cold, the rabbits continually nestle themselves between the folds of the serpent, for the sake of the warmth, remaining there until he suddenly betinks himself of devouring them, and they have often been found asleep in a coil of the serpent's tail, with the serpent's head remotely watching them.

On the evening then, as previously stated, a boa constructor has two lively rabbits given him for his supper. As he has not had any food for some weeks, it is supposed that the rabbits will be a very acceptable present for his *Serpe Len-thines*. The cool air of autumn is tempered by a warming apparatus in his sloop, but in case he should wish for a still greater degree of heat, a blanket is given him to creep under, or in the folds of which he may enroll himself at his pleasure. It is not a fine household blanket, but a thick, rough, railway blanket wrapper of the largest size. All his comforts being thus attended to, the keeper of the Serpent house bows and takes his departure for the night.

As it is an almost infallible test of temper and general condition of mind and body, how an individual, of whatever age, deports himself on being awakened suddenly—some children, and grown up people, always awaking 'roars,' and others, smiling—we cannot but think it would be very interesting to anybody fond of a practical study of natural history, to go through all the dens, cages and cases of a large collection of animals, during the night, by way of noting the very different reactions he would meet with from different species of creatures thus aroused from their slumbers. Such an opportunity is continually enjoyed by the fortunate individual who holds the office of watchman in the Zoological Gardens who goes the rounds of all the 'houses' and other receptacles every night with his lantern.

In the course of the night of the 31d of October last past, the watchman as usual entered the Serpent house. Walking round, and holding up his lantern to the different cases, he perceived that the boa constructor's "supper" was hopping about the case in a very unconcerned manner, but, on turning from the rabbits to their proprietor, what was his dismay at perceiving that the serpent had seized upon one corner of the thick, rough blanket, in preference, and was drawing it down his distended throat!

Away ran the watchman to call up the head keeper. The head keeper left his bed directly, and, huddling on a few clothes, hurried to the Serpent-house. The statement of the watchman was but too true, and, by this time, the boa constructor had contrived to draw down more than half the blanket. The head keeper, knowing it would be in vain to endeavour to get the blanket back, after "matters had gone so far," hoped that the serpent would disgorge it of his own accord, if left to himself quietly, as soon as he found

that he had made a mistake in the food he had chosen. Both head keeper and watchman, therefore, went away.

It is the opinion of Mr. Mitchell, the secretary of the Zoological Society, who is constantly studying the habits of animals, that the serpent has no palate, and, that in the night he had made a dart and a snap at one of the rabbits, but, missing it in the darkness had caught a mouthful of the blanket, and conceiving it to be a very good rabbit (but with rather a loose skin, we should suppose), had never troubled himself with any further considerations.

In the morning, when the head keeper went to the Serpent house, in a very anxious state of mind as to the result, there he saw the two rabbits sitting up by the side of the serpent's water pan, washing their faces, to be nice and tidy for the day,—and the last two inches of the thick railway blanket just going down the serpent's throat!

Since this event, the serpent has never shown any signs of having discovered his blunder, or any disposition to disgorge his bedding. The thing is, of course, quite indigestible. If he swallowed two or three bullocks' hides, his work would have been on sure ground of decomposition, but as to this coarse piece of manufacture, what hope can his friends have? The serpent, however, lies torpid, as usual after a good meal, drinks more water than he drinks in general, and perseveres with full reliance on his wonderful powers and peculiar organization. The blanket can be seen to have moved several feet down his belly. It is now about the middle (October 28th). Will he manage it somehow, or will he die? That is the problem.

TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

ONE does not care to ask it also his opinion of the price of sugar, and a very good judge of the law in English Courts, may be a bad judge of the equity in English trade. The life and spirit of our whole body of European commerce lies in the principle of strict mutual confidence established among merchants. Every trade has its technicalities and its usages which regulate its movements. To evade these, is to be dishonest in one's calling, although it may be a proceeding not demonstrably dishonest when enveloped in the technicalities of law. Commercial questions between merchants, traders, bankers, and others, concerning buying and selling, dishonoured bills, interpretation of engagements, frauds in imitating trade marks, and such matters, do not want to be confused with mysteries, delays, and quibbles, as the ordinary course of law confuses them; they do not want to be tried before men who have to receive from witnesses the most elementary principles upon which they can found a judgment. These questions arise between men, the life of whose business is undeviating

probity, and they ought to be tried simply, and on their honest merits only before men who are themselves also engaged in commerce, and are versed in all the usages of which they treat. The extent to which law backs men who will study its windings for the purpose of commercial fraud by bill manufacturing, and by a dozen other ways is so great, that appeals to "justice" only tend to weaken the reliance upon honour which is the mainspring of European trade. So merchants here or there daily suffer loss or wrong from others and submit to it rather than be also wrong doers to themselves by going to the lawyers for a remedy.

Wherever merchants are the want is felt or has been felt, of an upright and competent Tribunal of Commerce before which commercial disputes might be brought and tried without legal equivocation upon their own merits, by men acquainted with the principles of trade. By the *Council des Prud'hommes* the want has been supplied in France; it has been supplied also in Italy Spain Belgium Hamburg and Sardinia. It will very shortly be supplied in North America. In England it is felt, but it is not supplied.

With the important aid—in fact under the presidency—of Lord Wharfedale with the support of Lord Brougham, never failing in any cause which promises to lessen the great burden of a complex state of law—an effort is now being made to obtain the establishment of Tribunals of Commerce in this country. The judges desired us to be men of high rank in the various departments of commercial life—men who find time to act as directors of many companies, and who would cheerfully find time as paid judges sitting on certain days to give the benefit of their experience for the solution of disputes among commercial men. The justice of a case is so arrived at in this way. The Tribunals of Commerce in France settle more cases in one day than all the civil tribunals together get through in a month. In our own Stock Exchange, for more than fifty years all questions are brought before a tribunal of this nature, from whose decisions no appeal has once been made.

On the 8th of May last, a meeting called by the Lord Mayor at the request of more than a thousand merchants, first thoroughly submitted to the public this question of Commercial Tribunals, of doing in England what has been done already in other commercial countries. Lord Wharfedale at that meeting, said that "he for his part would lend every assistance in his power to aid the movement, for he regarded the improvements in the machinery requisite for settling commercial differences in a moral rather than a material point of view. He looked upon it not merely as an arrangement for settling questions between individuals, but as giving tone to the entire commercial world."

The details of the question cannot find place

in our pages, the principle we have plainly stated, and commend heartily to all whom it

BUILDING AND FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETIES

WE said, in our article on Combinations,* that we assented heartily to the whole principle upon which Freehold Land and Building Societies have been established. We reserved, however, a packet of cautions, which we now proceed to open. We feel no captious objections, or indirect opposition. Our simple object is to help on the movement by making it more fully understood.

The number of Building Societies at present registered is said to exceed two thousand and fifty and the total yearly amount paid into them by the middle and working-classes is perhaps equal to four millions sterling. New societies of this kind are continually being projected and commenced. Let us now add, that of the societies existing, and of those proposed not more than about one in twelve is conducted upon principles that will enable it fully to fulfil the promises which it holds out to its supporters. We do not mean that they are often fraudulent in their intention, very far from that. We mean that such institutions require to be based on better calculations than their projectors generally can supply. They are too frequently established empirically, by men erring in innocence, because they do not know the delicacy and the difficulty of the question with which they undertake to deal. The consequence is not, indeed, ruinous to the multitude of industrious men, out of whose acquired habits of providence this large amount of money grows. They do not lose the bread that they have cast upon the waters, but it comes back to them after too many lays. Their money returns to them with increase, but it is an increase vastly less than had been promised and a good deal less than might have been obtained out of a system of Mutual Benefit Investment, placed upon a safe and cautious footing.

Freehold Land Societies and Building Societies are not identical but brother schemes. One brother is much older than the other, and, in the present state of the law, the elder is the safer one to open an account with, that is to say, there is no cobweb of legal doubt hanging at present over the proceedings of a Building Society, while the operations of a Land Society are mystified a little by the texture of the law.

They came across the border out of Scotland. Hard-headed Scotch labourers first struck out the idea, perhaps assisted by their parish clerk. Their idea was as follows. We think it very expensive work to hire house furniture, or carts, or ploughs, paying their value perhaps several times over in our lives, without

* "The Good Side of Combination," page 56 of the present

ever possessing them. Is it not equally extravagant to hire our houses? The money we pay year after year in rent for the mere right of occupation, is enough, in no very long time, to buy the houses or the cottages outright, and make them ours for ever. The landlord, liable to empty houses, and such accidents may not, indeed, get ten per cent. but ten per cent is what we pay upon his outlay. Let us join together and contribute from our weekly earnings little sums that will enable us to build ourselves cottages, be landlords to ourselves, and pay into our own purse the landlord's profit. So thought the villagers who in the year 1815 formed themselves into a club at Kirkcudbright, and established the first Benefit Building Society, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk.

Their reasoning was sound, and their resolve was prudent, nevertheless, of course these villagers are not a type of all house occupiers. There are many men whose pursuits in life or tastes, may lead them to make frequent changes of abode, and for all such men it is cheaper to rent houses than to buy them. But for any man whatever his class in life who is able to take occupation of a house or cottage and remain permanently in it there can be no doubt that it would be a much more economical proceeding to make the abode his own than to pay rent for it. Want of capital alone stood in the way, and the humble labours of Kirkcudbright first suggested the solution of that difficulty. Their example spread, in Scotland first, and then to Manchester and Liverpool. After the year 1830, the increase of these societies became so rapid, that they forced themselves on the attention of the Legislature. No unbiassed man could fail to perceive how greatly they promoted careful prudent habits and how much more likely it was that men who had saved money from their earnings to purchase a little property and have a "stake in the country," were to become orderly and honest citizens, even if ever they had been otherwise disposed. Accordingly, in 1836, an Act was passed for the Regulation of Benefit Building Societies, because, says the preamble, "it is expedient to afford them encouragement and protection." Building Societies were, by this Act, made legal within certain limits. The first section enacts that "it shall be lawful for any number of persons in Great Britain and Ireland to form themselves into and establish societies, for the purpose of raising, by the monthly or other subscriptions of the several members of such societies, shares not exceeding the value of one hundred and fifty pounds for each share, such subscriptions not to exceed in the whole twenty shillings per month for each share or stock, or fund, for the purpose of enabling each member thereof to receive out of the funds of such society the amount or value of his or her share or shares therein, to erect or purchase one or more dwelling-house or dwelling-houses, or

other real or leasehold estate, to be secured by way of mortgage to such society, until the amount or value of his or her shares shall have been fully repaid to such society with the interest thereon," &c.

Pausing now to reflect a little upon this clause of the Act, we have to observe, that its terms fail to include visibly, and can only be strained to imply, the form which had been assumed by a large number of Building Societies, even so long ago as the year 1836. Between 1815 and 1836, as we have said, the idea spread, and it spread not only by a multiplication of the number of societies, but by an extension of their principle. The first idea was to build cottages, then there was added the notion of buying them ready built, and lending money, for the purchase on mortgage of the property, to members who desired to buy it once. Such members paid, in weekly sums, five per cent interest upon the loan, with something towards repayment of the principal, so that the whole debt came to be wiped off gradually within a fixed number of years at the end of which the borrower became free master of his little property. This was as much as the Act recognised, but the extension of the principle had not stopped here. By constant investment of the capital subscribed, it yielded to the subscribing members compound interest, and many working men or tradesmen to whom it was not convenient to buy a cottage or a house, desired to have the advantage of a Building Society as a more place of investment—a place for the increase of scanty savings or petty sums of idle cash. Others, who did not wish to buy a dwelling, saw means of using capital to their advantage, in trade or otherwise, which they would like to borrow of those who would take repayment in the shape of small monthly instalments. To the wants of such men—the wants of their own members—Building Societies had begun gradually to respond, and they had become, in fact Mutual Benefit Investment Societies, already in 1836, as they now all are, facilities for the purchase or erection of buildings being only one of the advantages placed at the option of their subscribers, and included in a much more comprehensive scheme. The framers of the Act being, perhaps, insufficiently acquainted with the real nature of the institution for which they proposed to legislate, worded their clauses with a view to the wants of Building Societies, in the strict sense of the word. Room was made, therefore, for doubts concerning the legality of a society worked upon more comprehensive principles, until several decisions of the judges showed that it was their determination to assist the spirit of the enactment, by interpreting its clauses very liberally. In the same way, from the wording of the first clause, there arose a doubt whether it would be legal for the same man to hold more than one share in a society, and one of the judges expressed a strong extrajudicial opinion that he could not. After-

wards, however, decisions were given, founded upon a more liberal interpretation. The Building Societies Act, for several reasons, will have to be revised within a few years, and then it will be highly desirable that the full principle should be acknowledged, that the name "Building Society," which no longer expresses the true thing, shall be put aside, and Mutual Benefit Investment Society, the proper name, be fairly substituted.

The Act further provides, that the rules proposed for each society are to be transmitted to the barrister appointed to certify the rules of Savings Banks, together with a fee of one guinea, and by him to be certified. Until they have been thus certified and duly enrolled, Building Societies do not receive protection from their Act; and all their public doings render them subject to the laws affecting Joint Stock Companies. These laws forbid any society of men "to make public, whether by way of prospectus, handbill, or advertisement, any intention or proposal to form any company for any purpose," unless the promoters shall first register certain particulars at the Joint Stock Company's Registration Office. That is an expensive operation; its omission is also expensive; for it costs a fine of five-and-twenty pounds. The consequence of this oversight is, that a check is put upon those discussions which are necessary before a number of men agree to co-operate in a fixed way for any purpose. All discussions of that nature must be strictly private, and no announcement can be made until the rules are ascertained and have been certified. A hindrance of this kind was not, of course, designed by the Legislature; it is one of those pieces of clumsy working which sometimes arise out of the friction of two ill-made laws against each other.

But the most important oversight which has to be corrected in the Building Societies Act, is the omission of all means of control over the money scales adopted by each club. The law itself ought not to fix a scale, because that would impose restraint on any tendency to improved methods of adjustment. But it is absolutely impossible that the ordinary promoters of a Building Society should possess that knowledge of the higher branches of arithmetical reasoning which is necessary to the formation of sound principles in that most vital part of the society, upon which all its property has to depend—its money tables. Such tables should in no case be used until they have received the approbation of an actuary skilled in matters of this kind. No Insurance Company among men of the highest class would trust its directors, however clever they might be, with the responsibility of making out its scales of payment; and we trust that, although the law permits them to be rash, the members of no Building Society will accept from their directors a money-plan, until it has been pronounced safe by some more competent authority.

Let us now come closer to our point, take the example of a Building Society, and investigate its mode of operation. We will look at it first from its original point of view, as a society to promote the purchasing of dwelling-houses. These associations are now largely supported by professional men and tradesmen, as well as by the working class. In their government, however, each man counts as a man, whatever may be his money. A member who holds ten shares has the same vote as a member who holds one share only. That is a wise arrangement. In pointing out the working of a society, then, we may draw illustrations indifferently from members of any class. We will suppose, if you please, a tradesman who desires to buy the house he lives in, and proposes to do so by the instrumentality of a Building Society to which he has not hitherto subscribed. He looks out first for a permanent society, which has a safe scale, and then makes a proposition. Upon the mortgage of the house, when purchased, it is not to be supposed that the club will advance its full purchase-money. It is able, however, because the repayment begins at once to advance three-fourths of the value; where, in the ordinary way of mortgaging, only a half could be obtained. Let us suppose, therefore, that the house which our tradesman desires to purchase is worth four hundred pounds, and that he has in hand a capital of one hundred. In that case, he purchases immediately, provided that the attorney to the society reports the seller's title to the proposed property to be good, and the surveyor reports the property itself to be worth the price that will be given. The three hundred pounds are then advanced, and added to the tradesman's hundred; the house is bought, and legally made over to him, afterwards being mortgaged to the club. The attorney's costs are limited to a contract price; and the deeds enjoy the privilege of exemption from stamp duty.

The tradesman having bought his house, becomes a member of the club for the purpose of repayment by monthly instalments of the capital advanced, with interest (constantly diminishing, as capital is constantly repaid) at a fair per-centage. According to his own knowledge of his means, he makes his own election of the rate at which he will repay, whether in five, eight, ten or fourteen years. He is fined for unpunctuality with his small monthly payments, and if he altogether fail to pay, the society, of course, must be indemnified by seizing the security. The terms are, however, the easiest that can be accepted by a man in business without capital, and a very small extra payment to the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society will secure, for the borrower, an undertaking that all payments which become due after his death, until the property shall be redeemed, if it be not redeemed during his lifetime, shall be made by them; so that his family may be insured against the burden of

all future charges. If our tradesman has no capital, at first, it will be necessary that he should subscribe his monthly payment, as investor in a Building Society, until his share has acquired the value necessary to make up the difference between the value of his house, and the amount that he can borrow for it upon mortgage. The house which he would buy for four hundred pounds, he would probably be occupying at a rent of thirty two pounds yearly. By the payment, in instalments, of forty four pounds a year to a Building Society, the house would in fourteen years become his own freehold, without further payment of any kind. He would in that case have paid his rent as usual for the fixed term of years, and one hundred and seventy pounds more, so that he would, in fact, by a process spread over those fourteen years, have become possessor of his own house at less, to him than half its value. In the case of cottages, of which, on account of greater risk, the rent bears a much higher proportion to the actual value, the advantage resulting to the working man or labourer is even greater than that enjoyed by a professional man or tradesman. The same principle that we have applied to the purchase of a house, already built would, of course, apply equally to the erection of a freehold.

Purchase of house property, however not being the only use to which men put their money, Building Societies, as we have said, are made available for the supply of other wants. Perhaps an opportunity is seen in trade, or otherwise, of obtaining out of capital more than the percentage paid for borrowing. Then, if the borrower can give the requisite security, upon real property, he can obtain in advance from the Building Society, which will not press in a great lump upon his future but be repaid measurably by small instalments. Again if a man—he can pay the small instalments due upon a share in a society of this kind. Since every penny from the moment it is paid, will be in to increase at five per cent compound interest a sum of money can in this way be laid up for the future. Now, in such investment, is there risk of any forfeiture at all? If ever a day comes, when the servant out of place, or the mechanic out of work, is unable to continue payment, she or he may, at any moment stop and receive all that has been paid up to the time of stoppage, with the compound interest to that date, upon giving a short notice. The money can be used when earnings cease, and then, directly earnings recommence, subscriptions may again be paid into the Building—or, as it should be allowed to call itself, the Mutual Investment Club. Men who desire to lay by sums for the apprenticing of children, the portioning of daughters, or for meeting any future debt, can do so with the greatest ease by making such periodical deposits in a Building Club, as shall, at the expiration of the desired time, attain,

with compound interest, to the desired amount. To the provident of all classes, in fact, whose circumstances oblige them to deal with money on a small scale, these societies, when well conducted, are a resource of the most valuable kind.

When well conducted! But we now desire to draw the attention of those who have, or propose to have, a money interest in these establishments, to a few words of necessary explanation. Advertisements extracted from a Sunday newspaper by Mr. Scratchley, into his book on Building Societies, herald the

Immense success of Mr So and So's Building and Investment Societies £70 for every £90 subscribed in a fixed Term of Ten Years—NOTICE. The Members of the — BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY may now (the second year having terminated) receive the whole amount of their subscriptions with 1½ per cent per annum interest thereon. By order of the Board.

Another is headed —

Important to Persons desirous of Purchasing House Property—£1000 will be offered for sale at the next Meeting of the — BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY, on THURSDAY EVENING, the 9th of May, 1850 at half past 7 o'clock. Interest payable by the Borrowers from 1 to 5 per cent. The whole amount of the purchase money and law charges advanced by the society. No arrears to pay. Paid to close in ten years certain. Subscription 25 per share per month.

Absurd as this proposal will appear to many of our readers, it is one made in sincere good faith, and there are hundreds more or less like it constantly advertised. Under it lies some of the most dangerous fallacies attendant upon Building Clubs. In the first place, this advertisement proposes that members, who contribute to the Society five shillings a month, or three pounds a year, for ten years, shall receive seventy pounds for their thirty at the expiration of that period, being interest at about eighteen per cent. This society is of the kind called "terminating," it is the old form of Building Society now falling, most properly, into disuse. Its defects are great. In the above club, for example, is to terminate in 1860, for all members. Members who enter at the beginning, pay five shillings a month but after two or three years, any new members who would enter, must pay, of course, more than five shillings monthly, or else buy a share by payment upon entrance of the following in one sum, namely, the money that they would have paid in instalments from the opening of the club to the date of their admission, together with the eighteen and a quarter per cent interest. Few can afford this, few, therefore, enter. In the same way, every year that passes, makes the time shorter which remains for those who would borrow to repay in Repayments, after the first year or two, must be by large sums, they also then cease to be convenient. The money of the club, therefore, is not borrowed. It lies at the bank, or elsewhere, getting three-and-a-half per

cent interest, possibly, towards the eighteen promised to investors. When money is not borrowed, it is usually the [] by ballot, a sufficient number draw out the stagnating cash, by receiving back the value of their shares. In this way, the cash in terminating societies perpetually stagnates, and from that cause alone, if there were no other sources of mishap, it becomes impossible, in ten years, to produce the return that had been promised. In the case mentioned above, investors would have to go on paying their five shillings a month for full twice ten years, before the seventy pounds could be paid to them. In many instances, two, three, or four years, have to be appended to the limit, during which, borrowers and investors have to go on paying, beyond the term of their contract, before the mutual service can be made complete. Great disappointment is the result, and the invested money comes back, after all, with two per cent rather than eighteen for its interest. The defects of terminating societies have, however, been found out, and few of them are now established.

Let us now look back to our advertisement. The society is of the tumbling kind, and we have seen some of the errors therein implied, in the next place, observe the golden promise it holds out, both to investors and to borrowers. Those who invest are to get eighteen per cent for their money, but those who borrow it are to pay only from one per cent to five. And yet, the only source of interest for the money of investors is the interest paid out by the borrowers! The operation described as the sale of a thousand pounds takes place in this way. Money is in the hands of a society—and woe to a Building Society when it has money in its hands!—in order, therefore, that the cash may not remain and stagnate, it is lent out by a sort of auction. For example, the loan of thirty pounds is to be sold, thirty-three pounds is bid for it. That is to say, the bidder for receipt of thirty pounds now on a fit security, will repay thirty-three pounds in instalments spread over ten years. In other words, he will pay one per cent interest. Another then bids thirty-four pounds ten shillings, that is to say, one and a half per cent interest. Forty pounds ten shillings, perhaps, it is knocked down at—three and a half per cent—or forty-five pounds, which would be five per cent, and yet the people who pay in this money to be invested for their benefit, are told that they shall get eighteen per cent for it. The thing is ridiculous, because impossible. The profit of the investors can only be made out of the borrowers, and, if every shilling invested be not borrowed, that is so much loss to be deducted from the calculations of the compound interest. For this reason, a society can only flourish in a district where cottages are being built, or where, in other ways, there are investments open which attract small amounts of capital,

and induce people to borrow at six or seven per cent, with the certainty of making ten. The most delicate operation in the conduct of a Building Society is to keep up a correct balance between the members who invest, and the members who borrow. Every pound paid in, and not lent out immediately, disturbs any calculation of gain which roughly estimates at compound interest the whole receipts of the society, since therefore, it is impossible that small amounts for short periods should not lie frequently idle, it is necessary to make an abatement of perhaps one per cent on this account in all estimates of profit. This is not often done. Then, again, the society requires paid officers. The attorney and surveyor, upon whom the directors depend for their freedom from loss in lending, ought to be fairly well paid. There is a secretary, there is a room, and there are coals and candles. It is a strange fact but a true one, that in many Building Societies, deduction is not made on this account, or it is said roughly that fines, entrance fees, and a few small charges to borrowers contingent on a loan, cover these items, but they do not. It will be seen, therefore, that if the lenders, or investing members, receive through the medium of their society, five per cent compound interest, the borrowers have to pay seven, or seven and a half—say compound interest. Do not forget that a man who borrows one hundred pounds at five per cent pays five pounds every year, and at last has to raise the whole money again for repayment. A man who borrows one hundred at seven per cent on the instalment principle, pays, in the first month, at the rate of seven pounds, but in the second month, the whole sum due being lessened there is less to pay interest upon. After awhile he is paying seven per cent on fifty pounds,—three pounds ten shillings only. Therefore, although he pays, and must pay, a high interest on the Mutual Benefit plan, yet, because the borrower begins repayment immediately, and the amount that he pays here for dwindles constantly, the result is in his favour. This fact, together with the saving effected in the way of law charges, and the great convenience of the method of repayment, makes the borrower's position advantageous. Every instalment as repaid by him is immediately lent out again elsewhere. No cash remains idle, and the investors, by this method of uniting small resources and supplying mutual wants, may be exceedingly well pleased with the fact that they get compound interest for their money at five per cent. If they claim more, either they do not get it, or they get it from their borrowers, but if they ask too large a price for the accommodation of their money, there will be few candidates applying for it; most of it will lie idle, and the society will disappoint the hopes of all. Investors must so manage, that it shall be worth their neighbours' while to borrow, and borrowers must so pay, that their friends shall find it worth

while to invest. For this reason, a well-constituted Building Society will not be able to do more than promise the investing members a good, but reasonable interest, and will be quite unable to profess that borrowers shall obtain money for less than will enable the investors, after payment of the society's working expenses, and a margin left for provision against losses, to derive out of them the necessary profit. A reserve fund must be retained for security against losses, and whenever this reserve accumulates unnecessarily, it is divided usually among the investing members, in the shape of a bonus, thoroughly to carry out the mutual principle; it would be better that this surplus should be divided among members of both classes.

Building Societies are now ordinarily of the kind called *permanent*. This is the form to which they must all come at last, the only form in which they are trustworthy. The permanent society being established for an indefinite duration, does business as it can, and business grows with age and increase of connexion. In a permanent society, whoever pleases may assume a share, and without liability for back payments, may arrange to pay instalments during any term of years for the receipt of their value, at the end of that term, when the compound interest is added. If the instalments at any time cannot be paid, any member can withdraw the value of his share. On the other hand, borrowers can go when they please, and obtain money on the requisite security, agreeing to repay by instalments, spread over a length of time selected by themselves. Business of each class is always coming, and a just and safe scale having been established, whether the whole amount of business done be small or great, the society keeps all its promises, and is completely safe, as long as the directors hold the balance evenly between the borrowers and lenders, and as long as the attorney and surveyor do their duty, in seeing that loans are made on good security. If the attorney be guilty of neglect, he is liable for damages, and for the few stray losses that occur, a well-regulated society has provided so far with its reserve fund, that they do not affect the percentage payable to members.

Let us here not omit to draw a broad black line between the Building Societies, of which we have been speaking, and the Loan Societies abounding in large towns. There is nothing mutual in a Loan Society, it is a purely one-sided affair, established not to aid the provident, but to make money by the desperate.

We have left but little space for the last portion of our subject—Land Societies. That does not matter very much, because a few words will dismiss them. In principle, they resemble Building Clubs, and in all those points of resemblance they are good. They are not of old standing, though they are increasing fast. They were established, it is

well known, in 1847, for the purpose of creating county voters. Money is invested in them precisely as in Building Clubs, and the profit consists not (so far as the land question goes) in lending it out elsewhere but in using it for the purchase of land in large quantities, and dividing it then into parcels, selling it to members at the wholesale (or almost half) price. With this plan, the general principles of Building Investment Clubs have been very usefully combined. In the first scheme, the parcels re-sold were to be of such extent as to be worth at least a rent of forty shillings a year, a freehold of that value giving title to a vote. A court of law has emphatically decided that this motive is legal. We do not touch on the political side of the matter, but as a matter of prudential investment, thousands of men would find a "forty shilling freehold" dear, even at half price. The political motive creates a delicate position also for the scheme. For example, Land Societies can by no strain of law be made to come under the Building Act. They are Building Societies in a great part of their constitution, and in right of that part they can enroll themselves. But they cannot purchase land, and for this part of their operation are obliged to depend upon some party who, professing independence, purchases land for the society in his own name, and legally upon his own responsibility. For a political motive it is easy to find men who will take this risk upon themselves, but when the people shall have begun to convert Land Societies, as they are already doing, into sources of investment irrespective of all politics, they will begin more and more to have only themselves to trust in, and the want of legal cover for all the operations of a Freehold Land Society may then begin to be felt very inconveniently. There can be no doubt that such societies are good, that they will spread, and that the law will one day pull its blanket over them, at present, however, they lie just so much exposed as to make it certain, that where nothing is desired beyond the prudent investment of small earnings, they are much inferior to the Permanent Building Societies, which we have already described.

For the descriptions we have been able to give, we are indebted to the perusal of two books published in the present year, which we urge upon the study of all those to whom is entrusted the responsibility of taking active part in the formation or management of Building and Land Societies. The law, as it affects the question, will be found fully detailed in Mr. Stone's volume on *Benefit Building Societies*. For the finance and all the minute details which go to the full practical understanding and management of these undertakings, for a distinct marking of the rocks and shoals that lie in the projector's way, and for the tracing of his proper track, we refer to the second edition, now published, of a work on "*Industrial Investment and Emigration*,"

by Mr. Scratchley, Actuary to the Western Assurance Society.

THE FIRST TIME, AND THE LAST WAY, OF ASKING.

THE readers of this publication may not be aware of the existence among them of an Association that very industriously circulates its prospectus. Its existence is a fact. I, the writer of this, don't choose to identify myself with myself; but the existence of the Association which I shall presently mention, is a FACT.

Put a case. My name is Damon. Now I, Damon, want to take you—put a case you are a spinster—to have and to hold. I'm a man of nineteen, lightly built, considering my years. Never mind that, at present. I shall hand you my description presently. If you are in the habit of carrying halpence about in your pocket, and will pull them out and look among them, I dare say you will find stamped upon one of them the name of the weekly paper I take in. There I saw that all the letters in the alphabet, and all the names of females in the dictionary, were corresponding with the editor, and asking him to get them husbands, so I went in with all the other letters in the alphabet, and names of males, to join in begging of the editor to find us wives. I saw there were correspondences in every stage of love-sickness, and notes of gratitude to the editor from married couples, for having brought them together; those notes being doubtless accompanied with pieces of wedding-cake, which were inserted only in the editor's oesophageal column. (I beg to say that I spelt that long word out of the dictionary, so I am sure it's right.) Well, I went in one Sunday, "Damon, a gentleman of nineteen, having a small salary, with great hope that it will increase, being five feet four, and light complexioned, seeks a sympathising woman with black hair and a shop not previously married." That was what I put into the paper, and the same day that it appeared I looked among the applications from the lady correspondents. Unfortunately most of them wanted their husbands to be six feet long, and stained mahogany, I being neither. But there was one who said she preferred intellect to bodily appearance, and having capital of her own, sought nothing but worth in her life's partner. She signed herself "Lily." I replied to her, and, through the editor, obtained her address, with leave to call and introduce myself—at No. —, Berkeley Square. She proved to be the cook, and a very large person.

had saved wages. Our interview was short, not unmingled with a proud disdain on her part, which I attributed to the caprice of wealth, and, perhaps, in her own opinion, beauty. I left not without hope, but in a few days a note was transmitted to me, by which I found that I was declined for a reason which I have

not yet been able to understand,—that I was a trumpety wipersnaber. The solitary answer to Damon was from a young lady, who proved to be only eleven years old; I did not then know what difficulties were before me; I therefore respectfully declined her overtures.

I need not trouble you with the history of my defeats during a struggle of some months, carried on through the medium of the public press. I underwent the degradation of being dismissed by two ladies to whom I went for inspection, as a "tallowy boy." At length I yielded to despair, and gave up taking in my paper. Cut off from temptation, ignorant of the matrimonial markets, I galloped my horse about London in a frantic manner—I assist Mr. * * *, the eminent butcher—and endeavoured to forget my grief. I saw the hearts of sheep and bullocks daily bought with money, while mine, a man's heart, was refused even when offered as a gift!

Despair overcame me. I lost flesh. Wandering with thoughts pre-occupied, joints frequently were stolen from my tray. I should have lost my situation, if an event had not occurred which suddenly threw energy and life again into my operations.

My dear friend, William Smith,—a name so honourable why should I care to conceal?—had retired with me, for a friendly game at chuck-farthing, to the mews behind our shop. Our evening had passed off very agreeably, when my friend—who is out-door assistant to a skilful surgeon—opened his basket, and there, among the bottles of medicine which he had kindly consented to postpone delivering until the ensuing morning, lay two papers, which he drew forth with a roguish look: a look in which my friend excels. "Damon," he says, "I intend to commit matrimony." "That's rather a bold thing for a man to do at thirteen, Bill," I answered; "is that your licence, and who's the happy one?" "No," says he, "it's a paper what I found in the kitchen, and it tells one how to get a wife, and have the pick of a whole file on 'em where there's a first-rate stock to be disposed of." That news fell upon me as a spark falls upon tinder, and now, thought I, we shall not have to wait long for the match.

We took our seat, therefore, upon the nearest substance able to afford us that accommodation, and were proceeding to inspect the papers, when we were accosted by a mutual friend, Mr. Thomas Brown. Mr. Brown is a scholar upon a charity foundation, a most estimable man and full of wit, although, at the same time, a compelled eccentricity about his leggings renders him to a disagreeable extent the cause of wit in others. We admitted our friend Brown to our councils, and proceeded to inspect the paper.

I beg to assure you, sir, that the fond hopes which dawned upon me out of the prospectus which I am now about to lay before you, were not based upon a phantom. I was not the victim of a hoax, and I enclose you, herewith,

copies of the documents issued from a house in London, which, at the moment of which I am now speaking, gave a fugitive sense of delight to me, and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith. Smith read as follows:—

“**MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE ASSOCIATION.**”

“Very good,” said Mr. Brown, “there’s nothing like the principle of combination. People who want to get married, ought to co-operate with one another. Go on, Smith; very good.”

“**MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE ASSOCIATION.**”

“Bravo!” said I, “Matrimony unites folks, Alliance unites folks, and Association unites folks; so that’s what I consider an emphatic title.”

“Hold your tongue,” said Mr. Smith, “and let me go on reading, will you?”

“Established as a Medium for the introduction of Parties unknown to each other, who are desirous of entering into Matrimony.”

“That’s your sort,” said Brown, in his sarcastic manner. “I see at once that the writer of that is thoroughly well up in his materials. Parties unknown to each other, always are the sort who are desirous of being united in the bonds of Matrimony. If they knew a little more, they’d think a little longer. Go on, Smith.”

“—conducted on the system so successfully adopted in New York and Paris.

“*The most INVIOLENT SECRECY being SECURED to both sexes.*”

“The Application of the System is not confined to one Class of Individuals, but presents equal advantages to the TRADESMAN as well as to the PEER.

“All Forms of Application, being duly and properly filled up with particulars, to be enclosed in a Double Cover, addressed to the Secretary, numbered 1 and 2—No. 1 being the Form filled up with Initials and Address, (real or nominal) with other particulars, for the Secretary: No. 2, to contain real Name and Address (under sealed cover), which will only be opened when the proper opportunity arrives, and matters appear propitious. But if from any circumstance it may not be required, it will be returned (unopened) as per Address, real or nominal, as contained in Form No. 1.—thus securing secrecy and honourable conduct.

“FOR EXAMPLE:—Any lady or gentleman may receive the Form of a likely candidate, for perusal, and who approve the same, but decline a personal interview, can forward their PORTRAIT to the Secretary—”

I was glad at hearing that, for it was then not a week since I had procured myself to be cut out in a black profile by an artist who occupies a tent in the Blackfriars Road. I rejoiced now, therefore, over that well-invested penny. Smith continued reading—

“‘(prepaid), who will show it only to interested parties; after which the same will be returned at any time when required.

“As soon as all preliminaries (through the secretary) are adjusted, interviews can be arranged between candidates.

“This Association being conducted on the most honourable principles, no party can be treated with, unless respectable.”

“Quite right,” said Mr. Brown. “All I can say is, they wouldn’t get me to join in, if it wasn’t respectable.”

We all agreed that this was one of the best features of the scheme, and my friend went on reading.

“Private personal interviews with the secretary—in town, daily, charge five shillings; or in the country, on a moderate scale of charges. Parties desiring further information, prior to registration, must enclose stamps for answers, or no reply can be made.

“Registration Fee, 5s.

which must accompany the letter of each applicant, payable to the secretary, at Post Office, Strand, London.

“Office hours, from Ten till Four o’clock.”

Then comes the name of the secretary, who signs himself “Esquire,” and the address of the establishment.

I told my friends that I wouldn’t mind going half-a-sovereign for a rich, handsome, young wife, of noble family. Our friend Brown said that he regretted that he would be unable to go more than fourpence. Our medical friend would prefer making his investment after Boxing-day. I therefore took immediate possession of Form No. 1, and the same evening filled it up as follows. The answers, of course, being mine, all the rest is literally the printed form.

“APPLICATION FORM.

“Candidate’s Name, or Initials. Damon.

“Residence—Real or Nominal. Nominal—the Ocean Wave.

“Business or Occupation. Assistant Butcher.

“A Native of what Country. A true Briton.

“Age. Nineteen.

“Complexion. Blonde.

“Height. Five feet four inches.

“Slender or Robust. Never mind.

“Are you of Healthy Constitution. I should hope so.

“What are your Habits. Beaming.

“Are you fond Society (sic in orig.). Just let her try me.

“If any accomplishments, say so. Imitations of animals, chuck-farthing, horsemanship, and the Jew’s-harp.

“If a Widow, how many Children, and respective ages. Not a widow.

“If a Widower, ditto ditto. Nor a widower.

“What are your Prospects. Marrying well.

“Supposed Income—by Business, Property, or Annuity. Income by trade, ten pound a year—by chuck-farthing, say three pound; total, say thirteen pound.

“Would you give References in the event of a successful Interview. Yes. Mr. Smith, the surgeon, and an eminent scholar, Mr. Brown.

"The Description of a Person you want, or would appreciate for a —, and the Prospects, Fortune, or Capital required, if such is desirable. A beauty of noble birth, with good prospects, large fortune, and a capital house in town.

"I aver the above statement to be the truth, (Signature or Initials). DAMON."

That, Mr. Conductor of Household Words, was the Form I sent in, properly filled up; and I was told that there were a number of lovely candidates upon the books, of various positions in society. I suppose my form is circulated among them, but, if so, why haven't I had an answer? If you will be kind enough to publish my Application Form in your widely-circulated journal, you will confer an inestimable favour on your most obedient servant.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT-MARE.

It came to pass, some years ago, that I went to the fair of Nishin, Novogorod, which is in the land of the Muscovites, who are unbelievers, and worship the pictures of created things. And, lo! I took to the fair fur caps and cloaks from Thibet, and woollen garments from Cashmere, and also the dates of Bokhara. And our Lord the Prophet, whose tomb I have visited (and whose name is blessed), gave me a ready sale for my merchandise, so that I had soon a girdle full of roubles, which are coins of the Muscovites. And, behold! I made acquaintance with one of the unbelievers, whose name was Demski, and who had brought to the fair garments of white fur and garments of seal-skin. Aa! of a truth, before the fair was over, I was greatly troubled in my body by reason of the noise and the crowd, and the anxieties of buying and selling; and also by reason of the unwholesome food, wherewith the Muscovites (may God enlighten them!) are wont to fill themselves. And I was afflicted with a great trembling of the limbs, so that walking fatigued me—although I am one who had journeyed to Mecca (the riches of which place may God increase). And whereas, when I was in Khiva, my girdle caused a shortness of the breath, and a constriction of the ribs: it would now have fallen over my waist, if the good roubles, wherewith our Lord the Prophet had permitted me to despoil the Muscovites, had not kept it in its place. And when Demski saw that I walked with difficulty, and was even as a peeled wand for thinness, he said, "Verily, oh Hamet! the way to Khiva is long, and the motion of camels, I have heard, is an affliction to the limbs: it were better for thee to go with me and my merchandise unto Berezow, which is a town on the river Obb, in the province of Tobolsk; for though the winter is long and cold; yet, when we roll thee up in furs, and give thee the warmest corner of the stove, and cause the pores of thy skin to be opened by means of the sweating-house, thou wilt not think of the snow or of the long night." And I said, "Of a truth, oh

my friend! the words of the poet are plied in thee, saying,

*In a brother I have found no love, but a
hath shown me affection.*

And a stranger has been to me more than the son of my mother."

But he answered, "These are foolish words! When I come to Khiva, thou wilt prepare the kabobs and the pilaff for me. And now, oh Hamet, make ready thy goods; for on the second day we shall harness the horse to the sledge."

And on the second day Demski loaded his sledge with merchandise, even with dried meat and fish, and with brandy, and with stewed pears (may Allah confound them and exterminate them!), for of such things do the Muscovites eat. And he spread fur cloaks upon the merchandise, and we sat thereon, and he struck the horse with a whip having three lashes, and we went like the horses of the Kurds, and like the camels of the Bedawee.

And, lo, the journey was long; but the novelty thereof sustained me, for from my youth up, I have loved to see strange places, and to hear of the people who dwell therein. And when we came to Berezow, we found there Petrovna, the wife of Demski, and Alexandrovitch, their little son, and I gave to her a handkerchief of bright colours, and to him a tarboosh of red cloth; so that they were glad to see me, and I abode with them during the winter. And, verily, I saw a strange thing; for the sun appeared not for the space of five months. And when I saw this, I said, "Of a truth this is a land forsaken of God. And it is because the people thereof worship the pictures of created things."

And I abode much in the house, going only from the stove to the sweating-house, and from the sweating-house to the stove. And in the sweating-house they took from me my clothes, and set me on warm stones, and poured water on stones heated in the fire, until the house was filled with the steam thereof, and beat my body gently with the twigs of birch, until the perspiration ran from me; and indeed this is of great convenience in so cold a land. And in the house we talked of the countries we had seen, and of the wonderful works of God: and Demski taught me the game of chess, and I taught him that of Ahania, which I had learned of an Osruanee when I journeyed to Mecca, (which may God establish!)

And, lo! one evening I noticed that Alexandrovitch, the son of Demski, was cutting out the bits of bone wherewith the game of chess is played, and fashioning them into the images of created things. And I saw that the bone wherewith he was cutting them was that of a large animal; and I said, "Oh Demski! whence is that bone? for I have seen here no animals whose bones are of such a bigness, but only a few hares and foxes, with white fur. For in this accursed land, God has

withdrawn the light of his countenance from the animals, and there is no colour in them." And Demski told me that the bone was found in the ice; and that also whole animals were found therein, with the hair and flesh on them; and that amongst them were the bones of the elephant, and even entire elephants, which are animals that I have seen in the land of the Mogul, where the inhabitants (may Allah instruct them!) worship cows. And I said, "Oh Demski! how came these animals in the ice? for they are animals that inhabit hot countries, and could not live in this cold place, which causeth the blood to stand still, and maketh the fingers like those of dead men." And he said, "Thy question is that of a man of understanding; and verily there was a learned man here, whom the Czar (whom God preserve!) sent to us, a man of the nation of Franks, who examined these bones, and looked at the creatures as they lay in the ice, and said to me and to others, that this land had once been warmer and fit for such creatures, and that these frozen rivers and seas had once flowed like the great rivers and the ocean which thou hast seen." And I said, "Oh Demski! this is but foolishness; and God will confound these Feringees, who pry into the origin of things. For these are works of Eblis and of the Jân, and these creatures are shut up here by enchantment, even as Gog and Magog were shut up by Iskander, in the mountains near the Caspian Sea. And Gog and Magog are always digging through the mountain to get out; but cannot, by reason of the strong enchantment wherewith they are enchanted; nor shall they, because they cannot say, 'Inshallah!' which means 'God willing.' But one day there shall be a boy amongst them, called 'Inshallah;' and one of them shall say to him, 'Inshallah, I will dig through the rock;' and straightway they shall dig through the rock, and overspread the world, and Dejjal shall come forth to lead them. And who knows but these creatures are shut up here by like enchantment, and will one day come forth?"

And Demski and Petrovna, and Alexandrovitch, their son, allowed that I had spoken wisely, and praised me much; so that when supper came I was elated, and eat of the dried meat and of fish, and of stewed pears, which I had never before tasted (may Allah confound them!); and drank of the brandy until I shouted and sang, as one should not shout and sing who has travelled to Mecca—(may God establish it and maintain it!) And, behold, when I lay down on the stone to sleep, I was much pleased that I had spoken so wisely about Eblis and the Jân, and Gog and Magog, and Iskander; for it becometh a schereef to instruct the ignorant, and one who hath wisdom to impart it to one who hath not. So I slept.

But about the middle of the night I felt a heavy hand upon my breast, and I awoke; and, lo! when one of the evil ones stood by me, even a Jin, having the face of a bull, and

a hand like the foot of an elephant, and his hand was upon my breast. And he said, "Oh Hamet, arise and go with me!" And I answered, "Oh Bull Face! whither?" And he said, "Unto the shores of the Frozen Sea, and to the palace of Eblis, and to the abode of the enchanted creatures of whom thou spakest before supper."

Then said I, "Now are the words of the poet accomplished, for he said:—

"Speak no evil of the Jân, for they are always about thee,

And one of them shall carry thy words to the rest in the palace of Eblis."

And the Bull Face grinned. And I arose, and went with him out of the house; and he took me by the hand, and we ran swiftly, like the Mahry, on which the Tonarick rides forth to plunder. And when I saw that he meddled not with Demski, nor with Petrovna, his wife, neither with any of the people of Berezow, I said, "See, now! what it is to worship the pictures of created things; for the Jân regard these people as brothers." And the Bull Face snorted. And by this time we had come to the shores of the Frozen Sea; but the ice was not all of equal strength, nor was the sea covered by it; but great shapes of ice sailed down it, which were of a blue colour, by reason of the moon. And the Jin would have carried me over; but when he essayed it, I was too heavy for him; so that he said, "Of a truth, this wretch must have some holy thing about him, that I cannot lift him." And I remembered with joy that I had on my heart a piece of cloth wherewith I had touched the Holy Stone at Mecca, and I repeated the verses:—

"Keep holy things about thee, and gird thee with sacred spells: that thy wickedness may be forgiven for the sake of that thou wearost."

And the Jin struck the ice with a stone, and made it crack; and, lo! I heard it cracking and splitting all across the sea, until the sound thereof was louder than that of thunder. And the Jân who were in the palace of Eblis heard it; and straightway three of them, having the faces of hawks and the claws of eagles, came flying to us. And the Bull Face said, "Oh Hook Noses! Eblis sent me to bring this wretch to him, but he is too heavy for me, by reason of some holy thing which he hath about him. Help me to carry him." And they took me in their arms, and flew. And when I felt the swiftness of our motion through the air, and reflected that the evil ones might let me fall on the ice, or into the cold sea, I resolved to entreat them courteously; and I said to one of the Hook Noses who bore up my right shoulder, "Wherefore, oh my aga! doth my lord Eblis abide in this desolate place with creatures forsaken of God?" And he said: "Not choice, but necessity, brought us hither, thou abandoned one; for Eblis was once lord

of the morning star, and God had given him a brightness well nigh equal to that of the sun, and permitted his star to be seen of men, even till the third hour of the day; but Eblis wished that his light might be greater, and that his star might be seen of men all the day long; wherefore God banished him from the morning star, and shut him up here with forsaken creatures; and as for us, we are even as he is." And the Bull Face and the Hook Noses howled for grief, and I was sorry that I had questioned them, for I thought, they have a sore burden to bear, and I have reminded them of it. And now they flew down to the land, whereon the palace of Eblis stands; and, verily, it is a land of ice, for there are neither trees nor plants in it, nor any living herb, nor any running water, but only great rocks and columns of ice; even pillars like those of Tadmor, which Solomon built in the desert. And in these columns I saw what will scarce be believed; for I saw all manner of animals, entire and perfect, even elephants bigger than any that I ever saw in the land of the Mogul, and great deer, and crocodiles, such as live by the Nile. These were all shut up in the ice, as flies and straws are enclosed in the amber of the merchants; and the expression of their countenances was that of animals which have died in pain. And I said to them who were with me, "Oh Jân! how came these creatures here?" And one of them said, "Of a truth, this was once a land with rivers of water, and with trees and plants, both great and small, and these creatures lived therein; but when I sent Eblis hither, he caused the Sun to shine on other parts of the world and not on this, so that these creatures were all frozen up here, and the breath went out of them." Then thought I, "Lo! now this is what the Frank said to Demski and to others. Surely God has cursed these Franks, for they speak like the Jâns." But though there was no sun in this land, there was a light, such as I never saw before or since; for it proceeded from no visible cause, but resembled the reflection of a lamp upon a wall; and verily the ice was luminous, and I saw pale flames on the top of every rock and pillar of ice, and they resembled the mist which surrounds the moon when rain is about to be sent. And the flames were everywhere, even in the ground whereon I walked, and in the air which I breathed; but there was no heat in the flame. And, lo! we came into the hall where Eblis sat, and it was all of luminous ice, and the inhabitants thereof were of ice also; and as I looked at the Jân who had brought me, behold! they were all of ice, and pale flames were around all their heads, and at the ends of all their fingers, and their bodies were luminous, so that I could see their hearts beat. And Eblis sat on a frozen throne, and his body looked like a pure opal without flaw, and his face was like unto a milk-white cornelian. And there was no light in the palace, or in

all that land, but that which came from the ice, and from the inhabitants thereof.

And they set me in the midst. And Eblis said, "What present has my servant Hamet brought to his lord?" And I answered, "Nay, my Sultan; I was taken in the night, and have brought nothing, and, moreover, I am not the servant of my Sultan; but if he will send me back to Berezow, to the house of Demski, I will give him, as a present, fur caps of Thibet, and woollen garments of Cashmere, inasmuch as he needeth them sorely." And thereat the men of ice laughed, until their joints cracked horribly. And Eblis said, "Yea! but thou hast served me often; even at the fair of Novogorod, when thou didst sell fur caps for two roubles, that were not worth one; and again, no later than last night, when thou didst drink brandy and eat stewed pears." And I said, "Of a truth, the fur caps were not good, and the stewed pears are an accursed food; but I am a poor man, and my Sultan will take a small present from me." And he answered, "Yea! I will take even what thou hast with thee;" and turning to a blue Jin, who stood near him, he said, "Take from him the girdle of roubles which is about his waist." And when I heard this, I thought, "It were better for me to die than to let these accursed ones have my roubles; a man can only die once, but poverty is an abiding affliction." So I took courage, and cried, "Oh! Frozen Ones, accursed are your mothers and your sisters; but my roubles ye shall not have." And I held up my garments and ran; and the men of ice ran too, and slid round about me on the ice, and caught at me with their slippery hands, and chilled me with their icy breath. And the rocks, and the pillars, and the frozen ground, shot out pale flames at me as I passed; and the creatures in the pillars, the expression of whose countenances was that of creatures which had died in pain, writhed themselves in the ice, and grinned at me horribly. And all the men of ice shouted, "Hamet! Stop, Hamet! Thy roubles, Hamet! Thy roubles!" And their words struck against the rocks, and ran along the frozen ground, and along the surface of the sea, until all that desolate place repeated "Hamet! Stop, Hamet! Thy roubles, Hamet! Thy roubles!" and my foot slipped. And as I strove to save myself from falling, behold! I was on my back on the stove in the house of Demski, and he and his wife and their son were shouting to me. And they said that I had slept long; but how I escaped from those frozen ones, I know not; but I suppose the bit of cloth, with which I had touched the Holy Stone, redeemed me from them, even from the power of the Jân; by which one may see that it is good to go to Mecca, and that Mohammed is the Prophet of God.

And when the spring came I departed from Demski and his wife, and returned to Khiva, both I and my roubles, whereof those evil ones had wished to rob me.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 86.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

[PRICE 2d.

A FREE (AND EASY) SCHOOL.

BE kind enough to look at the following prospectus of "Queen Elizabeth's Royal Free Grammar-School," at Thistledown. Dr. Laon Blose, head master, seeks private pupils, who are to bring with them silver forks and spoons. He wants pupils at forty guineas, with extras, on the usual terms. Be kind enough to look at the first paragraph of the prospectus.

"At this school, founded by Queen Elizabeth, there are only seven foundation or free boys, who attend as day scholars, not at all interfering with the private pupils." A Free Grammar-School master advertises the free boys as of no consequence at all! To be sure, you say—every-day occurrence. So it is.

Here is an educational register for the year of our Lord 1851. It contains a list of what are humorously called Free Grammar-Schools, one hundred and eighteen pages long. There are in this country two thousand four hundred endowed schools, and in two thousand of them there are not four hundred free pupils! The endowment of some of these establishments is small; a scanty stipend for a clergyman, but a fair stipend for a trained village schoolmaster. In others it is large; but, small or large, it very rarely is made serviceable to the children of the poor. Here, for example, if we look into the register, we find one Grammar-School, founded, like that of Thistledown, by Queen Elizabeth, free to sons of parishioners. It is respectably endowed. If we look into the advertisements bound up with the same register, we find the reverend head-master of this school informing us, that "the course of instruction pursued, comprises theology, the Greek and Latin classics, as preparatory to the universities and public colleges, geometry, algebra, French," and a great deal more. Every boarder who comes hungering for knowledge must bring with him "a silver spoon and fork." Again, another school, endowed with a good house, a few acres of field, and two hundred and eighty pounds a year, in order that it might be "free to boys born in the parish," looks abroad for patronage, and advertises to the public that "the system of education is adapted to prepare young gentlemen for Addiscombe, Woolwich,

Sandhurst, and the examination required at the Horse Guards, as well as for the public schools and the universities." Why is it so adapted? Is it a custom at the Horse Guards to examine curly-headed ploughboys? Does Lubin sigh to be a wrangler?

That is all very well, you say, and very stale. You know all about Free Grammar-School abuses, and the children of the poor, despoiled of their inheritance. But you are tired of dry statistics, and vague generalities. Something distinct and tangible would suit you better. Will I go and visit one of these Free Grammar-Schools; walk into the school-room; see the boys at work; catechise the head-masters; look over the building, and bring back a report of what is to be seen? Will I? Of course I will. Take the Royal Free Grammar-School of Thistledown, of which I have just seen the prospectus. Dr. Laon Blose confesses to the usual partiality for silver forks. He teaches German, drawing, dancing, music, on the usual terms. He prepares younger boys for Eton. His course of study is comprehensive. He has seven foundation boys who do not interfere with his arrangements. "At Midsummer and Christmas all the pupils are examined, and prizes are awarded by the trustees and governors." You wonder whether the foundation boys ever have prizes given to them. I will go and ask. Of this school, at present, beyond its prospectus, I know nothing whatever. It seems to be like others of its class. Let us accept it as a specimen. I know no more than you do, what we shall find when we get there; but we will run over to Thistledown, and look about us. What we see we will report quite faithfully; we will not feign even the minutest incident, and not invent a syllable of dialogue, but bring back a true picture of this Royal Grammar-School, and of the way in which they manage it, falsifying only the names of places or of persons.

You put on the coat of Fortunatus, as a railway wrapper, and go with me as invisible companion. A sentence brings us to our journey's end. We pass through the little station-house, and scorning the small fly at the door, which has blown itself into a railway omnibus, we march upon the high-road to Thistledown. That little country town is

not far distant, as we see by the grey tower of its church, which peeps over the trees on yonder hill.

It is a dull October afternoon; no blue whatever in the sky, no wind whatever in the trees. On each side of the broad high-road, the fields are puffed up into notice by a series of undulations, as if it were determined that no effort should be spared to make the greatest possible display of melancholy oaks, and red and yellow copses, and every variety of autumn foliage which Nature has just now on hand. Dulled as we are by the dulness of the atmosphere, and little cheered by the dead leaves which make our path untidy, yet our London eyes are brightened at the first sight of a veritable five-barred gate, framed in blackberries. But blackberries, again, are melancholy things; they take our thoughts back to the days of trustful childhood, when we could crop those little joys by the wayside, and did not know that they are only safe while they are sour, and that the over-sweet have constantly a maggot coiled within. Alas for the experience of life! There goes the omnibus-fly: a country girl inside, and on the box the little midshipman who was our fellow-traveller! He has lost no time in lighting a cigar, and has already recognised a man and a brother in the coachman. He sits upon the coach-box as an emperor upon a throne, much happier, and quite as proud. The railway train is tearing on over the distant country. The chaise, which lounges homeward in advance of us, lags with the slowness of a disappointed vehicle, after trotting briskly to the station for a master who has not arrived. Really, if we were epic poets, we should picture a colossal shadow of despondency, sitting with bowed head on yonder little hill, the genius of the place, and hear her sighing through the stillness of the air.

Now the road, which was not the main road after all, but a mere tributary to the stream of travellers, has led to the main current. A procession of three carts laden with manure, is all by which that current is at present indicated. A large white house, labelled "Seminary for Young Ladies," faces us. We wonder, first, why girls should go to seminaries, boys to academies; next, we wonder which way shall we turn to Thistle-down. Then, we remember the position of the grey church-tower; we see certain railings also, and we turn, therefore, to the right with confidence. The railings! Nobody would believe that we had been to Thistle-down at all, if we came back and never named that very striking feature. It would be the return from Egypt of a traveller who has not seen the Pyramids. Thick wooden railings on each side of the road, and the ascent of a hill, indicate that we are coming into Thistle-down. The wonder of the railings is their wintriness. Some of the posts evidently have, at a remote period, been dressed with tar; others, show

trace of nothing but the green paint employed by nature. The whole effect is gloomy, but the top rail on each side all the way to Thistle-down, is made resplendent with white lead, conveying to the eye immediately some notion of a heavy fall of snow. Next, we decide that it is paint; that Thistle-down is not a wealthy borough; that its corporate funds having been spent in painting the top-rail, it is resolved to stop and breathe a bit before proceeding to the second. This top rail, in the meantime, is the lion of the place, carved over with initials and dates, and names of distant places.

Little cottages and little gardens, and a broad street, presently, with little houses on each side. A load of coals going to somebody; or rather not going, but standing still. The driver is in conversation with a listless-looking individual, who lifts up his smock-frock to put his hands into the pockets of his corduroys, and wears portentous yellow gaiters. The conversation closes, and the yellow gaiters lounge very heavily down hill. The horse, after a preliminary struggle, (which the driver regards philosophically), proceeds to pull the coal cart up hill. Those are the first natives of Thistle-down with whom we meet, but we observe now three or four more in the street. Here is a clean little commercial inn, its floors well hearth-stoned, bearing a right ancient commercial sign, "The Woolpack." Here is the huge stuccoed front of a hotel, with its paint peeling off. A tremendous iron bracket hangs over the door, but no sign swings from it. We feel no doubt that its despondent owner is miserably drinking weak tea in some dull back room, over a fire containing five or six live coals. Yonder are two large houses of white brick, with handsome shop-fronts. You guess them to belong to a general store dealer and a draper. Of course you are right—you always are. There are some wooden houses; and this block, which stands, like our own cockney Middle Row, in the centre of the road, tells of a number that have been pulled down to better the highway; so, once upon a time, there was improvement here. There is the old church, crumbling to pieces, with a smooth brown dab of restoration plastered over half a wall; the churchyard, very small and very full. We have not yet passed the grammar-school. Here, to the right, is another street; we will seek, there, the object of our journey.

A few people out. Prosperous-looking general store shops; prosperous-looking butchers; some large inns, including a tremendous Dragon, and a long straggling hostelry in a deep hollow by the road-side, offering "good entertainment for man and beast!" Pleasant houses, with trimmed shrubs in front; a green, with diverging roads, and trees, and a pond, and geese, and pretty little residences on the skirts of it. But, still we see no grammar-school. Let us turn

back and ask the Dragon to direct us. Men in smock-frocks sit in the bar of the Dragon, one of whom comes out to us. We ask our question. "Dr. Blouse's?" he inquires, and we assent. He points to a white house by the church, and bids us journey to the right of that; so we retrace our steps. The chemist, with a plaster man and horse struggling together in his window, seems himself to have got the fore-horse by the head. The book-seller and stationer maintains a good shop; but finds that he thrives better by combining toys and china with his other articles of trade. There is, of course, the local slop-seller, with a gigantic red hat, of a very rural pattern, hung out as his sign. The ironmonger has a very well-stocked shop, and there's a carriage stopping at the door of it. The milliners inhabit little houses, with their names hung upon labels in the windows. There are multitudes of little houses, and the road between them is familiar with hobnailed shoes, that kiss its face with lingering carresses. Nothing seems to be done rapidly in Thistle-down. We saunter in our pace, lest people throw their windows up and think that we are walking for a wager. Here is the white house by the church again; there is a taste in this churchyard for deal planks adown the whole length of ^{the} graves, recording briefly who is set beneath. There are a few little head-stones, of the common garden-label pattern, indicating what seed has been sown below, for immortality.

The school. An old wall, pierced with two doors side by side; "Dr. L. Blouse" painted on one of them, assures us that, at length, we have found the object of our search. Behind the wall an antiquated little building of plain brick, with a round tower on each side of it, and queer little windows, the whole luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, is the Free School as it was built in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

We open the door glorified by the Doctor's name, and enter a small court-yard. The two doors, side by side, lead into the same court: perhaps one is consecrated to the silver fork, the other to the Free School. The door closes behind us, and, as it shuts out even the little world of Thistle-down, and leaves us in the quiet court alone, before the ivied walls of the old school-house, the sad October spirit seems to have led us back among the ghosts of things belonging to a former century. A handsome greyhound issues from an outhouse, and offers us his nose in a most friendly manner. There is not a breath of air stirring the ivy. While we still stand, patting the greyhound's head, and looking at the worn face of the quiet little building, our eyes are attracted by the movement of a child, who glides in at the school-house door. It must be the dull sky, and the dead leaves, and the old ivied walls, into whose inner life the figure passes, that have made the little child appear so ghostly. It had perhaps come out

to drink, but we had not heard its quiet movement until it was near the door—a little pale child passing in with a worn look, and not one glance of curiosity towards a strange face in the court-yard. There is another door which, probably, is that pertaining to the house; the figure of the little child—perhaps it was hallucination, or a guiding wraith, for children do not often glide so silently—at any rate, the figure—has informed us where to seek the school-room door. We go to it, and in a minute we are standing in the midst of the assembled school.

Down drop all preconceived ideas founded on the silver fork. A powerful surprise arrests our progress; we stand still, endeavouring to shake off the dreaminess of our impressions. A school-room, built in the old days of Queen Elizabeth, not at all large, but tolerably lofty, with little windows high up, and bare whitened walls, and twice as many beings in it as it ought to hold. Against the walls, a few maps; the desks and forms at which the children swarm—or seem to swarm, so narrow is the compass of the school room—are undoubtedly the very desks with which that Royal Free Grammar-School was furnished when it was first built for the uses of the poor. Worm-eaten they look, and more than worm-eaten—child-eaten—bitten about with large holes, and covered with a network of infantile carvings. Pale as maggots, in unwholesome-looking clothes, the children swarm, heavily busy at their work; no look of joyous curiosity, no wide bright eye of wonder rests upon us; we have interrupted nothing; we have fallen on another dream. A tall, dirty youth, or man, dressed sedily, and garnished with moustaches, bends over a form covered with small weary-looking children; our entrance does not cause him to lift up his head. There is a loud voice of a man busy somewhere; but the little place grows large before us in the mist of sickness which its rough walls enclose; our eyes can rest on no detail. We have yet to recover from the shock of an unexpected and oppressive picture.

And as it is in some dreams where the grotesque scene works itself out before us, and all the actors seem unconscious of our presence, so here, for a brief space, the work of school goes on. The pale young man in the moustache is the French master. We move as if we would address him, and that breaks the spell. He dives into a group of children, and produces out of it a large man with a pasty face, who comes, still silently, towards us. We do not hear the big voice now, but the puny hum, a spectral imitation of the hum of school, continues.

"Doctor Blouse?" we say, and look this latest portion of our vision in the face. That face has almost the complexion of an apple-pudding; black hair mats over it untidily. This is Thursday—not to him, or to the boys apparently, a clean-shirt day—he still wears

last Sunday's linen. He is stout, but every limb betrays his laxity of fibre; his coat is fluffy; his hands are unclean. He evidently lives in an unwholesome atmosphere. "Dr. Blose?" we say. He mutters a few syllables, bowing assent. We stand now in the middle of the school. "A gentleman in London, who has seen one of your prospectuses, desired me to run down and ask you a few questions."

Dr. Blose illuminates the whole of his face in honour of my arrival. "Most happy to see you; will you walk into the drawing-room?"

(Come with me, invisible companion, as I follow Dr. Blose! We leave the school-room by a private door conducting into the house. We cross odd little dark passages, then climb a steep, worm-eaten old stair; cross a room into another room, and sit down opposite the doctor.

It is a wonderfully low-pitched room, of which the ceiling seems to weigh heavily upon our spirits; the queer little windows, out of which we peep abroad through the old ivy, let little life in from the sombre day outside.

Abruptly I resume the conversation—"Chiefly it was desired that I should ask you questions about the number of your pupils, and how you manage with the free scholars?"

"O, they *have* been rather a difficulty; but I have made arrangements—which, indeed, I shall carry out next week—to turn my parlour into a school-room; and then I shall keep my own boys perfectly separate from the free school and the day-scholars."

"You would teach your private pupils separately—have, in fact, two distinct schools?"

"Yes."

"But how would you attend to them? Would there not be some difficulty?"

"Why, I might possibly need another assistant; my wife, too, might teach the youngest children. I might attend to the foundation boys when the French master was in the parlour."

"I understand. How many private boarders have you?"

"Sixteen. My number is five-and-twenty, if I can make it up."

"And day-scholars you have?"

"Yes, I take day-scholars; but there are only six or seven. I might have more if I would; but when they are too rough, I refuse to take them. The foundation boys, of course, are a rough lot, and I must take whoever is put into a vacancy. But I pick my day-scholars."

My friendly shade, you sit by, looking rather grim. As for the shade of Queen Elizabeth, I hope she does not share that the rough—even with money in their hands—are warned off from the Free School door, lest private pupils be offended by them. Grim as you look, I do somewhat relent, now that we have gone so

far, and do compassionate poor Dr. Blose, who sits here uttering the secrets of his prison-house. Yet do we intrude upon no private confidence. Free endowed Grammar-Schools are public property. I ask no question of Dr. Blose, his answer to which the public has not a commanding right to hear. If I said how large an ear was open for his information, he would never give it me. I tell him, therefore, nothing of my motives; not a word more than the absolute and very simple fact, that a gentleman who had seen his prospectus wished me to ask him questions. On that hint he speaks; and I, remembering my delicate position, ask for no information that does not immediately concern the position of foundation boys in a Free Grammar-School.

"Your own pupils, then, will not be taught with the foundation boys? And the prizes? How do you arrange about the prizes?"

"The trustees examine the whole school once a year, and prizes are then given to the boys whom I point out. The other half-year I give prizes myself, and on each occasion I generally manage that one prize should go to the best boy on the foundation form."

"You are superintended, I suppose, by the trustees?"

"Yes; generally the clergy of the parish. May I ask for whom you are inquiring?"

"No. You may, perhaps, hear more upon the subject. I must be gone now, for I have exhausted all my stock of questions."

"Will you come up and see the bedrooms?"

"No, thank you—no; it is not my purpose to look into domestic arrangements."

But I am urged to ascend, and am not sorry to wander through the worm-eaten old school-house. Dr. Leon Blose points out a little garden at the back. "I mean," he says, "to make a play-ground there, for my own boys, where they may be when the free scholars are in front. It is necessary to watch against intimacy between them; for though it doesn't matter in the case of pupils who come from a distance, it is very awkward in the case of boys whose parents live in the vicinity." I look a little puzzled. "Because," said the Doctor, "after they leave school, the rough acquaintance is apt to be continued."

So the silver forks are parted from the wooden spoons. Declining hospitable offers, we turn to depart. As we wind down the old staircase, the doctor asks us from behind, "Don't you think, now, that it is a good plan to part the two schools?" We murmur, "Yes," for, certainly, we think at present the poor children are overcrowded. But as a return catechism appears likely to commence, I tumble down a step or two, and turn the doctor's breath into a current of apology for his extremely awkward stairs.

So, being let out at the private door, I stand again with my old friend the greyhound, and look back at the ivy-covered

school; the little school with its two dwarf crumbling towers. I wonder how the doctor, and his household, and his five-and-twenty pupils, can be stowed away therein. My wonder is not at the doctor. It is not he who is an abuse; he is but one among four thousand men, whose lot is cast among these rotten places. Educated men and clergymen are named as masters, with salaries below their expectation. They are distinctly told to help themselves, by taking private pupils; and what they are distinctly told to do, they do. It is a part of the contract made with them when they accepted office. The consequences of putting such men, upon such terms, into these places, follow naturally. A vivid and a painful picture of them is presented here at Thistle-down.

The afternoon has waned, and the October gloom has deepened; and the gloom which we have brought with us out of that mouldered tomb of charity, strengthens considerably the October influence. We walk back to the railway station; there will not be a train for an hour. Let us walk on three miles to the train's next place of stoppage, and wait there.

So we walk on through the dead leaves that bestrew the narrow lanes, and having passed a little village, presently, we see a mob of children round a cottage gate; an adorned cottage, larger than the grammar-school we left, and like it clad with ivy, but with clematis as well. Is it another school? No, but a whole school is waiting at the gate; children of all sizes, labourers' children evidently—bits of the rough lot—but cleaner far, and very far more child-like than the weary little crowd at Thistle-down. Four or five little imps are racing with each other, and give us as they pass a joyous grin; a little philosopher of five years old walks alone, singing, and fires smiles at us out of his big eyes as we go by. Around the cottage gate are children of all sizes, from two feet to five, and a gentleman with whom they seem all to be on loving terms, is asking, "Whose turn-out" a cart may be, whose red and yellow horse travels in leading-strings. Free and fearless childish looks, and kindly childish laughter play about us as we travel through this sunny little cloud of life.

And we go on, and presently, by the way-side, there is a cottage with nasturtium and monthly roses blossoming about its windows, and a woman—not young—neatly dressed, leans over the gate, her head upon one hand, and she is looking up the lane pleasantly, pensively, her eyes upon the little multitude. Very coarse her neat dress is, very refined the look of love toward the children makes her face to seem; to see her, in passing, lean over the gate before her roses, tempts one to look back upon the quiet picture; and then we see, built up against her cottage, the clean little school-house with its windows open, so we know she is the village schoolmistress.

And we pass on, and presently an iron torrent pours us back into the depths of London.

ENGLISH SONGS.

WHEN Bishop Percy published his "*Reliques*," in 1765, he found it necessary to make an apology for introducing them to a "polite age." The century was too artificial, too "elegant," to be expected to like anything so natural. We now recognise these barbarous remains to be full of the finest and most genuine poetry. "Sweet William and Fair Margaret," as preserved in its old form by the graceful-minded Bishop, is an infinitely finer production than the "*Margaret's Ghost*," founded on it by Mallet which the Bishop so highly eulogises. All this is part of what we may call the Second Revival, which began in the early days of Scott; which has resulted in the increased love for Shakespeare and Spenser; which has reprinted Herrick; and the essence of which lies in this, that it brought back heart into our literature. I often compare this movement of Europe to the return of the Prodigal Son. Europe sickened over its dry husks, and came back to its parent Nature. Let us glance here at the tracks of the wanderings of our native English mind, since the point where the tracks become clearly traceable.

Our old minstrels were undoubtedly a privileged class. They sang at the banquets of the barons, and were indeed the poets of their age; plucking forth and illustrating the beauty that lay in the acts of their generation. What the old barons did in their fighting, havoc-making lives—conceiving it their due occupation—these minstrels endowed with grace and attraction. It was pleasant, of course, for a Percy, or a Douglas, to hear the hunting and slaughtering adventures of his grandfather, recounted with the magic of music, made look so bright by the light of poetic fire. The minstrel, with his gifts, was undoubtedly a welcome visitor; and, indeed, the great barons had minstrels of their own in habitual attendance on them. We cannot complain that our ancestors were without musical taste. They had "*serenades*," for example, in the days when our climate was worse than it is now. I have no doubt they were, what we should call, "coarse," rough, from the very vigour of life they felt. Yet, they had their refinements; they were extremely fond of perfumes, not delicate, ethereal essences, but thick compounds, touching up the sense with a vengeance. Undoubtedly, they liked splendour and ornament—witness only their armorial ensigns—and generally must have loved the expression of beauty by their minstrels, who revealed the highest beauty to them, by the chant and the harp. We need only remember how Taillefer came singing up in front of the Norman line, at Hastings; how Blondel sang to the young

knights under the walls at Acre, how the condition of the minstrels improved after the times of Richard the First. They remained a distinct body for many ages after the Norman conquest. They were, in fact, the literary exponents of life, as the chroniclers were the preservers of tradition, they did for the nationality of their countrymen, what the Church did for their religious belief. The Church had its singers of the deeds of saints, while the minstrels sang the wars, adventures, and loves. We sing of imaginary pirates, imaginary loves, of sentiments notoriously contrary to the general feeling of society, about every conceivable subject. The first song was a winged fact, a kind of inspired history. I confess, for this reason, to a liking for the ballad of 'Sweet William and Fair Margaret,' those "noble lovers," as the old titles call them. It is full of character, tenderness, picturesqueness—of truth, in short. The simple English village air breathes about it. The two lovers sit sitting together, and William speaks—

"I see no harm by you Margaret,
And you see none by me
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Of course, the artful villain "alters" in a "double sense," but neither Margaret nor the "intelligent reader" (the fact is that entity was not extant then) are supposed to see through it. You are to shut your eyes as the children say, and wait what fortune sends you. Accordingly in the very next stanza—

"Fair Margaret sat in her bower wind w,
Combing her yellow hair
There she spied sweet William and his bright,
As they were a riding near."

It never seemed to enter Margaret's head that anything but death run uned accordingly it comes and her spirit glides up to William's feet—

"Are you awake, sweet William, she said,
Oh, sweet William are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bright bed,
And me of my winding sheet."

William tells his bride of his bad dream, and in one momentary glimpse of that bride, we discern her to be a common place and, probably, a disagreeable woman. I undertake to declare that Master William married her for money. He goes off to his Margaret's house, and, finding her dead, and that

"She has lost her cherry red,"

He himself dies of sorrow. Margaret was buried in the lower chancel, and William in the higher. A rose sprang from her breast, and a thorn from his; and ultimately they

joined, above the church-spire, in a true-love knot,

"Which made the people admire."

Bishop Percy gives, in his "Reliques," a final stanza, narrating how the clerk cut it down, which, as it is in rather a mocking tone, I incline to hold spurious—added by somebody personally hostile to clerks, and intended to bring the whole fraternity into ridicule.

The greater part of the genuine old songs which the people loved must have perished, as the Saturnian verses of Italy in old times did. By Queen Elizabeth's time, the minstrels had become "rogues and vagabonds," and were so declared in an Act of Parliament. The whole relations of the old life were altering. Poor laws were coming on, and the then "minstrels" we may suppose—if they went on *churning* over old stories, expressing a class of feelings which belonged neither to them nor their contemporaries—had become what we call bobbies, having lost all the heart and breath properly becoming their occupation, and being idle wasters of their own and the public time. Many a once noble order has degenerated into a gang of 'rogues and vagabonds.' The feudal minstrel became extinct. Ancient literature, besides foreign contemporary literature, were flowing into England from the urns of the past, and from the courts and cities of the South. Warton remarks that 'the revival of classical learning gave a temporary check to vernacular composition.' Henceforth, poetry became part of literature, and literature is only itself a part of life. It would be a curious inquiry, how far the character of those orders of the people, to whom books were unknown objects for generations afterwards, was affected by the cessation of minstrelsy, and the confinement of poetic expressions to books. Even in our day, the people are only attaining—particularly in rural districts—to any mental food equal to the old ballads and songs of their forefathers.

One of the first effects of the classical studies must have been an increased attention to prose, and they had very soon a palpable effect on our language. The influence of ancient literature is manifested by all English song writers after this. But let us not forget, while speaking of this period, our earliest good drinking song—one of the most national of all our songs—which first appeared in 1561. It celebrates the praise of ale, and was written by a bishop, John Stull, Bishop of Bath and Wells. There is some honesty in an Englishman's writing in praise of ale. How can the public at large sympathise with the mere praise of wine? I quote one stanza from the Right Reverend Prelate's production—

"I love no roast but a nut brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me good,
Much bread I don't desire."

No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly leapt
Of jolly good ale and old
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old

It would be superfluous to quote any of Shakespeare's songs, snatches of divine melody that rise here and there from his plays, like larks starting singing from a beautiful landscape. One is glad to know that he has quoted from the old songs of the country occasionally, fragments which roll down to us on the surface of his great river of fame from the heart of the old times. Desdemona's melancholy chant of "the Willow," and Iago's roistering verses, were both derived from old national ditties.

The song-writers who made their appearance about the time of the extinction of the minstrels, and whose lucubrations were gathered into "Garlands," and into various collections with fanciful names, have a more conventional tone than the old singers. The school of classical pastoral now makes its appearance—a school whose lucubrations haunt us down to the days of Shenstone, and beyond them. *Phyllis*, and *Amynta* were imported into our landscapes, and stood shivering in them like so many foreign slaves exposed for sale. Every lover was a "shepherd," but in our cold climate, these Arcadian transplantations will not grow. We must look for our best songs in the poems of original writers after this. The productions of what Dr Johnson called the "Metaphysical Poets," read more natural, and look more honest, than the theatrical amorosities of the sham-pastoral writers.

The founder of that school of Metaphysical Poets, so well known to us from Johnson's "Life of Cowley," was Donne, born the year before Ben Jonson. Donne, whose biography by Isaac Walton is one of the most delightful books we have, was a pious, learned man, of great wit and intellectual subtlety. This is the peculiarity of the man, and was of the school. They were good loving men, like neighbours. Old Donne made a thorough match, but when he celebrated the passion of love in song, he and his disciples did so in their caps and gowns, and robes. When the heart of a "Metaphysical Poet" was taken by storm, the intellect—like Archimedes, when Syracuse was taken—remained employed in the subtlest exercise in the very heat of the capture. Fancy a lady being addressed thus. We quote from Donne. He is speaking of the souls of himself and his lady-love.

"If they be two, they are two so,
As stiff twin compasses are two,
My soul the fixed foot makes no show
To move, but doth if t' other do.

"And though it be the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

"Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like t' other foot obliquely run
Thy firmness makes my circle just
And makes me end where I begun

In another poem he tells us that his affection had grown "corpulent," and he was obliged to limit it to "a sigh a day!"

Donne was much admired, and by nobody more than by Ben Jonson. Of Ben's own songs, the famous one, beginning

"Drunk to me only with thine eyes,

is too well known to need repetition. The first great name of Donne's school was Crashaw—the pious wit who wrote of the holiest subjects in epigrams. But here are two very sweet little stanzas of song by him—

"Well does the May, that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes,
Mutual sweetens thus they express
No April e'er lent softer showers,
Nor May returned fairer flowers

"We go not to seek
The dallies of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head,
No such thing we go to meet
A worthless object, our Lord's feet

Tennyson has, by a coincidence,

"April in her tender eyes,

in his "In Memoriam." Crashaw was a gentle, saintly spirit. He abandoned the Protestant for the Catholic Church, without losing the veneration of his friends, and died at Loretto. Cowley wrote a beautiful poem on his death, and was, indeed, himself one of the same school.

Your Donnes and Crashaws, however, are too weighty writers to swim. They loaded their works with learning, wit, fancy, cumbersomely. Their great reputations have gone down as the "Royal George" did, and only a few adventurous divs occasionally to bring something up from the wreck. We must look at more genial men, at Herrick, Waller, Suckling, the song writers of the Civil War days. These were more men of the world, men of "wit and pleasure." Most of the song-writers in that century were Cavaliers, vivacious gentlemen, who, when the King's cause grew desperate, fell with redoubled energy on the bottle. Alexander Brome proceeded, instantaneously, to call on that old friend for inspiration and consolation, whenever the Royal party suffered a reverse.

Waller ranks, by general consent, among the earliest improvers of the music of our

verification, and there is one song of his so charming that it appears in almost every collection of merit, from Campbell's "*Beauties*" downwards.*

"Go, lovely Rose"
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung,
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have un-commended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then, die! that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

Herrick has signalised himself by the finest "*Anacreontic*" in our language. I mean the one beginning,

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
Old Time is still a flying,
And the same flower that blooms to day,
To-morrow will be dying."

Here is a pretty love conceit.

"TO ELECTRA.

"I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or thus,
I might grow proud the while.

"No, no! the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee!"

The most remarkable instances of the wonderful adroitness of his fancy are found in his little poem on Fairies. His fancy was redundant; he speaks of a "coy girl," who he says

"Strings my tears as pearl."

Herrick's "*Hesperides*" came out in 1648. There is a freshness about his strains which carries one back to the Shakspearean days. In his views of scenery, in his dalliance with flowers and love thoughts, his truthful poetry alternates between the dashing wit of "*Mermaid*" talk and the bright freshness of the country.

I scarcely know whether the following lines can be said to constitute "a song." I extract them from that part of the "*Hesperides*" which is devoted to religious subjects. The

original edition of 1648, with its quaint type and spelling, and its dedication to Prince Charles (Herrick was a Royalist), is before me.

"THE ROSE.

"Before Man's fall, the Rose was born
(St. Ambrose says) without the thorn;
But for man's fault, then was the thorn
Without the fragrant rose-bud born;
But ne'er the rose without the thorn."

I pass by the songs, which we all know, of the great intellect of the century; the song which calls "*Echo*" from the haunts of the "*love-lorn nightingale*," &c.; the song which summons "*Sabrina fair*" from the "*glassy*," cool, translucent wave," wherein she shall be seen for ever. No one needs now to be told of them.

Dryden has not left us a good song in all his family of volumes. His songs are of the Sham-Pastoral School. Here is a very characteristic one by Sir John Suckling, the convivial, sincere, and stanch royalist, who raised a troop of horse for the King at his own expense. It represents very well the tone of his school—easy, flippant—not ungentlemanly, but not very exalted.

"Whv so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?"

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?"

"Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If, of herself, she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her!"

While Suckling and Dryden wrote, translations from the classics had been going on. Most gentlemen of literary tastes tied their hands at turning out versions of *Anacreon*, *Horace*, or *Catullus*. "*Celia*" and "*Chloris*" are the prevailing names of the period. And there is always visible the tendency to make wit take the place of heart, which corrupts all writing, and that of songs particularly.

This tendency advanced. In Congreve, the song became a mere epigram. Parnell hammered away at "*Celia*" and "*Anacreontics*." The songs of Anne's time were not inspired melodies, like the old Shakspearean ones; nor deep fantastic love-rhymes, like Donne's and Cowley's; nor gay Pagan flights of Epicureanism, like the songs of the Cavalier days. They were wretched pieces of rhymed artificial sentiment. Gay's are witty enough, and his "*Black-eyed Susan*" has nature in it, as Gay himself had; but is an exception to his fellows. I doubt if that time produced a

* The latest collection of English Songs is that published in the National Illustrated Library, which is very generally accessible, on account of its cheapness.

od song ; except the above, and our homely, niliar friend, by Carey, "Sally in our Alley," which Addison admired. At last, the song, despite the easy melody of Collins, reached its final degradation in Shenstone ; whose only decent poem is the least *Shenstonian* thing he did. Shenstone's "songs" are mere easy rhymes of feeble sentiment and feeble epigram ; songs about "Fulvia" and "Daphne." From the Revolution, on through the greater part of the century, our most popular writers were didactic writers ; men who stand on the opposite pole to singers. Our music, too, was at a low ebb. Our taste in that matter was overridden by the Italian Opera ; of whose great musical authorities it becomes me to speak respectfully ; but they did not inspire national song.

When we come to the days of Scott, and Byron, and Shelley, not forgetting, *en passant*, the "Toll for the Brave" of Cowper, too long for quotation here, we find no dearth of good songs. Scott's healthy chants ; Byron's passionate or plaintive ones ; the exquisite melody of such a song as Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air ;"—these, "with the genuine lark-notes of a Burns" (as Carlyle calls them), remind us, once more, that we are English.

Moore's great fame makes me not omit his charming "Irish Melodies." As musicians set words to music, he sets music to words. James Smith, his friend, in a letter preserved in his *Memoirs*, that Moore declared that "his forte was music ; that he was no poet apart from that sensation." Doubtless, the chief charm of his songs is their association with the music to which they were written. Separate them from that, they are merely fanciful, clever, pretty. Yet there are English songs, which are their own music, and which, do what you will, you cannot separate from melody. Pound their body (as old Anaxarchus the philosopher told the tyrant), you cannot pound their soul.

Dibdin, the naval song writer, gave us a body of songs, entirely national. It is true that the clever, witty, good Earl of Dorset (Dryden's friend and patron), who served in the Dutch war in Charles's days, as several young gentlemen then did—has left us his—

"To all you ladies now on land
We men at sea indite,"

which the courtesy of England admits into all collections of sea-songs. But this playful ditty was intended for the "ladies now on land," and for all sorts of idle brave lounging fellows about Pall Mall. It is not a sea-song : not racy, salt, and hard, reeking of the ocean like a lump of sea-weed, as Dibdin's songs are. Dibdin gives you a song picturing the man-of-war life—a homely, manly strain ; which sets all the trusting, sturdy courage, the jolly companionship, and love of grog of the old-school sailors to a rough music ; as if you had set their grog cans and their rude lower-deck furniture a-jingling ! His are such songs as

those rough storm-beaten tars sung in the night-watches ; lying huddled up in their jackets in "the watch," on clear moonlight nights, when the ship was jogging quietly along, and there was no sail in sight. They intensify the nautical life ; they make all sorts of teaching subservient to it ; for, says Dibdin :—

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor 's a trip."

This was the perpetual upshot of all Dibdin had to say. Jack had a complete creed and code of morals set to music. Dibdin's songs afford, as far as I know, the solitary case of a man creating a literature ; they were to Jack a whole literature—and about as much literature as Jack cared to have. Dibdin gave comedy, song, ethics and tragedy to him all in one. His "Helicon," like the ship's "coppers," held beef, vegetables, and pudding, in itself.

From the fo'castle to the drawing-room is a wide step ; but we are compelled to take it. There was a time when sea-songs were the "rage ;" they were fashionable : but within later years, a kind of drawing-room sentimental school made its appearance, and being well backed by composers, who rather love mediocrity, beat away on "the drum of the world's ear" with great success. We "never mentioned her," for example, for many a long night, till pianos groaned, and the heart of man grew sick. To this class belongs many a song still sung occasionally, alternating between prettiness and drivel. And yet our age has produced as noble songs as ever the world heard. Witness the "Bugle Song" from Tennyson's "Princess :—

"The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild catamaran leaps in glory.
Blow ! bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying—
Blow, bugle ! answer, echoes ! dying, dying, dying !

"Oh hark ! oh hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfin faintly blowing !
Blow ! let us hear the purple glens replying—
Blow, bugle ! answer, echoes ! dying, dying, dying !

"Oh love, they die in your rich sky !
They faint on hill, on field, on river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever !
Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer ! dying, dying, dying !"

These echoes will "roll from soul to soul" long after we have ceased to hear them.

We have seen how the characters of songs have varied in different ages with us. No-body can doubt that we have numbers of

beautiful ones. But the complaint at present is, that composers and song-writers have no harmony in their work. The songs circulated among the people are inferior to the tone of the country's thought and the English mind and attract chiefly by the jingle to which they are set.

A FASHIONABLE FORGER.

I AM an attorney and a bill discounter. As it is my vocation to lend money at high interest to extravagant people; my connexion principally lies among "fools," sometimes among rogues, "of quality." Mine is a pursuit which a prejudiced world either holds in sovereign contempt, or visits with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but to my mind, there are many callings, with finer names, that are no better. It gives me two things which I love—money and power; but I cannot deny that it brings with it a bad name. The case lies between character and money, and involves a matter of taste. Some people like character; I prefer money.

If I am hated and despised, I chuckle over the "per contra." I find it pleasant for members of a proud aristocracy to condescend from their high estate to fawn, feign, flatter; to affect even mirthful familiarity in order to gain my good-will. I am no Shylock. No client can accuse me of desiring either his flesh or his blood. Sentimental vengeance is no item in my stock in trade. Gold and bank-notes satisfy my "rage;" or, if need be, a good mortgage. Far from seeking revenge, the worst defaulter I ever had dealings with cannot deny that I am always willing to accept a good post-obit.

I say again, I am daily brought in contact with all ranks of society, from the poverty-stricken patentee to the peer; and I am no more surprised at receiving an application from a duchess than from a pet opera-dancer. In my ante-room wait, at this moment, a crowd of borrowers. Among the men, beardless folly and monstachioed craft are most prominent; there is a handsome young fellow, with an elaborate cane and wonderfully vacant countenance, who is anticipating, in feeble follies, an estate that has been in the possession of his ancestors since the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is a hairy, high-nosed, broken-down non-descript, in appearance something between a horse-dealer and a pugilist. He is an old Etonian. Five years ago he drove his four-in-hand; he is now waiting to beg a sovereign, having been just discharged from the Insolvent Court, for the second time. Among the women, a actress, who, a few years since, looked down to a supper of steak and onions, with stout, on a Saturday night, as a great treat, now finds one hundred pounds a month insufficient to pay her wine-merchant and her confectioneer. I am obliged to deal with each case according to its peculiarities. Genuine

undeserved Ruin seldom knocks at my door. Mine is a perpetual battle with people who imbibe trickery at the same rate as they dissolve their fortunes. I am a hard man, of course. I should not be fit for my pursuit if I were not; but when, by a remote chance, honest misfortune pays me a visit, as Rothschild amused himself at times by giving a beggar a guinea, so I occasionally treat myself to the luxury of doing a kind action.

My favourite subjects for this unnatural generosity, are the very young, or the poor, innocent, helpless people, who are unfit for the war of life. Many among my clients (especially those tempered in the "ice-brook" of fashion and high life—polished and passionless) would be too much for me, if I had not made the face, the eye, the accent, as much my study as the mere legal and financial points of discount. To show what I mean, I will relate what happened to me not long since:—

One day, a middle-aged man, in the usual costume of a West-end shopman, who had sent in his name as Mr. Axminster, was shown into my private room. After a little hesitation, he said, "Although you do not know me, living at this end of the town, I know you very well by reputation, and that you discount bills. I have a bill here which I want to get discounted. I am in the employ of Messrs. Russle and Smooth. The bill is drawn by one of our best customers, the Hon. Miss Snape, niece of Lord Blimley, and accepted by Major Munge; whom, no doubt, you know by name. She has dealt with us for some years, is very, very extravagant; but always pays." He put the acceptance—which was for two hundred pounds—into my hands.

I looked at it as scrutinisingly as I usually do at such paper. The Major's signature was familiar to me; but having succeeded to a great estate, he has long ceased to be a customer. I instantly detected a forgery; by whom? was the question. Could it be the man before me?—experience told me it was not.

Perhaps there was something in the expression of my countenance which Mr. Axminster did not like, for he said, "It is good for the amount, I presume?"

I replied, "Pray, sir, from whom did you get this bill?"

"From Miss Snape herself."

"Have you circulated any other bills made by the same drawer?"

"O yes!" said the draper, without hesitation; "I have paid away a bill for one hundred pounds to Mr. Sparkle, the jeweller, to whom Miss Snape owed twenty pounds. They gave me the difference."

"And how long has that bill to run now?"

"About a fortnight."

"Did you endorse it?"

"I did," continued the shopman. "Mr. Sparkle required me to do so, to show that the bill came properly into his possession."

"This second bill, you say, is urgently required to enable Miss Snape to leave town?"

"Yes; she is going to Brighton for the winter."

I gave Mr. Axminster a steady, piercing look of inquiry. "Pray, sir," I said, "could you meet that one hundred pounds bill, supposing it should not be paid by the acceptor?"

"Meet it?" The poor fellow wiped from his forehead the perspiration which suddenly broke out at the bare hint of a probability that the bill would be dishonoured: "Meet it? O no! I am a married man, with a family, and have nothing but my salary to

"Then, the sooner you get it taken up, and the less you have to do with Miss Snape's bill affairs, the better."

"She has always been punctual hitherto."

"That may be," I pointed to the cross-writing on the document, and said deliberately—"This bill is a forgery!"

At these words the poor man turned pale. He snatched up the document; and, with many incoherent protestations, was rushing toward the door, when I called to him, in an authoritative tone, to stop. He paused. His manner indicating not only doubt, but fear. I said to him, "Don't flurry yourself; I only want to serve you. You tell me that you are a married man, with children, dependent on daily labour for daily bread; and that you have done a little discounting for Miss Snape out of your earnings. Now, although I am a bill discounter, I don't like to see such men victimised. Look at the body of this bill: look at the signature of your lady customer, the drawer. Don't you detect the same fine, thin, sharp-pointed hand-writing in the words, 'Accepted, Dymmock Munge'?"

The man, convinced against his will, was at first overcome. When he recovered, he raved: he would expose the Honourable Miss Snape, if it cost him his bread: he would go at once to the police office.

I stopped him, by saying, roughly, "Don't be a fool. Any such steps would seal your ruin. Take my advice; return the bill to the lady, saying simply that you cannot get it discounted. Leave the rest to me, and I think the bill you have endorsed to Sparkle will be paid." Comforted by this assurance, Axminster, fearfully changed from the nervous, but snug hopeful man of the morning, departed.

It now remained for me to exert what skill I own, to bring about the desired result. I lost no time in writing a letter to the Honourable Miss Snape, of which the following is a copy:—

"Madam,—A bill, purporting to be drawn by you, has been offered to me for discount. There is something wrong about it; and, though a stranger to you, I advise you to lose no time in getting it back into your own hands.—D. D."

I intended to deal with the affair quietly, and without any view to profit.

that I was sorry—you may laugh—but I really was sorry to think that a young girl might have given way to temptation under pressure of pecuniary difficulties. If it had been a man's case, I doubt whether I should have interfered.

By the return of post, a lady's maid entered my room, profusely decorated with ringlets, lace, and perfumed with *patchouli*. She brought a letter from her mistress. It ran thus:—

Sir,—I cannot sufficiently express my thanks for your kindness in writing to me on the subject of the bills; of which I had also heard a few hours previously. As a perfect stranger to you, I cannot estimate your kind consideration at too high a value. I trust the matter will be explained; but I should much like to see you. If you would be kind enough to write a note as soon as you receive this, I will order it to be sent to me at once to Tyburn Square. I will wait on you at any hour on Friday you may appoint. I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that you transact business for my friend Sir John Markham, and you will therefore know the enclosed to be his hand-writing. Again thanking you most gratefully, allow me to remain your much and deeply obliged, JULIANA SNAPE."

This note was written upon delicate French paper, embossed with a coat of arms. It was in a fauzy envelope: the whole richly perfumed, and redolent of rank and fashion. Its contents were an implied confession or forgery.

Silence, or three lines of indignation, would have been the only innocent answer to my letter. But Miss Snape thanked me. She let me know, by implication, that she was on intimate terms with a name good on a West-end bill. My answer was, that I should be alone on the following afternoon at five.

At the hour fixed, punctual to a moment, a brougham drew up at the corner of the street next to my chambers. The Honourable Miss Snape's card was handed in. Presently, she entered, swimming into my room, richly yet simply dressed in the extreme of Parisian good taste. She was pale—or rather colourless. She had fair hair, fine teeth, and a fashionable voice. She threw herself gracefully into the chair I handed to her, and began by uncoiling a string of phrases, to the effect that her visit was merely to consult me on "unavoidable pecuniary difficulties."

According to my mode, I allowed her to talk; putting in only an occasional word of question, that seemed rather a random observation than a significant query. At length, after walking round and round the subject, like a timid horse in a field, round a groom, with a sieve of oats, she came nearer and nearer the subject. When she had fairly approached the point, she stopped, as if courage had failed her.

recovered, and why you should me, a perfect

stranger." Another pause—"I wonder no one ever suspected me before."

Here was a confession and a key to character. The cold gray, thin compressed lips, which I had time to observe, were true indexes to the "lady's" inner heart:—selfish, calculating, utterly devoid of conscience; unable to conceive the existence of spontaneous kindness; utterly indifferent to anything except discovery; and almost indifferent to that, because convinced that no serious consequences could affect a lady of her rank and influence.

"Madam," I replied, "as long as you dealt with tradesmen accustomed to depend on aristocratic customers, your rank and position, and their large profits, protected you from suspicion; but you have made a mistake in descending from your vantage ground to make a poor shopman your innocent accomplice—a man who will be keenly alive to anything that may injure his wife or children. His terrors—but for my interposition—would have ruined you utterly. Tell me, how many of these things have you put afloat?"

She seemed a little taken aback by this speech; but was wonderfully firm. She passed her white jewelled hand over her eyes, seemed calculating, and then whispered, with a confident look of innocent helplessness, admirably assumed—

"About as many as amount to twelve hundred pounds."

"And what means have you for meeting them?"

At this question, so plainly put, her face flushed. She half rose from her chair, and exclaimed, in the true tone of aristocratic hauteur—"Really, sir, I do not know what right you have to ask me that question."

I laughed a little, though not very loud. It was rude, I own; but who could have helped it? I replied, speaking low; but slowly and distinctly:—"You forget. I did not send for you: you came to me. You have forged bills to the amount of twelve hundred pounds. Yours is not the case of a ruined merchant, or an ignorant over-tempted clerk. In your case a jury" (she shuddered at that word) "would find no extenuating circumstances; and if you should ever fall into the hands of justice, you will be convicted, degraded, clothed in a prison dress, and transported for life. I do not want to speak harshly; but I insist that you find means to take up the bill which Mr. Axminster has so unwittingly endorsed!"

The Honourable Miss Snape's grand manner melted away. She wept. She seized and pressed my hand. She cast up her eyes, full of tears, and went through the part of a

victim with great fervour. She

do anything; anything in the world have the poor man. Indeed, she had intended to appropriate part of the two hundred

that she
of town.

Without interrupting, I let her go on and degrade herself by a simulated passion of repentance, regret, and thankfulness to me, under which she hid her fear and her mortification at being detected. I at length put an end to a scene of admirable acting, by recommending her to go abroad immediately, to place herself out of reach of any sudden discovery; and then lay her case fully before her friends, who would, no doubt, feel bound to come forward with the full amount of the forged bills. "But," she exclaimed, with an entreating air, "I have no money; I cannot go without money!" To that observation I did not respond; although I am sure she expected that I should, check-book in hand, offer her a loan.

I do not say so without reason; for, the very next week, this honourable young lady came again; and, with sublime assurance and a number of very charming, winning speeches (which might have had their effect upon a younger man), asked me to lend her one hundred pounds, in order that she might take the advice I had so obligingly given her, and retire into private life for a certain time in the country.

I do meet with a great many impudent people in the course of my calling—I am not very deficient in assurance myself—but this actually took away my breath.

"Really, madam," I answered, "you pay a very ill compliment to my gray hairs; and would fain make me a very ill return for the service I have done you, when you ask me to lend a hundred pounds to a young lady who owns to having forged to the extent of one thousand two hundred pounds, and to owing eight hundred pounds besides. I wished to save a personage of your years and position from a disgraceful career; but I am too good a trustee for my children to lend money to anybody in such a dangerous position as yourself."

"Oh!" she answered, quite unabashed, without a trace of the fearful, tender pleading of the previous week's interview—quite as if I had been an accomplice, "I can give you excellent security."

"That alters the case; I can lend any amount on good security."

"Well, sir, I can get the acceptances of three friends of ample means."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Snape, that you will write down the names of three parties who will accept a bill for one hundred pounds for you?"

Yes, she could, and did actually write down the names of three distinguished men. Now I knew for certain that not one of those noblemen would have put his name to a bill on any account whatever for his dearest friend; but, in her unabashed self-confidence, she thought of passing another forgery on me. I closed the conference by saying, "I cannot assist you;" and she retired with the air of an injured person. In the course

of a few days I heard from Mr. Arminster, that his liability of one hundred pounds had been duly honoured.

In my active and exciting life, one day extinguishes the recollection of the events of the preceding day; and, for a time, I thought no more about the fashionable forger. I had taken it for granted that, heartily frightened, although not repenting, she had paused in her felonious pursuits.

My business, one day, led me to the establishment of one of the most wealthy and respectable legal firms in the city, where I am well known, and, I believe, valued; for at all times I am most politely, I may say most cordially, received. Mutual profits create a wonderful freemasonry between those who have not any other sympathy or sentiment. Politics, religion, morality, difference of rank, are all equalised and republicanism by the division of an account. No sooner had I entered the *sanctum*, than the senior partner, Mr. Preceps, began to quiz his junior, Mr. Jones, with, "Well, Jones must never joke friend Discount any more about usury. Just imagine," he continued, addressing me, "Jones has himself been discounting a bill for a lady; and a deuced pretty one too. He sat next her at dinner in Grosvenor Square last week. Next day she gave him a call here, and he could not refuse her extraordinary request. Gad, it is hardly fair for Jones to be poaching on your domains of West-end paper!"

Mr. Jones smiled quietly, as he observed, "Why, you see, she is the niece of one of our best clients; and, really, I was so taken by surprise, that I did not know how to refuse."

"Pray," said I, interrupting his excuses, "does your young lady's name begin with S. Has she not a very pale face, and cold gray eyes?"

The partners stared.

"Ah! I see it is so; and can at once tell you that the bill is not worth a rush."

"Why, you don't mean——?"

"I mean simply that the acceptance is, I'll lay you a wager, a forgery."

"A forgery!"

"A forgery," I repeated, as distinctly as possible.

Mr. Jones hastily, and with broken ejaculations, called for the cash-box. With trembling hands he took out the bill, and followed my finger with eager, watchful eyes, as I pointed out the proofs of my assertion.

A long pause was broken by my mocking laugh; for, at the moment, my sense of politeness could not restrain my satisfaction at the signal defeat which had attended the first experiment of these highly respectable gentlemen in the science of usury.

The partners did not have recourse to the police. They did not propose a consultation with either Mr. Forrester or Mr. Field; but they took certain steps, under my recommendation; the result of which was that at an early day, an aunt of the Honourable

Miss Snape was driven, to save so near a connexion from transportation, to sell out some fourteen hundred pounds of stock, and all the forgeries were taken up.

One would have thought that the lady who had thus so narrowly escaped, had had enough; but forgery, like opium-eating, is one of those charming vices which is never abandoned, when once adopted. The forger enjoys not only the pleasure of obtaining money so easily, but the triumph of befooling sharp men of the world. Dexterous penmanship is a source of the same sort or pride as that which animates the skillful rifle-man, the practised duellist, or well-trained billiard-player. With a clean Gillott he fetches down a capitalist, at three or six months, for a cool hundred or a round thousand; just as a Scrope drops over a stag at ten, or a Gordon Cumming a monstrous male elephant at a hundred paces.

As I before observed, my connexion especially lies among the improvident—among those who will be ruined—who are being ruined—and who have been ruined. To the last class belongs Francis Fisherton, once a gentleman, now without a shilling or a principle; but rich in mother-wit—in fact a *farceur*, after Paul de Kock's own heart. Having in bygone days been one of my willing victims, he occasionally finds pleasure and profit in guiding others through the gate he frequented, as long as able to pay the tolls. In truth he is what is called a "discount agent."

One day I received a note from him, to say that he would call on me at three o'clock the next day, to introduce a lady of family, who wanted a bill "done" for one hundred pounds. So ordinary a transaction merely needed a memorandum in my diary, "Tuesday, 3 P.M.; F.F., 100*l*. Bill." The hour came and passed; but no Frank, which was strange—because every one must have observed, that, however dilatory people are in paying, they are wonderfully punctual when they expect to receive money.

At five o'clock, in rushed my Jackall. His story, disentangled from oaths and ejaculations, amounted to this:—In answer to one of the advertisements he occasionally addresses "To the Embarrassed," in the columns of the "Times," he received a note from a lady, who said she was anxious to get a "bill done"—the acceptance of a well-known man of rank and fashion. A correspondence was opened, and an appointment made. At the hour fixed, neatly shaved, brushed, gloved, booted,—the revival, in short, of that high-bred Frank Fisherton, who was so famous

"In his hot youth, when Crockford's was the thing," glowing with only one glass of brandy "just to steady his nerves," he met the lady at a West-end pastry-cook's.

After a few words (for all the material questions had been settled by correspondence) she stepped into her carriage, and invited

Frank to take a seat beside her. Elated with a compliment of late years so rare, he commenced planning the orgies which were to reward him for weeks of enforced fasting, when the coachman, reverentially touching his hat, looked down from his seat for orders.

"To ninety-nine, George Street, St James's," cried Fisherton, in his loudest tones.

In an instant, the young lady's pale face changed to scarlet, and then to ghastly green. In a whisper, rising to a scream, she exclaimed, "Good heavens! you do not mean to *that* man's house" (meaning *me*). "Indeed, I cannot go to him, on any account, he is a most horrid man, I am told, and charges most extravagant!"

"Madam," answered Frank, in great perturbation, "I beg your pardon, but you have been grossly misinformed. I have known that excellent man *thrice* twenty years, and paid him hundreds on hundreds, but never so much by ten per cent as you offered me for discounting your bill."

"Sir, I cannot have anything to do with your friend." Then, violently pulling the check-string, "Stop," she gasped, "and, *will* you have the goodness to get out?"

"And so I got out," continued Fisherton, "and lost my time, and the heavy investment I made in getting myself up for the assignation, new pinnock gloves, and a shilling to the hair-dresser—*hug her!* But did you ever know anything like the prejudices that must prevail against you? I am disgusted with human nature. Could you lend me half a sovereign till Saturday?"

I snuk'd, I said, I said the half sovereign and let him go, for he is not exactly the person to whom it was advisable to entrust all the secrets relating to the Honourable Miss Snape.

Since that day I look each morning in the police reports, with considerable interest, but, up to the present hour, the Honourable Miss Snape has lived and thrived in the best society.

AN ABIDING DREAM

WHERE the mill stream blindly rushes,
And the mill wheel grinds the corn,
Like a fledgling softly chuping
From a thicket, I was born.

And the miller was my father,
Merry hearted man was he,
But his eye was ever brightest
When it turned on home and me.

He was both my parents to me,
Mother I had never seen,
Oft I fancied, sitting lonely,
What her features might have been.

Only when I asked him of her,
Tears bedimmed his honest face,
And he faltered in his accents,
Turning ~~round~~ the vacant place,

Where, unoccupied and mournful,
Stood her old accustomed chair;
And I used to gaze upon it
Till I fancied she was there.

So I grew up better for it,
Speaking gently unto all,
For I reasoned, "Mother hears them,—
All the angry words that fall."

One there was I often talked with;
Often came she to the mill,
'Twas the village baker's daughter,
Empty sacks to bring and fill.

And she told me of the people
Living in the village near,
And her idle prattle pleased me,
Telling sweetly on my ear.

Ah! I knew not that I loved her,
But when'er she smiling came,
My full heart beat double measure,
And my cheeks were all a flame.

Till she met me one bright morning,
Blushing like a damask rose,
Saying, that she might be married,
And a lady, if she chose.

'Twas as if an icy finger
Froze the current of my blood!
Pale and speechless—pale and speechless,
Gazing on the ground I stood.

Riches proved too strong temptation,
She was dazzled by the glare
And I turned me, broken hearted,
To the old remembered chair.

All my daily toil was irksome,
And the rushing of the stream,
And the mill wheel ever turning,
Only seemed a painful dream.

And my father marked my paleness,
And he took my trembling hand,
Saying, "I have met with losses,
Let us seek another land."

How I longed to leave the dwelling!
Everything of value there
Was exchanged to buy our outfit,
Save the roughly fashioned chair.

Wild adventures, stern privations,
Struggles hard for life and food,
Turned the river of my fancies,
Changed the current of my blood.

And my father, growing aged,
Rested from his daily toil,
Leaving to my younger shoulders
To prepare the stubborn soil.

Proud was I of such an office,
Labouring with weary feet,
And my mother, in the evening,
Smiled upon me from her seat.

And his cheerfulness repaid me
All my diligence and care,
Till I found him, cold and lifeless,
Lying in my mother's chair!

Then I wept aloud for anguish,
Anguish I could not restrain;
"O my father! O my father!"
Cried I many times in vain.

For his lips were sealed for ever;
So I hollowed out the earth,
And I buried him afar off
From the land that gave him birth.

On the day that he was buried,
Breaking loose against my will,
Travelled back my wayward fancies
To the mill-stream and the mill.

I was sitting in the door-way,
As of old, and she beside;
She the idol of my boyhood,
Crown of all my youthful pride;

Whilst the crimson hues of sunset
Glowed in all the western sky,
And I thought I read an answer
In the softness of her eye.

And I found a sort of comfort,
Thinking what was left untold,
That she loved me ere her spirit
Yielded to the power of gold.

Wealth is won from many sources;
Wealthy former I became;
But my love, the one who loved not
In return, remained the same.

KENDAL WEAVERS AND WEAVING.

In Domesday Boke, there is mention of a church at Kirkby Candale; whereby we know that Kendal, as we call it now, was a centre to which the Saxon inhabitants of the Westmoreland Moors came for worship and religious comforts. And perhaps for other comforts too; for, by the church, dwelt monks, who, in those days, fed the helpless, and gave out the little knowledge that was free to the many. According to tradition, there lived the hermit, in a hut shaped like a beehive, and almost hidden by a double fence; and here and there, among the heathery hills which slope up from the river Kent on either side, were scattered the cottages of that time—thatched with reeds, and fit to yield only the rudest shelter to the shepherds, whose flocks were all abroad over the fells, and on the green margins of the nearer lakes. This church was to serve the whole population, from the foot of Helvellyn to the borders of Lancashire; and it probably served well enough; for though there were a good many sheep, there were very few people. That there were so many sheep, and that they fed on hills covered with broom and heather, were the circumstances out of which arose afterwards the existence of a multitude of people, and the importance to which Kendal attained a few hundred years later. How came it that from these sheep being on these particular hills, we have seen, in our own time, upwards

of half-a-million of people employed on the woollen manufactures of our island?

It happened thus. For two or three hundred years after the church of Candale was entered in Domesday Boke, the Flemings were the greatest woollen manufacturers in the world, and indeed almost the only considerable manufacturers. History states (we may please ourselves about believing it or not) that in the city of Louvain there were, in the times of the insurrection against Spain, one hundred and fifty thousand weavers, and four thousand woollen drapers; and that when the operatives were going home from work, a great bell was rung, to warn mothers to gather their little children within doors, lest they should be trodden down by the crowd in the streets. When political troubles broke up this mass of people, our English kings invited some of them over—or, at least, permitted them to come. Henry the First settled some of them in Wales; but the first who settled in England opened his manufacture in the reign of Edward the Third. His name was John Kempe. Of all places in the island, he chose that little valley in Westmoreland, and that bend of the river, on which stood Kirkby Candale, for his abiding place. Of course, he had reasons; and it is pretty clear what they were. The sheep were one reason; and another was, no doubt, the abundance of the broom, called by the country people "woodae," which grew on the neighbouring wilds. At this time, and for long after, wool made thirteen-fourteenths of our exports; and foreigners sent us in return woollen cloth, dyed and dressed, and a dying material wherewith to dye the small quantity of woollen woven at home. This dye was woad. Indigo was not then known as a dye, and woad was the only blue. Now, blue is one half of green; and in the broom which grew near Kendal, Mr. John Kempe and his successors had the other half—the yellow; hence arose the famous Kendal green, which was renowned for centuries, even to within a hundred years, when it was driven out by the Saxon green. This Kendal green was the first celebrated English colour. The cloth, of the colour of the wool, was first boiled in alum water, and then in a decoction from this broom: which made it a bright yellow. Then, there was only to dip it in the blue liquor from the woad, and it was Kendal green. This was all! And now, in a shed which overhangs the same bend of the river, there is dyeing going on, for one establishment alone, which requires between forty and fifty elementary dyes; the compounds from which would be almost innumerable—woods, gums, acids, insects, earths; a vast apparatus for giving colour, compared with the simple broom and woad of John Kempe's time! The time and the man were held in vivid remembrance for several centuries. They were celebrated at the last Kendal Guild, in 1769, together with some times and

persons which were a good deal older. After Jason, with his golden fleece, supported by a shepherd and shepherdess, and Bishop Blaise, attended by wool-combers, came Edward III., with a company of Shearmen dyers; and the English King, in armour, was followed by Minerva and Arachne, in honour of the weaving and spinning arts; and it is said that some of John Kempe's descendants were present. A feast, given within this week, seems at once a curious linking with, and a curious contrast to, that ancient celebration of the Guild. The rejoicing this week was on account of the honour borne by Kendal at the Great Exhibition, where prizes were gained by carpets of Messrs. Whitwell's manufacture. When John Kempe was setting up the Kendal manufacture, he dreamed not of carpets. In the royal palace, the floors were strewn with rushes, in which were only half hidden all manner of abominations; spillings of wine, lumps of fat, mire from unpaved streets, and whatever it was convenient to throw away, that was not too offensive for the interior of a dwelling. It was a grand feature of the luxury of Becket that his dining-room floor was duly strewn with straw or hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the guests for whom there was not room at the board might sit on the floor, without soiling their clothes. The office of rush-strewer to the royal household was retained in name until lately; and every year we see rush-bearing processions in the small towns of the district, in memory of the time when the churches were dressed annually with fresh rushes. Probably many a child who is employed in filling spools for the modern carpet-weaving, carries a garland on the rush-bearing day, in honour of the ancient makeshift.

Whether John Kempe detained any of the best wool at home, there is no saying; but it seems clear that, in general, the coarser sorts locally produced were kept at home, and the finer sent to foreign markets. Yet, we know, by acts of Parliament, passed during successive reigns, that Kendal cloths—soon called Kendal cottons—were an article of commerce of considerable importance. The length and breadth of these "cottons" (supposed to mean "coat-ings") were settled by legislative acts; and corn, then forbidden to be imported, was permitted to be brought to Kendal from Ireland. Within a century of John Kempe's settlement, his fabrics were originating at least one fair in the interior of the island. His woollens clothed a multitude of London people; and the Kendal men had no other idea than of carrying their ware to London. Now, a fair in London was no joke to the traders in those days. The journey was a dreary one, to begin with. The toll levied for the king in the market was heavy; but that, of course, was laid upon the price of the goods. The kings would not allow fairs to be held within a great distance, except at the places appointed

by themselves; and no care was taken to shelter the trader from the weather; so that some dismal accounts of London fairs have come down to us. On one occasion, a Kendal clothier got wet—both he and his goods got wet—on his journey to London; and he stopped on the spot where since, as Stourbridge fair, more woollen goods have been sold than at any other place in Europe. His cloth being sadly wetted, he thought he had better sell it for what it would fetch, and go home. It fetched more than his London journey would have left him. He and some of his townsmen naturally came again, next year, with cloth in good condition. "So that," says Fuller, "within a few years hither came a confluence of buyers, sellers, and lookers-on, which are the three principles of a fair."

Perhaps this is not the only occasion of Kendal goods being intercepted in their passage to London. The pack-horses which carried the "cottons" had to pass through districts where gentlemen of the road helped themselves to what they wanted from the stock of travellers. We are not referring to Robin Hood and his merry men, for they were cold in their graves before John Kempe set foot in England. The true date of Robin's adventures is now found to be the reign of Edward the First. Whether he and his band would have been dressed in Kendal green, if there had been such an article in his day, we may have our own conjectures. As it was, the old ballad tells us that King Edward borrowed garments of "Lyncolne Grene" from the outlaw's wardrobe. But Falstaff's enemies—the three who set upon him behind—were "in Kendal green;" a fact which that accurate narrator vouched for, though it was so dark that he could not see his hand. Kendal green was worn by knights of the road, it is clear; and they probably got it, as they got whatever else they wanted—by helping themselves with it on the road. Midway between the times of Prince Harry and his poet, the manufacture had reached its highest fame. The chroniclers tell us how the goods were spread over all the land; a local tradition relates how country weavers multiplied in every hamlet among the hills, and how fulling-mills might be found on every favourable stream. But the time had arrived when the woollen yarn was to be used for something else than Kendal cottons. We have mentioned the church at Caudale. There is also a castle—(that is, the mere ruins of one). No one knows when it was built; but a young lady was born there, and brought up there, who was courted by a King sadly given to fall in love. His wives had not been the happiest in the world; but the young lady married him—becoming the last queen of Henry the Eighth. This King had been accustomed, like other gentlemen, to wear cloth stockings; but during his reign silk stockings were heard of from abroad, and Henry much preferred knitted hose to the ordinary awkward cloth. It

appears that the Kendal folk were quick in taking a hint; for soon after this, there was a knitting of woollen hose proceeding in thousands of dwellings. This may seem like exaggeration; but if the local records be true, the quantity of stockings sold weekly at the Kendal market, one hundred years ago, was about three thousand pairs. The hosiers used to set out on their rounds at stated times; going to the principal markets to give out worsted, and to receive the finished goods. This amount of knitting may be more easily believed when we find that the number of pack-horses employed to carry out Kendal goods, before wagons were established, was above three hundred per week. One would like to know who, of all the people about the King when he came to Kendal Castle, examined his new silk stockings from Spain, and gave out the idea from which sprang all this industry, and all the comfort that it spread through the northern dales.

Meantime, the Kendal cottons were going beyond sea. They had lost favour at home before they were sent to clothe the negroes in Virginia. Raleigh's tobacco was a fine thing for Kendal. The more tobacco, the more slaves; the more slaves, the more Kendal cloth wanted for their wear. It was the American war that stopped the manufacture at last. Before the war was over, Yorkshire had got the start in regard to quality, owing to the introduction of improved machinery. The "cottons" descended in dignity—being used at last for horse-cloths, floor-cloths, scouring cloths (sometimes called "dwiles"). At last, the manufacture was admitted on all hands to have sunk below that of the linsey-woolsey (mixed linen and woollen), which had been rising for some years. Cotton fabrics were as yet scarcely heard of; almost all the Welsh, and multitudes of the Scotch and English working-classes, were dressed in linsey-woolsey—as indeed they are still. Between three and four hundred weavers are at this day employed in Kendal, in the manufacture of linsey-woolseys—all, of the old patterns that were preferred hundreds of years ago. The patterns and colours are various; more than could be supposed possible without inspecting the manufacturer's pattern-book; more than would be supposed possible in a material which is simply striped, and of which one pattern alone is required in any one locality. This local prevalence is the most curious feature of the case. The farmers' wives who wear the blue and black stripe, would not look at a pattern of the blue and red, which is exclusively worn a dozen miles off; and the neighbours who wear red and white, have a new red and white petticoat every three years or so, and will not hear of the red and black, which are the boast of the next county. The Glasgow sale is large; but it would stop at once if the good wives could have only the pattern which is worn on the shores of the Solway; and on

the two banks of the Mersey, the linsey-woolseys are as distinct in their colours as the plaids of the Highland clans—without the same reasons—with no other reason than antique custom. There is something bewitching in this fragment of permanency, in the midst of the changes which are going on in everything but costume. The manufacturers, however, are shaking their heads, fearing that the Exhibition has "done them harm," by giving people the idea of new patterns. So the world marches on!

Change in abundance may be found side by side with this steady adherence to old custom. Railway rugs—a new article—are in great request, and the manufacture is increasing prodigiously. So is that of "trouser-*ing*." The checked, and striped, and mottled trousers, that we see everywhere, come chiefly from Kendal; and so does a large proportion of the horse-cloth, and serge, and the checked and mottled woollen of which miners' shirts are made. Mr. Tremenhore's Reports tell us sad stories of the colliers putting on clean Sunday shirts for six months together, without ever washing the skin beneath; and those who have acquaintance with Staffordshire colliers, know too well the spectacle of the throat plastered and ingrained with coal-dust, which shows itself above the shirt collar; but, however it may be with the wearer, the shirt washes well; and there is so much comfort in it, that one cannot wonder that miners' custom remains steady to Kendal fabrics, instead of wandering to Manchester.

The great manufacture of Kendal, however, is carpets; and this, though the wages of linsey-weavers are said to be a good deal higher. For the weaving of linseys, the wages rise from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings per week; whereas for carpet-weaving, they vary from twelve shillings to twenty shillings. A carpet-weaver can earn, by such excessive labour as no man ought to undergo, as much as sixty shillings in a week, at piece-work; but the fair average may be stated at sixteen shillings, while the average of linsey-weaving is seventeen shillings and sixpence. But the linsey-weavers are employed for only eight months out of the twelve; whereas the carpet manufacture is steady. The collective woollen manufacture employs about a third of the population of Kendal. Happily, their wages are not their only resource. In this old-fashioned place, the land is not all appropriated; and almost every cottage has a garden,—and a good-sized one. Men who have not gardens at home, look out for and obtain them, in order to grow all the vegetables that they want. Some hire land of the farmers, who are glad to let them have it for potato grounds, for the sake of the capital manuring and breaking up by the spade, which is thus obtained. The farmers lend the manure and the produce, and the tenants supply the seed, the manure (which they purchase from the town), and the cultivation;

and the bargain answers well to both parties. The weavers have done something better still ;—they have clubbed their money to buy a field, and have divided it into allotments, which they cultivate with zeal and profit. It is scarcely necessary to say, after this, that the Kendal weavers are not the pallid, dwarfed, sharp-visaged order of men that one sees in Spitalfields and at Norwich,—trained to one bodily action only, and moody and captious from ill-health, and from the want of general bodily exercise. Not satisfied with exercise of their limbs in the loom, and at the spade, some of them work their lungs as well,—under prodigious difficulties. Amidst the clack and shock of twenty Jacquard looms in one apartment, they talk to each other from bench to bench. Those who can keep up conversation under such circumstances, certainly yield a strong testimony to the sociability of human nature, and may consider themselves qualified to address the noisiest mob that could be mustered,—as far, at least, as concerns the power of the human lungs. It is pleasant to hear that these men have formed a cricket club,—and pleasanter still to know that the morality of their class is far above that of the average manufacturing population. The morals and manners of the mill-workers are superior to those of the weavers who do their work at home ; but the homes may contrast advantageously with those of most other towns : and they might present a better aspect still, if the dwellings were better. They are sadly small and unwholesome.

Various reasons are assigned for the creditable social condition of the Kendal weavers : but it may be said, in a general way, that the clergy have been diligent ; that two or three generations have had the benefit of Sunday schools ; and that these influences have been aided by the superior means of health and comfort enjoyed by the labouring class. It may be added that there is here no apparent danger of the suffering from poverty, and from angry passions, which arises from strikes for wages. The Kendal weavers allow no interlopers, and permit no mischief-making between themselves and their employers. They formerly experienced just enough of the misery to guard themselves against a recurrence of it. Delegates from the south came among them, some years ago, and stirred up some discontent : but the Kendal men were intelligent enough, and few enough, to be able to study and manage their own case. They formed themselves into a sort of guild (without the name). They permit no one to enter it who has not served a due apprenticeship to the business ; and, of course, the employers prefer those who have so qualified themselves. No straggler from north or south finds employment here, merely because he will work for low wages,—or for any other reason than that he is really wanted. And, in consequence of some threat of trouble when agitators came from the south, the

employers and their men arrived at an understanding, which has made all smooth for the last seven years. An average was struck between the highest wages known to be asked, and the lowest wages known to be given ; and this has been, through all changes, the rate of wages ever since. A compensating fund is formed, by subscription of the men ; and out of this a maintenance is provided for any surplus labour in seasons of slack demand. Such is the state of things in Kendal. Some may say that the steadiness of the demand, and the restriction of the numbers, and the intelligence of the people, make this an exceptional case ; others may object that it cannot last. However that may be, such is the state of things in Kendal now. Those who can't believe it had better go and see ; and we can promise them that they shall see a very pleasant sight.

On entering Kendal from the north, one naturally looks upon the river from the first bridge. There, in the green meadows, some little way down the stream, stands a large grey-stone mill,—built over the water. It is the Messrs. Whitwell's mill. Let us go and see what we can find there. We shall find there all the preparations for the carpet-weaving, which is going on in their factory, in another part of the town. Let us see what those preparations are.

In a shed, there are heaps and stacks of wool as it comes in, rough and dirty. We shall see it better up-stairs, where it is carried in heavy sacks, by means of a crane. Before we follow it there, we will look into the shed where the dyes are prepared. In the yard there are piles, and stacks, and logs of the oddest-looking woods ; some yellow and splintering ; some red and scraggy ; some purple and solid. There are barrels of salts, and carboys of acids and oils, and bundles of bark. Entering the sloppy shed, where red and yellow and purple puddles have to be avoided, we are stunned by the noise of wheels. There goes the great water-wheel, which tells us that the river is flowing under our feet ; and creaking, rushing, and crushing, go several more wheels, set in motion by it. The rasping is the noisiest process. The wood to be rasped, is brought endwise to a wheel which is set with blades like those of a plane, and which, revolving, mince off the wood, which falls as it is cut, into an inclined trough, and finds its way to its receptacle below. A more awful-looking machine is the granulating-mill. In a prodigious basin, a stout shaft is set upright, which revolves, carrying with it two vast millstones. These, being round, and set on edge, must, in being carried round, thoroughly stir and crush against the sides whatever the basin holds. We see, accordingly, the rasped wood becoming a scarlet paste. These reds, however, are rather a sore point with the manufacturer ; for, in our climate, no pains and care, and no science that we yet possess, can enable

us to compete with certain foreigners in our red dyes. The same materials, used in precisely the same manner, which produce a glorious depth of red in Turkey and at Nismes, and a dazzling carmine at Tunis, here come out flat and dull in comparison. It cannot be helped. We cannot "have our cake and eat it." If we rejoice in our insular position, which keeps us out of many mischiefs, we must accept its fogs. We must be thankful for a stout national character and a lasting political freedom; though we must do without carmine and Turkey-red

The dyeing process is not done in this shed, but in another, which needs no particular description, as it consists simply in boiling the yarns in various decoctions. We may mention here, however, the method by which "tapestry carpets" are woven in a pattern, as it belongs to the dyeing department, rather than the weaving. We all know the streaked, and clouded, and shaded work that comes out in purses, comforters, and the like, from under the hands of knitting young ladies, or crochet-workers. We see that the silk or the worsted is partly-coloured, and that it forms clouds or shades in the working. Just so it is with the tapestry carpets which have been in use for seven years past. The yarn is partly-coloured; and it is dyed carefully, so that the red of the weft may return upon the red, to make a rose; and a green upon a former patch of green, to make a leaf—and so on. This is done by encrusting the portions of the yarn with their respective dyes, and cooking them in this crust. As might be anticipated, these dyes cannot be made so permanent as in the case of a batch of yarn boiled in one dye; consequently the tapestry carpets do not wear well. Now let us mount, and see the wool at the top of the mill. What an immense room it is!—airy, though low. Here are women employed, and boys, and a tall young man in a pinafore. He is wise to wear a pinafore; for the wool is, of course, oily and dusty. Two or three fleeces are brought; and we ask again whether they can be fleeces of ordinary sheep—they are so very large. Yes; they are from Westmoreland sheep. The greater part of the wool used here is of home growth. If it be true that an ingenious man has discovered a method of waterproofing the fleeces of sheep without injuring the animal's skin, and without interfering with its transpiration, it is a great discovery. We heard of it some time since, and we hope it is true. The great object was to obviate the rot in sheep, by preserving them from damp; but it is an important object, though secondary, to keep the wool from the plaster of tar which the shepherds smear all over it, to save the lungs of their bleating charge. The native wool is certainly horribly dirty; and, after fingering the long staple and the short staple, and the more silky and the more woolly wool (so to

speak), we are glad to wash our hands. This black handful is from the Punjab; and so is that shiny, curly, white specimen. They have come down the Indus to Bombay, and thence to this nook among the hills. The dwellers in this nook are ready to take a great deal more of this Punjab wool; whenever we can agree with the inhabitants that they shall change their spears into shepherds' crooks. The long staple, that is required for the warp of certain fabrics, comes from Russia. It used to come over in a very rough state; but it is growing cleaner, with time and experience. The wool from Buenos Ayres is highly valued, and, if there could be an assured supply, the demand would be an important one; but that assurance of supply is exactly what is wanting. Sometimes the trade has been locked up for eighteen months together; and an inferior article is a less evil than such uncertainty.

Women and boys are sorting the wool here, pulling out the long staple and the short; throwing the finer fibre here, and the coarser there, ready for the operations below. The women earn about five shillings a week here, and the boys about three shillings.

The next destiny of the wool is to be "teased" by "the devil." This "devil" is a tremendous affair to be teased by. It has cylinders set with crooked teeth, among which the wool is pulled this way and that, and torn with the most persevering malignity, until there is nothing left but shreds and patches. The wool is next "fanned" in a revolving machine, which sends the dust down through a grating, to a receptacle below. The carding, and combing, and the "scribbling," which brings the wool out in a gauzy state, ready for spinning, and the spinning process, are so like the preparation of flax and cotton, as it may be seen in every mill, that there is no need to describe them here. There is, however, a "piecing" process, ingeniously managed by machinery, which was new to us, and very interesting, from its dispensing with the labour of children. As the proprietor observed to us, the little things be at school while this machine is doing their work. By the revolution of a cylinder, lengths of wool are turned out horizontally, each falling into a tin channel; and being carried on, till there are about a dozen, when the dozen channels turn completely over, and spill the lengths upon a cloth beneath, so as that one end joins upon the other end of a length below. The join is then pressed, so as to unite by a cylinder beneath; and an interminable length is made. It seems to us that we have seldom seen anything more ingenious—more original in its ingenuity—than this process. It has been in use about three years.

After the spinning and reeling (women's work chiefly), comes the washing and drying. Here again we find machinery doing what was, until lately, slow and toilsome human

work. The hanks, in bundles, are carried, wet and hot, round wheels, and pressed under rollers in their passage, by which the dirt is squeezed out. They are thrown into vats, where boiling water is violently soused upon them: and the same process is gone through in another vat with cold water. Here we have the yarn clean, but wet. Formerly, it took two men with staves to twist the hanks in opposite directions, to wring out the moisture, which still left the yarn very wet. Now, there is a new machine, by which centrifugal force is made use of to send the water flying off, in proportion to the rapidity of the revolutions. By peeping into this wonderful box, we see the yarn carried noddily round, faster than the eye can follow, and the moisture raining off in streams from the top and down the sides. When the rain ceases, the yarn is taken out,—now merely damp.

While we are among the hot water, we inspect the fulling process. The coarse inferior cloths, which serve for saddle linings, &c., are cleansed in the fulling-mill; thrust into a box, open on one side, to be beaten by the "fulling-stocks,"—heavy hammers, which are raised by strong pegs fixed in a revolving wheel, and let fall, and raised again. It is a rough method of scouring, but most effectual for a fabric strong enough to bear it.

The yarn being dried and dyed, and dried again, must next be warped. The warping mill is an enormous reel; and the warper has to reel off from the bobbins whatever colours are wanted for the warp of a carpet. Suspended before his eyes is a bit of the carpet to be imitated. He picks out his greens, and his reds, and his yellows, and winds them all off together on his great reel, in readiness for the loom. If it be a new pattern of carpet that he is preparing for, he has a pretty picture before him, instead of a strip of carpet.

Who paints this pretty picture? The designer to the firm. Great is the intellectual exercise, severe the toil, keen the eyesight, required to make that pattern. The artist has been trained at the Government School of Design; and he has so much taste and invention that his employers declare that they can nowhere find, within the range of the carpet manufacture, patterns which can be compared with those furnished by this young man. He sits in his office, surrounded by portfolios of drawings,—containing not only his educational exercises, but sheetsful of results of later observation. There are impressions from the various ferns of the neighbourhood, from the plane leaf and the ivy, and many another familiar growth. We see them reproduced in the carpets unrolled for us in the warehouse; and those who adjudged the Exhibition prizes had others before their eyes. The designer sketches his fancies; and, if he like them on paper, draws them carefully in little;—on paper diced with little squares, where they look so pretty in black

and white, that we should be in raptures with them if they had been ours. If still approved, they are next to be drawn in colours on paper diced with larger squares, containing little ones equivalent to stitches;—the same that patterns are produced on for ladies' Berlin wool work. It is this which must be so severely trying to the eyes; for every stitch has to be attended to. As he works, the artist now and then tries his pattern by the mirror,—two pieces of glass fixed at right angles, which, placed along two sides of his pattern, present him with an expanse,—a repetition of his work,—and enables him to judge of its effect.

The choicest designs have to be wrought in the highest kinds of carpets—Wilton and Brussels; and, for these, Jacquard looms are chiefly employed. The Jacquard looms are so familiar to all who know the Spitalfields or other silk manufacture, that there can be no need to describe them here: but we may mention, that at Messrs. Whitwell's mill may be seen a curious and recent invention—an invention of their own—called a "repeating machine," for taking copies of the Jacquard pattern cards.

In carpets, as in other things, society is subject to "rages;" and when there is a pressing demand for a fresh pattern, cards are wanted for many looms. The machine before us multiplies the needed cards. Moveable pegs, of the size of the round holes in the cards, are selected, as it were, by the pattern-card on one side of the machine, and deposited in order in a perforated frame. This frame is then transferred to the other side, and pressed down under a roller upon slips of card underneath, several of which can be thus perforated at a stroke. The piecing machine and this repeating machine were to us the most novel and interesting particulars of the whole manufacture.

And now everything is ready for the weaving. It is noon, and the people are ready for their dinners. We, who have travelled many miles to see this mill since breakfast, and have used our eyes diligently, and our ears more than is agreeable, are ready for luncheon, though it is hardly past noon. We agree to suspend operations for an hour or two, and go to the factory when the workers have returned from dinner.

We had no idea that we should find anything picturesque in a carpet factory: but, on entering any one of the long rooms, we certainly felt a wish that an artist had been with us, to represent things just as we saw them. All along both sides of a long room are looms, placed as close as liberty of weaving will allow;—so close, that a weaver has to stop his work while a party of three steps in to observe the feats of his neighbour. The tricks of the light, falling from the high windows upon the poets and beams or the looms, are striking; and so are the gay colours of the webs, shining out here and

there—and so are the characteristic outlines of the men themselves; but, much more so, are the figures of the children, one of whom sits lowly at the end of each loom, winding the spools for the shuttle. Each child has its little reel, and works beside its father, or other employer. The youngest-looking boy we spoke of was nine, and few of the girls could have been much older. All looked neat and healthy; and the work is light enough. They earn about three shillings per week, each.

The most responsible work done by children here, and that which requires the most diligent attention, is that of the boy who attends the Jacquard loom in which a Brussels or Wilton carpet is woven. The weaver has enough to do to mind his weft, without being charged with the other management of the loom. So an intelligent boy does three or four things in succession (with a moment's rest between), which seemed to us to make up a great day's work, and for which he is paid three shillings and sixpence per week. He pulls the cord by which, in Jacquard looms, the threads of the warp are raised or depressed as they are wanted. The weaver having passed his fingers between the raised and depressed threads, to make sure that they are clear of each other, the boy slides in a polished piece of wood, *lamin* and broad (called the "sword"), by which, when turned on its side, the upper and under series of threads are kept well apart, and the weaver inserts his "wire"—a steel skewer, as long (from the head) as the carpet is wide. The shuttle is now thrown, and the yarn which encloses the wires of course forms loops when the wires are withdrawn. There is something almost painful in seeing by how gradual and laborious a process every hair's-breadth of the carpets we tread upon so carelessly, is made. We buy a good Brussels carpet at four shillings and sixpence a yard, or a Wilton (called Velvet) at five shillings and sixpence, and we do not think of the wool coming down the Indus to Bombay; nor of the dyes from the Pacific; nor of the linen thread, sown, grown, and prepared near Belfast; nor of the mill processes; nor of this weaver, who has to give his mind to every cast of the shuttle; nor of this boy, who is now heaving at the cord—now thrusting in his "sword," and turning, and withdrawing it—for every new loop of the whole fabric. But, what an amount of human diligence it is, to purchase at the rate of four or five shillings a yard!

The Velvet or Wilton carpets are woven much in the same way. The difference is, that the "wires," instead of being of steel, and round, are of brass, and angular, with a groove along one of the sides. This groove is indicated to the touch of the weaver by the handle of the wire being open in a line with the groove. The wire is inserted with the grooved edge uppermost; and when the weaver has covered a few wires, he runs his knife along the groove of the hindmost,

cutting the loops; and, of course, giving the pile which causes the fabric to be called Velvet.

One man in this establishment wove the rug, with a dog from Landseer for the pattern, which won a prize at the Exhibition. It is of the fabric called "finger-rugs," from the yarn being dexterously inserted by the fingers; and, when well fastened in by a weft of linen thread, snipped off with shears, and left soft and velvety. Very soft are the eyes and muzzle of this prize dog, and very tufty are his black spots. To be sure, we do not think him a very good subject for a rug, as we do not habitually tread upon dogs; but then the same might be said of a large proportion of the carpets bought by people who do not suppose themselves deficient in taste.

Of one hundred and twenty looms, one-sixth may be employed in weaving Brussels carpets, and about eighty in weaving Kidderminster or Scotch carpets. A good deal of Dutch carpeting is also made for landings and passages, and for some bed-rooms. It is the simplest sort of all, with small variety of patterns, but excellent for wear, and agreeable from its look of homely neatness and comfort. There is a "barrel loom," invented by a workman of Messrs. Whitwell's, which is worth notice from its ingenuity, though it cannot compete with the Jacquard loom. It looks, in its place aloft, much like the apparatus of a shower-bath. Its barrel is set with wires, like those of a barrel-organ, by which certain threads of the warp are lifted up and held apart from others, while the shuttle is thrown. Of other kinds of loom, it would be merely puzzling to speak; or we could tell of more.

Four engineers are retained by this establishment; and it takes about the half of the time of one of them to keep the looms in order.

When the fabric comes from the looms, it has still to pass under the eye and hand of a woman, whose business it is to see that no knots or other blemishes remain visible. Having been thus revised and "picked," the carpet is wound on a roller, in a machine, which indicates its precise length at the same time: and then it is tacked with pack-thread, ticketed, and (unless made to order from a distance) deposited on the shelves of the warehouse. If it have to travel, it is packed in a hydraulic press, which reduces it to the smallest compass.

Such is a history of the trouble Kendal takes to give us an easy and pleasant footing in our homes. All honour to the art, and prosperity to the artists!

CHIPS.

HOMŒOPATHY.

WE have never been subjects of the Homœopathic mode of treatment, nor have we ever been concerned in making others so. But as we desire to state the Homœopathic Doctrine

fairly, like all other doctrines to which we make any reference, and as it has been suggested to us that we may have scarcely done so in a passing allusion to it at page 592 of the last volume of this journal, we will here reprint the following extract from a work in explanation of Homœopathic principles, by Dr. ERRA.

"It is not maintained that a millionth part of a grain or of a drop (to take a given, though a large quantity, in homœopathic administration,) will produce any visible action on the man in health; nor is it maintained that a millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease; but it is maintained that the millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease, if between the diseased state of the man and the medicine, infinitesimally administered, there is a homœopathic relationship. In other words, the homœopaths do not vaguely say that medicines in infinitesimal doses cure diseases; but they do say that medicines given for the cure of diseases to which they are homœopathic, do cure these diseases when administered in infinitesimal quantities; to repeat, the homœopathist, in maintaining the efficacy of medicines in infinitesimal quantities, regards three requirements as necessary:—First, the development of virtues in medicines by the process of preparation; second, the increased receptivity to impression produced by disease; and third, the selection of the right remedy."

THE TRUE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

THE present Bohemians of Paris are not the Bohemians of Victor Hugo, or of Borrow; nor are they the clever scamps of the modern melo-dramatist. They do not number among their order, fascinating damsels who perform necromancies with goats and gilded horns, and turn the heads of an ardent public, from captains of the Guards and archdeacons, down to bell-ringers. They no longer swallow swords, balance coach-wheels on their chins, play at catch-ball with the rapidity of fireworks, or dance hornpipes on dessert-plates. They are innocent of thimble-rig; and, being only dexterous enough with the cards to play at piquet, cannot predict the future, or pronounce on the fate of a lover by turning up the ace of hearts, and by cutting the queen of diamonds. They have ceased to steal fowls, change children, (after the manner of their Egyptian brethren), or to tell fortunes: for their hands are seldom crossed with silver. The true modern Bohemian is not the wild, wandering, adroit, unprincipled, picturesque vagabond, who has been the delight of the poet, the novelist, and the painter, for ages; because, being an artist himself, he does not see his own excellencies as a model for art; yet he presents many points of resemblance to the Bohemians who have been immortalised

by Hugo, Borrow, and at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Although neither a gipsy nor a mountebank, he is wild and wandering; occasionally mysterious, often picturesque, and not seldom, I am afraid, unprincipled. He does not beg; he merely borrows; he never robs; but his skill in creating debts, and his powers of "owing," are transcendent. The shopkeeper shuns him; but the loungee loves him. He is the terror of the counter, but the delight of the *café*.

In a word, the Parisian Bohemians of to-day are a tribe of unfortunate artists of all kinds—poets, painters, musicians, and dramatists—who haunt obscure *cafés* in all parts of Paris, but more especially in the Quartier Latin. They have been unsuccessful in their professions, and many deservedly so—inspiration being too often the substitute for inspiration, and inspiration not unfrequently wasted or misused. They are, in some respects, what our "Grub Street" authors were in the last century.

The *café* where the Bohemians most congregated is a quiet, pleasant place enough, when these distinguished persons are not present to make it noisy and disagreeable. It is distinguished from fashionable *cafés* by the scarcity of chance-comers, and the various signs, not difficult to observe, of its being mainly supported by regular frequenters. Call in on any evening, and you may always see the same hats on the same pegs, and the same pipes—which have hung all the morning in little numbered niches against the wall—in the mouths of their respective owners, who take great pride in smoking them until they have become as black as negroes, and nearly as valuable to dealers and connoisseurs. The owners of these hats and pipes are, for the most part, Bohemians. They congregate in an inner room by themselves—removed as far as possible from the shopkeeper, with his moderate opinions and white cravat; for they hold him in supreme contempt. They form what, in time-honoured phrase, is known as a "motley group"—so diversified are their toilettes, so strange and unconventional are their beards and their bearing. Some of them are playing at billiards in the middle of the room; others are consoling themselves with cards in the corners. All are talking, and with a volubility of tongue known only to Frenchmen and Mr. Charles Mathews. But their conversation has no reference to the games in which they are engaged; these they seem to conduct mechanically. Listen to them, and you will gain, perhaps, some useful ideas on the subject of Grecian art, mixed up with comments on the *Charivari's* last caricature of M. Thiers; the merits of the early Christian painters, as compared with a friend who has just made his debut as a posturer; how far the eminent young Bohemian Jules—who has just been caught revoking at piquet—falls short of Raffaele; and how the same Jules owes a duty to himself and the public, to give

his genius fair play, and to surpass that master. The literary discussions—which range with great impartiality between the heights of transcendentalism in poetry and philosophy, and the depths of some feeble *bon mot* in a feeble satirical journal—are conducted in much the same manner. That thoughtful-looking young man, with the bright eye and the blonde moustache, is the author of a tragedy, in five acts, in verse—and unhappily still in manuscript—which accounts for the gloomy state of affairs at the Odéon, where it was refused. Adolphe appeared for the first time in print only yesterday, and now stands responsible for an "Építaphe anticipée" upon a popular journalist in the "Tintamarre." He is occupied in playing at billiards, and holding forth upon the respective merits of the classical and romantic schools, with regard to which he does not seem to have any very settled opinions; it is probable that his tragedy belongs to some new school of his own discovery. He covers his cue with chalk while covering a classicist with confusion; makes a cannon—and leaves a Romanticist no head to stand upon. In the same manner, will embryo Handels and Mozarts hold forth upon the great masters of their particular art; but you may observe at nobody gives specimens of his own compositions, literary or musical: it is a strict rule in the order, that its members are neither to be read to nor sung to; such assaults being directed only against the common enemy, society in general; except at certain solemn *séances* of the Bohemians themselves, when every man has an allotted period of the evening for the gratification of his own idiosyncrasy.

As for politics, you will scarcely hear them touched upon among the Bohemians—certainly never unless suggested by a subject of art. "Art before all," is their creed; morality and the virtues they hold in high estimation—as elements without which poetry could not exist; and they have the greatest reverence for what is sacred—as furnishing inspiration to the painter. They bend themselves—it is to Dante; they adore—it is before Raffaele.

So much for the aims and aspirations of the Bohemians. For the rest, you may listen sometimes to no inconsiderable amount of their conversation, without being very much edified. Their muse is associated with something like mockery, and their transcendentalism has a dash of slang. They speak, in fact, in a style of literary metaphor, which is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. But this is a habit common to all thorough artists—using the word in its general sense,—who live isolated from general society—surrounded by nothing but art and its associations—until one might almost believe, from outward appearances, that familiarity had produced its proverbial effect.

Listen to that group in the corner of the

café. That young man with the Vandyke beard, who sits under the peg which holds the broad-leaved felt hat, is evidently a painter. He is telling his friends the life and adventures of the grand historical picture on which he has now been engaged for several years. The picture originally represented the "Passage of the Red Sea," under which title it was duly refused admission into the Exhibition. The artist, however, unwilling to have lost his time entirely, altered some of the details without changing the general composition, and called it the "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, we are told, ill disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognised on the following year, and summarily repulsed. The third year came, and with it came the picture, once more a candidate for exhibition. This time greater changes were made—in the Egyptian especially, who now appeared in the uniform of the Imperial Guard. This time the piece was called the "Passage of the Bérézina." The committee, however, not only saw through the artist's design, but through his colours also; although he was always inclined to produce his effects by means of what they call an "opaque medium." The work was, accordingly, again returned upon his hands. "Never mind, however," said the artist, in recounting this last mishap—"next year I shall call it the '*Passage des Panoramas*.'"—Next to the artist is a personage, a little older and more careworn. He is beginning to compromise, to some extent, with his ambition, and condescend to task-work. He has recently produced a *vaudeville* at the *Variétés*—that is to say, he has written the dialogue, under the direction of two established authors, one of whom has furnished the "idea" of the piece, while the other has sketched out and arranged the scenes, and given the principal "points." The names of the two established authors have appeared in large letters in the playbills; that of the Bohemian follows in small typography; and, as may be supposed, his share of the spoils has been proportionate. This division of employment is almost universal in French dramatic writing, and the least important author, who figures last, in *small cap*, is usually a Bohemian. Perhaps the successful authors, who now reap all the honours, have passed through the ordeal in their time; and the subordinate will have his day. In this case, he sinks into the traditional "literary hack," and will write anything for which he can obtain the most miserable remuneration—from a History of the Universe, to an epitaph or a tradesman's puff.

But while the young ambition which spurns the lower walks of art, is not likely to be at once recognised and at once successful, the less aspiring or more experienced—who condescend to plod along wherever a finger-post points in the direction of a dinner—are not always certain to secure that refreshment at the end of their journey. If on the one road

the fruits hang too high—on the other, where they are more accessible, there are too many gatherers. Accordingly, the path of the Bohemian is nearly always one of hardship and difficulty. To be assured of this fact, it is not necessary to penetrate into their cheerless chambers, and watch their struggles—for struggles they very frequently are—for existence. Sufficient is it to meet them in their moments of relaxation at the *café*, where the general complaint of the proprietor is, that they do not “consume” enough. That is not their fault, they answer, but simply the fault of the infamous ready-money system upon which the house is conducted. Here you will learn how a celebrated musician (celebrated in the Bohemian sense) was, on the previous day, obliged to sponge upon somebody for a breakfast; and how a great painter, of transcendental tendencies, spent the morning in intriguing for a dinner—with much matter of the same suggestive kind. The subject of borrowing—its uses and abuses—is frequently brought under grave consideration. Among the Bohemians, it is said, there are some who have reduced the practice to a science. They keep an alphabetical list of their acquaintances, with the days on which they are known to receive money, and the sums which may be expected from each, according to his means. These they tick off from the list as they are used up one by one,—a deadly class to meet with, whatever be your clime or condition; for it is reported that they know how to request the loan of five francs in every language under the sun.

But throughout all this battle for existence the Bohemians never lose their gaiety, nor their steady fidelity to Art; which communicates its influence to all around them. Such an effect, indeed, has their mingled facetious and transcendentalism had upon the unprepared mind of a waiter at the *café*, that I hear he has become an idiot in the flower of his youth. Another *garçon*, under the same corrupting influence, has been detected writing amatory verses to the bar maid.

If the Bohemian never loses his gaiety in the darkest days of his distresses, the effect of an occasional gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a remittance, can scarcely be conceived. A member of the fraternity will appear one morning among his brothers with a five hundred franc bill in his hand. Perhaps it is the fruit of some lucky speculation; or, perhaps, he is an *amateur* Bohemian, whose parents are wealthy. Of this class, it should be observed, there are many: with menus at their command to live in respectable competence, they prefer the life of the Bohemian from love and sympathy, and are quite contented to take their chance of its pains and pleasures. However that may be, there are the five hundred francs, to be devoted to the public good, or the public detriment; and, as long as the money lasts, there is no end to the most frantic

festivities. The last penny expended, the Bohemians settle down into their former state of hazardous enjoyment, and contented care.

It may be asked what is the ultimate destination of the majority? Do they ever emancipate themselves from the fatal fascination of this mode of life? Certainly, they do; that is to say, most of them who have any real claims to distinction, attain it in the end. These are nowadays of “mute inglorious Miltons,” especially in France, where talent must eventually make its way. The Bohemians are continually losing old, and as continually gaining new, members. One of the tribe will suddenly disappear from the old familiar scenes, and will be given up as lost. A few months elapse, and his companions find themselves invited to a banquet in a fashionable quarter. Here they find their old associate emerged from his chrysalis condition, and winging his way among the fruits and flowers of high life. He has in the mean time been thinking and working; has made a success, and has become that most happy of human beings—more particularly in Paris—a popular author, with an audience of his own—a constituency that elect him to a permanent seat among the honoured of the land. From his proud position he looks back to his Bohemian days as perhaps the most happy, and certainly not the least useful portion of his experience. For the rest, there are many to whom such honours are but idle dreams; they live on in the old way, unnoticed, unknown, and, worse still, unprinted. They abuse “the world” in their own little coteries, and imagine themselves martyrs. Instead of being great lights of the age, they flicker futilely, or burn themselves prematurely out by over-excitement. In the mean time, it is not the public that is to blame—and scarcely they themselves—poor fellows: it is their misfortune that they have not discovered their true vocation in the beginning, or taken warning in time; that they have not condescended to clerkships, or apprenticed themselves to respectable cheese-mongers.

“There is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know:” there is also a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful to experience. The struggle to ascend Parnassus has its fascination, futile though it be. One taste of the waters of Castaly is too intoxicating for many; yet who, at its fountain, would wish to be a moderate drinker? Perhaps, then, some of my readers, who may have had a drop too much of that celebrated beverage, will make some allowances for the poor, blind, flattered, and fascinated Bohemian.

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A BLACK EAGLE IN A BAD WAY.

AUSTRIA, in this present year of grace, 1851, looks to me very much like a translated version of England under the Stuarts.

I am a resident at Vienna, and know Austria pretty well. I have seen many birds before now in a sickly state—have seen some absolutely rotting away—but I never saw one with such unpromising symptoms upon him as the Black Eagle of Austria.

The Court of Vienna is perhaps the most brilliant in Europe; the whole social system in Vienna is perhaps the most thoroughly unsound in Europe. Austria is weighed down by a numerous and impoverished nobility, by unjust taxes, and by a currency incredibly depreciated. Her commerce is hampered by all manner of monopolies, and is involved in such a complex network of restrictions, as only the industrious, gold-getting fingers of a few can unravel. Nearly the whole trade of Austria is in the hands of this busy, persevering few. Out of the immediate circle of the Government, there is scarcely a satisfied man in the Austrian dominions. The nobles feel abridgment of their privileges, and decrease of profit by the abolition of their feudal rights, succeeding the late revolution. The merchants feel that in Austria they suffer more vexatious interference than it is in the nature of man to bear quietly. The people, a naturally good-humoured race, have learned insensibly to clench their fists whenever they think of their absolute and paternal Government.

The position of the nobles is ridiculous. They swarm over the land; increase and multiply, and starve. Not more than a few dozen of them can live honestly without employment; while not one of the noble millions may exercise a trade for bread: may practise law or medicine, or sink down into authorship. The Austrian patrician cannot feed himself by marriage with a merchant's daughter; if he do, his household will not be acknowledged by his noble friends. The he-noble must marry the she-noble, and they must make a miserable, mean, hungry, noble pair.

A celebrated Viennese Professor dined one day in England with a learned lord. "Pray, how is Baron Dash?" inquired a guest—said

Baron Dash being at that time an Austrian Minister.

"He is quite well," said the Professor.

"And his wife?" pursued the other. "I remember meeting her at Rome; they were just married, and she was a most delightful person. She created a sensation, no doubt, when she was received at your court?"

"She was not received at all," said the Professor.

"How was that?" asked many voices.

"Because she is not born."

"Not born" is the customary mode of ignoring (if I may use a slang word of this time) the existence of the vulgar, among the noble Viennese. At the present moment, the family of a Minister, or of any of the Generals who have saved the Throne, may be excluded from society on this pretence. Two recent exceptions have been made in favour of the wives of two of the most important people in the empire. They were invited to the court-balls; but were there treated so scurvily by the "born" ladies, that these unborn women visited them only once.

What is to be done by these poor nobles—shut out from commerce, law, and physic? Diplomacy is voted low; unless they get the great embassies. The Church, as in all Catholic countries, is low; unless a nobleman should enter it with certain prospect of a Cardinal's hat or a bishopric. The best bishoprics in the world (meaning, of course, the most luxurious) are Austrian. The revenues of the Primate of Hungary are said to be worth the comfortable trifle of sixty thousand-pounds a year.

But there remains for these wretched nobles, one road to independence and distinction; and this is the army. To the army, it may be said, the whole body of the Austrian nobility belongs. The more fortunate, that is to say, the highest in rank, add to their commissions places about the court. Cherished titles are acquired in this way; and a lady may insist on being seriously addressed in polite Austrian society as,—say for example, Frau-ober-consistorial-hof-Directorinn.

In the army, of course, under such a system, we see lieutenants with the hair gone from their heads, and generals with no hair come yet on their chins. A young man of

family may get a captaincy in three months, which his neighbour, without patronage, might not get if he lived for ever. Commissions are not sold in Austria as they are in England, but the Ministry of War knows how to respond to proper influence. In an army of five hundred thousand vacancies, it is needless to say, constantly occur. The lad who is named cornet in Hungary, is presently lieutenant of a regiment in Italy, and by-and-bye a captain in Croatia. After that he may awake some morning major, with the place of aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and to such a boy with friends to back him, the army is decidedly a good profession. The inferior officers are miserably paid, an ensign having little more than thirty pounds a year. A captain, however, is well paid in allowances, if not in money, while a colonel has a forage for twelve horses, and very good contingencies besides. Again, there are to be considered other very important differences between pay in the Austrian and pay in the English army. An Austrian can live upon his pay. His simple uniform is not costly, he is free from mess expenses and may dine for supper at the tavern favoured by his comrades. Not being allowed it any time to live in his uniform, he cannot run up a long tailor's bill, and, being limited to the best society, he need not spend much money on amusement. Besides, does not the state accord to him the privilege of going to the theatre for twopence?

The poorer officers in the Austrian service are so unreasonable and ill-conditioned, that they are no general pleasure by these advantages being given to men, who may possibly be well born, but who have certainly not been long born, and in many places combinations have been made to resist the unfair system of promotion. A young captain sent down to command gray-beards, with a lively sense of their own claims on the vacancy, is now and then required to fight, one after the other, the whole series of senior lieutenants. This causes a juvenile captain occasionally to shirk the visit to his regiment, and effect a prompt exchange.

Some part of the last-named difficulty is overcome by the existence of one or two corps of officers who have no regiment at all. Where there are no men to command, the business of promotion is carried on with perfect comfort.

In spite of all this, there is much to be said to the credit and honour of the innumerable throng of people forming the Austrian army. It is an excellently appointed and well-disciplined multitude. The gallantry of its soldiers, and the skill and experience of many of its highest officers, must be freely admitted. Then, too, the great number of nobles classed within it has at least had the good effect of creating a high standard of artificial honour. The fellow-feeling among Austrian soldiers is also great. Those of the same rank accost each other with the "Du," the household word of German

conversation, and the common word for an old companion in arms, is "Duty-bruder."

Duells are frequent, but not often fatal, or even dangerous. To take the nib from an adversary's nose, or to pare a small rind from his ear, is ample vengeance even for the blood-thirsty.

An Austrian officer who has received a blow, though only in an accidental scuffle, is called upon to quit his regiment, unless he has slain upon the spot the owner of the sacrilegious hand that struck him. This he is authorised by law to do, if struck while wearing uniform. The effect of this savage custom has been to produce in Austrian officers a peculiar meekness and forbearance to keep them always watchful against quarrels with civilians, and to make them socially the quietest gentlemen in the world.

Last winter, a first English gent left a masked ball at the Rikoute, intoxicated. Disarming a sentry, he concealed himself until morning in his box. The gent was then forwarded to the frontier, but the soldier was fined for not having shot him.

Freedom from arrest for debt is an immunity enjoyed by Austrian officers, but those who indulge too freely in their exemption from responsibility, may find defence is powerful enough to prevent their summary dismissal from the service.

I have written thus much about the Austrian army, because, in fact, is the world here now stands, every third man is or has been a soldier, I cannot talk about society in this empire without beginning at once to talk about its military aspect.

Gay and trifling is the metropolis in with its abundance of out-door amusement, Vienna must be put down in plain words as the most inhospitable capital in Europe. The Austrians themselves admit that they could not endure to be received abroad as they are in the habit of receiving strangers here. The greater Austrian nobles never receive a stranger to their intimacy. A late French Ambassador, who conducted his establishment with splendour, and was at all times profusely hospitable, used to say that he was not once asked privately to dinner during the whole period of his residence in Vienna. The diplomatic corps do not succeed in forcing the close barriers of Austrian exclusiveness, and twenty years of residence will not entitle a stranger to feel that he has made himself familiarly the friend of a single Austrian. Any one who has lived among the higher classes in Vienna will confirm my statement, and will recall with astonishment the somewhat indignant testimony of the oldest and most respected members of the *corps diplomatique* to the inhospitable way in which their friendly overtures have been received. Invitations to dinner are exceedingly rare; there are brilliant balls, but these do not satisfy an English longing for good-fellowship. Familiar visits and free social intercourse do not exist at all. Then there are the two

great divisions of society—on the nobles and the merchant Jews, on one side poverty and pride, on the other, wealth and intellect the ugliest and most illiterate of puppet countesses would consider her glove soiled by contact with the rosy fingers of the fairest and most accomplished among bankers' wives. The nobles so untermixing and so looking down contemptuously upon the brain and sinew of the land, have, as a matter of course, degenerated into colourless morsels of humanity. How long they can remain uppermost is for themselves to calculate if they can: it is enough for us who see good wine at the bottom, and less at the top, to know that there must be a settlement somewhere.

For the inhospitability of Vienna's society, there is one sufficient reason that springs out of the devil of espionage. In this city of Vienna, where there are said to be four hundred police spies varying in rank between an archduke and a waiter. Letters are not safe, writing desks are not sacred. An office for opening letters exists in the post office. Upon the slightest suspicion of curiosity, spies have impressions told on them the way is made for a jet of flame the letters are read and if necessary copied, sealed and delivered. Wifery, at of course mistaken by steam. You cannot prevent this espionage, but it can be detected (supposing that to be my consolation) if you seal with wax over a wifer. One consequence of the melting and steaming practices of the Austrian post office is especially afflicting to merchants—bills come sometimes to be presumed, while the letters containing advice of them lie detained by the authorities, acceptance, in the absence of advice being refused.

From the surveillance of the police officials, perhaps not a house in Vienna is free. The man whom you invited as a friend, and who is dining with your wife, may be a spy. You cannot tell, and for this reason people in Vienna—naturally warm and sociable—close their doors upon familiarity, and are made freezingly inhospitable. Yet this grand machine of espionage leaves crime at liberty. Although murder is rare, or at least rare of discovery, (there is a Todschneider, or inspector of deaths, but no coroner's inquest), unpunished forgeries and robberies of the most shameless kind outrage society continually. Many of the more distant provinces are infested by gangs of organised banditti, who will ride, during broad daylight, into a country gentleman's courtyard, invite themselves to dinner, take away his property, and insist on a ransom for himself if he has no wish to see his house in flames. When met by troops, these bands of thieves are often strong enough to offer battle.

But, although the Austrian police cannot protect Austrian subjects, it can annoy not only them, but foreigners besides. The English are extremely liable to suffer. One Englishman, only the other day, was ordered

to the frontier for a quarrel with his landlady, another, for keeping bad society, another, for hissing a piece of music, three, for being suspected of political intrigues, two, for being newspaper reporters. The French have lately come in for their share of police attentions, and we have lost, from the same cause, the company of two Americans. Among the Austrians themselves, the very name of the police is a word of terror. By their hearths they dare barely whisper matter that would be harmless enough elsewhere, but dangerous here, if falling upon a policeman's ears.

Recently there was a poem published which professes to draw a parallel between anarchy and a republic. Of course it was an orthodox and in most mild glorification of "sound" absolutist principles. The poet sent a copy to an Austrian noble—who opening it carelessly, and immediately noticing the word "republic," hunched the back to a servant, with a shudder, and a note to the author acknowledging its receipt, and wondering that the poet should have thought him (the noble) capable of encouraging republican principles. This note scathed the feelings of the rhymist intensely. He hurried off to exculpate himself and explain the real aim of his book. He did this and, of course, his book was bought.

This is the state of Austria in 1851. Men of all grades look anxiously to France will know that the events in Paris next year, if they lead to outbreak, will be felt in Vienna instantly. Yet Strauss delights the dancers, and the military bands play their "Hoch Lebe 'round the throne. The nobles scorn the merchants and the men of letters who return the noble scorn with a contemptuous pity. The murmur of the populace is heard below, but still we have the grayest eye in all the world. We throng the places of amusement. Dissipation occupies our minds and shuts out graver thought. Verily, Charles Stuart might be reigning in this capital.

THE HOME OF THE HUNDRED BLIND MEN

In the city of my birth, there stood an ancient building, known as Prior's College, founded in remote antiquity for the reception of one hundred blind men. The entrance was in the High Street. It was a doorway cut in a red-bricked wall, without a porch, and surmounted by a broken and almost obliterated carving in stone, of the arms of the founder. Two walnut trees, separated only from this entrance by a narrow pavement, also of red bricks, made a shade there in the summer time. When a boy I strayed there, often, leaning on the low gate, and looking into the quadrangle beyond. Its inmates were seldom met about the city, but I used to see them within, walking ~~in the~~

grass-plot. The singular foundation of Prior's College, or "Prior's Spital," as old people called it, was told to me in very early childhood, before I rightly understood the words, when I heard them only with a childish wonderment; so that long after, in life, a habit of repeating them without direct reference to their meaning had taken from the words all power, but that of awakening the vague sensation with which they were connected in my childhood. Yet now, as I repeat them, they have to me many meanings, which other ears know not of. Manifold associations belong to them. I remember now, more distinctly than any other day in that early time of my life, an afternoon, when I stood at the gate, as I have often done since. A voice behind me startled me by inquiring what the building was intended for. I turned, and replied immediately, "It is for the reception of one hundred blind men." The inquirer was a stranger. His clothes were dusty, and he looked tired; and when he had peeped over the gate, and looked up at the sculptured shield, he passed on. I felt that afternoon, more strongly than I had felt before, the charm that was for me in that ancient place. I stayed there until dusk, and then walked away, repeating to myself, mechanically, the answer I had given to the stranger. Many occurrences which have wrought changes in my mind, more easily traceable at the time, must have passed from my recollection since then; and yet that day seems to me, as it were, the opening of my life, and all beyond it as the shady back-ground of a scene which has never faded from my memory. And, indeed, the influence of that day upon my subsequent life, if difficult to trace, is only so because the impression which it left was deeper. I know that to my interest in the old College, in my childhood, which brought me that way whenever I had an opportunity, and to the awe with which I heard some stories respecting it, I owe much of what I became, and am.

It was long before I ventured to pass in at the gate, for I knew no one there; although, probably, none would have interfered with me, if I had passed in. But I was timid; and the glimpses I caught from without of its inmates walking to and fro, or sitting in shady angles of the walls, and a certain feeling of awe I had in the thought that the place was inhabited almost entirely by aged and blind men, restrained me. I preferred to loiter under the trees; to peep in occasionally over the gate; to look up at the carving of arms, and at the loophole windows in the wall along the street.

One day, an old gentleman, whom I had sometimes remarked there, as not being blind like the other inmates of the College, seeing me as usual at the gate, bade me enter. His manner was so sharp that I felt that he was going to reprimand me about there so often; but, to

my surprise, he only asked me my reason for doing so. I do not remember what I said to him; but I recollect that he seemed to be inclined to be friendly to me, and led me over the building. It was a different place to what I thought it from the outside. I looked round the quadrangle; at the square windows with little diamond panes; at the great sundial with a Latin inscription; at the curious leaden rain-spouts, ornamented with grinning faces of animals; at the sloping tiled roofs, greyer than the stone walls, under which the swallows built their nests in a close row. We passed through a little doorway in the further corner of the quadrangle into a passage, from which my conductor showed me a great hall, which had once been used as a schoolroom, though now it was the place where the inhabitants of the College came together for prayers. He showed me also a ruined archway at the back, covered with ivy, which led into the gardens of the College. Afterwards, we visited some of the blind men, and talked with them. They occupied the building on three sides of the quadrangle. My conductor lived on the other side. The entrance to his abode was by an oaken door in the corner. The name of Alison was under the knocker, on an oval brass plate, although much polishing had almost obliterated the letters. I observed that the windows on that side were much larger than the others, and were of stained glass, in the shape of a pointed arch. I remember saying to my guide, "Is that a chapel, too, sir?" "No, youngster," he replied, "that is the library."

"Do blind people want a library, sir?" I asked him, innocently.

The old gentleman looked at me with some sternness, and then said, "It is not for the blind people, youngster. Old Prior, a mercer in King Henry the Sixth's time, founded here, not only a hospital for blind men, but a library for men who were willing to turn the blessed gift of sight to good account. The old mercer's gift, however, is half buried here, and most of the books are very old."

He knocked at the door, and we were admitted by a very old woman, whom I afterwards knew to be his housekeeper. He led me afterwards into the library. It was a long and narrow room, lined from end to end with books. Half way between the ceiling and the ground was a narrow gallery; at the farther end of the room, in a corner, stood a table with several massive inkstands; against the wall, stood an upright desk and stool. The place was made rather dark by the stained glass windows; and there was a faint smell from the leathern binding, but the books were not dusty, and the oaken floor was polished smooth as glass.

"And are all these real books, sir?" I asked; for the ribbed leathern backs, and the red of the old folios looked so fresh and gay, that I was reminded of a draught

board at home, which shut up like two thick volumes, and was labelled with the title of some standard author.

"All real books, my friend," replied my guide.

I walked around the walls, looking up at the titles of the volumes, while the old gentle man sat at the desk and began to write. I remember that I felt much inclined to take down one of the volumes and open it; but on turning round to glance at my conductor, before asking his permission, he seemed to be so much occupied, that I was afraid to disturb him; so I continued to amuse myself with reading the titles, walking slowly from place to place on tiptoe. I looked round once, as I ceased to hear the scratching of his pen upon the paper, and then I saw him with his arm supported on the desk, and his face resting on his hand, looking very thoughtful. He was tall and thin. His head was partially bald, and his hair was brushed up from all sides of it, to a point on the top of his head. He wore a white cravat, and the collars of his coat and waistcoat standing upright, and cut with sharp angles over the chest, gave him the air of a Quaker, though he did not speak like one. I waited a long while, while he sat as motionless as a portrait—his face still resting on his hand. It was getting dusk, but I would not make the slightest movement to call his attention to me: indeed, there was something so pleasing to me in the tranquillity of the place, and the novelty of my situation, in the remotest part of the old College about which I had so often lingered, wondering what the interior was like, that I felt at every moment a fear lest he should come out of his reverie, and lead me back to the outlet into the street. He arose at last, and took me again into the house, where he talked to me about the College and about the library, and finally dismissed me, bidding me come to see him again one day.

Of the Warden's history, nothing was known. There were few who could remember his first coming there, and at that time they had not felt sufficient interest in him to inquire whence he came. He had no relation or acquaintance in the city—or indeed elsewhere, for anything that people knew. The College was his home, and he seldom left it, except now and then to pay a tradesman's bill in the city, or to buy a few books at an old Divinity bookseller's in the Cathedral-yard. It was not long before I presented myself again at the College, according to his words on leaving him. I found him this time even more friendly towards me than before. He questioned me, and learning that my mother was a widow, asked how she lived, and what she intended to make of me, and kindly offered to employ me in the library, and partly in assisting him in keeping the accounts of the College. "I shall not want all your time," he said, "and you will have many opportunities of acquiring knowledge, if

studious." His offer was joyfully accepted, both by my mother and me, and in a few days I found myself installed in the library.

My duties were light, and my leisure time was spent in reading. By degrees, I learned to write labels for books in print letters, and even in foreign characters; and sometimes I employed myself in supplying title-pages, or missing leaves: which I made from other copies, and inserted in the books. In the winter, we began to make a catalogue of all the books in the library: which task my employer finally left entirely to me. It occupied me a long time; yet I was sorry when it was finished. I had become so accustomed to my daily task, alone among the old books, that I scarcely knew how to employ my time when I found myself less occupied. However, I soon turned again to reading, with a greater relish than before. The library contained many theological books. I acquired a taste for the writings of the old English Divines, whose profuse imagery and poetic fervour awakened in me, as I grew older, a calm enthusiasm which brought my nature still more into harmony with the tranquil life around me. Within those old walls I seemed to be shut in, and sheltered for ever from the changing world without. I became familiar with old dates, and obsolete languages, with old prints, and other ancient things, until my acquaintance with them, predominating over my experience of actual life, the past became even less strange and shadowy than that life of change and motion beyond the little circle in which I lived.

In this way I grew up to manhood. I had no definite aim in the future. My mother's wants were provided for; and the little salary which I received was sufficient to keep me free from those worldly cares which would have aroused me from my inaction. Even the vague notion, which I had entertained at first, that the knowledge I was acquiring would, one day, become the ladder by which I should climb into a higher sphere, entered my mind no longer. I came to love learning only for itself, as the daily material of my thoughts—the many-coloured yarn from which I wove my dreams. In turning out of the street into the enclosure of the College, I seemed to have found a shelter, which others had overlooked, in their struggle onward. I became more and more monkish. The tranquillity about me had so driven my mind inward to its centre, that no occurrence in my daily life could draw me out of myself. Even the death of a friend failed to leave in me any permanent impression. I had no sympathies with men, none of those affections which are half the life of a mind not warped from its natural development. But, one day, my life began to be changed.

I remember that it was in the autumn of the year; for I had been writing in the library, until dusk, and straining my eyes to finish what I was doing, before the light

wholly failed. When I had done, I returned my books to their shelves, and went out. There was a long passage on that side of the hall, flanked like the hall itself, with Gothic windows looking out into the gardens of the College. As I locked the library door, and held my hand upon the key, I turned and saw a female form ascending the flight of steps, at the bottom. I stood looking that way as she came towards me. Her white dress seemed to make a light about her in the dusky passage, so that I could see her face. I did not wonder at first to meet her there, but saw her, as in dreams, sometimes, we come on unexpected things, without surprise. She passed me without speaking, and turning an angle in the passage, was gone. I stood there for some time, hoping that she might return, and wondering whence she came and who she was. I had never seen a young maiden in the College before, nor could I imagine how I should meet her in that part of the building, unless she were staying with the Warden, and he, I knew lived only with his housekeeper, and never had a visitor.

I pondered upon this circumstance on my way home, suspecting that it was a vision that I had seen. I had been reading, that day, the story of an ancient hero, who finding an old decrepit woman, a leper, by the wayside, took her up on his saddle, and bore her with him into a city. And that night, lying on his bed, he was awakened by a great light, and saw a girl in the room, who promised him a crown of glory for the act, but vanished as he stretched forth his hand. When I reflected, there seemed to me in the description of the knight's vision, so much resemblance to the form that I had seen, and the effect that it had wrought upon me, that one seemed to have grown out of the other. I thought of the solitary life that I was leading, and considered this circumstance with uneasiness, as indicative of an unhealthy state of my mind. Yet I felt a pleasure in recalling it, which increased as I indulged it. I returned the next day in the library until late, and went out by the same passage hoping to meet her. I lingered there some time, but she did not come. As I was locking the door and turning to walk away, I heard a foot step on the stair below. I stood still, and waited anxiously; but when it came never. I knew that it was the old Warden's. I spoke to him first, for it was dark, and he could scarcely see me. I was about to tell him of the young person whom I had met, but his manner was so short, that I was deterred. He spoke to me of some books in the library which were to be lent to a person in the city, and then asked me why I stayed so late. I said I had been busy; he bade me good night, somewhat abruptly, and went on.

I was at a loss to account for the sudden change in his manner. He was accounted a good man, but towards me he had preserved a friendly bearing, and

I could not help perceiving that I had been a favourite of his. He was, indeed, somewhat eccentric, and I had frequently before known him to be subject to shifting humours; but I felt this time that there was something more than usual. For several weeks past he had not invited me into his house, as had been his custom, now and then, although I had not experienced any change in his manner. I sought, in vain, to remember any occasion on which I could have offended him, and I resolved to wait for an opportunity of asking him, in what I had displeased him.

I did not see him again, however, for several days. One afternoon, when I was sitting in the library, I heard two of the blind inmates of the College talking under the window, which was open, and from their conversation I gained some clue to the mystery of the young person whom I had met. I knew them by their voices. He who seemed better informed upon the subject than his companion, was one of the oldest men there. He was short, and somewhat hunched and thickset, and was said to possess great strength. He used to wear a kind of cloth frock, buttoned down the whole length of the front, and he used to walk with a stick with which I once saw him, with a single blow, beat a dog to death who had bitten him. I had always a fear of him. I had secretly ever heard him speak, that he was not living, went to general bitterness, or anger against some one and there was an expression of malice in his large and hard features, which made me shrink from him. I had found him, sometimes, at evening, in the quadrangle walking alone; sometimes, when I had met him, coming through the passage leading to the ancient schoolroom, and creeping along the wall—his face with its fixed and sightless eyes inclined forward a feeling almost of terror had compelled me to turn back. I believe that on such occasions he had detected my foot step, with the quick sense of the blind, and that knowing who I was, and divining that I felt a dislike for him, he had treasured up malice against me. "I thought I heard a woman's footstep in the dimming hall, last night," he said now, "but I suppose I was mistaken, for no one answered when I spoke, and I didn't hear it again. My hearing used to be sharp, but lately I have had a singing in the ears. I am not deaf, but I get so fancy noises."

"Take enough," said the other, "it was old Alison's niece, Amy. Be sure she heard you, and so she would not answer." She is afraid of an old blind man. Somebody taught her, I'll be sworn, when she was a child, that old, deformed, halt, or blind people are spiteful, and to be hated. If you had been young, like the boy he took into the library, she would not have run away."

"The Warden's niece!" said his companion. "I never heard of her; or else I have forgotten her. My memory is not what it was." "No, no, man, you never heard of her. She has not been here many days. The house-

keeper told me about her. Her uncle never saw her, until his sister, the widow, died—that's two years since, and he did not trouble himself about her, after that, until a little while ago when he went to see her, and brought her home, to live with him in the College."

"Aye?" said the first speaker, "and the young man?"

"We shall know about him by and by," said the other. "The young despise the old, but they can't do without the old. Let them go their own way. They will not escape trouble in this life, any more than we."

I did not doubt that I had discovered the explanation of the mystery and that it was the old man's niece whom I had seen and yet I could not account for the fact that he had never spoken to me about her, and it seemed to me even still more strange that I should not have met her more than once, in the many days that she had been there. I suspected that the Warden took precautions to prevent my meeting her, although I could not tell why. His having ceased to invite me into the house, and his apparent anger at meeting me late in the passage, knowing, as perhaps he did, that she passed there sometimes, at that hour, confirmed my suspicion. Nor was the remark of the old blind man, that he had found a new favourite, sufficient, to my mind, to explain the sudden abruptness of his manner towards me. "There is no doubt," I thought, "that, for some reason, he fears our coming together."

This conviction kept her constantly in my mind. A fancy that some foreboding of a closer connexion, inevitably to exist between us, had visited her protector, awakened strange sensations in my mind. I revived again and again the recollection of her pale face and black hair, and the kind of awe which I had felt at meeting her alone, and with her bare head, walking in the twilight passage, where I had never before met a stranger.

I became more impatient to see her again, and thought upon various means by which I might be able to meet her, without fixing on any. At last it came to pass that one evening, as I was leaving the College, I saw the Warden standing at his door, who told me, for the first time, that he had brought a niece to reside with him, and, bidding me enter, offered to introduce me to her. I followed him into the parlour, where I found her at needlework. She dropped her work as I entered, and arose to meet me. I knew her again for the person whom I had met in the passage, although she seemed less pale than then. I thought that the old man glanced from me to her, several times, as he told her who I was. When we sat down, I felt that he was watching me, and from the constraint which I experienced, I spoke little. She talked to me about the College and its inhabitants, going on with her work the while, and looking down upon

it though once or twice she looked up, and turned upon me the full beauty of her countenance. I departed at last, and bade her "good night."

So was I now made sure that it was no vision that I had seen, though still her marvellous beauty preserved in me something of the old wonder that I had felt. More than ever, did she now become to me the spirit of that place, to which my instinct had so strangely brought me in my childhood. I thought, even at that time, that her presence would not have moved me so deeply if I had met her elsewhere. I knew that I might have seen her in the street and looking at her with a momentarily wonder, might have fallen again into my habitual meditation, for though I could easily imagine beautiful faces, I could remember no occasion on which any particular countenance had deeply impressed me before.

I saw her again, a few days after, in the College gardens. It was in the morning, I walked there sometimes in fine weather, before beginning my duties in the library. The mist of an autumn morning had passed with a few hot drops and the air under the trees was still and warm. I was about to turn back, and go into the library, when I heard her voice. She came through the archway, and walked down a side path slowly, beside one of the blind people. I recognised her companion for the man whom I had heard under the window of the library, talking with his surly friend. I saw her gather some peaches for him from the wall, and could hear them conversing, though I could not distinguish what they said. When the old man left her, I walked round, and bade her "good morning."

I came down here with the old blind man," said she. "Poor fellow! he tells me he would not regret his blindness, if he were not getting deaf."

"It is well," I replied, "that sometimes the afflicted know not the extent of their misfortune."

"Yet, they tell me the blind are sometimes very happy."

"I do not think," said I, "that a man can be happy, having once known the light, to be shut out from it for ever. I cannot tell what beauty the mind has in itself, alone, nor how great a pleasure it may derive, in the cases of those born blind, from self-contemplation, or from such faint intimations of the world as are brought to it through the dark senses."

"They are very fanciful. Yonder poor old man thought that I had heard him call to me in the hall, and that I would not speak to him. I led him down here to take a walk in the garden, and make my peace with him. I own I was timid until I became more used to the blind men—they moved about so silently, and I came upon them so often, unawares, in parts of this beautiful place. But I forget, sir, that to you it may wear a different aspect, now to me, who came to it,

young as I am, after years of trouble and sorrow, and find in it a quiet home, governed by my good uncle, it seems a place where one must needs be happy."

"I hope, indeed, you will be happy here."

"Ah, yes! I have already known a tranquillity in this place which I have never known before—not indeed, since I was so young that I have almost forgotten it. And my uncle whom some people have thought harsh. They do not know what a gentle and affectionate nature lies under that sharp manner which he has sometimes with strangers. And because he loved retirement, and from disappointment in his youth shut himself up here, and seldom came to see us, they said that he hated men. We did not say so, for my mother knew him better."

"Let me add, that I know him better," said I. I looked at her again for some moments in silence, thinking that I could read something of the sorrow that she spoke of, in the expression of her face. She glanced at me once more with a look of curiosity, and then bidding me "good morning," turned and went through the archway, leaving me alone.

About a week after that morning the winter began suddenly. The weather had continued to be fine and calm—although we were at the end of October—until one evening, as I was returning from the College, I felt the air strike chill, and that night, I was awakened by a high wind turning the sails of a windmill, near the back of our house, with a noise like the roaring of the sea. In the morning, the trees about and within the College were stripped of their leaves, and the wind continued all day to drive the clouds across the sky, and the dusk came on earlier than usual. I had not seen Amy since, although I had walked again in the garden. I sat all day, thinking of the long winter before us, and of the many months that must pass before I could walk with her again in the garden. I paced to and fro in the library, and, from the window, looked out into the quadrangle, and watched the leaves as the wind whirled them in eddies or swept them up in corners and doorways. When it became dark I went out, and seeing no one, I passed by the Warden's door, and listened at the window for Amy's voice. The firelight shone through the holes in the shutters, and I could hear speaking. Sometimes I could plainly distinguish the house-keeper's voice, and sometimes, I thought, the voices of Amy and her uncle. I turned away and went home, feeling a loneliness that I had never known before.

Every night I saw the same light through the Warden's window, and picturing to myself the scene within, felt this loneliness more fully than before.

I still I saw nothing of Amy. Sometimes her uncle visited me in the library, but he never again invited me into the house. His manners were still strange: so strange at

times, that I thought I observed some signs of a falling away from that shrewd and practical mind which I had always known him to possess. His manner with me had become habitually querulous, sometimes he seemed forgetful and almost childish. One day, remarking that it was the twelfth of the month, he repeated the words, and stood musing awhile.

"This should be my birthday," said he. "Let me see! The twelfth! I am eighty-one, and I have been here fifty years, and, indeed, this winter I feel myself getting old—too old for work. And why should I harass myself with work? I will go away from here. Yet Amy likes the place, and perhaps I have been here too long to leave it now. The duties are getting irksome to me, but I must stay. Yes, Amy likes the place and she is a good girl—she is the comfort of my life."

He did not address his words to me, though I sat beside him, but he stood looking towards one of the windows, as if speaking to himself. I would not interrupt him. There was something that touched me in the sound of his voice, and in the thoughtful expression of his features, nay, even in his attitude, as he stood there tall and thin in an afternoon shadow, undecided whether to go or to stay. It was a curious thought, but it struck me that I had found the key to his childishness, in his sudden affection for his niece. I thought that he might have gone on yet for many years in that round of habit in which he had lived carrying on his duties almost mechanically, if nothing had occurred to disturb him, even after the intelligence which originally directed them was partially extinguished. But this feeling of affection, so long benumbed, and awakened thus late in life, had brought forth his true nature, and shown that he was become a child. He turned away afterwards, and, without saying a word, walked slowly down the length of the library, and went out, leaving me there.

The weather became colder. After three dark days the wind dropped, and the snow began to fall, slowly covering everything until it lay deep in the quadrangle, and on the roofs and porches of the doors, and on the sun-spouts, and window-ledges, and on the gnomon of the sun dial. No one stirred abroad then, sometimes no footstep but my own was imprinted in the snow all day. It ceased to fall at last, but the weather was still cold. On the afternoon of that day, I read in the library by lamp-light, and, going out afterwards, the moon was shining. That side where I stood was in shadow, but the moon light shone upon the opposite wall, and made a broad line before the doors. As I looked across, I saw one of the doors of the blind inmates' habitations, open, and Amy came out. She heard me try the lock to see if the door was fast, and called to me. She held the door almost closed behind her, and said, as I approached.

"My old friend is very ill. The cold weather is more than he can bear. Come in and see him."

She opened the door, and I entered with her. The old man lay upon his trestle bedstead, near the fire; beside him, on the table, were some medicine bottles. He raised his head, and seemed to listen at my approach; then, sunk again upon his pillow.

"Here is some one you know come to see you," said Amy, leaning over him.

"Aye, aye," he replied. "It is Mr. Elwood. I am much obliged to him." I walked over, and shook hands with him. He was very old, and his trembling hand was tawny brown, and drawn up by paralysis at the knuckles.

"Has he no one to attend on him but you, Amy?" said I.

"Not now," she said. "I sent his nurse away to day, for speaking to him harshly. The housekeeper and I will watch him to-night in turns."

She turned towards the door, and begging me to wait there a moment, while she ran home, went out and shut the door noiselessly. When she came back, her uncle was with her, and I appealed to him to allow me to watch the old man instead of Amy; but Amy pleaded her friendship for her charge, and begged to be allowed to stay.

"No, no, no," said her uncle. "You must come home, Amy. The young, and beautiful, and tender-hearted are not fit for nurses. The old are sterner, but they know what to do, and do it, if they do not feel for the sick. But you are inexperienced—and you would sit and grieve all night. Come, you are not strong yourself; and if you were to die, I know not what I should do." I saw a tear upon the old man's face. Amy saw it too; she said not a word in answer, but bidding the sick man be patient, turned, and gave me "good night," and then took her uncle's arm, and went away with him.

The hours passed slowly, as I sat before the fire. I sat upon a low chair looking into the live coals. Sometimes I buried my face in my hands, and thought of Amy; but with a feeling of anxiety, for which I could scarcely account. I felt, almost instinctively, that the love of the old man for his niece, though of a different kind to mine, was yet destined to thwart me, and perhaps to part us in the end for ever. I had a habit of trusting to such instincts, for I knew they were, in fact, the subtlest deductions of the mind, though working blindly, and with facts noted in secret, and in secret stored. I knew the power of the old man upon her, bound to him as she was by feelings of gratitude and affection, and I feared lest some prejudice, arising from that childish querulousness which he seemed to display towards all but her, might lead him to speak harshly of me, or to forbid her holding converse with me. Knowing how he had hitherto kept her from meeting me, I imagined many plans which he might devise,

acting under a childish apprehension, in order to remove her from me.

It must have been near midnight, when I heard a knock at the door, and going there, found Amy.

"I came over before going to bed, to ask how he is," she said.

"He has slept, ever since you left."

"I have brought you a book, and the housekeeper will come and take your place early in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Amy."

She glided like a ghost over the silencing snow, and was gone. I waited there awhile, looking towards the house, until I saw a light at her window; soon afterwards the blinds were dark, and I returned and sat down again, to read before the fire. The housekeeper came at last, and wrapping my cloak about me, I went home.

The old man continued ill for some days. I was at his habitation constantly, meeting Amy there. The nights were moonlight still; and many times I saw her flit to and fro between her uncle's door and her's, and sometimes through the outlet into the street. I seldom saw any one else but her now. The snow was not thawed; the icicles hung to the water-taps and the rain spouts, and along the gutters under the roof. The shadows were heavier by their contrast with the light upon the snow, and the projections and angles of walls were blacker and more sharp. And, all day long, the silence was so perfect, that it seemed to me that only Amy dwelt there, and I lived entranced; for, never, in the calmest and remotest region of my fancy, had I built a home more pure and beautiful—a habitation, to my mind, more fit for her. The old man had been lying ill a fortnight, when one afternoon I was as usual in the library, and Amy came through to me. I had been absent some hours, and had just returned, so that she had sought me there, perhaps, before. I looked up at her, before she spoke, and said:

"The old man is dead?"

"He is," said Amy. "The chaplain found him lying still, and said he had passed from darkness into light."

There were tears in her eyes. I watched her, as she stood there, silent, for some moments, keeping in my ear the words that she had spoken. The solemn news that she had brought me, and her sorrowing attitude, had given to her an air so beautiful and saintlike that my love rose within me to its height. She came, at length, and held out her hand, to shake hands with me. She had not done so before. She did so, now, in that feeling which leads us, when we turn away from death, to draw more closely to the living, and to treat with kindness those whom we have yet to speak with. I took her hand, and did not let it go; but walked with her to the door leading into the passage, where I had seen her first. I held the handle

of the door, but did not turn it. I knew that now the poor old man was dead, I should not see her every day, as heretofore, nay, I thought then that her uncle, alarmed at the accident which had lately brought us together so often, would guard her more cautiously than ever. It seemed to me that all the future hung upon that moment, and that if I hastily opened the door, she was gone from me for ever.

"Do not leave me yet, Amy. Do you not know, that though I pass each day in the same place with you, we may not meet again for many, many days?"

"I know it. I will not deceive you."

"Amy," I said, after a pause—"because you leave me, now perhaps, as you yourself have said, not to meet again for some time—I cannot part with you before I tell you what is heavy on my heart. Dear Amy, it might seem to some a selfish thing to talk of love, which means life and confidence, and thoughts of happiness, at this time, when death has been with us, and yet an instinct tells me that no moment were more fit than this—an instinct, safer to be trusted, as I hope, than the shrewdest precepts. Forgive me! It is not many months since I first met you in the passage here, about this time of dusk. Something, I know not what, has happened to prevent our meeting often, but many things have come together, in those few times that we have met, to show me your true nature. Believe me, Amy, it is not only for your beauty, but for your goodness, and your wisdom, that I love you."

She looked at me calmly, and answered, "You give me credit for good sense and though you flatter me, and call it wisdom, I will show you, at least, that I have learned to speak frankly is best. I will tell you, then, that I know no one whom I could love more sincerely than you, nay, I will not hide, that, although our acquaintance has been short, I feel an affection for you, stronger than I have felt for any one. I have had but little leisure for such feelings before this. I came here thinking to find all things strange and cold, and found a new and happier life before me. Old and young treated me so kindly, that my heart was fuller than I could say."

I took her hand, and kissed it fervently. "I did not think to hear you speak like this, Amy," I said, "but your uncle!"

"My uncle!" repeated Amy, looking down to the ground, as if I had struck again the key-note of our conversation, and had brought her back to the tone in which it began. "What do I not owe him! You must scarcely speak to me of this again. I have said to you more than I should have said, for I have promised him never to marry while he lives. Therefore I hold you to no promise, although it is well, perhaps, that we should wait. For his sake, we must not tell him of this, for it would grieve him. Now let me say, farewell."

"Let me kiss you, before we part, Amy!" said I, as we were near the threshold of the outlet. She held her cheek out, and I kissed it twice, but in that moment I felt that the doorway became darker, although I had heard no footstep. I turned and saw that it was the old blind man, whom I had once heard talking under the library window. He stood in the middle of the threshold, holding the frame on each side the door, as Samson held the pillars—his head bowed towards us, as if he had been about to enter, and hearing some one there, had stood to listen. Amy shrieked faintly.

"I did not mean to frighten you, Miss," said he, "I know I am not a well favoured man, but if you will let me pass you, I will be gone."

"It was your sudden coming that startled us," said I.

"I did not know," replied the old man, "that there was any one here." He felt with his hand along the wall, and went up the steps. We heard his footsteps in the passage, and then a door shut, and the place was silent again. We stood there yet some time before we parted. I waited until Amy was gone, and then went out into the quadrangle. It was a dark night.

Oh, I was indeed another man that night! All my old nature fell from me, and I stood then, for the first time, face to face with life. I would be a dreamer no longer. There was something to me so beautiful in humanity, as I saw it through her wise and noble nature, that all the old pleasures of my imagination seemed as a drunken revel, from which I awakened to the clear fresh morning of the heart. I saw now, for the first time, that it was well, as Amy said, to wait, for what had I to keep a wife? But I was full of hope, and I felt a strength within me, that would master circumstances. "It is enough," I thought, "that Amy loves me. I will wait, and she shall see how I will strive to make her happy, when the time arrives."

As I expected, I did not see her again until the day of the old man's funeral, and then only for a moment. I met the Warden the next day, and spoke to him of the old man, he answered me sharply, and seemed irritated.

"The old are better dead," said he. "In this life, where all are battling together, what chance have they against the young? If they have anything of value, jealous and quick-eyed, the young will watch it for an opportunity to rob them, or wait about them, hungry for their deaths, to seize upon it. They grudge even a kind companion, who might make their last days happy—who might serve to waken an affection, that would make them feel that they yet lived, not wholly numbed by this slow age that creeps upon us all. But the old are over-cunning for them sometimes. They have a weapon, if they know how to use it."

I knew what he referred to, and suspected that the blind man had betrayed us: but I made no answer, for Amy's sake, although I was grieved to hear him talk like this, for he had often treated me kindly. Moreover, I could not help pitying him, for I felt that his strange fancies had moved him deeply. His words were bitter, but his voice broke sometimes, as if he felt acutely the injustice which he thought he suffered. He turned away as soon as he had finished, and departed, scarcely leaving me time to reply. His threat alarmed me; but I had faith in Amy. She came to me in the library that afternoon, as I was about to leave. She seemed agitated.

"I fear my uncle has been speaking to you harshly," said she. "I came to shake hands with you before you go, and to bid you not to let it grieve you."

"No, no, Amy," I answered; "I will bear anything while you remain unchanged."

"Promise me, then," she said, "whatever may happen, that you will not judge me harshly. For myself, I shall not change; but if *you* should grow weary of waiting, I will forgive you and will not complain."

"Never, never, Amy!" I held her hand in mine a moment, and then released it, and she glided down the library.

Her manner had alarmed me. I could not rest that night, but lay awake, foreboding many evils; yet I never touched the truth, although some trouble, in the distance, seemed to threaten me. I rose early next morning, and hastened to the College. There was no one in the quadrangle; and looking towards the Warden's house, I saw the shutters closed, and the blind still down at Amy's window. I walked over, and listened, but heard no noise within; knocking at the door, I waited and listened again: but the silence of death seemed in the house. A terrible thought struck me, as I stood there, striving to catch some sound, with an intense attention. The wildness of the old man's manner overnight seemed to me a symptom of that sudden madness, under the influence of which, sometimes, the gentlest natures have done deeds of violence to those whom they have loved the most.

I did not seek for any one to aid me, but turned and went along the passage, and through the library, to get that way into the Warden's house. The door was not locked. I went through. I stood a moment, and listened again. I could have heard the slightest breathing, if any one had been sleeping in the house. I heard nothing. I mounted the stairs, and knocked at Amy's door, and pushed it open. I saw she had not slept there, the previous night; there was no article of clothing about the walls, nor any of her trinkets on the table. I went to the old man's room next, and afterwards to the housekeeper's, and found both empty. Down stairs I found no one. Everything belonging to the inmates seemed to be removed, and nothing left there but

the furniture: which was the property of the College. A ray of sunlight, full of dusky specks, fell through the hole in the shutters of the back-room, and I sat some time upon a chair there, sick at heart, and utterly bewildered.

They were gone, and none knew whither. No one in the College had heard them go, nor could I find about the city any one who had helped them to remove what they had taken with them. I wandered in the streets that day, and about the market-place that night, vaguely hoping to meet some trace of them; and so, from day to day. Afterwards, I haunted the College continually: lingering there, sometimes, till late at night. Certain Trustees visited the place, and told me that the old man had sent in his accounts on the day on which he left, stating that he was compelled to leave the city that night. His letter had shown them that he wrote under some excitement, and he had not stated whither he was going. They requested me to take his duties on myself, until another Warden could be appointed. Afterwards, some clergymen in the city who had frequented the library, spoke to them favourably of me, and, in the end, I was appointed Warden in the old man's stead.

My mother came to live with me in the house which he had occupied. I did not doubt, at first, that I should one day hear of Amy again; and that her coming to bid me farewell, on the night on which she had left, and what she had said then, was intended to assure me of this; but a whole year passed, and spring came, and summer came, and I had no news of her. The hope of seeing her grew faint within me. I even reproached her, sometimes, in my mind. I fell again into my old way. The change had not been long enough to turn aside the bias of my past life altogether. The place was so little changed, and my daily life was so like what it had so long been, that, gradually, the time when Amy lived there seemed to me only like a tale that I had been reading. Sometimes, on awakening from some long train of meditation, I recollected that I had not thought of Amy for some days; and wondered at it, knowing how deeply I had loved her—knowing how deeply I loved her still.

I had begun a work upon the antiquities of the city—a wearisome task in the beginning, but when my researches were completed, and my work began to grow into shape, I laboured upon it with ardour. It was upon this that I was engaged, one afternoon. My mother had been sitting with me in the library. She had gone out, and I had sat there alone. I know not how long, wholly absorbed in my task. That moment is stronger in my memory than any other of my life. I remember waiting for sometime, with a half consciousness of some movement near the door that led into the passage. I did not raise my eyes; but after a time, the belief that there was some one there,

grew stronger, and I looked up, and saw Amy standing before me.

The door was closed behind her, and she stood there, still, and dressed in deep mourning. I kept my eyes upon her, arose, and walking over to her, put forth my hand to touch her, wondering.

"Oh, Amy, is it you, indeed?" I pressed her to me firmly, and kissed her, and leaning my head upon her shoulder, wept for joy. She, too, wept. "This moment has blotted out from my memory all the time that you have been away, Amy. It seems to me only last night that you bade me farewell in this very place. It has been a hard trial."

"For both," said Amy. "I told my uncle I would stay by him while he lived; and I have kept my promise."

"He is dead?"

She did not answer me; but I glanced again at her mourning bonnet, and her dress of crape. "He had become more strange of late," said Amy. "The fancy that you would come and take me from him grew stronger before he died. I knew how strongly the fancy had taken possession of his mind, and that it grew out of his love for me. That was enough."

"And you came here alone, Amy?"

"Yes, and from a distant place; I knew that you were now the Warden, and I came alone to ask you to forgive me, even though you should have changed towards me."

Well, well! what need have I to write how I replied to Amy, God bless her!

* * * *

"Dear love," said I; "my mother waits for me at ten." I took her hand and led her down the room, and through into the house. By-and-bye, we all three sat together, with the window open, looking out into the garden—Amy in the old chair in which she had often sat at work. It had been a fine day, and the sun went down without a cloud. We lighted no candles, but still sat there talking, when the leaves were stirred by a cool wind, and many stars were out.

Early in the winter of that year our old enemy, the blind man, fell ill and died. Amy was then my dear, dear wife. She knew that he had been the cause of sorrow to us; but she waited on him in his illness, and was, at the last, an Angel by his bed. We sat that night beside the fire. We sat there until late, remembering our old troubles, and grateful to the Providence that had shaped them to a happy end.

BRITAIN.

My faith is in my native land;

Her maids are pure, her sons are brave;

And Liberty sails from her strand,

That free-born men may free the slave.

Her courage is the fear of God:

From Him she gathers strength complete,

To tread the path that One hath trod,

And One, alone, with naked feet.

She is not what she yet may be;

And, therefore, till her work is done,

I know she marches onward free,

On to the setting of her sun.

Great splendour will the world behold;

The West will shine with wondrous light,

And she, on clouds of crumbling gold,

Will sink to her immortal night.

A welcome hand she reaches out

To modern fierd, or ancient foe;

Nor can her grasp give birth to doubt

Of honest faith, or friendship slow.

In forward steps her sons are bold,

But to her system firm and true,

They know the value of the Old,

They feel the virtue of the New.

Her may the Arts for evermore

Immoble for their nourtrine!

Her may the distant sheering shore

Enrich; and may her temples pure

To all men preach the living truth!

But never let her mussons roam

Unblest abroad, while age and youth

Are puning to be taught at home.

Her mighty names can never die;

The Fountain spring baptised their yet

She is the foremost in the eye

Of Destiny, through them and theus;

And while her sons remain sincere,

And what they feel speak freely forth,

The moving world may never fear

The icy fitters of the North.

OUR PARISH POOR BOX.

We live in a curious parish. It is curious for many reasons; but is most curious because three parts of its inhabitants live away from home three parts of their time. Not that we dwell amongst rich landholders who come down only on rent days; or just to look at the estates which support their extravagance in other places, as they would walk into their picture-gallery to look at a landscape. Neither is our parish afflicted with meteorological and sanitary arrangements of such a character as to banish every person who can afford to stay away. We simply belong to a very industrious parish; and being idle ourselves, have leisure to devote to the praise of other people's industry.

St. Nancy de Lovell is a large parish, and has many defects for which its size furnishes no excuse. While it has large streets and squares, large families and populations, it has a large number of small, dirty, and crowded streets. These small, dirty, and crowded streets yield a large proportion of unhealthy and ill-cared-for families, which swell the "statistical" population, and lead to angry remarks in newspapers. If the tax-gatherer calls upon one of the "existing" population of St. Nancy de Lovell (one of the hundreds who merely exist), his appeals are vain. "Father is at work," says one child; "Mother's out charing," says another. So

far, so good. The "work" of the father, and the "charing" of the mother, may, by and-by, meet even the tax-gatherer's demand, but all cannot leave so good a reason for their absence.

One of the most curious parts of our curious parish is Burlington Square. Burlington Square is, architecturally, of the Roman cement order, which invariably gives houses the appearance of having worn out their respectability before they were fully finished. What was destined for the garden and pleasant ground for children whose parents could afford the requisite guinea a year, has been turned into the potato cabbage, and flower ground of a small market garden, and flouist. What would have been the 'lodge,' is now a small hut house. Half the iron rails have been knocked in or stolen, and the vacancies are patched with pieces of board, old matting, or unhealthy looking clumps of privet. The fact is, the houses in Burlington Square were in unfortunate speculation. When the "sketches" of the greater part were run up, the projector found that his purse had run down. When the foot had swollen the mortar, and rendered some of the bricks dangerously independent of each other, the runner supplied the puppets, and a rich green moss slowly began to green the rotten splosh of the publican at the corner, made an offer for the lot, bought them, stuccoed them, and fitted them up one by one. He tried at first to get respectable tenants to avoid cutting up each house into lodgings, but it was of no use—Burlington Square gradually dwindled away among laundresses, policemen menders of boots and shoes, owners of mangles, proprietors of donkeys, and dealers in milk. Consequently, Burlington Square, in the district of Albans West, St. Nancy de Lovell, was with good reason designated—according to the rank or taste of the speaker—as a "low neighbourhood," a "rookery," or a "black slum." Yet, many baskets of clean clothes found their way home to more prouising dwellings, on Friday and Saturday nights, on the heads or barrows of the forlorn Burlingtonians. Had kneed Burlingtonians scrubbed floors till they were white, and fit to receive the best Kidderminster that ever showed the dust, other Burlingtonians squatted all day like Indran idols in china shops, and defied the conspicuous inroads of London mud by their handicraft in nails and leather. There was plenty of industry, and plenty of profligacy. All the children did not ply in the street or get run over, and all the children who played in the street were not dirty. Many of the houses kept their street-doors closed, and some of the staircases displayed a fair per-centage of banisters. Scarlet runners, red geraniums, modest fuchsias, and even Brobdingnagian sun-flowers, occasionally indicated an amelioration in the items of humanity forming the St. Nancy Burlingtonia. Poverty had lots of votaries,

but Despain could not have claimed them for his own. Take it all for all, the Recording Angel might have found more work in Burlington Square, than the Accusing Spirit.

The church of Albans West, St. Nancy de Lovell, was a new structure, and its new perpetual curate was the Reverend Bird Fowler, a middle aged gentleman in more senses than one. His whole house and establishment was middle aged, from the housekeeper down to the hall chairs. His shirt collar was a mediæval hoop, his coat a mediæval cassock, and his only chimney ornaments a few mediæval crosses and fonts. He walked with downcast eyes, frequently crossed his hands on his breast, and seemed perpetually wrapped in thought. Mischievous people likened him to a stiff and fuled monumental brass. The boys were afraid of him, and the little girls looked up to him with an indefinite kind of wonder. He scarcely ever spoke above a whisper, and then in but few words. He never laughed. If he smiled, he seemed astonished at his own facility, and quite ashamed of himself. He was never seen in company with any human beings but clergymen; he toasted his own bread for breakfast, and was supposed to have a leaning towards the doctrine of celibacy.

The more parochial features of his character were those which more intimately concerned Albans West. Placed suddenly in a district where half the neighbourhood was built and tenanted upon the Burlingtonian model, activity was the first requisite in a new clergyman. Nor was the Reverend Bird Fowler wanting in activity. He quarrelled with the schoolmaster of the Albans district about some hymn books used by the children on the first visit he paid to the school house, and got up a singing class of Gregorian chants, and for anthems a thousand tunes too difficult for any parochial children the next day. He made an attempt to clip the too luxuriant tresses of some of the little girls. Indignant remonstrances from the mothers followed, ending in the removal of one clever little girl, whose rapid improvement was thus cut short with her ringlets. Finally—bucked by the influence of some ancient virgins of the district—he invented and introduced a new costume for the girls, which combined the demureness of a nun's habit with the symmetry of a strait jacket.

Inside the church, Mr. Bird Fowler was uncommonly active, the bells were hard at work, at all sorts of times and seasons. The church was open all day for people to drop in, either to pray, or to stare about them and look at the dispersed organ-pipes, or to try and steal the books off the lectern and out of the pews, as Mawley Toms did, who was subsequently for that sentence transported for the term of his natural life. Furthermore, directly service began, the priests at the altar and the scanty congregation in the open

benches, kept moving and turning about and about, until some old people thought the changes in the service would turn their own heads, and accordingly went over to Little Bethel in preference, where they could listen peacefully with much less fatigue.

Of almsgiving, collection-making, and charity sermons, there was abundance. "Affectionate" letters, addressed to bishops who had been setting their archbishops and their clergy at defiance, formed piteous and tearful publications, "the proceeds to be devoted to the foundation of a bishopric among the Esquimaux," and were greedily purchased by forbidden-looking females in mourning, who came from West End streets in cabs and carriages. Querulous pamphlets against that often-abused collection of individuals, the Government, published under strange allegorical titles, in which simple things were smothered under far-fetched language, dropped from the fluent pen of the Reverend Bird Fowler. The "Church and Bishop Protector" lay continually on the antique oak table in his library, rarely without his name in the leader, in the "notices," or in the correspondence of some virtuously-indignant subscriber. Of visiting among the poor there was not only plenty, but a great deal more than the poor cared for, or could benefit by. The hard-labouring part of the community, who went to work before daylight, could not be questioned as to their absence from seven o'clock matins, and therefore cared little about the visiting societies; and their wives, who were washing all day and who could not read, found talking to a clergyman whom they could not understand, so much work lost. The few who were thus drawn to church, found the service far beyond their comprehension, and either went over to Little Bethel, like others before them, or kept to their Sunday beer and pipes, and read the "Sunday Growler," of which a "permanent enlargement" had just been announced.

Practical people, who looked at both sides of a shilling in all possible lights before they gave or spent it, began to speculate as to the incomes of the District Church of Albans West. Not that they had, or had reason to have, the slightest suspicion that any part of the floating church revenue found its way into the private purse of the Reverend Bird Fowler. Strictly and sternly honourable in every transaction, seeking to pay beforehand rather than to avoid or postpone payment, even in the smallest matters, he stood, in this respect, without the remotest tinge of reproach. Still the grand complaint—a serious one—was this:—The funds of the school did not now meet the ordinary demands, which had hitherto been adequately provided for, and yet there seemed to be a larger amount of subscriptions than ever. Poor but hard-working families found themselves suddenly deprived of trifling, but to them important, assistance, which their superiors

had rendered them; and the plea which their superiors found for rendering it no longer, was, that "they had really so many calls upon their purse." Yet the visiting went on as vigorously as ever. The houses of the poor could scarcely be called their own. Fidgetty questioning, of which church-going formed the staple subject, annoyed the wives, teased the children, and sometimes kept the husbands away from home. At length, young Butts, of the great brewing firm of Butts, Firkin, and Tubbs, who had always been very liberal in their donations, declared that he should stop all subscriptions: adding that there appeared to be more almsgiving than ever in the parish, but less charity. The fact was, the large funds, spent in avowed purposes of charity, were, like the Irishman's blankets, "all too long at the top, and too short at the bottom."

It happened in this wise:—The seven o'clock daily service was the favourite hobby of the new vicar, and with such earnestness and spirit did he ride it, that he attracted to it, by means partly of our poor box, a congregation of sixteen old servants past service, one decrepit butler, and two superannuated widows. Miles Shortpound, a costermonger, whom the Reverend Bird Fowler had detected in the act of invoking a violent mining operation upon the eyes of his donkey, and whose scales and weights had been under the disagreeable surveillance of the Inspector more than once, was one of the most regular attendants at the seven o'clock service. To be sure, his wife complained that the business went to rack and ruin, and that Miles came home drunk nearly every night. Still he was regular in his attendance; the vicar looked upon him as a reforming or reformed character, and a pretty liberal supply of the offertory gifts found their way into Miles's wash-leather money-bag in consequence. Mrs. Miles grieved at first; then contented herself with sharing the money. Finally, the whole family turned seven o'clock goers; and, finding they could live upon alms, left the coal and potato business to the care of a dirty boy, and a remarkably impertinent, though highly popular, magpie.

A near neighbour of the Shortpounds was Mrs. MFudge, an active old sexagenarian, who worked as hard, and lived as cheerfully, as in her youngest days. By ill luck she fell into the pastoral care of the new vicar. She became the greatest invalid that the dispensary and the vicar's own medical man could physic. She made a virtue of (and made money by) going regularly at seven o'clock, despite the "rheumatics." In short, this worthy old lady cost our poor box seven or eight times as much to support as would have rendered efficient aid, or cheered the declining years, of a dozen such as she had once been. Nor was this all. Scorning to monopolise the advantages of seven o'clock religion to herself, she introduced a daughter, who, unaccountably, became consumptive; although the visit-

ing stethoscope persisted in declaring her lungs to be sound.

This large assortment of voluntary paupers—who preferred receiving alms to working honestly—comprised various editions of character equally disgraceful. The vicar of Albans West, St. Nancy de Lovell, was fast proceeding to empty the shop and the work-room of industrious hands, and to fill the church with the worthy congregation thus obtained. Servants began to talk of leaving their places, unless they were allowed to go out at extraordinary times of the morning, assignments were planned at the same convenient hour, and so rapidly was the work of demoralisation spreading, that the 'house of prayer' was fast approaching the state which its Lord and master once impressively denounced. Soup-kitchens, blanket distributions, coal tickets, Christmas dinners, instead of being open to all whose toils and whose poverty had deserved them, became the exclusive property of the early idlers, who rose early and revelled in the spoils of the charitable. Meanwhile the vicar himself was spending half his money in plans for the benefit of the poor, yet every thing in the parish was getting worse and worse. Indolence and impertinence reigned supreme amongst half the domestic servants, a charwoman came or stayed away, as happened to suit her inclination, and a royal reign of dependant independency set in among the Church party. The Dissenters benefited by it, for they lost several of their idlest and most profligate members, who, taking a sudden fit of orthodoxy, were triumphantly converted.

The perpetual curate—with all his rigorous strictness in religious matters, all his severe enforcing of Church discipline—was an unsuspecting character, as far removed from the man of the world as a child newly born. Transplanted abruptly from the quiet, regular conventionalities of a college life—a life varied with few events greater than occasionally calling up an undergraduate for cutting chapel, or auditing the college accounts, the Reverend Bird Fowler was as little calculated for the duties of a large parochial district, as a recluse fresh gathered from the Eastern deserts. Filled with mediæval rituals, post-Apostolic controversies, and cloister-like ideas of mankind, the incumbent of Albans West found himself, at the end of two years surrounded by an uproarious and disaffected laity, with a church out of repair, an aggravated amount of real poverty, and a respectable class of parishioners who unwillingly withdrew their support from the charities they found working to such evil results. Many persons, mistaking the abuse for the error, gave up all idea of assisting the poor, and because their former aid had been misapplied, turned a deaf ear to the petitions even of the deserving. Thus did a clergyman, who had spent much of his own means, who had exhausted health and energy in a visionary

desire to blend the system of a monastery with the active principles of a working district, sever the rich from the poor, by the very means by which he had sought to unite them, and neutralised the effects of the example he himself had set forth.

Burlington Square is dirtier, poorer, and more debased than ever, and the publican at the corner is building a villa at Holloway, to which he intends to retire. I do not know what he asks for the good will of the business, but I doubt not it will be something approaching to the price of a well-timbered estate. Where alms supersede work, and where religion holds out a premium for idleness, public-houses are an excellent investment.

CHIPS.

A GOLDEN NEWSPAPER.

OF all the fevers which afflict humanity, none are so sudden and violent as the gold fever. In the middle of last May a gentleman named Hargreaves discovered indications of gold in the soil around Summer Hill Creek, near Bathurst, Australia. The moment he made this discovery public, the yellow fever spread over the fifth section of the globe with magical rapidity. Bathurst and its neighbourhood became suddenly populated. People came from every part of Australasia, not in single spies, but in whole battalions, to pick and dig, and grub for gold. One lucky fellow found a lump weighing down thirty-five sovereigns. Another a piece of quartz, of the weight of eight pounds, six pounds of which were supposed to be pure gold. Every fourth or fifth man managed to get a pinch or two of the yellow snuff between his fingers. The Government geologist started for the spot, took up a bucket full of earth, and washed out of it twenty-one grains of gold. Allured by this authentication, farmers, stockmen, shepherds, overseers, editors, tradesmen, and even magistrates, congregated around Bathurst, with pickaxes, shovels, blankets, pannikins, opossum rugs, cradles, and the approved appurtenances of the gold-seeker. From all the country round, for hundreds of miles—especially from Sydney, one hundred and twenty miles away—locust clouds of men swarmed towards, and settled upon, the gold-field.

We have now before us "The Sydney Morning Herald," dated a few days before the golden news reached that colony. It is a modest sheet, filled as usual with price-lists, advertisements, little vignettes of ships "just about to sail," criticisms on the Colonial Office, and letters from complaining correspondents. We turn over the file, and "The Sydney Morning Herald" of May the 23rd blazes upon us. The change is marvellous. The sheet is doubled, and the contents entitle it to be called a "Golden Number." The eye cannot rest upon any corner without being dazzled with

"gold." Everything that is touched upon is turned to gold. even the advertisements; here are some specimens—

CONVEYANCE TO THE DIGGINGS.—For Private Sale, two first rate English built new Dog Carts, with Aprons, Tamps, &c. Apply, —

GOLD DIGGINGS.—Strong Colonial Rum to stand one to two, made expressly for the purpose, and will be a saving of one hundred per cent on the Carriage to the Mines. Lot had only at the Stores of the Undersigned. Address, —

Every imaginable article is advertised, as if going to the diggings were the only journey through the world. "Tents for the Gold Regions," "Boots for the Gold Regions," "Biscuits for the Gold Regions," "Bottled Beer for the Gold Regions," "Razors for the Diggings," "Trowsers for the Mines," "Hats for the New Dorado," "Bedsteads for the Placets," are all announced as if no single article was designed for the people who remain behind. Auctioneers puff till of the extent of the exchequer in the plainest terms. One commences with—

UNRESTRICTED.—Mr. John Smith has received instructions from a gentleman living in Sydney for the Gold Country, to Sell by Auction &c.

Another—

EXTENSIVE CLEARING OUT SALE.—Mr. D. Cock has received instructions to submit to public competition, this day, Friday at half past ten o'clock precisely, without reserve the property of parties about to proceed to the Ophir Gold Diggings.

A merchant of a quaint turn of humour, and of somewhat deficient grammatical attainments, advertises in this fashion—

TO LIONS that want to go to the Gold Mines.—For Sale, a large size English Leather bed one hundred pounds weight, for six pounds—10 Pansons that will go to the Mines—A large size Lent and Poles, four pounds—one ditto, ditto, two pounds—double bodied Phacton and Harness, six ten pound.

A Mr. Smith advertises "Shirts for the Diggings, double sewn, and warranted to stand the test of hard water." A Mr. Jones, who heads his *affiche*, "Gold!!! Gold!!! Gold!!!" addresses his fellow citizens in a tone of irresistible persuasion—

"Whoever may say nay, it is an undeniable fact, that large fields of gold exist in our own country, and almost at our own doors. Who, then, would stay at home? Why not to the Diggings?" "nothing venture nothing win." But, be advised, the want of the Most Glorious Success to those already on the spot, is known to be entirely attributable to the absence of all proper apparatus for detecting and separating the particles of gold. Then haste to Jones's Cabinet Manufactory, King Street, where you can purchase for a mere trifle, Retchers for washing the Gold, upon the most approved principle, by one who has had long experience among the Spanish, American, and Mexican Gold Finders, &c. &c."

The proprietor of an establishment, named "Waterloo House," informs the public that

"Parties purchasing their outfits for the Gold Mines, to the amount of thirty shillings, at Waterloo House, will receive, gratis, the *Digger's Hand-book, or Gold-Seeker's Guide*," &c. Another enterprising dealer apprises his friends, that he "has just received a few of Soyer's Magic Stoves, and Lilliputian Apparatus, specially adapted for out-door cooking." The same individual—having not the most implicit trust in the gentleness of human nature, when human nature turns to gold-seeking—adds a bustling catalogue of double-barrel guns, pocket duelling and horse pistols, carbines, muskets, gunpowder, bullets, shot-belts and powder flasks.

Opening the sheet—for as yet only the outside pages have been surveyed—we read, with ever-increasing astonishment, head line after head line, all about the same intensely absorbing subject. The first leading article is entitled, "The Gold Field." There are "Mems about Gold," "The Gold Mine," "Gold!" a poem, and a long array of letters from the Diggings, written "by our own correspondents." Then come a number of epistles addressed to the editor, by sundry citizens of Sydney, without exception, about the newly found gold fields.

One gentleman is cuttingly sarcastic, he declares with bustles sturdily erect—

"Almost every Botany Bay holder of a bag of sugar, a chest of tea, a ton of flour, a cask of ale, or a gallon of spirits, has now joined in forming this unsubstantiated union. The dream of a satiate Greed rides the colony and in a few days will be joined by rumpant Liberty and Grim Minut. You walk the streets and every body asks you, 'Are you going to the Diggings?' At every corner of every street you hear a lie and at every corner of every street this lie is contradicted—still fifty millions triumphant, and every schemes face—and they and their satellites are numerous—shines with a democratic gleam of accomplished trickery. Oh! we hope not. Surely society could hardly be plunged into Hadesian horrors at one fell swoop."

Turned in a day from its dull, commercial routine, to the discussion of a single dazzling theme—changed from a leiden to a golden newspaper—the "Sydney Morning Herald" is a distinct and suggestive sign of the times in Australia.

WISDOM IN WORDS

THE history, the manners, and even the morals of a nation, are impressed upon its words.

In this country, for example, the history of the relation between the Saxons and the Normans is defined in words distinctly. Prince, duke, marquis, and all titles of rank, excepting earl, (whose wife, however, as a countess, follows the prevailing rule,) are Norman words. But boor, and hmd, and churl, are Saxon, for the Normans were the rulers. Also they were invaders, we discover, for they retained the old supreme authority

with the old Saxon title, king, and although the "palaces" and "castles" of the land were Norman things with Norman names, the "house," the "home," the "hearth," were Saxon. Nature, in its simplicities, the sun, the earth, the fields, and all the familiar relations of life, father, mother, brother, are expressed in Saxon syllables, and so we find the luxurious Norman superstructure to have been erected upon Saxon ground. All the animals—ox or cow, calf or swine, sheep—preserve old Saxon names. But since the Norman conquerors reduced the Saxon boors to poverty, and made them to be keepers of the herds and fatteners thereof for Norman appetites, we have the animals, while living, Saxon enough, but they become, when they have been killed and cooked all Norman palquistes such as beef, veal, venison, pork, mutton. One meat only, the Saxon claimed—the only one a boor gets even in our own days very often—namely, bacon.

Manners in words may be illustrated out of the familiar syllables, husband and wife. The Hous Band—the Binder of the Household by his labour and by his government of love—will always be the man, the Wife remains at home on household cares intent, 'to weave, said our forefathers for wile and woof are of one origin. Our word 'club,' which has no analogue in any other European language, speaks a volume about the manners of this country. Seen from another point of view, the word "mob"—an abbreviation of mobile (moveable)—characterises perfectly the manners of the multitude, whether we look at them bodily as they stand in a dense crowd, shifting to and fro, or mentally, as their opinions are stirred and swayed at will by foolish misleaders.

For the morality of words it is a good thing that in England generally, though by no means always, we give to bad things bad names. Robbers in Hungary are called 'the poor people' and the phrase of pity shows that they are forced to robbery. A black-leg is called in France, *cher cher d'industrie* and the phrase shows that in France vice is too lightly regarded. Those whom we in England call unfortunate, the French call 'daughters of joy,' we distinguish loves and likings and adapt to a peculiar use the French word *amour*. The French have but one word for love, and feel no desecration in applying it alike to wives and sweetmeats. We might point a moral from these things. There is a homely moral, again, in our word, when we call the avacious man a miser,—miserable.

Sometimes the using of a bad word for a bad thing springs out of a defiance of morality. A French word often used in England, *roue*, for a profligate, arose in this way. The Duke of Orleans, Regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., gloried in evil company. He wilfully chose for his companions men whose wickedness had made them worthy of the

severest punishment the law inflicted,—breaking on the wheel. Hence he gloried in calling them his *roues*, *roue* being a verb derived from the French word for wheel, and indicating the distinction for which his associates were qualified.

We tread over uncounted wonders when we walk, wherever upon this world's surface we may be. A myriad of marvels are at work within the little compass of our bodies while we live. Beneath the primary expression of our thoughts and wants, the stream of our own history inner and outer, runs wonderfully blended with the texture of the words we use. Dive into what subject we may, we never touch the bottom. The simplest prattle of a child is but the light surface of a deep dark sea containing many treasures.

THE PASHA'S NEW BOAT

MAKING a little excursion the other day, by railway, I had a sudden fancy to get out at Staines. I was attracted by the quiet look of the village and its trees and hedges, in their autumnal garb. As I strolled along, what a contrast I felt it to the hurrying crowd of the Strand, which I had left only forty minutes ago! Here all noise and numbers, and flitting smuts, and an eddy of conflicting passengers and vehicles, here, all quietude, and a thinly scattered population, with green fields round about, and the river Colne softly and regularly gliding on its course.

But the village itself! What a change had it undergone since last I passed through it, on the top of a four horse coach, skanking along over the bridge, twenty years ago! Over that same bridge there used at that time to pass some six and thirty four horse coaches every day,—fine, well appointed gallant turn-outs, to wonder and admire at which all the inhabitants ran to their doors or thrust their heads and shoulders from the windows, while boys cheered them as they rattled past, and ran by the side with inflated cheeks, until fairly beyond the precincts of the village. Now, these gallant coaches have disappeared in the dusk distance and in the dusty clouds of science and of change, rather than of years, and a long passenger train, headed by a roaring locomotive, dashes across the village, every half hour, over the heads and houses of the "oldest inhabitants."

A bright autumnal sun shines, with coy glances, on the river Colne, which returns a cool and pleasant smile as of yore, while the red and yellow leaves float down its stream towards the flour mill, hard by, but the trade of the place is gone. The little traffic that remains is, at all events, of that quiet kind which a casual visitor unavoidably compares with the inexplicable existence of so many of our little towns, with their dusky little obsolete shops, at a hundred miles' distance from the metropolis.

Full of these and similar reflections, partly induced by the quietude of the village, and partly by the fading hues of autumn that surround it, I walk mechanically onwards towards the flour mill. It is a water mill, turned by the Colne. Green meadows are around it. But what a quantity of linen is laid out to bleach upon the meadow nearest the mill! Why, there must be an acre and a half of sheets, and table cloths, and jack towels! While thus gazing, the sky becomes overcast, and a dark and threatening cloud comes rolling and unrolling itself thus way, Sic, from one of the lower doors of the mill a crowd of people rushing forth into the field. They are not millers—they cannot be landrascas. There are sixty or seventy of them, men and boys. They hurry to the field, and each one seizes something he can carry, such as a jack towel, but two go to a table cloth, and three lay hold of the corners of a sheet. What wonderful thing has happened to the bleaching linen? Each piece is not only as stiff as a board or a bun-baker, but appears to be as heavy. The men and boys carry these enormous pieces into the mill, and then hurry forth for the remainder, so that the field is cleared, and now lies in all its natural greenness, ready to receive the shower.

A terrible shower it seems to be that is about to descend. I have no umbrella, and I make for the mill door. There, I am met with the repelling announcement painted up—'No admittance, except on business.' I ask to see the foreman and frankly tell him what my business is—it is to get out of the rain. He smiles, but shakes his head and points to a little inn not far off. Before departing I inquire the cause of the extraordinary weight and stiffness of the table cloths, and sheets, and jack towels that have just been carried into the mill. They are nothing of the sort, sir," answers the foreman "they are pieces of paper."—"Of paper?"—"Yes."—"Not to write letters upon?"—"No, sir, to make a boat."—"For whom?"—"For the Pasha of Egypt."

Having this, I at once found that I had some business in the mill. I explained to the foreman that I was not a civil paper manufacturer, nor a boat builder, nor a paying speculator, nor a government officer of any kind, but simply a Household Word, whereupon I was presently admitted. The threatening shower passed over soon after this, and out again sallied the troop, bearing their respective shares of "paper," to lay down upon the grass, as before. They were placed there to dry, in the air and sun.

I found the interior of the mill, with its adjoining house, divided and appropriated in a very ingenious manner. The business of the mill, for grinding corn, was carried on, as it always had been, but its present owner was Mr Charles Bielefeld, the papier-mâché manufacturer, of Wellington Street, Strand, London; and he had taken a lease of the mill and

premises, in order to try the experiments of a new invention, and to carry on a new branch of his business, in pursuance of this invention. To this end, one room in the mill, ground corn, another, ground rags, one, had the machinery of the flour mill,—another, that of his papier-mâché. The bed rooms of the house adjoining were half-filled with picture-frames, having all the appearance of the richest carvings in oak, maple, mahogany, ebony, and the boldest or most intricate filigree or scroll work in iron and bronze,—but every morsel of it paper, or rather washed rags. The lower rooms of the house were nearly all appropriated to painting-rooms, where several Italian artists, of superior talent and skill, were employed upon great slabs, that had every appearance of polished marble, but were of the same homely composition I have mentioned. Even the kitchens had to contribute their share to the 'great work,' and I saw a carpenter's planing elbow advance and retreat in alarming proximity to a leg of mutton roasting.

From the foreman, whom I found very obliging, and from one of the artists engaged in painting a ferocious tiger on a delicate blue enamelled ground, I obtained the following elucidation of the amusing and no less interesting scenes, the outlines of which we have just hastily sketched.

The Pasha of Egypt—having found that richly painted panels in his pleasure yacht were continually splitting or warping with the heat, and that fine carvings in wood, and other decorations and works of art in this material, and also in plaster, frequently cracked and fell to pieces from the same action of the climate—suddenly bethought him of papier-mâché, not only for the ornamental work, but to form the main substance of the whole interior, fire and aft, of his yacht. Panels, bulk heads, staircases, partitions, he wanted to have them all of papier-mâché. Without inquiring if such a thing had ever been seen before, or if paper had ever yet been wrought to any such consistency—as, indeed, it never had, or anything approaching to it, in the magnitude required—his Highness sent word to certain opulent and intelligent Greek merchants now in London, making known his orders, and taking it for granted that somebody would be found in England to execute them. The merchants having carefully examined all the works in the above mentioned material which were sent to the Great Exhibition, were of course very much struck with the colossal column and Corinthian capital manufactured by Mr Charles Bielefeld, together with other works of his, showing great originality and a perfect command over the material. To him, therefore, they applied, making known the wishes of his Highness the Pasha, and in the event of the thing being found practicable, proposing a contract.

Mr Bielefeld accordingly made some experiments, and models, both with papier-mâché,

and for the new machinery that would be required, and soon becoming convinced that he could effect what was required, he signed a contract. Different pieces of workmanship have been shipped off, from time to time, as they were completed, and some of the most artistical of them are now in course of finishing. They undoubtedly involve much more extensive results in future. But to render this clearly intelligible, it is requisite to offer a preliminary word of explanation.

The credit of the original invention of papier mâché is given by the French to the manufacturers of France, and strongly enough—indeed, it is the only instance I ever heard of such a thing between the rival manufacturers of any two nations—the French most cautiously insist upon giving it to the English. Leaving this excess of politeness to settle the question of priority, I shall simply say that the French and the Germans made use of it as early as 1740 in the manufacture of snuff boxes and subsequently of trays, and similar articles, and that it gradually rose in importance with the French and Austrian artists towards the close of the eighteenth century, but that its new, improved, and enlarged application are entirely of recent date, and that in excellence of workmanship, with regard to numerous ornaments and articles of domestic utility, and more especially of architectural decoration, England has surpassed all other nations.

I put three or four species of manufacture, each very different from the other, are often confounded and called by the common term of papier mâché. The first of these is simply the old method of pasting one sheet of paper over another, thus forming a millboard of various degrees of thickness to be used in the manufacture of trays, tea-biscuits boxes, cabinets &c., as described in a previous article on the Edinburgh 'Hot House.' The next more particularly belongs to the French, and is termed *carton piqué*. But though called "*carton*," there is in truth very little paper in the composition. It is a mixture of whitening, or slacked lime, pulped rags, and paper glue or paste, whey of milk, and (they say) white of eggs, though this latter must surely have been too expensive to have formed any considerable portion of the ingredients. This mixture is also assisted by bits of wire in figures, or pieces of string, and fine cord, in order to make the parts adhere, where limbs of figures, or the fine parts of foliage, are likely to be broken off, an event that very easily happens. The *carton pierre* is, in truth, only an improvement, though a very great one, on the old class of stucco and putty ornaments. A third species of manufacture is the regular papier mâché, with its numerous applications. This is made by collecting a mass of refuse paper, fine and coarse, cut in strips, boiled, strained, beaten in a mortar, and worked in a sort of mill with some light glue or other adhesive liquid, until it becomes

a thick paste, and is then ready to be pressed into such moulds as are prepared for it. The latest of these inventions is the one patented some years since by Mr. Charles Bielefeld, which differs materially from all the rest. It is called by the generic name of papier mâché, by way, I suppose, of defining the class to which it belongs, yet it is not, in fact, made with paper at all, but simply with the materials from which paper is made, thus ingeniously avoiding one unnecessary step in the process, as well as the unnecessary duty on paper,—and accomplishing a great saving in time and expense.

Paper is usually made of rags, and the thought suddenly occurred to Mr. Bielefeld to commence his manufacture exactly in the same way, but stopping short of paper, to convert the rag pulp at once into the papier-mâché composition. This device, unusually simple and, like many of the most ingenious discoveries in olive oil, thing after the discovery has been made, constitutes his special patent, and has enabled him to execute many great works and contracts not otherwise practicable in the same time. The Pantheon, in Oxford Street, the British Museum, the mansion of the late Sir Robert Peel at the Ambassador's palace at Constantinople, with many other edifices of the same class, have been decorated by his manufactures. This affair of the Pasha's New Boat is, however, a different business, and is called into play a new, and as I think, an important invention.

I see before me a large slab some seven feet square, apparently of highly polished marble, and of about an inch and a half in thickness. It is strong and massive in substance, as it is elegant and delicate in texture. It is about as heavy as the same slab or thick would be in oak or mahogany. It is waterproof—it is a milproof—nothing could be heard through it any more than through a brick wall, it will not crack in any heat of climate nor warp nor 'give' in any way, it can be cut, filed, sawed, planed, turned by a lathe, milled and screwed, it is a non-conductor of heat and of cold—and it is made of the pulp of old rags. Slabs of this material, in an early stage of the process, were what I at first mistook for sheets and table cloths, some three hundred pieces of which were lying upon the meadow near the mill, as previously described. These slabs are to form the entire fittings of the interior of the Pasha's steam yacht—bulk heads, partitions, sturgeses, panels, lockers, and ceilings.

The paintings and other ornaments lavished upon these slabs are of the highest order of decorative art. Some of them have a soft, cream-coloured, or ivory ground, for the designs, but the majority are of a delicate light-green. The surfaces are, in many cases, divided into oval, round, or oblong panels, on which are painted, in very superior style, numerous bits of Oriental scenery, by way of forming an appropriate back-ground to

tigers, leopards, and birds of splendid plumage, among which the English pheasant, king fisher, and goldfinch, find equal positions of honour. English horses, and fine specimens of our dogs, are also painted with great care and finish. Fruits of various kinds are also in abundance, and flowers and foliage, of course. These are all surrounded and entwined with beautiful work of the kind commonly called arabesque, though the Italian artists who are engaged upon them inform me that in Italy they describe this style of work as "Raffaelsque." It is composed of all sorts of exquisitely graceful foliage, tendrils, and scroll work in the most delicate colours, and also in gold. Some of them remind me of paintings on fine porcelain. Nothing of the kind can be more choice and beautiful, and the general effect of these paintings combines richness with grace, and splendour with delicate taste, in a degree rarely seen. They at once reflect great credit on the taste of the Italian artists, and Mr. Bielefeld, and on the Greek merchants who have shown such good judgment in the selection of an English manufacturer.

We should not forget that there is a Pavilion made entirely of these slabs, which is to be placed upon the deck. The paintings of birds, fruit, and flowers, as well as the designs in gold are of the most elegant description.

But I must return to London. The train soon whisks me back, and I make my way directly to the show-rooms and manufactory of Mr. Bielefeld in Wellington Street, North London, and the first thing that catches my attention—unlike an endless variety of picture frames, mouldings, corner brackets, also richly embellished busts (apparently in plaster, in white marble, and in dark coloured marble), figures, chimney ornaments, monumental tablets, looking-glass frames, ceiling ornaments, and articles of furniture—is an immense eagle swinging from an archway, and seeming to fold its wings into the suite of show-rooms beyond. This eagle is a model or counterpart of itself—I forget how many there were—for the Pavilion at Brighton, a chandelier hanging by a chain from each of their necks. But I am still more confounded by a dragon, that has crouching on the ground behind a heap of shafts and capitals, and magnificent centre ornaments for ceilings. This dragon is large enough to swallow St. George and his horse too, and still not seem much swollen by the meal. He is so large, they are obliged to unship his wings in order to find accommodation for him. He is the counterpart of four monsters of the same size, made for the same Pavilion, who held each by a chain from their mouths, large and massive chandeliers. So much for ornaments of the minutest work, and so much for monsters. All made of paper—or rather, according to this new patent, of old rag-pulp.

Here, too, I behold an architectural capital—the same immense piece of art-manufacture

that stood upon a correspondingly huge shaft on the ground-floor of the Great Exhibition. It measures twenty-two feet in circumference at the top. This is the counterpart of four of the same size that were sent out by Mr. Bielefeld for the Bank in Australia (I rejoice to hear that the colonists there are in so flourishing a state, as thus seems to indicate). Now if this prodigious capital were painted, grained, varnished, and polished to resemble a carving in oak, and set up on its shaft, in a grand hall nobody could possibly discern the difference, and, if painted now and then it would last a hundred years, and more. But if such a capital were really to be carved in oak, it would cost, at least, from a hundred and sixty, to two hundred pounds, whereas this one might be had, perhaps, for thirty. In the same proportion of cost, or probably at much less, my picture frames (of this wonderful old rag composition) be had, resembling oak, maple, ebony, or even bronze, and in rich open work patterns, so as to defy detection at a few yards distance. All these, and all other manufactures, in which elegance, or grandeur, or beauty of form, and general fine taste, are brought within the means of the great majority of the educated—aiding as they also do in the education and refinement of the mass of the people—are among the most cheering signs and tokens of progress in our present day.

The frames of Mr. Bielefeld (says the "Art Union," and I fully coincide in the opinion of the writer) "present the best characteristics of fine carving: the course of the chisel, though subdued is everywhere apparent, and the liberal resort to undercutting and occasionally nearly alto-relievo, give the peculiar fineness and spirit of the best manipulators amongst the old carvers in wood substituting for the dull prim, and mechanical mediocrity of works in putty composition, an easy, liberal, and artistic dexterity in the execution, which must be appreciated by every lover of the excellent. They may be recommended also, on other grounds, when conveyed from place to place, (to Provincial Exhibitions, for example,) they are liable to no injury from chipping, as the common frames are, we have seen the effect of a picture entirely ruined, in consequence of the frame being shattered during transit. An essential advantage also is that these frames weigh no more than half the weight of the usual frames of the same size. We strongly urge upon artists to visit this establishment, and examine for themselves."

The premises in Wellington Street for these manufactures, are laid out in different departments. In the basement there is a steam-engine with all its appurtenances. It is applied to drive lathes, and machinery of various kinds, and the steam is applied to warming every room and work-place. The ground-floor is laid out in show-rooms, the contents of which I have already indicated,

though slightly enough. Next above the show-rooms, is an *entre-sol*, and here the presses are at work, forcing the papier mâché into different moulds, where it is left to dry, before taken out to harden, and to be put through the ornamenting and finishing processes. Among these presses there is an hydraulic press, which exerts an enormous power, equal to a weight of eighty tons. Over these rooms are the graining and gilding-rooms; and over these, again, are rooms where other moulding and ornamenting operations are carried on. At the top of all, are the carpenters' work-shops. One side of the house is separated from all the rest; and here, in the rooms on each floor, from top to bottom of this lofty house, are kept the various articles forming the "stock," all ready to meet any extensive home or foreign orders.

I have not sufficient space to speak of the modelling-rooms and casting-rooms, to me, the most interesting in point of art; but the works are not only carried on with the best skill and promptitude, but are of singular variety. This latter quality may be estimated when I mention that, among other "old friends," the mask of Polyphemus, when "*Acis and Galatea*" was produced so exquisitely by Mr. Macready, was modelled in this department; the anxious manager coming frequently himself to inspect and give instructions during the progress of the one-eyed countenance.

The old comparison of a house built "like a pack of cards," intended to express a sense of utter flimsiness and insecurity, bids fair in these days to have its jest turned into earnest. I understand that when the Pasha's Boat is completed, Mr. Bielefeld intends to turn his invention of these great slabs (which by new machinery he can manufacture of the size of an ordinary cottage wall, all in one piece) into house-building. By these means a complete house may be sent out to Australia, or elsewhere, all in flat pieces, occupying a comparatively trifling space in stowage; and on its arrival at its destination, the whole can be screwed together in a few hours.

SONNET.

TO ROBERT BROWNING;

SUGGESTED BY A SUNSET OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY.

A MIGHTY sorrow gathers, while the eye
Is by the sun's departing glories fed,
For they recall the fate of poets dead,
Who with the noblest of past ages vie,
And, lately veild by earth's horizon, shed
Sad beauty from beneath it; yet a power
Like the pale moon that to their lustrous hour
Gave modest tribute as a young ally,
More felt than known, consoling light should shower
From crystal urn that holds the precious dower
Of Browning's genius—which, when breezes rend
Fond clouds, its lavish splendors glorify
With lingering love, its azure course shall wend
To high dominion in our purest sky.

FRENCH HORSE-RACING.

THE sky is very blue and very bright; the air is crisp, clear, and invigorating. Objects, both distant and near, seem more clearly defined, more sharp and full of corners, than usual. It is very cold in the shade, and very warm in the sun. You feel a chilling blast upon one cheek—that is the wind; and, upon the other, something red-hot—the sun. The wind is in an eccentric and changeable mood, and seems bent upon putting the weather-cocks out of temper. Everybody who has not brought out an over-coat, wishes that he had; and everybody who has, wishes that he had not. Some people go closely buttoned up; others carry their cravats in their pockets; and nobody is certain which is best—so frequent and so sudden are the alternations from heat to cold. Wherever there are trees, heaps of fallen leaves—ankle-deep, knee-deep—are drifting before the breeze; occasionally furnishing food for "bonfires," and filling the air with clear blue smoke, and that peculiar warm fragrance so suggestive of health and rusticity.

In short, it is October—and October in Paris; Paris, that is bidding adieu to *al fresco fêtes*, and beginning to find the inside of *cafés* preferable to the outside. It is still, however, a city of sunshine, and there is at any rate no prospect of rain to spoil its out-of-door diversions. Such was the comforting conviction at which I arrived the other morning, when I prepared, with true English ardour, to "go to the races"—the last of the season.

I had a vague notion that "going to the races" in France, was not a very dissimilar proceeding from taking a trip to "the Derby" in England. I had prepared myself for rising at some unearthly hour in the morning; for breakfasting in a state of trance caused by the fear of being too late, in the midst of anxieties relative to the packing of hampers, and fears that the livery-stable keeper might have mistaken his instructions, and be very punctual in bringing round the phaeton and four in time for—the Oaks; for ultimately setting forth, amidst the applause of small boys, provisioned for the day, and with perhaps the additional luxury of a pen-shooter and a post-horn—to which, had I belonged to a "crack-regiment," I might have added flour-bags and rotten eggs.

But, alas! going to the races in Paris is a very prosaic proceeding. I grieve to say that my friends called for me at my hotel, on foot, after keeping me waiting about seven hours. Not even a stage-coach was practicable. There are, to be sure, Hansom cabs in Paris (they are among the most recent signs of civilisation), but we agreed that to ride in a Hansom in a foreign land would be something like profanity—almost as bad as drinking bitter ale, another grand and solemn pleasure to be reserved for London alone! Accordingly, we set forth as in-

gloriously as can be conceived, by way of the old broken-backed *Pont Neuf* (which daily becomes more picturesque and less secure) in the direction of the "*Champs de Mars*;" in pronouncing which latter word, I must insist upon the English rider not dropping the final *s*.

On the road to Epson—at Sutton—there is a celebrated hostelry called "The Cock," where everybody stops as a matter of course. On our road to the *Champs de Mars* there is also a place of refreshment, which no way far inferior to the *Pont Neuf*, was ever known to avoid. This is the famous establishment of the "*Mère Moreau*," whose name is almost as well known in Paris as the Presidents is. But what would the plump head waiter at The Cock say to the French substitute, with its Arabesque front all blue and gold, its plate glass, its pictorial walls, the lovely and accomplished ladies behind the counter (every one, for aught any of Mrs. Moreau's customers may know to the contrary, a duchess in her own right) and, above all, the effeminate description of refreshments provided for the travellers? One confuses the dish with which that prudent and respectable person would require the offer of a plum or a peach, floating in a little glass of perfume and majorette liquid, that in its normal state of barbarism, is believed to have been handy, or his disgust at the discovery that a small cup of refreshment is known by the familiar and mysterious title of a "*Chanoire*." Nevertheless victims of the same fatal fascination (which reminds us forcibly of our childhood and its dangerous excursions on hard backs) all classes may be seen at all times mingled in harmony at the

"*Mère Moreau's*," the grandest of yellow gloves side by side with the humblest and most glossiness of *coiffures*, forming indeed as motley a group as can be seen in any "Crystal Palace" (if you) in London—with the difference, that nobody here is drunk.

Before leaving the "*Mère Moreau's*," into which it may be taken for granted we had entered, it is as well to mention that a grand civil war has been waging in the last six months between that establishment and a rival establishment next door. The latter has the attraction of being lined on all sides from floor to ceiling, with looking glass, but it has no duchesses, that is to say, the young lady attendants must be classed simply as "respectable females." By this happy arrangement—ladies in one place, looking glass in the other—the tastes of most persons may be gratified. The shepherd Paris of to-day may bask in the contemplation of beauty at the "*Mère Moreau's*," while, next door, the modern Narcissus has no need of a brook to reflect his own charming image.

But meantime we are keeping the company waiting for us at the *Champs de Mars*, or what is worse, perhaps, we are not keeping them waiting

Here we are, then, at last, on the course, and a very respectable course it is, at least a mile and a quarter round—so we are informed—and embracing the entire circumference of the large plain, which is dedicated, like most things in France, to the god of war. Planted closely against the ropes which bound the outside of the circle, with that evident determination to have their money's worth, which is always manifested by "the people" at a gratuitous entertainment—are a miscellaneous collection of men and boys, women and children—bloused, bearded, palfotted, decorated, as the case may be—waiting with the same patience that they manifested three hours ago for the commencement of the race. In the middle of the field are the exclusive squadrons of gentlemen on horseback, who are evidently thinking of anything rather than their horses—if they have made any—and are looking, like men of taste, at the ladies who stand up in opulent phantoms in the uppermost style. These gentlemen are, for the most part, remarkable for their tight brown buff trousers, hostlers' coats squared at the elbows, and square patches of whisker, with the other accessories which (as all Frenchmen know) make up the ordinary costume of an English nobleman. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to shave their upper lips and encase their necks in bird's eye civvies, but these are the enthusiasts. I believe that few of them bet much or heavily, but their appearance gives them a tremendous character for experience and daring in all matters relating to the turf—a reputation which they certainly purchase at a cheaper rate than two or three "knowing" young gentlemen whom I have met with in England.

With the exception of these "noble sportsmen" there is little enough in the scene that the disconsolate Englishman is accustomed to associate with races in his native land. At first sight he would imagine that he had mistaken the day, and had come to witness a review. Posted at regular intervals, all along the ropes on either side of the course, are sentinels, with loaded muskets and stern faces evidently "on service." In the centre of the ring is a group of mounted officers, who have the appearance of a staff, and who clearly believe themselves to be in possession of the field, and allow the civilians to be there is a matter of favour. The adjacent barracks, too, where immense moustaches hang out of the windows, seem to favour the idea.

At the imminent risk of our lives, we cross the course, attended by a sentry, whose words are a little sharper than his bayonet. Him, however, we defy with valour, he is too well armed for the duty which he has to fulfil, and we should stand in much greater awe of the policeman in England, who might possibly use his staff. Here, among the "outsiders," there is much more variety and

animation. Here there are, of course, more soldiers—performing prodigies of prospective valour in quelling contingent outbreaks—heroic cavaliers in the cause of order, which has not yet been violated. A picturesque group they are, some lounging in their saddles, or leaning against their horses' sides, whistling and singing, cracking rude jokes, and smoking short pipes. As an Englishman gazes on their bronze faces and martial bearing, it occurs to him that if the French army had been made up of such fellows as these, a celebrated person, now lying in a quill in the Invalides might possibly have made his way to Brussels on a certain occasion.

Leaving that important question still unsettled, we pass on to the "Grand Stand"—a hastily constructed wooden edifice, which is a very respectable selection of the nobility and gentry, *quintettes* and *gamans*, of Paris, accommodated with seats at a cost of something less than a ruinous amount in sous. In this vicinity may be seen such important persons as the "promoters of the breed of horses," from whom the umpires are selected—like the Pope from the Cardinals. Here, too, are booths for refreshment, of which it does not seem fashionable to partake, they are apparently placed there to give an air of connectivity to the proceedings. Round the Grand Stand the crowd is as usual, thickest, but there is no noise, no confusion and above all, no "thimble rigging," or "rigging" of any other description, the crowd is patient and well bred, like the audience at a theatre—Stay, there is an exception out yonder, where there seems to be a struggle of some kind, and from whence "strange oaths" are borne upon the breeze. I ask an *ancien militaire* with a decoration in his button hole, who has stopped me to take a light for his cigar, what is the matter? "Nothing at all," is the answer—simply "*deux messieurs qui se battent*." The "*deux messieurs*" are presently led past me, and a pair of more horrible ruffians I think I never beheld—but the politeness of the old school has nothing to do with mere facts. Alas, that these fine courtesies should be passing away from us!

Another diversion in the crowd. They are evidently getting tired of waiting. This time the gentlemen of France are not tearing each other's eyes out, nor kicking each other in the face—proceedings inseparable from the pleasant French system of boxing. A professor of a great science is delivering a lecture, which he illustrates by experiments. He has placed his foot upon a little wooden bench, which he carries about with him for the purpose, and the first impression of the innocent spectator is that he is about to tie his shoe. Nothing of the kind. Observe, he takes from his pocket a neckerchief, with which he solemnly invests his leg, just above the knee, with as much care as ever dandy bestowed upon his throat. His object

is to teach the public that noble art—the want of which has driven so many men into Coventry or despair, and the possession of which made the fortune of the late Mr Brummel—the art of tying a cravat! See with what interest he is watched. Aspiring youth sees the gratification of its ambition—unsuccessful middle age feels that there is yet hope—as the Professor, with a volubility of tongue and dexterity of finger equally difficult to follow, demonstrates every variety of knot, bow, or tie, from the highly respectable, uncompromising rigidity that suits capitalist in every wrinkle, down to—or shall we say *up to*?—the most graceful negligence that ever embellished the working hours of an exquisite. I notice by the way, that the Professor, though impressing upon others the importance of his art has arranged his own neck most artistically—a seeming contradiction, but then bishops do not always practise what they preach, any more than doctors are remarkable for taking their own prescriptions. The lecture was immensely successful, and the lecturer made his bow amidst a shower of copper. As my young friend Glum said the other day, when an Englishman refused his lady's, "France is, after all, the foster-mother of Genius."

But surely it is time for the races to commence! Hush! Yes, it is two hours after the hour appointed. The jockeys wait, doubtless, being weighed—and found wanting, perhaps, in many qualifications, as French jockeys usually are. A loud roar—and shouts of laughter chorused all over the field. Here they come, that's certain—but with a strange sort of welcome! No, it is only a dog running over the course, a dog of sporting appearance, who makes his way at once into the ring. At last the great opportunity has arrived for the military to assert itself. The army is not to be trifled with. A score of dragoons at once make an impetuous charge against the invader, whom they chase all over the field. But never since Abd-el-Kader chased the French legions in Algeria, have Frenchmen found so formidable a foe. An enemy making a steady resistance may be easily overcome by numbers, but an enemy who will not fight, nor altogether fly, is terrible. Now, he seems inclined to run for it, they will have him for certain! Twenty hoarse voices are raised in concert—twenty salutes gleam in the sunshine—twenty steeds rebound from the pressure of forty spurs, and thunder forward with restless fury. Nothing can withstand the charge—except the enemy, who is on a sudden seen very quietly twenty yards behind his pursuers. The troop now wheel round in admirable style, and attempt to cut the animal down with their sabres. Somehow, he is always under the horses' legs, and a horse, it is well known, is not the more manageable under such circumstances. The crowd laugh louder and louder, and the

dragoons become more and more furious chasing one's own hat in a high wind is generally considered the most hopeless and bewildering object of human aspiration, but a troop of horse chasing a dog beats it hollow. The dragoons come to a stand, and seem to consult, a delay of two or three minutes takes place before they decide upon renewing the attack, meanwhile the dog has walked very leisurely off the field, to the great relief of every body.

Now the real business of the day is beginning in earnest. The horses are coming on to the course. They come, led cautiously by the jockeys, who talk together in groups. But I am disappointed in their appearance. They are humdrum specimens, perhaps, of the jockeyship of that very young sportsman, France! No, they are most business-like—most orthodox—quite English, in short. Their jackets—pink, blue, yellow, white, partly-coloured—are perfection, their boots have not a wrinkle that is not unexceptionable. As for the horses, they are slim and sleek and tread the ground in the evident belief that they are at Newmarket or Ascot—where, in truth, they would not be very much out of place. I refer to my *Entire note*—the little theatrical journal containing the substitute for “Doings and Acts list,”—which is being sold everywhere on the course, and I discover that the simple reason why the horses and jockeys remind me of England, is—that they ARE English! “Hatman! Bold rick! ‘Chinny!’” and a host of celebrities, whose names I have learned by heart from “Bell & Lark,” are before me. Now it is all over, I don’t mind confessing that I *had* expected to see something like the French postilion, who rides six horses round the circle at Auteuil. I had made up my mind to moustaches, and half believed that they would ride standing, and not sitting, on the saddles. As it is, the very Frenchman, of whom there are evidently some—for I see certain Antonines and Pierres down in the list—are distinguishable from their British brethren by little else than their colours.

And the horses? Are they English also? At this inquiry, a little English “gent” turns round, and with a good natured smile of contentment, informs me that most of ‘em belong to Rasper and Pastern!—Rasper and Pastern—evidently a notorious firm—and I had never heard of them before! The same authority further informs me that they (the horses) are none of ‘em first raters (which I believe I could have told him myself),—that it is not worth while to bring out really fine animals, on the chance of a prize of a very few thousand francs—but that these are well enough “as times go.”

While we are talking, the jockeys are mounting, and arranging themselves for the start. There is some sort of signal given—for which, I observe, nobody seems waiting or watching, as in England. I, myself, am igno-

rant whether a handkerchief is dropped, or a gun fired, or a bell rung, or whether neither, or all, of the three operations are performed. With as little formality as may be, some ten or a dozen horses make what in sporting eyes would be considered as bad a start as could possibly be accomplished. A few Englishmen, with sharp anxious faces and obvious betting books, declare it to be “too bad,” and “disgraceful,” but everybody else thinks it the right thing, or all the better for being the wrong thing.

After the preliminary stumbling and shying, however, they go gallantly, but, from what I see of the relative merits of the competitors, I should think that the contest might just as well have been between a couple of the horses simply, for no more than that number seem to have the ghost of a chance. However, not a man gives in, the “nowheres” are as hopeful as the “everywheres,” to the very last. Now they make a great strain and turn the corner, the ladies in carriages all turn also, and the sporting gentlemen on horseback—as sporting gentlemen always do, and I suppose always will do—take the diameter of the field, and dash across to meet them coming round. Now they near the winning post. Some feeble-minded persons declare themselves for Blue, but there can be no doubt that White will be the winner. White wins accordingly—not by a nose, not a head, not a neck, nor a length, but by numberless noses, uncountable heads, inculcable necks, and no end of lengths—perhaps, some dozen or two. In White’s energetic exuberance, he flies so far beyond the flag that you think he is going round the field again. But this is only a jovial mode of asserting his triumph, which he has probably learned in France. By this time the crowd has become more dense. New arrivals clamour for the second race, and, in due time, for the third, which are all won and lost with the greatest good humour. The races themselves do not differ materially from similar displays in England. The grand difference is in the interest which they create. In England nearly all the spectators are excited by the contest. In France, the majority, who have no notion of betting, are simply amused by the spectacle. They go to a race, as they would go to the Hippodrome, and they wonder, perhaps, why M. Arriol, the admirable clown, is not engaged at both places.

It is all over the people have been entertained—and that is sufficient. They do not trouble themselves about who has lost and who has won. They have nothing to say about “making up a book,” “odds,” “backing,” “hedging,” or “levanting.” For them “settling day” has no terrors. They are thinking of dinner, unless attracted by a balloon ascent in the neighbourhood—an irresistible attraction to a Parisian, and one that can at any time make him forget everything else under the sun.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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NEED RAILWAY TRAVELLERS BE SMASHED?

POSSIBLY, N. or M., you never have invented anything; possibly you are the fortunate, or it may be unfortunate, originator of some bright mechanical idea. We will adopt the latter possibility, and, for the sake of some precision, we will state the exact nature of the idea which it has been your good or evil fortune to work out.

You have invented a small apparatus, which you design to fix by the side of a locomotive; and this apparatus, which is very simple, you adapt to a system of railway signals: so contrived, that before every station, junction, or siding, if "caution" be required, your apparatus blows a loud alarm on a whistle; and, if "danger" be signalled, it shuts off the steam, reverses the engine, and puts on the break. All this it does in perfect independence of the engine-driver, if it should happen that this functionary has not seen the signal.

Your machine not only does this; but, whereas a self-acting apparatus might lead engine-drivers to relax in vigilance, and it is always the driver's duty when the signal can be seen to obey its warning before machinery can take the acts of obedience out of his hands, your machine is made to be a tell-tale, and records inexorably all the duty it has done. This, N. or M., is your invention; don't deny it; if it be not yours, it will belong to some one else, and for our present purpose, that is altogether the same thing.

You have made a hobby of this your invention; you have improved upon and matured it, increasing at the same time its power and its simplicity. You have contrived so that if a truck be moved from a siding to a main line, the danger signal is inevitably set, that a railway train cannot pass without setting the danger signal as it passes, leaving the guard only responsible for the time which he shall suffer to elapse before he indicates "All Right" to its successor. You have your apparatus so contrived, that any breakage of the signal wire can only cause the telegraph to blazon "danger." Your whole contrivance for the locomotive and the stations is so simple, that only breakage of material can put it out of order; you have no wheels, or delicate and complex work; you effect all by the action on each

other of a few levers, and by a small double-inclined plane upon the line of road. Every man who examines its construction pronounces immediately that the device is effective, and up to this date you have put it to the test of experiment more than a thousand times, and it has not failed in a single instance. You think you have invented, therefore, an apparatus which will completely strike out of existence the most dangerous and frequent class of railway accidents, rendering those points along a line which now are the most dangerous—sidings, stations, and junctions—the points at which an accident will be least likely to occur.

Having invented this apparatus, which you believe to be "a great boon to the public," you wish to get it patronised by Railway Companies. Its expense to them will not be great—about twenty to twenty-five pounds per engine—an outlay less than the average amount lost by the preventible crushing and smashing of the railway property. For the sake of the public, you desire this thing of yours to be adopted on the railway lines; and not a little for your sake too. You never were rich, and now you are much poorer than you might have been, had you not been afflicted with this hobby. Your invention has swallowed up your time for the last five years, and has swallowed up your money. You have taken patents out, and Deputy Chaff Wax and Company have taken what your butcher and your baker want. The founder who makes your little machines has had money which you have been wanting sadly for your tailor. You are an obscure man; you have no powerful friend to take you by your hand, and introduce you to the public. You are also somewhat of a disappointed man. You walk about with your unrecognised idea, which eats your bread and cheese, instead of putting meat and wine into your cupboard—you walk about, indignant at the cold behaviour of society. You have read up, and can cite at will, the histories of all the great inventors who have died in poverty, and have left their devices, and designs, and knowledge, which they could not take into the grave, to be a source of property to others, who come after them. You are fast losing your pristine faith in the power of human energy; having yourself been energetic for

five years in vain; and you begin to doubt the genial goodness that you once believed to form an element in human nature, for has not society been deaf as an adder for five years to the valuable offer you have made? Your voice, no doubt, has been extremely faint beneath the common din of life, because you live in an obscure corner of the world, and can make no sound above a whisper. But you call it hard and think there ought to be a society of men established, in this country—at any rate for the express purpose of seeking out obscure men who possess ideas, and of listening about for valuable whispers.

You hope we are not jesting at a fact which you consider very serious. You should like us to know something of your struggles and rebuffs as an inventor. Small as your voice is, you know the need of energy in this life and have used it to the utmost.

You write to the Prime Minister, who answered that he knew nothing of engineering, and could not give an opinion on your scheme, but bade you understand that good or bad it never could receive assistance from the Government.

You visited a noble from whose well known benevolence you cherished hopes of aid. He told you that with the best wishes to assist all men he had not the power, and that in his own path of life he had five times as many calls for aid as he could duly answer, that he must confine his support therefore to those schemes which he was most qualified to understand.

You called upon the noble Earl of Dust-hole who was said to be an expert, but to have a decided genius for mechanics. You obtained an introduction, he was overjoyed to see you, and laid out your drawings and began your explanation. At your thirty-seventh word the noble Earl fell back in his chair. You never saw a man who tumbled into sleep so suddenly. You ceased your explanation, and you dared not shake your noble patron: what should you do? You poked your finger at his parrot, and excited that bird. But the noble Earl snored on. You groped since it was dusk now, to the kitchen, summoning candles for the bell was broken. The arrival of the light aroused your noble friend, who resumed his attentive attitude with,

"You were saying?"—?

You went on. He asked for more oral information. You had only a little pamphlet which you called your little book. "Books!" said the noble Earl. "I'm overdone with books. You've no conception how much I'm obliged to read!" You pulled your pamphlet out. "Ah, well!" said your patron, "it's a little one, isn't it? Well, now I really think I'll read." He drew a candle to him, and read your own pamphlet to you, intermixed with ejaculations of applause. When he had done, he said, "Good—very good, your plan is excellent. Let me see, you mentioned some-

thing about a lever. By-the-by, what is a lever? Isn't it a thing that lifts?" You left the mechanical Earl, and you placed no more hope in noble patronage.

As for the engineers, you, a mere amateur, a hobby rider from the outer world—what welcome should you get on their domain? But you laboured hard to find a railway engineer who would consent to recommend your device for trial on his line.

Obtaining an introduction, you left your drawings with the celebrated Mr Deaf, requesting leave to call for his opinion and his aid if he thought fit to give it, in a few days. You called in a few days upon that famous engineer, who, upon seeing you said, "O yes, you come about your drawings? I have looked at them—a plan for effecting communication between guard and driver." You begged his pardon and explained how your scheme was designed, in case of fogs or inattention, for the mechanical prevention of collisions.

"Collisions!" cried the railway engineer. "So there never are collisions. It is all a phantom of the public's. I don't mean to boast in telling you how many miles of line are under my care, now so there never has been a collision on any of my lines. So Mr Deaf who had no ear for newspaper reports, and ignored inquests bowed you out.

You were introduced in the next place, to Mr Dumb, a twin celebrity—a very high authority—who with constrained politeness, heard your case and examined your plans. "Well sir," he told you very frankly, "your apparatus is effective. It would prevent collisions—You triumphed and expressed your joy at that hinting that Mr Deaf had thrown cold water on you. Well what did Deaf say?—'O' he said there never were collisions—He is quite right, I quite agree with Mr Deaf. Besides if your invention were wanted, it's not good. Look! there is a rod uncovered which would not work in a snow storm." You explained that this rod was uncovered only in the working plan and not in the reality. Finally Mr Dumb promised that you might have your invention tried on his line if you brought an engineer's certificate of its success elsewhere. You went away in hope, but when you next called upon Mr Dumb for the redemption of his promise alas for you! he had retired from railway business.

You called upon a railway potentate, who told you that his lines were all level all straight, and all innocent of accidents, and gave you to understand that you were a mischievous person, with your cry about collision, a sort of scarecrow to frighten travellers from railways.

In short, you called upon all manner of engineers, wrote to all manner of directors. You found engineers in general opposed to you as a quack, and combining, as wild herds often combine, to keep out an unrecognized animal, you felt that this was a habit not peculiar to

engineers. You found also that engineers shrank visibly from all patronage that implied recommendation to the directors of additional expense. You found the reputation of a railway engineer with his board, to depend very much on his economy of management and that to recommend additional expense of only twenty or thirty pounds upon each locomotive, would be to put a black cross against his own name in the board room. Thus, when you once really got leave to put your apparatus to a test upon one line, you heard that the engineer was pre-determined, in any event, not to recommend you and you abstained from using, therefore, his permission to experiment. One engineer responded to your urgent putting forth of human life as in offset to expense. Little now you talk continually about life. Go to in Assurance office, and they will tell you what a few lives are worth. Not much.

You find that, on one or two lines the principle of economy is so distinctly made paramount, that the line is turned to its manager, whose salary depends upon his keeping down the cost of stock below a certain maximum. Such managers immediately say to you, Granted, your plan is good, if I adopt it it will cause immediate diminution in my income.

So you find that with all these difficulties to encounter, at the end of five years battling your position with the railway public is pretty much where it was when you began. Strong influences oppose a check against you, in addition to the general consideration of directors and other, that to make experiments upon the preventibility of collisions would be to persuade the public that collisions do occur,—an asserted fact which they pronounce to be a myth.

Meanwhile, you have embarked everything, in your invention, you know it is a true one, and you know that you deserve success. What will you do? We should say, certainly, that when you found your affairs in this position, you should come forward and appeal to us, and those about us who are travellers. If engineers and directors know nothing about collisions upon railways, travellers do, and you may be very well assured that, if travellers come to perceive that there is an invention lying stuffed which bids fair to be a real protection to their lives, they, the said travellers, form a sufficiently important part of the public to compel railway managers to give fair play and an honest trial to an experiment for which you make out a sufficient *prima facie* case.

Perhaps, M or N, the above account of your proceedings is entirely fabulous, a cunningly devised narrative hatched up for the occasion, because we are about—as representing a portion of the travelling public—to express our unscientific opinion of an invention intended to prevent accidents by railway, very similar to that which we have imagined

as the product of your ingenuity. You may give, then, to the preceding narrative whatever character you please, the narrative which follows, you will have the kindness to accept as true, upon our testimony.

On a sunny day during the present autumn, that is to say, on the farewell day of our old friend October, who walked out of the year 1851 with a good humoured smile upon his face, there were mysterious doings upon the line of railway running between the Eastern Counties Station and North Woolwich. Rascals who happened, shortly after mid-day, to be wandering beside that line where it passes over a spot called the Coke Ovens, not far from the Barking road, were strangely puzzled by the spectacle of what might be a wild steam engine, tearing up and down the line and shrieking frequently. This wild horse of the railways appeared to be the victim of a party of gentlemen scattered over the line, who were intently occupied about the turning of the animal. Running to some distance, it would presently return, and at a certain point would set up a wild shriek when it felt the tamers' check, and running on a little way, still more and more slowly, it would very soon come to a stop. Then many gentlemen would mount the creature's back, and back it went, and the same thing was repeated—at the same place the same shriek, and once again the stoppage. All this wild work resulted from the fact that certain gentlemen had been attached to the spot to witness a few experiments with a contrivance for the mechanical prevention of some of the chief causes of a railway accident.

This contrivance is the patented invention of a Mr C F Whitworth. It had been tested for months fifteen or twenty times a day, upon a small private line of rail belonging to the Puttley Company, the manufacturers of the apparatus and on this little line at Codnor Park, it had not failed in one out of more than a thousand trials—it had not failed once.

What is the apparatus? Come and see. Our locomotive has not yet arrived. We have been dropped upon the line by the last ordinary train, and here we are at the Coke Ovens, wandering about upon the rails.

Here is a siding to be guarded. Elsewhere there might be a junction, or a station, or a tunnel, here it is a siding. It is only at these weak points, of course, that it is proposed to shield the railway with defensive armour. That these are really the weak points, can be made manifest by reference to the Railway Commissioners' Report for 1850. During that year there were in England thirty-three serious collisions, and of these—

23 occurred at stations	
4	" junctions
2	" level crossings
1	" in a tunnel
3	" { at distant places unprotected by
—	signal post or guard.

Very well. The point protected here at "Coke Ovens" happens to be a siding, and we now stand, if you please, at the protected point. Three hundred yards distant from it, or it may be five hundred yards, there is erected the signal post, on one side of the line. The telegraph is worked by a lever at this point where the rails join, and the lever is so contrived that, when set at "All Right," it acts as a lock which keeps the two sets of rails apart from one another. To unite the rails for the purpose of moving a truck or anything else, out of the siding here to the main line, it is necessary so to move the lever as to set the telegraph to "Danger;" leaving the after signal of "All Right," an act of discretion in the guard, but not leaving it possible for him to omit the immediate sign of peril. Furthermore, the levers and weights connected with the telegraph are so arranged, that "All Right" is a constrained position, to which the lever at the siding has to be pulled and set, and that if any accident should occur to the wires, the telegraph would relapse at once to "Danger." So that, while such an accident might for a few minutes delay a train, by causing the driver to shut off his steam, it could not possibly imperil life. The whole signal apparatus is so thoroughly simple, however, that it is no more likely to get out of order, than a kettle-bottom is likely to wear into a cullender; there is nothing to look at but the wear and tear of the material.

Now we will walk towards the signal post. Near it, we see fixed beside the rail a little spring. Upon this spring every train, without exception, presses as it goes by, and the pressure instantly sets on the telegraph the "danger" signal. Thus, a train takes out of fallible hands the warning to expressmen and others not to run in upon it, and the "danger" signal so set, remains fixed for so many minutes as it is thought fit and safe should be the smallest intervening time between the passage of two trains over one spot. The signal man restores "All Right," when it is proper that he should do so.

Now we have passed the signal post, and are continuing our walk along the line towards the locomotive, which is just in sight, steaming to meet us. About one hundred yards beyond the telegraph, our attention is called to a couple of double wedges, or double inclined planes, placed side by side, which play up and down out of a little hollow close beside the protected line of rail. These little wedges, when the telegraph is fixed at "All Right," are, by the same act, both depressed; they duck their heads together. But at the sign of "caution," one of them bobs up; and they both bob up at the sign of

carriage-step, and scarcely larger. Two little triggers hang down from it to within a little distance from the ground. One of these triggers, we should say, the steam being shut off, does not hang down, but tucks itself back like a crane's leg. When the engine is in motion, the steam being on, this leg drops, and the two legs hang down. When the driver, however, shuts off his steam, one leg is immediately tucked away. Now these two legs or triggers are connected with an extremely simple series of rods and levers, and they are calculated to run over the two little wedges which we just now examined. One little wedge being up, touches the key, or leg, or trigger of "caution," as the train passes, and the striking of that key lets loose a volume of steam through a whistle, loud enough to startle up the sleepiest of engine-drivers. The other little wedge being up, touches the key of "danger;" but, mind! a trigger ought not to have been touched. Fog hail, or other causes, may have prevented the driver from perceiving, in good time, the warning on the telegraph; if he has seen it, he shuts off the steam before he gets near the little wedge, and as he shuts the steam off, up goes the little "danger" leg, and rides untouched over its wedge, while the "caution" wedge, which is always up in company with "danger," sets only the whistle going. If, however, it should happen that the driver has neglected to shut off his steam, the "danger" key remains down and is struck; immediately a lever rolls over untouched by the driver's hand, the engine is reversed, the steam shut off, and the break is put upon the wheels. At the same time a hand moves upon a dial, and records that it was not to the driver, but to the safety apparatus, that the stoppage of the train was due.

A plan had once been tried for the mechanical sounding of a "caution" whistle by means of a trigger; but the trigger not being made to glide up an inclined plane, but to strike upon an abrupt obstruction, generally either snapped off, or kicked the obstacle before it on the line of rail.

We now station ourselves beside the little wedges, set the "danger" signal, and bid the locomotive rush at it, steam on. Instantly, as it touches the appointed spot, the whistle sounds, the pace begins to slacken, and before the engine reaches the protected siding, it is still standing upon the line. We run the engine back, and mount into the tender. We watch the handle, which is to move untouched by human hands. We whiz through the cold October air; a deafening shriek, a rush of steam, and the rolling over of the handle, startle us; the whistle is indefatigable; but the engine seems fatigued, and very shortly we are brought to a dead stop.

This experiment was repeated and modified, the result being at all times a complete success. Having since that day looked over the drawings and the working plans, we feel

There is the locomotive stopping for us; we will go and look, in the next place, at that. To one side of it, is attached a little apparatus in a box, not unlike a folded

satisfied that the apparatus is effective, and open to few chances of derangement. It is, of course, not an invention to make vigilance unnecessary; on the contrary, it would be a testimonial to the prudence of all careful drivers, and an inexorable tell-tale, riding with the negligent. In ninety-nine cases it would not be necessary; in the hundredth it would be the saviour of life and property. It would need being put in action once a day, to set the index every morning as the locomotive leaves the station, and to maintain a constant certainty that it remains in working order. It would cost, including signal apparatus fixed upon the line, from twenty to thirty pounds per engine. Less complete forms of the apparatus would cost less. We may add, that a portable wedge, screwed on the line of rail at any point, will secure the stoppage of a train, apart from signal apparatus.

All that we have to say by way of comment on the matter is, that we, as travellers, having found out the existence of an invention which promises to lessen our risk of life and limb on railway lines, expect that this invention shall be fairly tested by the railway companies, and properly adopted if found good. Small as the risk of railway travelling may be, it ought to be much smaller; the occurrence of a preventible accident is, in plain words, a crime on the part of those who could have prevented it and did not. If Mr. Whitworth's plan be good, no Board of Directors ought to fear the small expense attendant upon its adoption. The money lost by calamities on a line, if put against this outlay, may seem something less; we do not know how that may be. But, may we be allowed to hint, that the loss of credit which follows upon every casualty, is, perhaps, also to be considered; and that the more or less of public confidence may not be inoperative on the value of a railway share?

A ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

BENIGHTED.

TRAVEL on foot in a dark night through a mountain-pass, is not made pleasant by a sweeping wind, which dashes rain into the face by the painful. The most powerful emotion excited in the human breast under such circumstances, is a pining after shelter, though it were but the shelter of a charcoal-burner's hut; and an inn then seems to be an institution too completely blissful to be calmly thought about as something actual and near. With my hat well pressed over my forehead to defy the wind; with my clothes containing a much larger quantity of water than of cloth, leather, or frieze; with my succulent boots treading monotonously through the marsh of the footpath, over which I could just make out the lowering shadow of the fir-forest, I plashed along through a mountain-pass in

Austria on an exceedingly wild night in September. Now and then, I was obliged to steady myself by planting my staff in the mud, and standing still with my back to the gale for a few minutes. Then, on I went, with heavy measured tread, counting my steps to wile away the time, miscounting them, and judiciously beginning a new calculation.

Battle through trouble, and the haven or rest will be reached at last! Push on through the darkest night, and at length you will find an inn. I found, thus, the Inn of the Pass, its windows all quite dark; the house had shut its eyes and gone to sleep for the night; but then it might be easily awakened. The wooden door, as usual, was wide open, but the real door of these mountain hosteries, which keeps intruders out, is not composed of wood, but of an immense quantity of bark—and bite, too, possibly. The light slumbers of the dog having been broken by my footfall, I waited patiently until his wrath should have properly fulfilled the uses of a bell and knocker. Barking and howling on the dog's part being, however, the accustomed lullaby of the inmates of the hostelry, the inn continued to sleep soundly. I could not enter without losing some portion of my legs, and therefore proceeded to shout patiently in chorus with the dog, to throw pebbles against windows, and at length, when I was quite hoarse, to stand quiet in the rain,

"Uncomplaining, hoping, till
Clinked the lattice bar,"

and a loud "Who's there?" rewarded the exertions of myself and my brother chorister.

The dog, satisfied with sounds of explanation, accosted me thereafter with a conciliatory growl, and when I groped my way into the dark room, and stretched myself upon a bench over which I had previously tumbled, he resumed his slumbers near my feet. Mine host, entering with a rude oil-lamp, looked at me curiously and disappeared, leaving me in the dark without a syllable of consolation. A swarm of flies, whose night's rest I had broken, hummed and buzzed about me, and I began dreamily to speculate upon the probable result of sleeping in wet clothes upon a board, and to wonder whether I should not feel less draught if I removed my quarters to the table, and whether there were knives and forks left there, which might be worse bed companions than fleas. Over the knife and fork question I must have fallen asleep, for I was dreaming of hot roast beef when a glare of light awakened me, and, looking up, I saw two damsels, according to the expressive German idiom, drunk with sleep, who had been routed out of their beds, and were getting the table ready for my supper.

From the dream of beef, it was an agreeable transition to the reality of bread-and-cheese. The two stout peasant girls, unmistakably real, were busily producing wedges of black bread and an inexhaustible amount of goat-

milk cheese. As for the mighty beer-glasses, with their bright engraven pewter lids, I did not wonder at the subjects chosen by Dutch painters; for what could there be on earth finer than such beer-glasses, such bread-and-cheese, such a lamp-lighted kitchen, such handy peasant girls? I ate. I smoked my little travelling pipe. Memories and dreams mingled with the fact that a stout waitress was staring sleepily at me out of her dark eyes, and that I was staring sleepily at her; and the fancy that we had been staring at one another sleepily somewhere else, I couldn't remember where. I slept. I have no doubt I went to bed, for it was in bed that I awoke.

No, there was no rain in the morning! I shaved by a ray of unadulterated sun-light. It was a feast day of the Catholic church, and carts were rattling to the door outside; and there were voices in a hubbub of sound, sparkling all over with laughter; and there was a fellow singing in the mountain dialect:

"The snow has been falling,
And I must stay here,
For visit my darling,
I can't, O dear!

"The snow has been falling,
The mountains are white,
I've now a new darling,
And that's all right."

I thought the matter of the song extremely questionable; but the melody and manner of it were so blithe that they haunt me still—especially while shaving.

The kitchen, down-stairs, I found full of life and bustle. The guides, who keep none of the church holidays, were fortifying their souls with "schnaps." The church-goers from the mountains, who still had far to go before they reached the pastor, were resting half-way, and bartering and comparing news together. The waitresses were anything but sleepy; the ostler was plunged in a thousand cares; the cattle of the farmers stamped; and chafed their rusty bits outside. On the walls of the room, the pictures were of Hofer and of other champions of the mountains; and, to me, the people talked about their local memories. They told me of the famous defence of that pass during the "French wars;" and how the man who built the inn in which we then talked, had defended the pass with the desperate energy of a Guerilla, and the success of an unerring shot—how, in fact, he had been the Leonidas of their unsung Thermopylae.

A fine bold race of men they are who filled this little world; they won my respect at the first glance. The landlord, a powerful young man, came among us with a bold eye, neither blustering nor cringing; he reviewed his guests with a free good-humoured look, such as might grace the face of one of nature's gentlemen.

Then to me, fortified with breakfast, came the ostler, saying that a car was ready—a narrow little one-horsed curiosity; for curious the car must be that is constructed to jog, unshattered, over these rough mountain roads. The horse was capering beside his pole—single horses in Austria are not indulged with shafts—and friend ostler, who was to drive me on to the next village, looked so unutterably contented with the world, laughing to himself out of the fulness of his delight, that I determined to share some part of his shower of good-humour by inducing him to talk to me. Accordingly I won his confidence by the offer of a cigar. Then, to my great astonishment, he began praising the cigars of Milan in very good Italian. That made me curious, and I discovered that he had been a soldier in the fifth battalion of rifles, and had served in Italy.

It had an odd effect to hear this rude mountain peasant gabble the music of Italian with his unsmooth dialect, and recall here, among the firs, the plains of Italy. Here, in the pleasant autumn morning, he was eloquent about the tumult and the roar of battle in the disastrous years 1848 and 1849. Unconscious of the horse and cart, and puffing manfully at the cigar, he told, with earnest eyes, how he had loved "Fathet Radetzky," how the other generals often asked too much from the tired troops, how batteries were captured; how he did not like eating polenta for his dinner; mingling strangely the affairs of history with the story of the ostler. He had become a soldier through the love which he preserved still for the pomp of war, the arms, the gay dress, and the music. But he was a mountaineer when he enlisted; and, on getting his discharge, he hurried back directly to the mountains, resolved to enter into service where he could in his home district, without a sigh for sunny Italy. These mountaineers at home, seem to care little enough for the glories which we travel over sea and land to visit. Take them away, however, they are not easy until the firs again are rustling overhead, and they are comfortably wrapped up in the mists of their own hills.

So our driver spoke with joy of his design to live another summer in his native place. This was a feast day, too, in the next village, and—secret of his abounding happiness—his Dirndl, his sweetheart, was there waiting for him; yes, and we were now very near, he told me with a voice that came as if his heart were singing under it.

The horse halts, snorting, and pricks up his ears at the loud sound of horns and fiddles in the village inn. Here our ride ends. The driver is gone in a minute, and has already found his place among the happy throng of dancers. That place I suppose to be—from the pair of beaming eyes that joyously greet him—beside his Dirndl. How he prances, and laughs, and swings round

the damsel, and slaps his leather-covered thighs, and flings his arm in the air, converting his finger and thumb into castanets! Peace ever rest upon his love!

OUT SHOOTING

A MERRY sunshine shone over Vienna on the third day of September last. I was sitting in the early morning, looking at the little thimbleful of coffee and the two horns of bread, half roll half cake, which a fat little housemaid had just brought into my room, wondering how, after such slender fare, I could wait patiently for dinner, when a loud, cheery voice came ringing up the stairs, and a young German friend presently flung open my door, and showed himself to my astonished eyes in the complete sporting costume of his country.

He wore a high crowned, white Tyrolean hat, with a feather in it, a light green coat, profusely braided, black dress trousers, and a pair of high Indian rubber fishing boots preposterously wide and large, a broad *couteau de chasse* hung at his side, a brand new belt confined his waist, and he carried a green pouch, large enough, when filled, to load a pony. In short, he was in full sporting trim, and knowing something of the manners of his countrymen, I saw at once that he meant partridge shooting. Had I been a stranger, I should have supposed that he came to me in costume from a morning rehearsal of *Der Freischütz*.

Bidding a bull dog and a terrier, which he had brought with him as sporting dogs, be quiet, while he put their heads into a sort of brass cage, called a muzzle here, he told me, with considerable excitement, that he was off to a shooting party some sixteen miles away, and that he came to fetch me to the gathering.

"It will be a warm day," I said, pulling on my gaiters. "Is there much heavy ground to go over?"—"No," was the reply, "nothing but the regular paths."

I was soon ready, and without more ado we whistled up the bull-dog and the terrier. In five minutes we were whisking away in a light phaeton with four "yuckers" (a species of galloway, bred chiefly in Hungary), along the road to Gumpoldskirchen.

We found a party of some twenty or thirty "guns" assembled at the house of my friend's father. The gentlemen were fortifying themselves against impending fatigue with different varieties of sausage, cold game, ham, and such matters, in the consumption of which we heartily assisted. Presently, all prepared to start forth. The weather, as is common in the autumn, had changed since the beginning of the morning, and a pretty keen wind now blew. This nearly blew out the zeal of our companions, and promised to nip the bud of our day's sport, for your true German sportsman does not care much for the actual pursuit of game, if he can only put on his shooting

clothes. Since, however, I had hazarded my day upon the speculation, I was indisposed to let the time be lost, and rallied those members of the party with whom I felt myself to be on joking terms. My friend at length travelled up stairs, and came back with a couple of ample catskin muffs, which were to be slung round our necks by means of a cord, to keep our hands warm. Fortified thus, we at length got under way, singing melodious choruses on the pleasures of the chase. The Germans sang much better than they hunt.

I soon found, as we proceeded, that our party was diminishing, when we had quite reached the hunting ground, I found myself almost alone. Our companions had been dropped by the way singly, like Hop o'-my-Thumb's crumbs, and formed a line of sporting posts some twenty or thirty yards apart from one another. We then stood at ease for an hour, with a keen wind in our teeth, while a section of our party took a circuit for the establishment of a circle, within which the game was to be hemmed.

My friend at this time had an opportunity of introducing me to a few stationary brethren. A fat little Spancho, in dress boots, with a coat much too small for his broad back, stood nearest to us. He was armed with a small Swedish rifle, which was loaded with ball. When my friend presented me to him as 'Sir Smith,' he answered "Mr Sir, your most obedient servant." The rest were a motley group of officers in uniform, and men in every costume but what we should suppose to be the right one, fine picturesque fellows with sweeping moustaches, good beards, and gorgeously coloured clothes. A painter might have been glad of them,—though certainly an English painter never would have grouped them in a sketch of partridge shooting.

At length a man along the line informed us that the sport was shortly to begin, and a student from Bonn who had included English in his studies turned to me with some excitement, saying "Sor, if you please now we catch them will." Assuredly, there galloped hares in plenty down upon us with their heads up, and the partridges were darting upward like rockets in all directions. "Lie quiet," said I to the student, "for here comes a hare!"—"I fear me not," was the reply. The student, shutting both his eyes, let off at the same time both his barrels, and a horrid howl from my friend's bull-dog, told us the result, which was precisely the reverse of that which was either intended or desired. A sharp fire now rang along our line, and the hare fell. When we took him up, it appeared that our stout little friend with the rifle had the credit of one among the lucky shots, for besides being riddled like a sieve, our victim had his head almost blown off.

In some alarm at these proceedings, I

refrained from firing, in order that I might keep a wary and an anxious eye upon the gentleman who had just shot the dog. My relief was inexpressible, when one of the keepers told me that he could do no farther harm, precaution having been taken to load his gun with powder only, and not to put in very much of that.

My next care was to persuade our sportsmen to leash up their dogs, or at least to send them to the rear; for, as the hares came down, the dogs immediately ran at them and gave chase, so that for some time there was no shooting to be had. One gentleman, who established an acquaintance by asking me whether I came "from England out," warned off the game by his stentorian hunting songs; others broke the line, and ran into the circle, thereby exposing their limbs to the attack of small shot; others flogged their dogs, who responded with discordant yells; and all had horns or whistles, into which they blew with lamentable perseverance, when they were not otherwise employed. I grew at last accustomed to this mode of sport. As the kruit or circle included only too much game, by the time our lines closed we had killed one hundred and forty-five hares, and twenty-three brace of birds.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon; for we had begun late, and with one delay or another the day had almost slipped out of our hands. The keener sportsmen of our party were very anxious, therefore, to make the best use of our remaining time. But the appearance of a bevy of ladies wandering towards us through the distant fields, with a few symptoms of lunch, gave us now reason to expect a rest of some duration. So it turned out. Our quarter-master had pitched upon a pleasant nook in one of those elegant little patches of ground, half wood, half shrubbery, which is the favourite resort of pheasants. There, disembarrassing ourselves of our guns, which had been slung over the shoulder, after German fashion, we sat down upon the grass. The afternoon had cleared again, and the day now felt to us quite warm after our exercise. The ladies hung their bonnets on the boughs of trees, and lucky beaux obtained the care of shawls and parasols. We grouped ourselves unconsciously into a Watteau picture, and enjoyed one of the pleasantest of luncheons. The light wavy foliage of some young trees formed a bower overhead; a glorious hill-country, with the peaks of the Schneeberg, bounded the view before us in the distance. Pleasant words and merry tales went round with the good wine, and before long a vagrant fiddle and a strolling flute had been attracted by the distant music of our laughter. The fiddle and the flute made it quite certain to the meanest comprehension that our shooting for the day was over. So we yielded ourselves gladly to a dance.

The peeping of the stars admonished us

at last to wander homeward. We departed through the fields and vineyards, singing as we came; for Germans breathe an atmosphere of music. The clear bell-like voices of the young girls sounded very sweetly in the still air of the evening, as we trooped pleasantly along. Of one voice I still remember the soft, liquid, pleading tones; the songstress looked so placid and so gentle, that one felt angels to be possible even on this side of the stars.

And so our shooting party ended.

THE BOBBIN-MILL AT AMBLESIDE.

OCTOBER is the time for the late traveller in the Lake District to wonder why little parties of men are roaming at mid-day on the hill-sides, leaving their business below just as the daylight hours are becoming precious. October is the time for residents in the district to look up anxiously to these hill-sides, and to peep into the recesses of the mountains, to see what woods are to fall this year under the axe. October is the time when the gentleman checks his horse under the great sycamore in the village, or before the market-cross in the little towns, and reads, over the heads of the group on foot, the hand-bills, nailed up, or stuck on, which tell what lots of coppice-wood are on view for sale during the latter days of the month. October is the time when the land agent, well-booted, makes his way through moss, log, brambles, and underwood, into every corner of certain plantations, followed by a labourer, who carries a great pot of white or red paint, and a brush, wherewith he marks the wood that is doomed. October is the time when the cooper, and the hooper, and the field-carpenter, and the bobbin-maker, come up from town and village to the mountain side, to inspect the timber and coppice that are to be sold. These are the little parties that the late tourist watches from below. They are not leaving their business in the shortening days. They come here in the course of business, to measure, and inspect, and calculate, and make up their minds how high to go, in bidding on the auction day. It does not follow that they have no pleasure, because they come upon business. It is probable that the weather is delicious. It usually is so towards the end of October, in this region. The air is probably so still that the wet is heard to drop before the intruders reach the hazels, and the acorn to fall as they pass the larger oaks. The bulrush is as still on the brink of the tarn, as the grey rock which juts into it; and both are reflected, sharp and clear, by waters which are not disturbed by the wing of fly above, or the fin of fish from below.

In that looking-glass, too, may perhaps be seen the first party of wild swans, arriving in good time from the north, and now looking down from their lofty flight, to see where they

will alight, and which of these mountain pools has the best promise of withered reeds and rushes for the nest, with seeds and roots and water-insects for food. The sandpipers, which were running about so busily a month ago, are gone; but the stonechat is fitting among the bushes, and click-clicking amidst the silence.

The season has been fine here: it must have been fine, by the quantity of foliage left in the woods. Here and there a dead branch hangs down, torn by the equinoctial winds; but the leaves hang thick: not only the red leaves of the oak, but the spotted leaves of the sycamore, and the lemon-coloured leaves of the birch. The season has been a fine one here; what has it been in Alabama and South Carolina? That is the question which most nearly concerns the bobbin-makers of this party. Their purchases of these coppices depend mainly on whether the cotton crop in America has been a good or a deficient one. It is of some importance to them whether the mulberries have flourished in Italy and India; and whether the flax has ripened well in Ireland; and whether the farmers at home are caring most about their sheep or their corn; but the grand question is, what the season has been in the cotton-growing states of America. If Manchester is in good spirits, these bobbin-makers on the mountain may make up their minds to pay as high for coppice as they ever do, even to eighteen pounds per acre. If Manchester is low-spirited, they may even refuse to go beyond four pounds per acre. They may resolve to buy, each for himself, ten thousand or twelve thousand feet; or to buy only enough to hold on, until better news shall come to Manchester from over the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps there may be among the bobbin-makers one as sure of a demand for his article as the coopers and hoopers. There are powder-mills at Filter Water; and, as fire-arms are not out of use yet (nor likely to be), charcoal is wanted; and there is a viewer from the powder-mills out on the hills to-day.

The explorers have examined the mountain ash, and the birch, in the more exposed situations. They now come down among the ash and beech groves; and leap from tuft to tuft in the bogs, after the alder and the willow; and look well to the hazel, and the aspiring sycamore, in the sheltered recesses. The wood is, for the most part, of from fourteen to sixteen years' growth; though some may be of twenty. Thus, the excursion is to some new place, every October, for nearly twenty years,—the distance, however, is seldom more than twenty miles from any one man's home.

The wood will need a year's seasoning in the sheds of the bobbin-mill; and by that time the prospects of trade may have changed; but it comes to the same thing as if this growing wood were to be used immediately; for there is last year's purchase stored up at home, and more or less of it may be used this year, or left over for next.

In passing from wood to wood, our party winds through streams, and round lakes of arable lands, to reach the islands and promontories of coppice which are scattered between. It is curious that the seasons in America, and the spirits of the Manchester people, should affect the scenery of the Lake District; but it is so. Hundreds of years ago the whole region was covered with wood, except where the Romans made clearings, for a camp here, and a road there. The Saxons afterwards settled on their traces. When the Normans came, and their monks established themselves at Furness, they sent out their husbandmen and herdsmen to till the ground, and to pasture their flocks, farther and farther in the dales, and higher and higher up the hill-sides, building walls as they went, until the sunshine was let in over wide tracts, and the forest-like look of the region nearly disappeared. Yet, when Wordsworth was young, some old people at Wythburn (about ten miles on the Keswick road, under Helvellyn) told him of the time when the squirrel could go from Wythburn to Keswick on the tops of the trees, without touching the ground. In those days, the people grew their own flax or hemp, and their own wool; and the spinning and weaving were done at home; and itinerant tailors went their rounds through the district, staying at the farm-houses to make up the clothes. It did not occur to any one then (about a hundred years ago) that the woods of the district would be required to make this matter of popular clothing easier to everybody. Hence the felling went on too fast. Many patches of holly and ash were preserved within the higher enclosures, to feed the cattle and sheep, with the sprouts, where no other pasturage could be obtained; but large tracts of rocky soil were laid bare, which had better have remained clothed with wood. Some improvement in the process of weaving had before this taken place. The Kays, father and son, of Bury, in Lancashire, had invented the flying shuttle and the drop-box, by which much time was saved to the weaver, and a wider cloth could be produced by one pair of hands. But there was not thread enough or yarn enough, spun, to keep the shuttle going so fast as was wanted. The weaver had to go about something else, while waiting for the spinners; yet, in thousands of cottages, the wheel was whirling from morning until night, every day but Sundays.

This was a state of things which could not last; for, in regard to the arts of life, a great want is sure to be soon met with a remedy. Several ingenious men invented spinning-machines, during the latter half of the last century, and before its close, it was shown that one thousand threads could be spun by one pair of hands. Instead of the pack-horse toiling along the mountain-path, which was then the only way open from Kendal to Whitehaven, there might now be seen the carrier's wagon,

winding round the hills on a broad road, bringing the new cotton fabrics to the "statesmen's" dwellings, but still carrying away the "homespun," in which the Westmoreland folks were as yet dressed. The "single thread" wheels were destined to whirr for some time longer; but a new source of profit was opening to those who held land. There was a call for an infinity of bobbins for the new spinning-machines; and the proprietors of bobbin-mills came from a distance to buy up the coppices of the district. At first, the effect of this new demand was to lay the hill-sides bare than ever; but, as the wood grew again, and its owners saw that the demand was likely to be a lasting one, they began to foster their woods, and to plant anew on soil which could not grow anything more immediately profitable. They arranged a succession of coppices, so as to render it feasible to sell to the axe one after another, as it reached the age of from fifteen to twenty-one years. Thus, with every extension of the growth of cotton abroad, and of its manufacture at home, there has been a new cherishing of coppice in the Lake District; and much is the beauty of the scenery enhanced by this, and very valuable is the shelter given to flocks, and to human habitations, and to the tilled lands which lie between the woods.

There are myriads of bobbins sent from the neighbourhood of Windermere, all over Lancashire and Yorkshire, and into Scotland and Ireland, and to the United States, and our own colonies, and many to busy Belgium, where the sound of the loom is heard in clusters of towns. The bobbin-mills round Windermere are, five mills (belonging to three establishments) at Staveley; one at Troutbeck; one at Hawkhead; one at Skelwith; and one at Ambleside; all, probably, visible at once from the top of Wansfell. That Ambleside mill was a very humble affair a quarter of a century ago. Let us see what may be found there now.

The viewers have made up their minds about some tracts of coppice on the sides of Wansfell, and we see by their looks that before the primroses and wood anemones cover the ground, in some dearly loved dells, every sheltering twig will be gone, and only stumps left. The axe will soon be calling out the echoes from the rocks above, and then we shall see piles of fagots, and stacks of bark, awaiting the wains which will come clinking and clanging and creaking along the wintry road. While the viewers go down one side of the mountains to see such portions of Bishop Watson's woods, at Calgarth, as are on sale this year, we will go down the other to Horrox's mill at Ambleside.

Down we go, among the red ferns and green mosses, and through many a boggy spot, to the road, and within hearing of the Stock—the beck (brook) which scampers down the hollow between Wansfell and the road to Patterdale. There lies Ambleside, nestling at the base of the mountain—a mile inland from

the lake; and between us and Ambleside is the exquisite waterfall, called Stockghyll Force. Grandeur cataraets there may be—scarcely a more beautiful one. A breast of rock, feathered with wood, divides the stream exactly in two—and each current takes two leaps; so that the symmetry of the picture is singular. The two lesser falls above, and the two greater below, answer to each other, as by the nicest art; yet the ravine is as wild as if nobody had been here since the old Briton and the wolf hid themselves together from the Romans who were making a camp at Ambleside, and a road along the ridge of the Troutbeck hills. Along the verge of the ravine and of the woods we go down, catching glimpses through the foliage of white foam, of green and brown stones, of clear gushes of water below, until we see a humble grey roof before us, and observe that the woods are opening, and that the waters are smooth as the oily flow of Niagara above Table Rock—smooth, but rapid, as we see by a red and yellow leaf here and there. Those leaves danced merrily down from the bough, and now they are sailing jocosely into the midst of a prodigious hubbub. They are close upon the Weir; and we are close upon the old mill, and the great brown water-wheel—a very dark brown, but shedding diamonds when touched by the sun; and now, in its wet sheen, reflecting the emerald colour of the opposite slope of the dell.

This is not much like visiting Birmingham or Manchester manufactories. For the muddy canal, we have a cataract of water "softer than rain-water," the proprietor assures us, and clear as starlight. The very sight of it, slipping over the Weir, and drowning the stones below, makes one thirsty. Instead of the coiling smoke, we have the balancing goosamer above the stream. The stir from the fall shakes, but spares it. Instead of attic-windows opposite, we have the old rookery. The rooks are our spies and gossips here; and they and the babbling waters seem to be telling tales against each other, all the year round. The rooks never fail, and the noise never fails. We asked the proprietor whether he had ever to complain of want of water. "Very rarely, indeed," said he. "It is scant only in very hot and dry summers, and has not been so for some years now." "And the noise; is it always like this?" Does he live in the sound of a cataract? O yes! and he never knows it, unless reminded of it. And perhaps his men do not know what an infernal din they are living in, with those circular saws, and the whirring of a multitude of wheels and lathes. We begin to shrink from it, though we have as yet got no further than the old mill. We just look into it as we pass, and find it a mere room, packed now with materials. The path which winds up into the wood was the old road to the mill; and this little yard held all the timber.

It is very different now. We pass and examine large stacks of timber and poles—beech, ash, mountain-ash, sycamore, “seal” (sallow), hazel, birch, and alder. The greater part is stacked under slated roofs; but some piles stand uncovered at present. There is timber thick enough to make posts; and much of fourteen years’ growth—as large as a stout man’s leg—which is split and dressed into rails. While the circular saws and the lathes are at work, it is as well to make other things, besides bobbins; so we observe a new and much-improved kind of mangle in the old mill; and besides the posts and rails for fences, we see the legs of bedsteads lying about, and other neat pieces of turnery.

The knots of the stouter wood are sliced off before the splitting; and the peeling is done on the premises, while the wood is fresh. The peel serves for fuel; the baker buys for his ovens the chips and dust which lie almost knee-deep everywhere within the mill. As for the corners, and odds and ends of the wood, they are sold for “kindling” to the neighbours round.

The circular-saws are from Sheffield. The rest of the machinery is home-made. Down in a chamber below the rest of the mill, are the cog-wheels, which are turned by the great water-wheel. There they whirl, smoothly, steadily; and between, and under them, may be seen again the clear gushing waters, and green and grey rocks; and over them the sunny wood, where the latest bees are swinging in the last blossoms of the year. Mr. Horrox’s house is completely covered with ivy; and the fuchsia and China-rose blossom beside the door.

We may seem to dwell long on the natural features of the place; but there is an unspeakable charm in seeing the commonest manufacturing toil cheered and brightened by the presence of that antique and ever-young beauty, who is supposed to be mournfully displaced by the establishment of the arts of life.—We would fain convey some sense of this charm to our readers. We are thankful to be able to add, that there is here no drawback from the vice which is the curse of the district,—as of too many rural neighbourhoods. The one great pain to the inhabitants of the exquisite valley in which Ambleside lies, is the intemperance of the people. It is not quite so bad as it was; but still, the early walker, who begins the winter day by a walk under the stars, when the last fragment of the gibbous moon hangs over Wansfell, is but too likely to meet the labourer staggering tipsy to his work. In the summer twilight, or the repose of Sunday afternoon, when the mind should be awake and enjoying the interval from bodily labour, too many two-legged brutes may be seen, who have abdicated their prerogative of reason, and are courting disease and early death from drink,

amidst a scene and an air which should make men wise and long-lived. It is pretty sure that no such sinner belongs to this mill. It is known that Mr. Horrox will employ none such. From the moment that a man is found to have been drunk, he must come no more there. And this is an important discouragement of vice; for nine-and-twenty men and boys (only eight boys) are employed at the mill; and that is a number which tells upon so small a population as the people of Ambleside.

They are paid by the gross of bobbins; and they earn from fourteen shillings to twenty-three shillings a week, at an average of fourpence per gross. There must be a change soon. The “thread-men,” (spinners of sewing-cotton) in manufacturing towns, have new machinery, by which bobbins can be produced at five farthings, which here cost fourpence halfpenny. There have been contentions and strikes in those towns, ending, as strikes on account of machinery always do: and the change must reach this place in natural course.

And now for the process. The wood being sorted,—some sold in blocks to the turners at so much per solid foot, and poles to the hoopers by the thousand (six score to the hundred),—the tree-stem to be wrought is brought to the circular saw. It is first cut across into blocks. Then, the block is split into slices. A man and boy sit opposite each other, at each end of the saw. The man applies the block, and pushes it from him some way; and the boy finishes the severance by drawing it towards him;—their fingers being thus kept out of danger. No accidents of consequence have happened at this mill; but, elsewhere, it has been no uncommon thing for a careless workman to have all the fingers of one hand sawn off across the middle. The wood is sliced into squares, about a quarter of an inch thick, and of different sizes, according to the sort of bobbin, of which these slices are to make the ends. The squares are baked, dry as a brown crust, in an outhouse which has an iron floor, heated by a furnace beneath. On this floor the squares are laid in rows, thick and close, and shut in until they are done enough. After they are cool, they are bored with a round hole in the middle, which is to receive the shank. Two slices are glued together,—the corners of one crossing the sides of the other, that the grain may cross, and obviate fracture. One has a smaller hole than the other, that the end of the shank may fit in more securely. When glued, the cross-pieces are strung on a round iron bar, and screwed tight upon each other, to prevent warping. While they are thus drying, the shank is preparing.

The shank is made round, in the lathe. It has next to be bored. This is done by boys, who simply drive the end against the steel borer which is turned by machinery. In an instant of time, the borer makes its way through to the inner end. The shank goes

again to the lathe, to be made a little smaller at each end, in order to fit into the holes in the cross-pieces. Next, the end and the shank are to be united. A little boy, sitting at a glue-pot, holds a dauber (as we may call it), which is made of two rings, answering to the margins of the two holes in the cross-pieces. He dabs these holes with glue, and hands the pieces to a man at his elbow, who inserts the end of the shank, and puts it in the way of a sharp rap from a driven hammer, which fixes it in its place. When both ends are thus glued on, we have a bobbin; but with ends that are square, large, and rough. The bobbin goes to a lathe, where, in turning, it is met by a stout, three-sided sharp tooth or blade, which, quicker than the eye can follow, cuts off the corners, and leaves a bobbin, perfect in shape. It is still rough, however; and it must be finished in the lathe;—rounded at the edges, and smoothed, and, if necessary, grooved.

Some bobbins, wanted for certain kinds of spinning, must have their bore lined with a smoother substance than the ordinary wood. When they are thus lined, they are said to be "bushed." Some are "bushed" with metal; some with box-wood. In some, the "bush" goes only part of the way through the bore; in others, the whole way. When the lining is of box, the bobbin and the "bush" are fluted, in order to fit more firmly into each other. All who have examined bobbins may remember that a circle of lighter or darker wood appears round the bore. This is the "bush."

Now we have bobbins before us of various shapes and sizes, some for silk; some for flax; some for wool, as well as the myriads for cotton; and here are also parts of the shuttle of the Manchester weaver. Does anything remain to be done? Yes; some buyers like to have their bobbins dyed; some prefer them black; some, oak colour; some, yellow. The black dye is obtained from logwood and from copperas; the oak from catechu and fustic; and the yellow from fustic, with a little alum. The dye certainly gives a finished appearance to the bobbins; and ladies know that, when buying sewing cotton. The eye is drawn towards the neatness of black or oak-coloured bobbins, in preference to the undyed,—other things being equal. The dyeing is done by boiling the bobbins in copperas, with the chemical materials.

We were tempted to follow the fagots of poles down to the hoopers's, to see what was doing there. The new-world spirit, which is found wherever machinery is whirling, has not made its way yet into the hoopers's sheds in Ambleside. Here is no head-splitting din—no cloud of wood-dust, which visibly fills the nostrils of the turners at the lathe, and makes the visitor inquire about diseases of the lungs. Here, half-a-dozen men and boys are at work, with no newer machinery than "the horse," "the mare," "the dog," and the

hoop. Do our readers wonder how the horse, the mare, and the dog can help in making hoops? The answer is, these are nicknames, given to the sort of bench on which the workman sits, in different stages of hoop-making. To cleave the poles, the man sits on a raised log, "the horse," and simply splits the unpeeled wood into two or four pieces, with an axe. These pieces are taken possession of by the boy on "the mare," who, by a treadle, raises or lets fall a block, to hold fast his strip of wood, which he thins and equalises with a two-handled knife, to render it smooth, and pliable for the "bending" machine. This machine consists simply of a pair of rollers turned by a cog-wheel and a winch: the strip of wood being drawn out between the rollers.

Next, the strips have to be made into hoops. A man who sits in the middle of the shed, with a stout model hoop on his knees, bends the strip round within the model, takes it out, and ties it with string, and then bends within it another and another strip, (tying none but the first), until he has made a compact mass of hooping. Nothing can well be slower, or more primitive.

Still, the business is a profitable one. Hoops are sent from Ambleside over the far parts of the globe. The very largest go to Liverpool. These sell for about five pounds per thousand (six score to the hundred). In seasons when copraes are scarce, or when the demand for casks is great, coopers have given as much as nine or ten pounds per thousand for hoops. This cannot, however, go on. If it be true that, by new machinery, a porter barrel can be made complete, from the tree to the heading, in five minutes, it cannot be that the slow and clumsy method of fashioning hoops by hand can remain, even in the old-fashioned Lake District.

We may soon be having some instrument which will ruin hoops as a fire-work gives out sparks, or as rings of luminous vapour ascend from the chemical lecturer's magic wine-glass. Meanwhile, "the horse," "the mare," and "the dog," with their stiff backs and wooden heads, look as if they did not mean to budge, and had never heard of change.

ROOM IN THE WORLD.

THERE is room in the world for the wealthy and great,
For princes to reign in magnificent state;
For the courtier to bend, for the noble to sue,
If the hearts of all these be but honest and true.

And there's room in the world for the lowly and meek,
For the hard horny hand, and the toil-furrow'd cheek;
For the scholar to think, for the merchant to trade,
So these are found upright and just in their grade.

But room there is none for the wicked; and naught,
For the souls that with seeming corruption are fraught;
The world would be small were its oceans all land,
To harbour and feed such a pestilent band.

Root out from among ye, by teaching the mind,
By training the heart, this chief curse of mankind !
'Tis a duty ye owe to the forthcoming race—
Confess it in time, and discharge it with grace !

THE OVERLAND MAIL BAG.

EVERY fortnight, or thereabouts—not always regularly, for there are winds and tides, and other contingencies by land and water, that obstruct the progress of keels and wheels—the newspapers present their readers with two or three columns of closely-printed intelligence just conveyed to them from China and India by the Overland Mail. Of the millions who constitute the population of these islands, the numbers are comparatively small that take a direct interest in the news which thus comes journeying over mountains and seas with the plague-spots and spices of the East in its leaves ; and of these the immediate curiosity is satisfied, for the most part, with an anxious glance at the deaths and promotions, the marriages and sick-lists, the arrivals and departures. A still smaller number enter into the pith of the matter recorded in these snatches of contemporary history, or comprehend the magnitude of the destinies that are sometimes shadowed out in dim little paragraphs from nooks and corners of the great frontier regions that stretch their mis-shapen limbs beyond the Indus. For the rest, the news from India, except in its grand results, or when some terrible war throws up to the surface its exciting details, is little better than a confused heap of unsettled orthographies and unpronounceable names, mixed up with bewildering policies and dynastic revolutions, which are fearfully chaotic to the general understanding, and which fall upon the imagination of the multitude very much like the traditions of an extinct world.

Yet there is no intelligence from our possessions in any part of the globe so important in its issues, so strange or startling in its every-day facts, or so romantic and picturesque in its antecedents and associations, as the intelligence which is brought to us by the Overland Mail. Let the reader spread out before him a map of India—not confining his speculations to Hindostan, to the palatial cities of the Presidencies, steeped in the mysterious music of a climate abounding with invisible life, or the cool ranges of the Himalayas, or the remoter out-posts where we have established the limits of our power—but looking onwards into kingdoms and empires protected by our alliance, or preserved in their equilibrium by the neighbourhood of our authority, the Punjab and the Derejat, Candahar and Cabul, running up to the sunny lines of Persia, where a hundred races cluster in their mountain fastnesses, or scatter their camps over the plains and valleys—and let him endeavour to realise to himself the vital energies that are awakened up into perpetual

conflict in those distant scenes, the collisions of class and clan, the struggles for power, the feuds and jealousies, and legacies of wrongs and revenges, that rack the passions of these wild communities, and he will begin to feel a livelier human interest in the two or three dense columns, at present very dry and obscure to him, which are gleaned from the despatches of the Overland Mail, and poured out, not always, perhaps, with sufficient clearness, into our daily papers. Collecting a little preliminary information concerning the influences and intrigues at work amongst Afghans, and Sikhs, and Oosbeks, and other dusky races in that quarter, and ascertaining how intimately the security of our Oriental empire is involved in our relations with them, and how every stir amongst them affects the sympathies and superstitions, the fears, hopes, and hidden desires of the native population within our own territories, he will no longer regard with indifference the arrival of a budget from the East. He will understand the importance that is attached to the few pregnant lines which announce the dates of the last advices from Bengal and Agra, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

The last few Overland Mails have been freighted with news of an ominous character ; for some months to come we may look for intelligence still more alarming. We should probably feel as little interest in the fact, that the Shah of Persia had thrown a large body of troops into the distant fortress of Herat, which stands close to his own frontier, and a long way from ours, as we should feel in a scrap of flowery heroics out of the "Fekih Gazette," were it not that the presence of a Persian army at that particular point (never menaced by the Shah-in-Shah without sinister motives) is likely in its remote results to affect very seriously, if not actually to endanger, the safety of British India.

The circumstances of the case are these :—On the 4th of last June, the ruler of Herat, Yar Mahommed Khan, died, and bequeathed the throne to his son, Syed Mahomed. Now, this Yar Mahomed, a man hideous and ill-conditioned in mind and body, was one of those numerous usurpers, whose dashing exploits furnish unlimited materials for the dramatic genius of the amphitheatre ; and his death, therefore, was the immediate signal for a simultaneous outbreak in several quarters, each setting up its own claimant, preliminary to an indefinite series of discursive forays, pleasantly called in that country a war of succession. Amongst the foremost claimants are the chiefs of Candahar, who have much the same sort of right to the throne as the robbers of the Rhine had to the plunder of the defenceless vessels that floated under their "castled crags." But they thought they had at least as good a right to the Heratee kingdom as its late owner, and so they descended upon the city with four thousand

horsemen; and, having easily overcome Syed Mahomed, who is represented to be an imbecile and incapable person, they applied to the Shah of Persia for help to enable them to keep their conquest. The Shah at once responded to the request, by sending an army of twelve thousand men avowedly to their assistance, but really in the hope of recovering the authority formerly held by Persia over that province. In the meanwhile, the imbroglia was thickening in other directions. Dost Mahomed, Khan of Cabul, indignant at the boldness of the Candahar chiefs, who are tributary to his power, marched upon their capital, of which he will doubtless finally dispossess them, and placing one of his sons at the head of a large force, sent him forward to Herat to dispute the vacated sovereignty, to which the ambitious youth has a sort of left handed claim, by virtue of his marriage with one of the thousand-and-one daughters of the late Yar Mahomed. Of the other claimants who have started up, including the surviving sons of the Prince who had been deposed by the late ruler, we need not speak, as their chances of success are utterly obliterated by the superior strength and influence of their opponents.

Such are the royal and revolutionary broils in course of development round the beleaguered walls of Herat. The mere English reader (a personage who is supposed to know nothing of the doings of foreign races, or, as the Chinese more descriptively call them, "outside barbarians,") will naturally ask, "What have we to do with the feuds of these people?" It was to elicit an answer that very question that we have invoked attention to the warning voice of the *Overland Mail*.

Upon the scene of conflict and confusion which we have indicated, rather than depicted, there falls a strong light from a great distance, which, growing broader and broader, and approaching nearer and nearer every moment, will soon shed such an illumination over the battle-field, as to leave us no longer in doubt as to what interest we have in the complicated struggle now going forward. Watching with avidity every vicissitude of fortune that promises to produce a convulsion in those regions, Russia has not been an unobservant spectator of the death of the Khan of Herat, and the contentions that have grown out of it; and, seizing upon the opportunity it seemed to throw open for carrying into execution one of the old Muscovite schemes of aggrandisement, rapidly transported to the northern coast of the Caspian Sea a body of troops, that had no sooner effected their landing there, under the pretext of proceeding against the Turkomans, than, casting off all disguise as to their real motive, they commenced their onward march in the direction of Herat. What have the Russians to do with the affairs of Herat, which lies on the frontier of Persia, divided from them by the

whole of that kingdom? This is the point for consideration.

The invasion of India has long been one of the grand projects of the Czars. They have endeavoured to initiate this design in a variety of ways, and under a hundred different excuses; sometimes by arms, sometimes by subtle diplomacies, undermining other powers at the Court of Teheran, and endeavouring to sap the influence of the English in their relation with the border tribes. The notion of a Russian invasion of India used to be regarded by us at one time as a pure chimera; while, at other periods, it has produced all over British India a feeling of alarm little short of a panic. We appear never to have been able exactly to make up our minds as to the practicability of so gigantic an enterprise. But we have grown wiser by experience, and can no longer affect indifference to the agitation of a scheme which, whether its ultimate achievement be likely or not, is calculated, even in the attempt, to involve us in the most serious difficulties.

Russia is the only European power whose geographical position would enable her to embark in such an undertaking with the slightest prospect of success. She alone possesses a frontier in Asia, which brings her into immediate intercourse with the Asiatic nations; and she has the largest interest of all the European powers in seeking to divert the commerce of the East from its present channels. The highway from Russia to India lies through Persia. Nature has set up an almost impassable barrier between them, in the stupendous chain of the Caucasus; yet, in spite of that obstacle, the Czars have steadily persevered for a hundred years, at an enormous expenditure, in their efforts to establish themselves beyond the Caucasus, for the furtherance of ulterior views, which clearly pointed to the rich shores of the Indus. Hence the expedition of Peter the Great from Astracan, the prodigious outlay at which Catherine tried to maintain herself in Georgia, the subsequent absorption of that kingdom into the Russian empire, and the constant intrigues of the Russians to detach Persia from the English alliance. The present movement upon Herat is part and parcel of the same policy; and we are justified by the history of the past, in believing that Persia is merely the dupe and instrument of the Autocrat. But it is necessary to explain why the clustering of foreign levies round the ramparts of a small fortified town on the remote confines of Afghanistan, acquires an air of suspicion which, under ordinary circumstances, would not necessarily attach to such an event.

Herat is called, after the imaginal way of the Easterns, the key of India, or, sometimes, the gate of India. It derives this title from its position, which presents the most available basis for a plan of operations against India, being within an easy distance of our frontier,

and otherwise admirably situated for the occupation of a hostile army. The only intervening country between Herat and the Indus is the kingdom of Cabul, or Afghanistan, as it is indifferently named, whose present ruler, Dost Mahomed, has suffered wrongs and indignities enough at our hands to tempt him, should the opportunity ever arise, to turn the balance against us. We once before threw him into the arms of Russia and Persia, when we declared war upon him in 1838, not only without justification, but in open violation of every principle of justice and sound policy. That was the disastrous war in which our whole army was cut off to a single man on its retreat from Cabul, and which was rendered no less memorable and admonitory by the sufferings of Sale's brigade at Jellalabad, and the mutinies at Candahar. A history of that war, drawn from a mass of unpublished correspondence, diaries, and official documents, has just appeared.* It shows that the circumstances which then led to the invasion of Afghanistan were as nearly as possible identical with the incidents at this moment in course of development at Herat; and as the details with which it furnishes us have a direct application to the present crisis, we will avail ourselves of a few passing memorabilia from its pages.

The grounds upon which we entered into that war were of no greater urgency than the dangers which now menace us from the same point. A Persian army was encamped before Herat; Russian officers and engineers were engaged in its ranks, directing and assisting its movements; and, as there was no doubt that, if Herat had fallen, the conquerors would have overrun the kingdom of Cabul, and finally taken up their position on the banks of the Indus, it was clear that our security was doubly implicated in the issue. There were two courses open to us—to compel Persia to raise the siege of Herat, which we should have been justified in doing by existing treaties, or to form a defensive alliance with the reigning sovereign of Cabul, who was eager to cultivate friendly relations with us: or we might have combined these two courses with still greater advantage. We did neither; but, with a violent disregard of right and reason, we declared war, not against the Persians, who had broken faith with us, but against Dost Mahomed, who was as much interested as we were ourselves in driving the invaders out of Afghanistan. "It was, indeed," exclaims Mr. Kaye, "an experiment on the forbearance alike of God and of man; and therefore, though it might dawn in success and triumph, it was sure to end in failure and disgrace." And in failure, and disgrace, and ignominy, unparalleled in our annals, it did

end. We hunted Dost Mahomed from his throne, set up in his place the miserable prince he had deposed, and, after the loss of millions of money and many thousands of lives, were only too glad to restore that able ruler to his throne again. Dost Mahomed is still sovereign of Cabul, evincing the same energy and resolution that had marked his career from the beginning; and, seeing his kingdom threatened by the same perils which impended over it in 1838, he is now on his way to Herat, to make his stand, single-handed, on the threshold of his territories, against the common enemy. We wait, with no ordinary anxiety, for the announcement of the measures England will adopt in this emergency.

In the meanwhile, let us glance at the spot upon which the struggle for empire is about to take place.

We knew very little concerning Herat before the Persians invested it in 1838; and we might still have remained in comparative ignorance of its actual resources, but for the accidental presence of a gallant young Englishman, who, happening to be in the neighbourhood at the time, offered his services to the besieged, and was mainly instrumental, by his courage and intelligence, in enabling the garrison to hold out for nearly ten months, when the Persians, despairing of making any impression on the place, struck their tents, and turned their faces towards Teheran. That young Englishman was Eldred Pottinger; and from the journals he kept at the time, in addition to other sources of information, Mr. Kaye has drawn up a narrative of the siege, which will be read with interest, not only on account of the novelty of the matter, but the striking and picturesque traits with which it abounds.

Herat stands in a rich valley, variegated with corn-fields, vineyards, and gardens, and rears its ramparts at the only point of the great mountain range which presents facilities for the transport of artillery. The surrounding country, within which converge all the great roads leading to India, is so singularly rich and fertile, that it is known as the Granary of Central Asia. It is one of the greatest emporiums of Asiatic commerce, and possesses within itself so much natural wealth as to be capable of affording supplies for an army of more than ten times the number at present collected in and about the city. But the charm and beauty of the place is all outside the walls: the moment you enter the streets, you are struck by the repulsive contrast between the filth of the town, and the freshness and cheerfulness of the country. Like most Eastern cities, the interior of Herat is a heap of mud and accumulated refuse.

The art of sewerage is unknown amongst our excellent friends the Afghans. There is not even a drain or gully in Herat, to carry off the heavy rains, which, instead of being con-

* History of the War in Afghanistan. From the unpublished letters and journals of political and military officers employed in Afghanistan throughout the entire period of British connexion with that country. By John William Kaye. 2 vols. Bentley.

ducted out of the streets, are carefully collected in stagnant pools, dug expressly for the purpose, in the open streets. This ingenious contrivance for securing to the inhabitants the greatest possible amount of unhealthiness in the compactest possible form, is rendered still more effective by certain practices, which prevail amongst the people, of flinging out their dead cats and dogs, and other contaminating putridities, into the middle of the streets, where they are suffered to rot and volatilize into the air. Yet this city was originally built with infinite pains and magnificence, and constructed with a skilful eye to its defences. Fortified on all sides, by a deep ditch, and solid earthen walls, pierced by gates, and defended by outworks, it presented an almost impregnable aspect; although at the time when the Persians assailed it, the fortifications appear to have been so much neglected, that had the besiegers conducted their operations with ordinary tact, they might have carried the place, according to the best military authorities, in four-and-twenty hours. From the description Mr. Kaye gives us of the city, we gather that it forms a quadrangle, the four sides of which are of nearly equal length, a little less than a mile in extent, fronting the four points of the compass. The main defences consisted of two covered ways, or *fausse-brayes*, on the slope of the embankments, one within, and the other without, the ditch; the outer one being on a level with the surrounding country. On the northern side rose up the citadel, which, overlooking the city, and being built of excellent brick masonry, with high ramparts and towers, was the strong point of the whole.

The internal structure of the city is perfectly regular, and in strict accordance with its external form. It is divided into four sections, by two principal streets, which cross each other at right angles in the centre. The manner in which these streets are built, with shops on the lower floors, and covered in at the top with a succession of small domes springing from arches, so as to form splendid bazaars, realises in the description those pictures of Oriental pomp and wealth which the European imagination associates with the gay marts of the East, but, unfortunately, these graceful outlines, enlivened to the roof with the lively tints that flash upon the eyes from the richest stuffs of the East, will not bear close inspection. The bazaars have fallen into ruin, and are literally choked up with rubbish. The decay of all this fine masonry is the inevitable consequence of a singular defect in the architecture, common to all similar structures in that country,—not one of the arches having a key-stone, in the absence of which, a vacancy is left in the apex, filled up loosely with bits of broken bricks.

The population of Herat, (we are speaking of it as it was described by Pottinger, in the description, no doubt, applies, with slight

exceptions, to the present time,) numbering altogether about forty-five thousand souls, consists of a strange mixture of Hindoos, Armenians, and Jews. It was a period of domestic savagery when Prince Kamran, whom the Persians came to dispossess, ruled over the Heratee dominion. The local Governor was allowed so small a salary, that he made up for the short-comings of his income by plundering the houses of the inhabitants, and selling the people into slavery, just as the prodigal proprietor of a well-wooded estate would cut down his timber whenever he wanted to raise a sum of money for his exigencies. The consequence was, that the people of Herat lived in a state of continual fear. They wore in their anxious faces the aspect of a miserable and harassed race. Every man suspected his neighbour, and lurked about corners, and hurried stealthily through the streets with looks of watchfulness and alarm, as if he were endeavouring to escape observation, or fly from pursuit. Women hardly ever made their appearance out of doors; and after dark it was dangerous even for men to go abroad without armed escorts. The shops were hastily shut up before sunset; and all through the night the poor people, who had locked themselves up for quiet and security in their houses, were scared by shrieks, and cries, and challenges, ringing up from the streets, where the rulers of the city were way-laying and kidnapping such of their luckless subjects as were foolishly enough to linger outside their doors, or to thread in the dusk any of the avenues of the town, in pursuit of their pleasures or their business. Such a state of things is incredible out of that kingdom, or Ogedon, or Dahomey, where human traffic is a royalty, systematically worked and fiscally protected, like a herring-fishery, or a gold mine. But there are many incredible things done in the East, of which we have yet to learn the mysteries.

It was this seizing and selling of men and women, which furnished the Shah of Persia with a pretext for laying siege to Herat in 1838. Amongst the indiscriminate victims by whose blood and muscles the Governor's coffers were thus continually replenished, were many Persians; and the Shah was no doubt perfectly justified in seeking an indemnification for the wrongs committed against his subjects. But it was only a pretext, after all; and if there had not been another motive at the bottom, the probability is that he would never have troubled himself to vindicate at Herat personal rights which he treated with royal contempt at home. The motive is easily explained.

Herat was formerly tributary to Persia: and even when it was governed by an Afghan prince, it continued to pay tribute to the Shah, disguised under the name of a present. That Persia should desire to recover her influence in Herat, and be ready to seize upon the flimsiest pretence for making war upon it,

was natural enough, considering with what naked audacity self-interest and brute force override all considerations of reason and equity in the East. The Shah had just enough of excuse in the conduct of the Afghan rulers towards the Persian dwellers in the city to give a faint colouring of justification to the expedition. The Persians were undoubtedly heavily oppressed by the reigning powers at Herat. It was not merely that they were robbed and sold as slaves. Behind these iniquities there was a sectarian grudge, which gave a marked and special character to the tyranny under which they suffered. The Persians generally belong to the Sheeah, the Afghans to the Soonee, sect. Christendom itself—even to the fires of Smithfield and the massacres of Paris—never exhibited fiercer heartburnings and hostilities than rage between Soonee and Sheeah; an analogy which will help the reader to as vivid a picture as we can give him of the unchristian enmities by which these faithful infidels are distinguished. The rulers and the soldiery of Herat, the classes in whom all arbitrary power was vested, were Soonees to a man, while the shopkeepers and peaceful inhabitants were for the most part Sheeahs. Hence, in addition to the vulgar object of mere confiscation, the Afghan governing powers were enabled to indulge their pious enthusiasm in the persecution of the heretic citizens. The case was a hard one upon the Sheeahs; and it was worthy of so magnificent a monarch as the Shah to take it up. But how did it happen that Russian officers and engineers were mixed up in his councils and strategies on this occasion? What had they to do with the rights of conscience, or the souls, bodies, and goods of the Sheeahs?

Simply this, that Russia was interested in urging on the Shah to the conquest of that commanding position, for exactly the same reason which moved the monkey to make use of the cat's paw in snatching the nut out of the fire. For upwards of a century, Russia has been possessed by the grand idea of founding an Eastern empire; and the way to it, as we have shown, lies through Persia. But as the subjugation of the whole of Persia by force of arms would have been a work of indefinite expenditure in time and treasures, it has been skilfully prosecuted up to the present hour by other means—by bit-by-bit acquisitions, by corrupting the governors of provinces, to which the institutions of Persia afford peculiar facilities, and by that subtle machinery of secret diplomacy in which Russia excels all the rest of the world. Thus, constantly interfering in the affairs of the Shah, giving him the most friendly advice, professing the most anxious interest in his prosperity, placing armies at his disposal, flattering his ambition, and pampering his love of show and aggrandisement by a variety of seductive suggestions and proposals, Russia has never lost sight of the grand object which

she hopes ultimately to achieve, by insensibly sapping the internal strength and self-reliance of Persia, weakening her relations with England, and rendering her more and more dependent on Russian aid and protection. Over and over again she has pointed out to Persia the advantages that would accrue from the subjugation of Herat, Khorassan, and Khiva; and the Shah, too eager to swallow the bait, seems never to have been able to detect the hook it concealed.

The same game is now playing over again; Persia is actually represented in Herat by twelve thousand men; and Russia is moving to her help from the shores of the Caspian. In 1838, Persia had some ground of justification; now she has none. It is a sheer act of invasion, rendered additionally suspicious by the sympathy of the still remoter power who is on the road to her assistance. As to the claims of the Candahar chiefs to the throne of Herat, which Persia has undertaken to champion—how is she concerned in them, even supposing them to be valid? The fact that they are destitute of any legitimate foundation, only proves that her object is to heighten and exasperate the internal feuds out of which she expects to snatch a profit for herself.

It would entangle us in an intricate story of Royal-family jars to trace out the question of legitimacy; but there is no difficulty in showing, that whoever may be the rightful heir of the smeared and shattered sceptre, it certainly cannot be the aspiring individual set up by the Candahar chiefs. The population of Afghanistan is divided into two principal clans or tribes, the Populzyes and the Barukzyes. The Suddozye, or royal race, was a branch of the former; and out of these Suddozyes came all the kings, by the Oriental right divine; even the prime ministers being created from the same privileged stock. The Suddozyes, however, were no more immortal than the Bourbons in their holdings, and it happened some thirty years ago, more or less, that the Suddozyes were dethroned and driven out by the Barukzyes, who, in the person of Dost Mahomed, took possession of the throne. The history of Dost Mahomed's career, and of the war which was undertaken to depose him, and which ended in his final restoration and recognition, is related so fully and clearly by Mr. Kaye, that, for all requisite information concerning the popular Barukzye dynasty, we cannot do better than refer the reader to that work.

When Dost Mahomed assumed the government of Cabul, the only vestige of the Suddozye royalties that remained above the earth, was concentrated in Shah Kamrau, a wretched old man, debilitated by debauchery, and ferocious and heartless by nature, who was allowed to retain a pageant of sovereignty in the Khanship of Herat. It was under his rule that the city was stricken with the curses of that fiendish despotism to which we

have already alluded. The Shah Kamran had a prime minister, who was a still more repulsive monster than himself, "a stout, square built man," says our historian, "of middle height, with a heavy stern countenance, thick negro-like lips, bad straggling teeth, an overhanging brow, and an abominably receding forehead." The human demon, whose portrait stands out so sharply in this minute description, was the late sovereign of Herat, Yû Mhomed Khan. He rebelled against his master, and had the honor of turning out the last of the Suddozies. He appears to have been on intimate terms with Dost Mahomed, and when he died was on his return from a visit to him.

We have now before us a map of political genealogies, from which it is evident that, so far as legitimacy, in the European sense of the term, is concerned, the true claim must rest in some one of the sons of Shah Kamran, although in which of them history will, probably, never trouble itself to inquire.

But in this map of royalties, true and false, where shall we find the Candahar line? We shall find it in that misty region in which horses are placed that have been outdistanced in a race and which is well known in sporting phraseology under the designation of Nowhere. The Candahar candidate, who, even in Candahar, subsists solely on Dost Mahomed's protection, has no more intelligible right to the throne of Herat, than the fact that he happens to be Dost Mahomed's brother. His claim has much about the same validity as any similar claim would have had in the person of Jerome or Lucien Bonaparte, if either of them had imagined himself entitled to a stray government in virtue of his being Napoleon's brother, and the parallel will be quite complete, if we can imagine such a claim set up and asserted in opposition to Napoleon himself.

We have endeavoured in a short compass to give a clear account of the present state of affairs in Central Asia, and to show how deeply our interests are implicated in the issue. If we have succeeded in awakening attention to the subject, and in supplying just enough of information to enable our readers to enter satisfactorily into the details of future operations in that quarter, we shall have accomplished the end we had in view. The importance of the movements converging upon Herat from so many different points, cannot be exaggerated, and as the growing war resembles so exactly, in all its aspects and in its ulterior aims the circumstances which led to Lord Auckland's unfortunate mistake in 1838, we commend to earnest consideration the history of the Afghan expedition which has made its appearance so opportunely. Equally remarkable for the fulness and authenticity of its statements and the integrity of its criticisms, it possesses much of the charm of an Oriental romance,

from the breadth and picturesqueness of its treatment, and the striking character of its incidents.

CHIPS.

WONDERFUL SWALLOWS

In a previous number, [No 85] we presented our readers with a Zoological Problem—the substance of which was the curious fact that a Serpent in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park had thought fit to swallow his bed,—to wit, a large railway blanket wrapper, instead of two rabbits which had been left him for supper. The problem propounded was the life or death of the Serpent, according to his ability or inability to dispose of so extraordinary a mass of unnatural food. He swallowed the blanket on the 3rd of October, he was still persevering in his efforts to digest it, when we last wrote, on the 6th of Oct. last.

We have now to announce that the Serpent, acting up to the old proverb that "discretion is the better part of valour," has finally abandoned the attempt, having neither digested the blanket nor died of it, but has wisely evaded the dangerous solution of the problem, by disgorging it, after persevering in retaining it during a period of thirty six days. The change which had taken place in his mind was discovered by the watchman on the 6th instant, on going his nightly rounds. It was in the middle of the night but he presently called another watchman to his side and entering the Serpent's cage, assisted the reptile—both the watchmen giving a slow careful pull at one end—in disgorging the blanket.

We have since seen the blanket. It is, as we stated, the usual rough railway wrapper. It is about five feet wide, and six feet long. The wrapper is entire, with the exception of a few small holes and rents, and an appearance of rottenness in two or three places. The colours also, are nearly all discharged, the fabric being now of a dingy slaty grey.

The Serpent, though rather "delicate" since this affair, seems likely to do well. He ate nothing after disgorging the blanket, during a whole week, but has just taken a small rabbit. He continues to drink much water. The blanket has, no doubt, absorbed more moisture than he could conveniently spare, during the five weeks it has lain in his inside.

One of the keepers informed us, that this was not the first time such a feat had been attempted in the Gardens, and added that on the previous occasion the Serpent had persevered to the last, and remained the victor of his blanket. But the record of this performance has not been very carefully preserved, and we cannot say that we feel perfectly satisfied on the point.

The serpent-species, however, have no claim to a monopoly in the way of eccentric eating. The taste of other creatures has often been equally unaccountable. Among the earliest recollections of our childhood the figure of a large house dog holds a prominent position. He was of the mongrel species commonly known as a retriever,—black, gaunt, and hideous. He was remarkable both for his powers of abstinence and for his appetite, the latter being rather voracious than discriminating. No rubbish came amiss to him, but woollen manufactures seemed peculiarly grateful to his palate. We well remember our feeling of dismay on letting fall a woollen glove, of tiny dimensions, from our nursery window, in sight of 'Ned,' who was gambolling beneath. We rushed downstairs, and out into the garden, but arrived too late—the mangled remains of our little property were just disappearing down the throat of the thief. A boy's stiff cloth cap—rather a tough morsel, one would think—was left upon the grass while the owner was at play, and shared the same fate. A large sheet of brown paper, on another occasion afforded him a dainty meal. But Ned could do more than this. The housekeeper was sitting by the kitchen fire one winter afternoon, engaged in darning coarse cloths, with a large piece of flannel on her knee, stuck full of needles of a large size, in fact stocking needles, when in stalked Ned, grim and awkward, as usual. Observing the tempting piece of flannel, he at once pounced upon it, and swallowed it *needles and all*, before the terrified scampstress could interfere! This unprecedented feat excited universal consternation in the household, but Ned gulped and tumbled about as before, apparently not in the least discomposed by his perilous repast. Nor did he ever seem the worse for it. He lived many years after, and died at last not of indigestion, but old age. The history of Ned is both attested and preserved in the funny archives of Holbrooke House, Derbyshire.

But as for the wonders of digestion in some creatures, the daring and romantic character of their exploits in attempting novelties as objects of food—we know of few that can approach to any rivalry with the powers of the ostrich. One day a carpenter, in the Regent's Park Gardens, was at work in a stable, the side of which was open to a corner of the cage of an ostrich. A pretty nursery-maid chanced to pass that way, and the carpenter having engaged her in conversation, ceased his work for a while, and stood smiling and chatting, with his hands behind him, in which he held a gimlet he had been using. His back was towards the cage. The ostrich observed the gimlet—saw that it was nice—and, darting forth his head and long neck between the bars, snapped it out of the carpenter's hands. The man turned hastily round, but before he could make an effort to regain his

gimlet, the ostrich gave a toss with his head, the gimlet disappeared, his neck made a stiff arch for a moment, and the gimlet was safely down.

But the performances of the bird were not to cease with this feat, his reputation was to have other facts to rest upon. Not long after, he saw a young gentleman standing near his cage, displaying, to a friend, a knife which he had just purchased. It was a many-bladed knife. Directly the ostrich caught sight of this, he knew that it must be very good indeed. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden dart upon it, and caught it in his beak. The gentleman made a rush at the bars of the cage, but the ostrich, taking a long stride back, stood out of reach, with an insolent straddle in the middle of his cage, and, with one jerk of his neck, bolted the delicious curiosity.

The keepers watched the bird, and examined his cage very narrowly for a long time, but no traces of his preposterous larceny were ever restored to sight, neither did the ostrich appear in any degree unmoded.

Three months after these performances, the ostrich, from some unknown cause or other, got into a bad state of mind with the bars of his cage, and a contest which ensued, he broke his back. His death speedily followed, and a *post mortem* examination was immediately made, but no trace whatever, either of the gimlet or the many-bladed knife, was discovered in any part of his wonderful interior.

NEAPOLITAN STATE PRISONERS.

NAPLES Oct 9.

SEEKING health here in Naples, and meddling not at all with European politics, I yet find it impossible to walk with an unpassive mind among the scenes that are presented daily to my notice.

Once, when I was looking down upon the Bay, enjoying the tranquillity of sunset, a party of condemned prisoners went by, it included men condemned for moral offences various in hue, and men condemned for political opinions. The wrists of all were bound with cords, so tightly, that on many hands the flesh was swollen, and soldiers behind beat, with the but end of their muskets, those who lagged. These '*condannati*' were tried men, sentenced to a banishment of six or ten years.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, not having any colonies, can of course banish its prisoners only to different districts in the Neapolitan dominions, and especially distributes them among the islands of the coast. The prisoners are of two classes: those who have been tried and condemned—the '*condannati*'—and those who, having been tried and acquitted, are retained in prison, or those who are imprisoned before trial, in charge of the police, "*alla disposizione della Polizia.*"

The condemned have the relief of knowing the exact term of their imprisonment. The accused—although by the law of Naples theoretically innocent—live not the benefit of knowing in how many years they may be tried, and how they may be sentenced, so that imprisonment to them is of indefinite duration. Imprisonment on suspicion is an every day occurrence and takes place at the instigation of gentlemen belonging to a licensed body of the most infamous men in Europe, whose trade is in human suffering,—who are petted patronised and, what is more to their purpose, who are paid by the authorities.

I saw a party of the *condemmati* arrived at their place of exile, and presented by the *shario*, with the formal papers to the local judge. Then names having been called over, they were dismissed to find for themselves food and lodging: such prisoners are allowed fourpence a day to provide for themselves subsistence. These men will spend their time according to their habits and their inclinations, but it very frequently, indeed, occurs that one of the harder criminals who does not care at all who suffers so that he effects his own escape, intimates that he can make revolutions. He is at once released, and sent to Naples. Some of the latter disposed prisoners unite, for the consolation of a more congenial society, have been observed to meet together. The usual is thanked for his news and set at liberty. Soldiers and ammunition are sent down to pick up the secret societies of the conspirators.

The prisons around Naples contain numbers of men belonging to all ranks who are imprisoned, untried, on political suspicion. Whatever influence wishes to remove an obstacle to lust or avarice or ambition has only to send a tale to the authorities in which his victim figures as 'a liberal philosopher.' Justice here is a very glutton after garbidge, and a hint at dangerous opinions from the lips of a rogue will drag an honest man out of his bed. A poor ignorant man, who had thus unexpectedly been taken from home, and caught in the confusion but a whisper of his crime—Opinions 'Opinions'—said to me lately, "Sir, I am punished for Pisoni, when I don't so much as know what Pisoni means."

How many men swept away thus, untried, to the prisons, left forgotten there, or whether any die away forgotten and untried, I do not know. I know however, that a new judge appointed lately to a small provincial town, finding in gaol some prisoners whose case he did not understand, considered it a matter of course to write to the government, describing them, and ask whether they might not be men who had been imprisoned on accusation, and forgotten? The question was suggestive.

Among the political prisoners are a class called the *crociati*—people who went to Lombardy with crosses on their breasts, to repel the Austrians, accompanied with the applause

of their fellow-citizens, and their sovereign's consent. Venice fell, and, with passports, the *crociati* were sent to Pescara, but neither there nor at Ancona did they find rest for their feet. An Austrian brig finally escorted them to Naples, where they were distributed among the various places of detention. Numbers of these *crociati* went out in the heat and enthusiasm of the greenest youth, and would have revered a government which had restored them gently to their relatives. I have stood by the death bed of one of these conspirators who must have been about fourteen when he took the cross, and died a political prisoner, crying for his mother. The child's companions clubbed a trifle from their miserable allowance to procure him decent burial, and this act was stigmatised as a combination, and set down against them as a crime.

One day I saw sitting on a rock a miserable object gnawing his teeth and raving. Two soldiers were approaching to bind him, and take him before a judge. I asked the reason. They replied—"We cannot endure his cursing and his blasphemy." By his dialect, the man appeared to be a Piedmontese. The expression—or rather the no-expression—in his eye and in his voice betrayed too clearly what was the matter. "This," I said, "is a case for the hospital, and not for the judge. God has visited him heavily, and to-morrow, in like manner, my visit you." I found, upon inquiry that this being, whom every mob hooted and pelted, had been a gentleman in Genoa. When the governments of Italy were sending all strangers to their respective countries, he had been denounced as a Neapolitan, stripped of his property, and sent to Naples. At Naples, his accent betrayed him to be a Piedmontese and every Piedmontese was a man to suspect of liberal opinions. He was therefore placed, as possibly dangerous, in charge of the police. He soon became only too harmless, for his mind gave way under his trouble.

The friends of detained prisoners exert themselves to procure their liberation, or the comparative mercy of a trial. I do not know whether authorities are influenced by bribes, but I know well that they take them freely. A poor man was dilating to me upon his wrong the other day, inasmuch as he had sent to an influential character ten ducats worth of cheese and ham, which had been duly taken, while the required favour had not been returned for it.

Little or no attempt is made in the prisons to classify offenders. There is an offence called blasphemy, which is a convenient pouch, into which many curious items of offence are thrust, such as breaking the king's image, refusing to serve in the militia, and entering on portions of common ground which had been allotted in the general disturbance, but never had been cultivated. In the same prison, then, side by side, sharing one fate,

are the blasphemer and the murderer that is to say, the man who has destroyed an image of the king of Naples, and the man who has destroyed God's image, in the body of his brother

The best reflection upon facts like these may be conveyed in a scrap of authentic, although, possibly, somewhat revolutionary Neapolitan conversation

"Sempionius," said one gentleman, "has an excellent character, but I wonder how he contrives, in these times, to keep himself so clear of difficulty" "Yes," answered his friend, "he is a safe person, for he knows well how to paint a mask" "Ah!" said the first, "that is a great virtue" I broke in upon these revolutionary talks with the observation that, if they talked sense, society in Naples must be exceedingly corrupt "Yes," answered one, "we cannot afford now to be honest Society here consists mainly of two classes—hypocrites and martyrs"

Had a spy chanced to hear that speech, my friend would certainly have gone where "blasphemers" are daily sent—to a dungeon

SONNET

ON MR TOUGHSSIALE OF TADY MACBETH

If this dread image were by ocean thrown
Amidst some people who have never yet
I carved in the mind's creations to forget
Lift a picture and the melancholy stone
Were on a rock for savage woe to set,
Methinks some peak, from Shakspeare's world
unknown,

Would loom on spirits reverential grown
To strange divinity—as if they met
A bodied fragment of the poet's soul —
And, while the spectral gaze and withering hand
Urged silence such as that which hushes death's
Rules, on the thoughts of that astonished band
Shapes from the noblest scenes by mortal plan
Would rise, and breathe the ghastly hour of the world

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER VI

In the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine, Richard of the Lion Heart succeeded to the throne of King Henry the Second, whose parental heart he had done so much to break He had been, as we have seen, a rebel from his boyhood, but, the moment he became a King against whom others might rebel, he found out that rebellion was a great wickedness. In the heat of this pious discovery, he punished all the leading people who had befriended him against his father He could scarcely have done anything that would have been a better instance of his real nature, or a better warning to fawners and parasites not to trust in hon-hearted princes

He likewise put his late father's treasurer in chains and locked him up in a dungeon,

from which he was not set free until he had relinquished, not only all the crown treasure, but all his own money too So, Richard certainly got the Lion's share of the wealth of this wretched treasurer, whether he had a Lion's heart or not

He was crowned King of England, with great pomp, at Westminster walking to the Cathedral under a silk canopy stretched on the tops of four lances, each carried by a knight

On the day of his coronation, a murdering of the Jews took place, and was to have given great delight to

numbers of savage persons calling themselves Christians The King had issued a proclamation forbidding the Jews (who were generally hated, though they were the best and most useful merchants in England) to appear at the ceremony, but as they had assembled in London from all parts, bringing presents to show their respect for the new Sovereign, some of them ventured down to Westminster Hall with their gifts, which were very readily accepted It is supposed, now, that some noisy fellow in the crowd, pretending to be a very delicate Christian, set up a howl at this, and struck a Jew who was trying to get in at the Hall door with his present A riot arose The Jews who had got into the Hall were driven forth, and some of the rabble cried out that the new King had commanded the unbelieving race to be put to death Thereupon the crowd rushed through the narrow streets of the city, slaughtering all the Jews they met, and when they could find no more out of doors (on account of their having fled to their houses, and fastened themselves in) they ran madly about breaking open all the houses where the Jews lived, rushing in and stabbing or spearing them sometimes even flinging old people and children out of window into blazing fires they had lighted up below This great cruelty lasted four and twenty hours, and only three men were punished for it Even they forfeited their lives not for murdering and robbing the Jews, but for burning the houses of some Christians

King Richard, who was a strong restless burly man, with one leg always in his head, and that the very troublesome idea of breaking the heads of other men, was mightily impatient to go on a Crusade to the Holy Land, with a great army As great armies could not be raised to go, even to the Holy Land, without a great deal of money, he sold the Crown domains, and even the high offices of State recklessly appointing noblemen to rule over his English subjects, not because they were fit to govern, but because they could pay high for the privilege In this way, and by selling pardons at a dear rate, and by all kinds of avarice and oppression, he scraped together a large treasure He then appointed two bishops to take care of his kingdom in his absence, and gave great powers and possessions to his brother John,

to secure his friendship John would rather have been made Regent or Governor of England, but he was a sly man, and friendly to the expedition, saying to himself, no doubt, "The more fighting the more chance of my brother being killed, and when he is killed, then I become King John!"

Before the newly levied army departed from England, the recruits and the general populace distinguished themselves by astonishing cruelties on the unfortunate Jews, whom in many large towns, they murdered by hundreds in the most horrible manner. And there, a large body of Jewstock refuge in the Castle, in the absence of the Governor after the wives and children of many of them had been slain before their eyes. Presently came the Governor, and demanded admission. "If we can we give it thee O Governor!" said the Jews upon the wall, when if we open the gate by so much as the width of a finger the coming crowd behind thee will press in and kill us!" Then thus, the unjust Governor became angry, and told the people that he approved of their killing these Jews, and a marvellous manner of a fair diabolical ill in white put himself at the head of the assault and they assaulted the Castle for three days. Then said John to the head Jew to the rest (who was a Rabbi Priest). "For then there is no hope for us with the Christians who are hammering at the gates and walls and who must soon break in. As we will our wives and children must die either by Christian hands or by our own let it be by our own. Let us destroy by fire our jewels and other treasure we have here then fire the castle and then perish!" A few could not resolve to do this but the greater part complied. They made a blazing heap of all their valuables and when those were consumed set the castle in flames. While the flames roared and crackled round them, and shooting up into the sky turned it blood red, John cut the throat of his beloved wife, and stabbed himself. All the others who had wives or children did the like diabolical deed. When the populace broke in they found (except the trembling few cowering in corners whom they soon killed) only heaps of gray ashes with here and there something like part of the blackened trunk of a burnt tree, but which had lately been human creature, formed by the beneficent hand of God, as they were.

After this bad beginning, Richard and his troops went on, in no very good manner, with what it was the fashion of the time to call their Holy Crusade. It was undertaken jointly by the King of England and his old friend Philip of France. They commenced the business by reviewing their forces, to the number of one hundred thousand men. Afterwards, they severally embarked their troops for Messina, in Sicily, which was appointed as the next place of meeting. King Richard's sister had married the King of this place, but he was dead, and his uncle TANCRED

had usurped the crown, cast the Royal Widow into prison, and possessed himself of her estates. Richard fiercely demanded his sister's release, the restoration of her lands, and (according to the Royal custom of the Island) that she should have a golden chair, a golden table, four and twenty silver cups, and four and twenty silver dishes. As he was too powerful to be successfully resisted, Tancred yielded to his demands, and then the French King grew jealous, and complained that the English King wanted to be absolute in the Island of Messina and everywhere else. Richard, however, cared little or nothing for this complaint and in consideration of a present of twenty thousand pieces of gold promised his pretty little nephew ARTHUR then a child of two years old in marriage to Tancred's daughter. We shall here again of pretty little Arthur by and by.

This Sicilian affair arranged without any delay business being knocked out (which must have rather disappointed him) King Richard took his sister away and also a fair lady named BERENGARIA with whom he had fallen in love in France and whom his mother, Queen Eleanor (still in prison, you remember), but released by Richard on his coming to the throne) had brought out there to be his wife, and sailed with them for Cyprus. Here he had the pleasure of naming the King of the Island of Cyprus for allowing his subjects to pillage some of the English troops who were shipwrecked on the shore, and easily conquering this poor monarch he seized his only daughter to be a conjugal union to the Lady BERENGARIA, and put the King himself into silver fetters. This done he sailed away again with his mother, sister, wife, and the captive princess, and soon arrived before the town of Acre, which the French King with his fleet was besieging from the sea. But the French King was in no triumphant condition for his army had been thinned by the swords of the Saracens, and wasted by the plague; and SALADIN the brave Sultan of the bold Turks at the head of a numerous army was at that time gallantly defending the place from the hulls that rose above it.

Wherever this united army of Crusaders went, they agreed in nothing except in gaming, drinking and quarrelling, in a most unholy manner, in debauching the people among whom they tarried, whether they were friends or foes, and in carrying disturbance and ruin into quiet places. The French King was jealous of the English King, and the English King was jealous of the French King, and the disorderly and violent soldiers of the two nations were jealous of one another, consequently, the two kings could not at first agree, even upon a joint assault on Acre, but when they did make up their quarrel for that purpose, the Saracens promised to yield the town, to give up to the Christians the wood of the Holy Cross, to set at liberty all their

Christian captives, and to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold. All this was to be done within forty days; but, not being done, King Richard ordered some three thousand Saracen prisoners to be brought out in the front of his camp, and there, in full view of their own countrymen, to be deliberately butchered.

The French King had no part in this atrocity, for he was by that time travelling homeward with the greater part of his men being offended by the overbearing conduct of the English King, being anxious to look after his own dominions, and being ill besides from the unwholesome air of that hot and sandy country. King Richard carried on the war without him, and remained in the East meeting with a variety of adventures nearly a year and a half. Every night when his army was on the march and came to a halt the heralds cried out three times, to remind all the soldiers of the curse in which they were engaged, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and then all the soldiers knelt and said "Amen!" Muching or encamped the army had continually to strive with the heat air of the glaring desert or with the Saracen soldiers animated and directed by the brave Saladin, or with both together. sickness and death, battle and wounds were always among them; but through every difficulty King Richard fought like a giant and worked like a common labourer. Long and long after he was quiet in his grave his terrible battlesaxe with twenty English pounds of English steel in its mighty head was a legend among the Saracens, and when all the Saracen and Christian hosts had been dust for many a year, if a Saracen horse started at any object by the wayside, his rider would exclaim, "What dost thou fear? Dost thou think King Richard is behind it?"

No one admired this king's renown for bravery more than Saladin himself, who was a generous and gallant enemy. When Richard lay ill of a fever, Saladin sent him fresh fruits from Damascus, and snow from the mountain tops. Courteous messages and compliments were frequently exchanged between them—and then King Richard would mount his horse and kill as many Saracens as he could, and Saladin would mount his, and kill as many Christians as he could. In this way King Richard fought to his heart's content at Arsouf and at Jaffa, and finding himself with nothing exciting to do at Ascalon, except to rebuild, for his own defence some fortifications there which the Saracens had destroyed, he kicked his silly Duke of Austria, for being too proud to work at them.

The army at last came within sight of the Holy City of Jerusalem, but, being then a mere nest of jealousy, and quarrelling and fighting, soon retired, and agreed with the Saracens upon a truce for three years, three months, three days, and three hours. Then, the English Christians, protected by the noble

Saladin from Saracen revenge, visited Our Saviour's tomb, and then King Richard embarked with a small force at Acre to return home.

But he was shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and was fain to pass through Germany, under an assumed name. Now, there were many people in Germany who had served in the Holy Land under that proud Duke of Austria who had been kicked, and some of them easily recognising a man so remarkable as King Richard, carried their intelligence to the kicked Duke, who straightway took him prisoner at a little inn near Vienna.

The Duke's master the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, were equally delighted to have so troublesome a monarch in safe keeping. Friendships which are founded on a partnership in doing wrong, are never true, and the King of France was, now, quite as heartily King Richard's foe, as he had ever been his friend in his unnatural conduct to his father. He monastically pretended that King Richard had designed to poison him in the East, he charged him with having murdered there, a man whom he had in truth befriended. He bribed the Emperor of Germany to keep him close prisoner, and finally through the plotting of these two princes, Richard was brought before the German legislature, charged with the foregoing crimes, and in many others. But he defended himself so well that many of the assembly were moved to tears by his eloquence and earnestness. It was decided that he should be treated during the rest of his captivity in a manner more becoming his dignity than he had been, and that he should be set free on the payment of a heavy ransom. This ransom the English people willingly raised. When Queen Eleanor took it over to Germany, it was at first evaded and refused. But, she appealed to the honor of all the princes of the German Empire, and appealed so well that it was accepted, and the King released. Thereupon, the King of France wrote to Prince John— "Take care of thyself. The devil is unchained!"

Prince John had reason to fear his brother, for he had been a traitor to him in his captivity. He had secretly joined the French King, had vowed to the English nobles and people that his brother was dead, and had vainly tried to seize the crown. He was now in France, at a place called Vincennes. Being the meanest and basest of men, he contrived a mean and base expedient for making himself acceptable to his brother. He invited the French officers of the garrison in that town to dinner, murdered them all and then took the fortress. With this recommendation to the goodwill of a lion-hearted monarch, he hastened to King Richard, fell on his knees before him, and obtained the intercession of Queen Eleanor. "I forgive him," said the King, "and I hope I may forget the injury he has done me, as easily as he will forget my pardon."

While King Richard was in Sicily, there had been trouble in his dominions at home; one of the bishops whom he had left in charge thereof arresting the other, and making, in his pride and ambition, as great a show as if he were King himself. But, the King hearing of it at Messina, and appointing a new Regency, this *LOFACCIAMP* (for that was his name) had fled to France in a woman's dress, and had there been encouraged and supported by the French King. With all these causes of offence against Philip in his mind, King Richard had no sooner been welcomed home by his enthusiastic subjects with great display and splendor, and rejoicing, and had no sooner been crowned afresh at Winchester, than he resolved to show the French King that the Devil was unchained indeed, and made war against him with great fury.

There was fresh trouble at home about this time, arising out of the discontents of the poor people, who complained that they were far more heavily taxed than the rich, and who found a spirited champion in *WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT*, nicknamed *LONG-BEARD*. He became the leader of a secret society, comprising fifty thousand men; was taken by surprise; stabbed the citizen who first laid hands upon him; and retreated, bravely fighting, to a church, which he maintained four days, until he was dislodged by fire and run through the body as he came out. He was not killed, though; for he was dragged at the tail of a horse, half-dead, to Smithfield, and there hanged. This was long a favorite remedy for silencing the peoples' advocates; but as we go on with this history, I fancy we shall find them difficult to make an end of, for all that.

The war, delayed occasionally by a truce, was still in progress when a certain Lord named *VIDOMAR*, Viscount of Limoges, chanced to find in his ground a treasure of ancient coins. As the King's vassal, he sent his sovereign half of it; but the King claimed the whole. The lord refused to yield the whole. The King besieged the lord in his castle, swore that he would take the castle by storm, and hang every man of its defenders on the battlements.

There was a strange old song in that part of the country, to the effect that in Limoges an arrow would be made by which King Richard would die. It may be that *BERTRAND DE GOURDON*, a young man who was one of the defenders of the castle, had often sung it or heard it sung, of a winter night, and remembered it when he saw, from his post upon the ramparts, the King attended only by his chief officer, riding below the walls, surveying the place. He drew an arrow to the head, took steady aim, said between his teeth, "Now I pray God speed thee well!" discharged it, and struck the King in the left shoulder.

• Although the wound was not at first con-

sidered dangerous, it was severe enough to cause the King to retire to his tent, and direct the assault to be made without him. The castle was taken, and every man of its defenders was hanged, as the King had sworn they should be, except *Bertrand de Gourdon*, who was reserved until the royal pleasure respecting him should be known.

By that time, unskilful treatment had made the wound mortal, and the King knew that he was dying. He directed *Bertrand* to be brought into his tent. The young man was brought there, heavily chained. King Richard looked at him steadily. He looked, as steadily, at the King.

"Knave!" said King Richard. "What have I done to thee that thou shouldest take my life?"

"What hast thou done to me?" replied the young man. "With thine own hands thou hast killed my father and my two brothers. Myself thou wouldest have hanged. Let me die, now, by any torture that thou wilt. My comfort is, that no torture can save Thee. Thou too must die; and, through me, the world is quit of thee!"

Again the King looked at the young man steadily. Again the young man looked steadily at him. Perhaps some remembrance of his generous enemy *Saladin*, who was not a Christian, came into the mind of the dying King.

"Youth!" he said, "I forgive thee. Go unhurt!"

Then, turning to the chief officer who had been riding in his company when he received the wound, King Richard said:

"Take off his chains, give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart."

He sunk down on his couch, and as the mist seemed in his weakened eyes to engulf the tent wherein he had so often rested, he died. His age was forty-two; he had had ten years. His last command was murmured, for the chief officer flayed *Bertrand* ^{down} the alive, and hanged him. ^{head of}

There is an old tune yet known—pallidly ful air will sometimes outlive many a nation of strong men, and even last long battle-axes with twenty pounds of riders the head—by which this King is snapt in been discovered in his captivity. Bloomston favourite Minstrel of King Richard, a story relates, faithfully seeking his Ro master, went singing it outside the gloom, walls of many foreign fortresses and prisons, until at last he heard it echoed from within a dungeon and knew the voice, and cried out in an ecstasy, "O Richard! O my King!" You may believe it if you like; it would be easy to believe worse things. Richard was himself a Minstrel and a Poet. If he had not been a Prince too, he might have been a better man perhaps, and might have gone out of the world with less bloodshed and waste of life to answer for.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MY UNCLE

THE most remarkable man of my age or country, is My Uncle. It is neither in family pride, nor in a gush of gratitude for overwhelming obligations in the nature of debts paid, or fortune inherited or expected, but it is on mature consideration, and with the light of Tooke's Pantheon, Lempriere, and the Biographic Universelle, beaming from my book shelves, that I persist in the conviction that My Uncle is a very remarkable, and a truly great man.

Ozymandias, the Egyptian conqueror (vulgarly called Sesostrius) was a great man. Julius Cæsar was a great man, so (in spite of the Quarterly Review) was Napoleon Buonaparte. His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburgh, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, was a great man. Mr William Cobbett, the implacable foe of princes, turnpike keepers, bank notes, and the Times newspaper, was another great man. Mr Nathan Meyer Rothschild was also a great man. But My Uncle is a concentration of all the different sorts of greatness by which

the great men were severally distinguished. King Louis was born great, he has had greatness

No other man, he has achieved greatness. My Uncle was born great, his family generosity attests. The roots of his generosity lay all accessible, that I have dug in vain for fruits in:—the earliest traditions of the West mountain, but, turning to the East, I have plimments and that My Uncle—like gunpowder, them—and a turner's compass, the art of painting, his horse-treadmill—owes his origin to China could, verily after (I now follow respectable kill as these historiographers)—considerably after way (Heaven) was separated from Yin (earth), and when Pwan koo (who reigned forty-five thousand years) ruled the earth from its core and centre, to wit, the Flowery Land, My Uncle's ancestors were prosperous gentlemen. They have continued to flourish with unabated prosperity down to the present date, under the enlightened Foo Kwang.*

In regard to the first appearance of his family in Europe, My Uncle is fond of asserting that Charlemagne was, in early life, a cadet of the transplanted branch of his ancestors, but, I confess that none of the

authorities I have consulted support him in that pudonack boast. The most I have been able to do for My Uncle in this wise, has been to trace his more immediate European progenitor to a physician who established a lucrative medical practice, somewhere about the beginning of the thirteenth century, at Florence, in Tuscany, Italy. As he left an ample fortune, gained by the exercise of his medical skill, his grateful successors took their name from his profession—a name which illuminates the page of history, and gives lustre to the annals of Art—MEDICINE. The offshoots of this illustrious race—from which My Uncle has been handed down in direct descent—removed, early in the fifteenth century, to Milan, took to trade, and were killed, indifferently, when they travelled, "Lombards." It must be understood that these Lombards did not retain the family name, their name having since become Legion. But the heraldic insignia of the Medici, derived from their ancestor's calling, they have most rigidly preserved, unto the present hour. No change of country, no vicissitude of trade, no commercial crisis, no persecution, no prosperity, has induced My Uncle's family to abandon their arms. Whether trading in Lombardy in the Middle Ages, or giving their name at a later period, to the locality they inhabited in the City of London, or finally distributed, as we now find them, over the streets and amidst the necessitous populations of modern cities, the simple blazonry of the Medici, still denotes the abiding places of My Uncle's race. It consists of three giant boluses, or, pendant, opposed—two to one.

Having shown that My Uncle was born great, I have next to show how My Uncle has achieved greatness. To the commonplace virtue of minding their own business, not of the merchant princes of Italy, but those of the British capital must mainly owe their fortunes. This virtue My Uncle possesses in a degree the more remarkable, by reason of the temptations continually presented to him of intermeddling with the affairs of others. Although the daily depository of commercial and pecuniary confidences, he is so far from abusing the trust reposed in him, that he never was known to divulge the secrets of a single client. While he seems to be

* See Davis's "Chinese," vol. II. p. 438. First Edition.

a most mysterious old gentleman, My Uncle's mystery really consists in the art of keeping his eye steadily fixed on the main chance.

In London alone My Uncle conducts upwards of four hundred establishments, each trading on a capital varying from two thousand to fourteen thousand pounds. His gross metropolitan principal is two millions and a quarter sterling, not to mention an ever-flowing and constantly accumulating interest, averaging from fifteen to twenty per cent per annum. Without taking into the present calculation his provincial business, the aggregate of My Uncle's immense variety of separate transactions in *London alone* during the year 1849 was twenty-four millions, the average of each of his places of business sixty thousand. My Uncle's affairs are publicly recognised as of the most important description. Acts of Parliament have been passed, expressly for his guidance and protection. He has a Fire and Life Assurance office of his own, and a weekly newspaper solely devoted to his business. His commercial point of greatness is the more extraordinary from its having been obtained by means of a description of decline by which almost every other man but My Uncle is certain to lose. To buy and to sell and to live by the profit, generally requires no uncommon capacity, but it demands a superior order of talents to live, as My Uncle lives, by lending.

Although my Uncle is in a small way on a large scale, a banker, yet he is a banker whose operations are of a much more complicated character than those now carried on in Lombard Street. The deposits upon which he issues his paper are more varied and demand a wider range of judgment than the ordinary banker needs to exercise. He is of high life, possesses an expanded practical knowledge of the value of securities running over every portable article in existence. Here is one of My Uncle's notes—



John Triball

London,

14 November 1851

Watch Chain & Key

To Messrs. T. Montague
102 St. James's Place

2345 A

This document, which is partly a voucher, partly a deposit note (and, like all deposit

notes, negotiable only to a limited extent) is the result of a transaction by which a portion of the passive capital of Mr Charles de Montague has been temporarily turned into active capital. Some demand for money has been made upon Mr de Montague, which he has been unable to meet in money. He therefore has recourse to My Uncle, who takes his watch and appendages as security for in advance of forty shillings, on condition that Mr de Montague shall, before the expiration of twelve months, return the said forty shillings together with interest at the rate of eight pence per month, during the time he shall have allowed the loan to remain unpaid. Should Mr de Montague not redeem his pledge before the specified period of twelve months is completed then it is competent for My Uncle (after a further delay of three months) to sell the pledge by public auction, and to abstract from the proceeds the principal and interest, but supposing the amount redeemed by such sale to be greater than the principal and interest then it is in the power of Mr de Montague to demand the balance from My Uncle. Should on the other hand Mr de Montague's watch and appendages fetch less than the principal and interest, My Uncle must make up the loss.

This transaction is the model of every other in which My Uncle engages. It is essentially a banking transaction. The deposit branch of his establishments instead of receiving money on customers' account, takes in property; the issue department is solely conducted by means of specie. My Uncle's bills are as I have said merely deposit notes redeemable within twelve months *standing*. What the Bank of England is to *our* Majesty's Government, what *our* Bank and Jones Lloyd are to the City to fill the what Counts and Company, invested, and he due to the nobility and gentry he has *ruined* that My Uncle is to the De la Motte, the Gourdons, the Labourers, and the Gourdons of London and the suburbs generally. It is difficult to illustrate the working of a sort of banking transaction by numerous examples, similar to that already furnished by Mr de Montague. Take the case of Phelim O'Shea, bricklayer's labourer. I wet week or a defaulting brick maker has thrown Phelim O'Shea temporarily out of employment, and his stock of cash is inadequate to meet his current expenses. Yet, although without money, he is not without means. He has a coat—a loose blue coat, long in the cuffs, with a swallow tail, and brass-buttons rubbed black in the centre. He converts that coat into a bank deposit, and My Uncle advances him a sum of money, which enables him to meet contingent demands, until fine weather or plenty of bricks shall set him up again. In like manner, Mrs Lavers, the char-woman, is short of shillings, but she has a fender; so, her neighbour the

washer woman, has no money at all, but is, thanks to My Uncle, a capitalist while she possesses a flat-iron. Biddle, the boot closer, has been rather idle during the early part of the week, and is proportionately pressed for time at the end of it. He works as hard as he can all Saturday, yet he has finished his job only in time to be too late to take it home, for at nine his employer's premises are closed. Money he must have, so he takes some of the boots to My Uncle on Monday, redeems them with the money he has been paid for the rest of them. The operation by which money is raised upon the coat the fender, the flat-iron, or the new boots is usually described as 'pawnbroking', and My Uncle is (not to mislead the mitt) called a Pawnbroker.

My Uncle's office—or we can afford to say shop, for My Uncle has not the least desire to sink it, though the poor neighbourhood is remarkable for its squalor—is particularly so on a Sunday night. The reader who should trudge with me, following the Eastern index of the church weathercock, to My Uncle's in the region of the Commercial Road, on a Saturday night would find another sort of interest going on there besides the interest My Uncle is empowered by law to take. He (the reader) is of an arbitrary gender, according to the cases wasily cited in the old school grammar where it is intimated, 'as we say of the sun he is setting on a ship she sails well'—he would find My Uncle's full of company. He would find the little private boxes in the shop with bolts inside the doors—supposed to be designed for fashful clients, & shy great of solitude—crowded with miscellaneous customers, the public portion of the these great. He would find three fourths of these great on My Uncle to be mices thrust upon the in children, to judge from that, and in another powerful

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Then, his eye would follow the bundles from the Spout to the counter, admiring to see how they were whisked away, and tossed intuitively, label upwards, by brisk jugglers of shopmen

"Now then, Flathers!" "Here!" "How many, Mrs Flathers?" "Six." "Only three down yet?" (Those three would be laid aside, and Mrs Flathers would resign herself to more waiting.) "Bakely, how many?" "One." A rapid pen-and-ink man would be worked by the shopman on the back of the ticket 'Eighteen pence halfpenny.' Bakely would know it well beforehand—and would have the exact amount ready—would depart with a bald infant son in arms (one red sock missing), and make room for Denmet.

Denmet sluttishly and aged seventeen, would produce a gown. The shopman, opening it with slight of hand would know it at a glance. 'A shilling.' 'Eighteen pence.' "Can't it be?" "Sixpence and three." "Impossible." A gown slipped thrown up, tossed over—wrappled and pinned straight as a ship's block. Ticket and duplicate made out, sixpence and halfpence jerked from the till like water. All right! "Now Mrs Jolly what are you waiting for?" "My husband's rule. I think it's behind you Charles. Do give it me that's a good soul and let me go for I've got marketing to do and supper besides!"—"This it?"—"This it, Charles!" Another rapid calculation. Eighteen pence three farthings. Change for a shilling at a blow. Mrs Jolly goes and somehow comes into the gentler portion of the shop, supposed to be set aside for purchasers of articles exposed for sale—"About that table cloth this morning?" "Oh!"

Then, My Uncle in person would present himself, and confront a middle-aged matron of respectable appearance, accompanied by a poor-looking girl half servant girl and half companion. "This, My Uncle would say pointing to the latter and addressing the former, 'is the young woman who offered a very long table cloth in place of this morning, which My Uncle would produce whilst speaking. "Yes Sir" the respectable looking woman would reply. "This is the young person. And it is my property."—"She said," My Uncle would quietly proceed, "that it was her sister's property, and that her sister's mother."—"Yes Sir, it is quite correct, she did!"—"Well!" but you know," My Uncle would retort, glancing candidly at the two, "you are not her sister?" "No Sir, I am not, I confess I am not. But a person don't wish to mention the exact truth when reduced to these necessities and such was the instructions that I give her. I am aware that it is not, strictly speaking, right far to pervert the truth, and I am sorry for it now, since it has caused me a deal of trouble, and forced me to come a good distance."—"I am sorry too, both to have stopped the table cloth, and to have put you to any inconvenience," My Uncle would return, "but we are obliged to be cautious. Her account was not satisfactory, though not so unsatisfactory as to justify me in detaining her—and it's such a very long table-cloth! It might be a ship's table-cloth, for instance, not honestly come by, especially as the marking in the

corner was illegible!" "So it might Sir, and I don't complain"—"Besides," My Uncle would proceed, "it's too long a table cloth, for any table that you have in your house, you know?" "Certainly it is Sir, but I used to keep a public-house I kept the Fox and Grapes at Bow, for several years and that table cloth was used in the business." Then My Uncle, reassured by his ears as well as by his eyes would roll it up and say that he was glad to lend the matron the money that she wanted "on it," and the affair would be completed to the satisfaction of all parties.

The reader of the utopian general would observe, perhaps, as the matron and the servant left the shop, another matron enter by the same gentle door, accompanied, to his thinking (though of course he is anything but suspicious) by a doubtful looking little Niece, of thirteen years or so—distant as a Niece because of her very distant connection to her Aunt. A plump little, comely little girl in checked Aunt mightily soft spoken and wrapped up in her chatty chat in putable furs. If we did observe them come in with a mincing pretence of inquiry, in what terms the purchase of a great cat near the door could be effected—s, gradually and without abatement of gentility, approach the counter, and slide into a shopman's hand (the minute link of communion between Aunt and Shopman, being Niece) two duplicates for silver spoons. Is the inquiry, "Do you wish to take 'em out?" he would observe Aunt's neck bend, swan like in the affirmative, with Niece as the more artless spirit said gently, "Please!" The stranger sees Aunt in such a place, her timid surprise expressed by a continual effort, the expressive upfold of her gentility to the chivalric usages of the shopman, the mysterious gathering of her furs about her chin, the delicate way in which when Niece has the spoons all safe Aunt leans forward, to say in a fluttered whisper she draws her glove upon her short plump hand—that there is a fish slice which she will probably require to redeem on Monday and will the forenoon be a good time for coming unobserved? would not I list up him. But it is a thousand to one that he would be amused by this elaboration. He is perfectly convinced that Aunt and Niece are quite as intimate with My Uncle as Mrs. Flathers herself is—just then going out, with with her six bundles.

In Mrs. Flathers and the general customers, he would find no pretence of shyness either with My Uncle or with one another. In the intervals of not ungracious expostulations with "Charles" or William, to see if that shawl's down yet! they would gossip about their husbands, and their families and Mrs. Walker's having come better through it than they had thought she would, after Walker's treatment of her—as they might at any other place of assemblage. Their children, too, whether so young as to be taking their regular

meals at My Uncle's, or to be staring at the gas and sucking their fists or so old as to be stood down in corners to poke their fingers into one another's eyes would be found quite at home. Of little old men and women of an older growth yet, very knowing, and very observant of all the business done, there would be no want. Men would be found (especially married men) a little out of place—rather awkward and shy—something hustled by the women—and sensible of its being better to leave such ordinary domestic affairs as pawnbroking to them. Girls from ten to fifteen would be seen highly to cherish this privilege, and to fly at boys of corresponding years like tigresses.

The transactions to be contemplated at My Uncle's on such an occasion would be of a singular and various nature. Thus a woman would be "taking out" a sheet at a child's petticoat pawned in the morning, at that very day—most likely to provide her husband's dinner. That man would be redeeming a saw, which has been in My Uncle's keeping, hundreds of times—which is constantly passing in and out of his possession. And this not because the man is a drunkard or an idler, but because he is a poor jobbing carpenter, without a penny of moneyed capital—who, when he has a small job in hand, and has done the sawing part of it and wants the nails and glue to finish it pawns the saw to provide them, until he is paid and can redeem it. Endless cases of this kind the reader would encounter. But he would see no pawning or pawnbroking. The Society's Bibles, which My Uncle refuses to receive, as possessions the poor do not usually require in terms that involve a right to dispose of them for money, and he would see no drunkenness—for My Uncle flatly refuses to deal with men or women in a state of intoxication.

We would then survey My Uncle's stores or jumble, suppers binned exactly like wine and kept with as much order. Giving him a lamp in a lantern as a necessary precaution against fire, and carrying one myself, I would show him first above floor of these store rooms, the well communicating with each, and a boy with another lantern and sundry duplicates hanging about, searching for the bundles to which the latter refers. He should see how the seven shilling goods are all binned together in order of date, how the ten shilling coats are all binned together, the fifteen shilling coats the pound coats. So with the shawls, so with the gowns so with the petticoats, so with the trousers, so with the shirts, so with the waistcoats. And he should witness the surprising facility with which My Uncle can find in his great stock the least article that he wants. As to miscellaneous pledges, he should see plenty of them, although in a poor neighbourhood, common wearing apparel is the staple pawn. He should see some (but not in any) beds, plenty of spades and flat irons, alleys of clocks. He should roam among

China figures, landscapes, fire arms, fire-irons, portraits, mathematical instruments, instruments of navigation, boots, shoes, umbrellas, fenders, fishing-rods, saddles and bridles, huddles, books, key-bugles, and hearth rings.

Finally, he should come down stairs again and have a talk with My Uncle. Then he should learn how poor people in buying articles of sale from that part of My Uncle's mansion in which such things are displayed, habitually ask what such a thing would fetch if it were offered in pawn, and frequently confess that they are influenced in their choice by their "handiness" in that regard. How this strange forethought is conspicuous in clerymongers and fishwomen, the former often wearing great squab brooches as convenient pledges, and the latter massive silver rings.

Also, what wonderful things are offered in pawn. How a child's doll is frequently offered. How Bank of England notes are often pawned for security's sake, especially by hop-pickers who have no settled home. How gamblers have a superstitious idea that pawnbrokers' money is lucky, and therefore pawn bank notes in order to get pawnlenders' cash to play with. How a thousand pound note was once pawned by a gambler at a shop near Charing Cross.

Further. How a German nobleman took to a pawnbroker at the West End of London only three years ago, his whole patent of Spanish nobility. How the whole stock of an apothecary's shop, including pills, perfumery, draughts, bottles, ointments, counters, desks, pestles, mortars, scales, and infinitesimal weights was on pawned and redeemed unrepaid for two years when it was taken out to be started in business in a fashionable neighbourhood. How there have been included among pawnbrokers' pledges such extraordinary articles as an immense dining-booth, well known at fairs and raffles, live parrots, several hundred weight of human hair, a travelling carriage complete with horse and driver, and some twelve thousand pounds worth (from one place in one run) of manufactured silk. How a thousand pounds was not long since lent on Manchester goods which it took My Uncle and assistants four days to examine. But most of these loans were not strictly pawnbroking transactions, being beyond the limits set by the pawnbroking Act of Parliament, and being effected under private agreement.

Likewise, how My Uncle, besides the ordinary risks of his calling, occasionally suffers from mistakes, not of his own commission, as in the following case. One Saturday night, a clergyman of the Church of England having been dining with a friend (which phrase we use in a perfectly innocent and literal sense), found himself walking home in a heavy rain with no money in his pocket, and no one at his chambers of whom to borrow any when he got home. In this difficulty, he stepped into My Uncle's, and there deposited his great coat. About a month

afterwards, he called to redeem it, but, on its being produced, most positively denied that that coat was his. Being a gentleman of undoubted respectability, his assurance was readily believed, some unaccountable mistake was supposed to have arisen at My Uncle's, and he received a full and proper compensation for his loss. Within a short time afterwards, two gentlemen called upon My Uncle, to remind him of the circumstance, to repay the money, and to inform him that it had since transpired, that the clergyman (then dead) had taken from his friend's house a coat that was not his own, and had never discovered his error.

My Uncle's business is by no means confined to the poorer classes. To support our third proposition concerning him—namely, that he has his greatness thrust upon him—it is only necessary to mention that he is in the ordinary habit of dealing with the upper classes of society. Such transactions are not so numerous as his dealings with the humbler orders, but they involve nearly as much capital. Neither are they so profitable, because, for every loan above two guineas, the charge for interest is only three pence per month, and the pressure of pecuniary circumstances does not drive the better class of borrowers to pledge and redeem so frequently as the poorer, and thus to pay interest upon short terms. My Uncle numbers amongst his more aristocratic customers, barristers, clergymen, baronets, noblemen (he has some peers on his books), editors, wholesale warehousemen, painters, and musicians. He confesses that the most business is brought to him by the last mentioned classes—except small manufacturers, shopkeepers and Irish members of Parliament, who are even better customers. Contrary to popular prejudice, My Uncle flourishes when trade is brisk and times are prosperous, for then, people not in a very large way of business, yet giving credit, have most need of ready money capital.

My Uncle is an active and skilful tradesman who conducts the details of his business, and keeps his books, on quite a model system. There is a prejudice against him, and his calling may (as other callings may, incidentally) furnish the reckless and dissipated with means of carrying on their career. But, no social system can be framed with an exclusive reference to its drawbacks, and it is a fair question whether My Uncle be not, to some starving people, a real convenience and an absolute necessity. Those who have plenty of money, abundance of credit, or as much discount as they want, will probably say, No. But they may not be qualified to sit upon the Jury.

There is a popular idea that My Uncle grinds the faces of the poor. It is indisputable, however, that his business is placed under very stringent restrictions, that it requires him to do a great deal for a half-penny, and that it does not return greater profits than many other trades. It used to

he supposed that My Uncle lent too little on the pledges he received, but he can have no motive for so doing, as he speculates on the receipt of interest, and the more principal he can safely lend, the more interest he hopes to gain. Moreover, there is individual competition in his business, as in all other businesses.

There is only one Quaker in My Uncle's family. With this last scrap of the history of his race, I present My Uncle to your consideration.

A CURIOUS PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY

THE Chambellans were an old Yorkshire family, which once had held a high place amongst the landed gentry of the county. A knight of that family had been a Crusader in the army of Richard Cœur de Lion, and now he lay, with all his insignia about him, in the parish church, whilst others of his race reposed in the same church under monuments and brasses, which spoke of their name and time during their generation. In the lapse of time the family had become impoverished, and gradually merged into the class of yeomen, retaining only a remnant of the broad lands which had once belonged to them. In 1745, the elder branch of the family, consisting of the father, two sons, and a daughter, resided at what had once been the mansion house. It had been built originally in the reign of Stephen, and was a curious specimen of different kinds of architecture, bearing traces of its gradual transformation from the stern hold of the days when it was no metaphor to say that every man's house was his castle, down to the more peaceful dwelling of lawful and orderly times. It had now become little more than a better sort of farm house. What had been the tilt yard was filled with a row of comfortable barns, outsheds, and hay stacks. A low wall of rough grey stones enclosed a small garden, a narrow gravel walk, edged on each side with currant trees and gooseberry bushes, led up to the fine old porch, embowered in the ivy and creepers which covered in fully the whole of the building with its luxuriant growth. The old gateway at the entrance of the yard was still surmounted with the "coat of armour" of the family, carved in stone, but the gates themselves had long ago disappeared, and been replaced by a common wooden farm-yard gate. The "coat of armour" itself was covered with moss, and a fine crop of grass and house-leek grew among the stones of the walls, to which it would have communicated a desolate appearance, if the farm-yard arrangements had been less orderly.

Halsted Hall, as it was called, was six miles from the city of York, and stood about a mile from the main road. The only approach to it was by a long rough lane, so much cut up by the carts and cattle that it was almost

impassable to foot-passengers, except in the height of summer or depth of winter, when the mud had been dried up by the sun or the frost.

The father and brothers attended the different fairs and markets in the ordinary course of business, the sister, Mary Chambellan, managed the affairs of the house and dairy. She led a very secluded life, for they had no neighbours, and of general society there was none nearer than the city itself. Mary, however, had plenty of occupation, and was quite contented with her lot. She was nearly sixteen, tall well formed, and with an air of composed dignity which suited well with her position, which was of great responsibility for so young a person. Her mother, who had been dead rather more than twenty years, had been a woman of superior education and strong character. To her, Mary owed all the instruction she had ever received, and the tinge of refinement which made her manners very superior to those of either her father or brothers. She however, was quite unconscious of this, and they all lived very happily together in the old out of the way place.

It happened that, in the spring of 1745, an uncle of her mother's, who resided at York, was about to celebrate the marriage of one of his daughters, Mary Chambellan, with her father and brothers, were invited to the festivities. The father would have sent an excuse for himself and Mary, he was getting old, and did not like to be put out of his usual ways. The brothers, however, pleaded earnestly that their sister might have a little recreation. Finally consent was obtained, and she went with her brothers.

It was a very fine wedding and a ball and supper furnished the rejoicings. Some of the officers quartered with their regiments in York, were invited to this ball. Amongst others was a certain Captain Henry Pollexton. He was a young man of good family in the south of England, heir to a large fortune, and extremely handsome and attractive on his own account, independent of these advantages.

He was, by all accounts, a type of the fine high spirited young fellow of those days, good tempered, generous, and overflowing with wild animal life and spirits, which he threw off in a thousand impetuous extravagances. He could dance all night at a ball, ride a dozen miles to meet the hounds the following morning, and after a hard day's sport sit down to a deep carouse, and be as fresh and gay after it as if he had been following the precepts of Lewis Cornaro. The women contended with each other to attract his attentions, but although he was devoted to every woman he came near, and responded to their universal good-will by flitting indefatigably, his attentions were so indiscriminate, that there was not one belle who could flatter herself that she had secured him for her "humble servant,"—as lovers

were then wont to style themselves Mary Chambellan was not, certainly, the belle of the wedding ball-room, and by no means equal in fortune or social position to most of the women present, but whether from perverseness, or caprice, or love of novelty, Henry Pollexfen was attracted by her, and devoted himself to her exclusively.

The next York Assembly was to take place in a few days, and this young man who did not know what contradiction meant, made Mary promise to be his partner there. Old Mr Chambellan, however, who thought his daughter had been away from home quite long enough, fetched her back himself on the following day, and Mary would as soon have dared to ask to go to the moon as to remain to go to the assembly. Henry Pollexfen was extremely disappointed when he found that Miss Chambellan had returned home, but he was too much crossed and caught after to be able to think long about the matter, and so his sudden fancy soon passed away.

In the autumn of the same year he met one of her brothers in the hunting field. Accident threw them together towards the close of a hard day's run, when in clearing a stone fence some loose stones were dislodged, and struck Captain Pollexfen's horse, killing him severely. Night was coming on, it was impossible to return to his quarters on foot, and young Chambellan invited his fellow sportsman to go home with him—Hildest Hall being the nearest habitation. The invitation was accepted. Although old Mr Chambellan would as soon have opened his doors to a dog as yet even he could find no fault under the circumstances and was constrained to welcome their dangerous guest with old-fashioned hospitality. He soon became so charmed with his visitor, that he invited him to return, and the visitor gladly did so.

His almost forgotten admiration for Mary revived in full force the moment he saw her again. He soon fell desperately and seriously in love with her. Mary's strong and gentle character assumed great influence over his mercurial and impetuous disposition. That she became deeply attached to him, was nothing wonderful, she could scarcely have helped it even if he had not sought to win her affections.

In a short time, he made proposals of marriage for her to her father who willingly consented, feeling if the truth must be told, very much flattered at the prospect of such a son-in-law.

Henry Pollexfen then wrote a dutiful letter to his own father, telling him how much he was in love, and how earnestly he desired permission to follow his inclinations. Old Mr Pollexfen had, like many other fathers, set his heart upon his sons making a brilliant match, and although, after consulting the 'History of Yorkshire,' where he found honourable mention made of the Chambellan family, he could offer no objection

on the score of birth, yet he thought his son might do better. He was too wise to make any direct opposition, on the contrary, he gave his conditional consent, only stipulating for time. He required that twelve months should elapse before the marriage took place, when his son would be little more than two and twenty, whilst Mary would be not quite nineteen. He wrote paternal letters to Mary and polite epistles to her father. He even applied at head quarters for leave of absence for his son, whom he immediately summoned up to London, where his own duties, as Member of Parliament, would detain him for some time.

Under any other circumstances, Captain Pollexfen would have been delighted with this arrangement, but, as it was, he would infinitely have preferred being allowed to marry Mary at once. However, there was no help for it. Old Mr Chambellan, himself, urged the duty of immediate obedience to his father's summons, and Pollexfen deputed

for many weeks his letters were as frequent as the post would carry them. He was very miserable under the separation, and, much as she loved him, Mary could not wish him to be otherwise. His regiment was suddenly ordered abroad, the necessary hurry of preparation and the order to join his detachment at Canterbury without delay, rendered it quite impossible for Captain Pollexfen to see Mary before his departure. He wrote her a tender farewell, sent her his picture, and exhorted her to write frequently, and never to forget him for an instant promising, of course, everlasting constancy for himself.

There was little chance that Mary should forget him in that old lonely house without either friends or neighbours. Besides, the possibility of ceasing to love her affianced husband never occurred to her. With Captain Pollexfen it was different. Under no circumstances was his a character that would bear absence unchanged, and the distraction of foreign scenes, and the excitement of his profession, soon banished the image of Mary from his mind. At length he felt it a great bore that he was engaged to be married. The regiment remained sixteen months absent, and he heartily hoped that she would have forgotten him.

Mary's father died shortly after her lover's departure, the family property descended to her brothers and she was left entirely dependent upon them. Captain Pollexfen's letters had entirely ceased, Mary had received no communication for more than six months, when she saw the return of his regiment announced, and his name gazetted as colonel. He, however, neither came to see her, nor wrote to her, and Mary became seriously ill. She could no longer conceal her sufferings from her brothers. Under the impression that she was actually dying, they wrote to her lover, demanding the cause of his silence, and

telling him of her situation (Colonel Pollexfen was conscience-stricken by this letter. He declared to the brothers that he intended to act as became a man of honour, and wrote to Mary with something of his old affection, revived by remorse, excusing his past silence, begging forgiveness, and promising to go down to see her, the instant he could obtain leave of absence.

Under the influence of this letter Mary revived, but the impression made upon her future husband soon passed away—he daily felt less inclination to perform his promise. He was living in the midst of fashionable society, and was more courted than ever since by the death of his father he had come into possession of his fortune. He began to feel that he had decidedly thrown himself away, and by a most unnatural transition, he hated Mary for her claims upon him, and considered himself a very ill-used victim.

Mary's brothers finding that Colonel Pollexfen did not follow his letter, nor show any signs of fulfilling his engagement, would not submit to any more trifling. The elder made a journey to London, and demanded satisfaction, with the intimation that the younger brother would claim the same right when the first affair was terminated.

Colonel Pollexfen was not, of course, afraid of having even two duels on his hands at once; he had already proved his courage too well to allow a suspicion of that sort. His answer was characteristic. He told young Chamblain that he was quite ready to meet both him and his brother but that he was under a previous engagement to marry their sister, which he wished to perform first, as otherwise circumstances might occur to prevent it, he should then be quite at their service, as it was his intention to quit his bride at the church door, and never to see her again!

The brothers, looking upon this as a pretext to evade the marriage altogether, resolved, after some deliberation, to accept his proposal. They had great difficulty in prevailing upon their sister to agree to their wishes, but they none of them seriously believed that he would carry out his threat, and Mary feared that all danger of a duel would be avoided. A very liberal settlement was drawn up by Colonel Pollexfen's direction which he signed and sent down to the bride's family. On the day appointed, Mary and her brothers repaired to the church, a travelling chaise and four horses stood at the door. On entering they found Colonel Pollexfen pointing out to the friend who accompanied him the monuments belonging to the Chamblain family. As soon as he perceived them he took his place at the altar, and the ceremony commenced without delay. As soon as it was concluded, he bowed with great poiteness to all present, and said, "You are all here witnesses that I have performed my engagement!" Then, without even looking at his bride, he quitted the

church, and, accompanied by his friend, entered the carriage which was in waiting, and drove rapidly away! Mary was carried senseless from the church, and for several weeks continued dangerously ill.

The real strength of her character now showed itself. She made no complaint, she did not even assume her husband's name, but took the appellation of Mrs. Chamblain. The settlement was returned to Colonel Pollexfen's lawyer, with an intimation that it would never be claimed. She stilled the anger of her brothers, and would not endure a word to be said against her husband. She never alluded to him herself. A great change came over her, she did not seem to suffer nearly so much from her cruel position as might have been expected, her melancholy and depression gave place to a steady determination of purpose. In the brief space during which she and her husband had stood before the altar she had realised the distance that existed between the two positions in life. With a true superiority, she understood how natural it was that he should have felt no desire to fulfil his boyish engagement, she owned in her heart that she was not fitted to be the wife and companion of such a man.

He had now become. Had she seen all this soon! She would have at once released him, now she could no longer do so, and she resolved to fit herself to fill the station to which, as his wife, she had been raised.

The brief interview before the altar had stimulated to desperation her attachment to him, and she felt that she must win him back in due. Mary had received very little education. In those days the instruction bestowed on most women was very limited, but Mary found that all gentlewomen, who moved in society, were well informed, and her first step was to obtain some elementary books from the master of a boys' school at York, and begin, with undebating sympathy, to learn history and geography, and all the things which she supposed every lady of her husband's acquaintance knew. A thirst for information was soon aroused in her, she had few advantages and very little assistance, but her energy and perseverance surmounted all obstacles, and she found a present reward in her labour. Her life ceased to seem either lonely or monotonous. Still, the spirit that worked within her was far more precious than any actual result she obtained. She had a noble object in view; and, unconsciously to herself, it purified her heart from all bitterness, or wounded vanity, or impatience. A great sorrow nobly borne, is a great dignity. The very insult which had seemed to condemn her to a wasted existence, was transformed into a source of life and fruitfulness, by the wise humility with which she accepted it.

Ten years passed thus, and in the matured woman of thirty, few could have recognised the forsaken girl of nineteen. But the present

only fulfilled the promise which was then latent in her character.

All this time, her husband had endeavoured to forget that he was married. Shortly after the ceremony, he went abroad with his regiment; and after some time spent in active service, he returned to England, and quitted the army with the brevet rank of General. He resided partly in London and partly in Bath, leading the usual life of a man of fashion in those days, and making himself remarkable for his brilliant extravagances.

About that time a young and beautiful actress appeared, who speedily became the object of adoration to all the young men of fashion about town.

General Pollexfen was one of her lovers, and carried her off one night from the theatre, when she came off the stage between the acts. He allowed her to assume his name, and lavished a fortune upon her caprices; although her extravagance and propensity to gambling involved him in debt.

Ten years had thus passed, when the cousin, whose marriage was mentioned at the beginning of this story, was ordered to Bath by her physician. She entreated Mary to accompany her, who, after some persuasion, consented. It was a formidable journey in those days, and they were to stay some months. They found a pleasant lodging. Mary, with some reluctance, was drawn into society, and occasionally accompanied her cousin to the Assemblies, which were then in high vogue.

General Pollexfen was absent from Bath when his wife arrived there. He had been called up to London by some lawyer's business, and calculated upon being absent three weeks.

It so chanced, however, that the business was concluded sooner than he expected, and that he returned to Bath without announcing his coming. He went at once to the Assembly, and was walking through the rooms in a chafed and irritable mood (having that night discovered the treachery of the beautiful actress, which had long been known to everybody else), when a voice struck his ear which caused him to turn suddenly. He saw, near at hand, a dignified and beautiful woman, who reminded him of some one he had seen before. She turned away on perceiving him—it was Mary. She had recognised her husband, and, scarcely able to stand, she took the arm of her cousin, and reached the nearest seat. Her husband, forgetting everything else in his impatience to learn who it was who had thus startled vague recollections, went hastily up to the Master of the Ceremonies, and desired to be introduced to—his own wife!

By some fatality, the Master of the Ceremonies blundered, and gave the name of Mary's cousin. This mistake gave Mary courage; for years she had dreamed of such a meeting, and the fear of losing the opportunity nerved her to profit by it. She exerted herself to please him. He had been rudely disenchanted from the graces of fine ladies,

and was in a humour to appreciate the gentle home influence of Mary's manners; he was enchanted with her, and begged to be allowed to follow up the acquaintance, and to wait upon her the next morning. Permission was of course given, and he handed Mary and her cousin to their chairs.

Mary was cruelly agitated; she had not suffered so much during the ten preceding years; the suspense and anxiety were too terrible to endure; it seemed as though morning would never come. Her husband was not much more to be envied. He had discovered that she resembled the woman he had once so much loved, and then so cruelly hated—whom he married, and deserted; but though tormented by a thousand fancied resemblances, he scarcely dared to hope that it could be she. The next day, long before the lawful hour for paying morning visits, he was before her door, and obtained admittance. The resemblance by day-light was more striking than it had been on the previous evening; and Mary's agitation was equal to his own. His impetuous appeal was answered. Overwhelmed with shame and repentance, and at the same time happy beyond expression, General Pollexfen passionately entreated his wife's forgiveness. Mary not only won back her husband, but regained, with a thousand-fold intensity, the love which had once been hers—regained it, never to lose it more!

The story soon became known, and created an immense sensation. They quitted Bath and retired to her husband's family seat in Cornwall, where they continued chiefly to reside. They had one son, an only child, who died when he was about fifteen. It was an overwhelming affliction, and was the one mortal shadow on their happiness. They lived within a few weeks of each other; their honours and estates passing to a distant branch of the family.

THE STORY OF A NATION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MORE than a thousand years ago, there wandered through the heaths of Asia, between the Irtish and the Volga, a rude Mongolian nation, a section of that Ugrian race whose wild ways in a conquered country gave the name of Ogre to the cannibal monsters of our nurseries. This nation of Ogres, living among other nations of the same wandering, quarrelling, and patriarchal character, was divided, like its neighbours, into seven tribes, each tribe including many families. Among the kindred peoples who surrounded this one nation, about which we mean to speak, one only—the Chazars—had converted its most powerful chief into a Khan, and had, by so doing, knitted its resources into the means of gaining an ascendant power. Very much elbowed by their neighbours, our Ogre nation, the Magyars, determined that they also would knit themselves around a

single chief, and, strengthened thus, would wander westward for the conquest of a new and better pasturage. The seven chieftains of the seven tribes then met, and puncturing their arms, offered to the heathen gods they worshipped their blood, mixed with wine, in consecration of this contract.—That Almos, and his generation after him, should be their duke in war. That booty should be common, and divided fairly. That Duke Almos and his descendants, being elected voluntarily by his companion chiefs, should never exclude them or their descendants from his councils. That those should die who broke allegiance to the contract, but that a duke breaking it should be deposed and punished with a curse.

Thus having agreed, these wild men travelled westward, and on entering Hungary Duke Almos resigned to his son Arpad. Then Arpad, says a legend, sent to Swatspluk, a king of the Czechian empire, settled in those days round the Theiss and Danube, requiring grass from the Hungarian heaths and water from the river—offering in return, a white steed with a purple bridle. That was an Oriental way of asking for surrender, but Swatspluk, who was no Oriental scholar, took the horse, and courteously sent to the Magyars abundant hay and water. Thereupon, Arpad and his followers, in the year 889, marched on to the great heath between the Theiss and Danube. Swatspluk offered battle, and was beaten; he escaped, says the legend, on the same white horse which he had taken in exchange for Hungary. The Slovaks, in Upper Hungary, are the descendants of the conquered Czechs.

In the country thus won, the first Diet was soon held near Szegedin in which the rules of future government were laid down in what savages would call a highly civilised method. A rough but sufficient constitution was established for this nation wandering with tents within its settled limits, and determining to fight beyond the limits very frequently. The people were free, and had abundant rights, the chiefs, however, forming a high aristocracy among them. Hungary was divided into counties and into baronies for the purposes of war; castles were built, the harvests of the allotted soil were so divided, as to yield abundant maintenance to the castle garrisons, the conquered natives who surrendered to the Magyars were admitted as allies and friends, the restive were reduced to subdom.

The Magyars thus conquered, and prepared to defend that country by the Danube, to which they had been especially attracted by a legend current on the banks of Asia, that there by the Danube Attila, the Hun, had left a pleasant land, which was the inheritance of them, his kinsman. From the Huns we get the name of Hungary. Zoltan, his son, succeeded Arpad, and Taksony, the son of Zoltan, followed as the Duke of Hungary.

Under these chiefs, the wild Hungarians, ugly Mongolian hordes, mounted on shaggy

little ponies, spread abroad, and ravaged many parts of Europe, bringing captives home; for the kings in Europe were at that time very weak. Pavia they burnt, putting all the inhabitants to death except two hundred; Toulouse was entered by a swarm of them, whom an epidemic seized, and those whom the epidemic spared, the counts were able to destroy. They ravaged the Greek empire, they ravaged the German empire, and the people of Western Europe prayed in their Litany, "Good Lord deliver us from the Hungarians!" Tribute was paid to them, which, in the year 983, Henry the Fowler, Emperor of Germany, a wise prince, refused to continue. The Hungarians formed two large armies, one went into Thuringia, the other was led by Henry, on the river Saale. Then they awaited the reinforcement of their Thuringian army. tidings, however, came of its complete destruction. The result was a panic, and the destruction of this other army also by Henry, in an engagement which was not a battle but is called by history the slaughter of Meseburg. Thus Henry the Fowler checked the ravages of the Magyars in Europe. They made peace, and gave hostages. The hostages they gave to the Greek Emperor were instructed, and made Christians at Constantinople, and were sent back with a bishop in their company for it was felt essential to infuse a Christian spirit into these fierce Pagan tribes.

That was the first appearance of Greek Christianity in Hungary; it did not thrive much, the Christianity which did thrive, was brought at a later period from Rome. The vast number of European prisoners now intimately mingled with the Magyars, did something, however, for the civilisation of their conquerors. Villages and cities superseded many of the tents. Geiza had succeeded Taksony, the wife of Geiza, named Sarolta, had submitted to the Christian influences of Constantinople. She converted her husband, founded monasteries, and invited Christian priests to settle. The converted Geiza still worshipped the sun and the elements, saying, that "he could afford to serve the old gods and the new ones, too."

Stephen, the son of Geiza, has been canonised, for it was he who made his people to be Christians. For three years the royal apostle preached and practised the new doctrine, liberal of words, where they failed, he was also bountiful of blows. Chiefly by persuasion, partly by force he placed himself in a position which enabled him to send word to Pope Gerbert (a studious man, whose smattering of algebra and taste for mechanics, caused him to be accused of dealing with the devil) to inform his Holiness of the voluntary conversion of the Hungarians, and of their spiritual homage to himself. In return, the Pope forwarded to King Stephen a crown of gold, and the Cross of the Patriarch, with the title of Apostolic King, and ecclesiastical

jurisdiction over his people. The latter right has been exercised until the present century, and the Pope's crown then sent, has remained ever since the crown of Hungary. It was placed solemnly upon King Stephen's head in the year 1000.

King Stephen calling several Diets, now revised the Constitution, which had been brought from the heaths of Asia. Bishops balanced nobles, and the rights of all were fixed, tithes were established, and a seed of taxation was sown. Some resistance all this caused, and some revolts on behalf of the old pagan rites had to be put down by King Stephen. All Christian bondsmen were emancipated, and all Pagans were deprived of liberty, but many died for their accustomed faith. One chieftain rode in full armour to the banks of the Theiss, and committed himself to be buried alive as a sacrifice to his gods, "preferring," says the old chronicle, "death with his fathers, to eternal life with Christ."

Stephen increased the splendour of his court, and having formed the Diet of four classes of his people, the high nobility, the bishops and chiefs, the nobility, and the soldiers or franklins attached to the castle banners, he made the consent of those in Diet assembled necessary to the conversion of his decrees into law. The freedom of the people Stephen laboured to secure, in the spirit of a phrase used by another of these kings—"That none of the lords shall have more, none of the servants less, than liberty. The chiefs of the seven clans waned in power and the free Hungarian was subject only to the king or to his representative the palatine. The king and palatine journeying through the country, were sufficient themselves for the personal performance of their office as the source of justice. Still the Hungarians were a simple and tender-loving people, without complex causes of dispute, the king himself not resident in any fixed abode. There was a faint trace of feudalism in some of King Stephen's arrangements, and there was a class of naturalised aliens and freed bondsmen from whom military service was not asked, who had no political rights, but paid taxes, being subject only to the king. Out of this class sprang afterwards the citizens of towns and that great mass of people who were not free, but subjects working for, and paying taxes to their lords.

Stephen having lost his own son, was troubled about the choice of a successor. His next heir was his cousin Vazul, a good-natured scamp, then under banishment for his follies. Then there were Andreas and Bela, the sons of a second cousin, but they had a taste for Paganism. When Stephen thought about his sister Gisela, who had married a doge of Venice, and who had a son named Peter, but he was deep in Western wisdom and in Western wantonness, and looked contemptuously at the coarse Hunga-

rians. Stephen at last determined on the choice of Vazul, who was legitimately heir-apparent, and recalled him therefore, from his place of banishment. By way of counterplot, Gisela, Peter's mother, sent some bravoes, who put out the heir-apparent's eyes, and poured into his ears molten lead. Stephen neglected to chastise his sister, and by this weakness brought a conspiracy upon himself, headed by Andreas and Bela. The soldier who was to have stabbed the sleeping king, relented in the act, and besought his park-keeper Stephen again forebore inquiry, but Andreas and Bela fled, so there remained on the ground only Peter, and Samuel, a half-pagan husband of King Stephen's second sister. For Peter, therefore, on the death of King Stephen, in 1036, descended the crown of Hungary.

Peter loved foreigners and scorned his subjects. Therefore, in five years he was expelled and the half-pagan was made King. Samuel, Samuel hated foreigners and bishops, but he hated, also, the Hungarian chiefs. Peter, flying to the emperor, offered to accept Hungary as a fief if restored. The emperor complied. Samuel, deserted by the chiefs, was conquered and killed, and Peter was restored. But when the Hungarians heard the terms on which he had obtained his restoration, they called Andreas and Bela to their aid. The whole people revolted against the subject of the German emperor, and, with the revolution, a spirit of paganism rose again, which Andreas and Bela died not at a time when they required undivided aid from the Hungarians, attempt to crush. Peter was blinded, and died. Blinding in those days, was, even in Europe, a familiar method of rendering a prince incapable of rule, but it has at all times been, and still is a practice very common in the East. Andreas and Bela restored statutes against paganism, replaced bishops, and when he had driven over the frontier two German armies, the emperor thought fit to resign his claim.

Andreas, owing his crown to Bela, promised the succession to his brother, and added to him one third of the country as a dukedom. But when a son was born to the King Andreas, and there arrived a message from the emperor to say that he betrothed his daughter to the infant, then ambition caused him to forget his promise. In 1055 he caused the child to be crowned. Bela checked his feelings on the subject, but Andreas felt worthy of resentment and was easily persuaded by his courtiers to doubt his brother's faith, because his own was broken. He invited Bela therefore, to come to him at the Castle of Vukony. There Bela found the king sitting on a throne, and on its steps were placed the crown and sword, the symbols, respectively, of royal and of ducal dignity. With affected candour, Andreas confessed that the crown was due to his brother, pointed out state reasons why he had desired that the son, Solomon, should

supersede the brother, and then frankly exhorted Bela to hold him to his promise, or absolve him from it, as he would: there lay the crown and the sword; whichever he lifted should be his. But Bela saw that a knight with a drawn sword was standing at each side of the king's chair—men not very well able to keep out of their faces what was in their heads. It was clear that in the moment of stooping for the crown, he would be fallen upon; and the voice of a knight passing behind, whispered him to take the sword. He took it; but in his heart he took it as the sword of war. Andreas embraced him for his generosity. But Bela left the castle, and fled with his family to Poland. Andreas sent to Germany for aid; but Hungary supported Bela. Andreas was slain in battle; Bela, declared king on the battle-field.

In the reign of Bela "the poor became rich, and the rich prospered in safety and peace." The pagan spirit broke out for the last time in insurrection, was quelled; and thereafter only scattered men among the woods and caves preserved the rites of their forefathers. The throne of Bela one day broke beneath him, and its place crushed him in the fall. He left three brave sons, Geiza, Ladislus, and Lampert. The chiefs would have elected Geiza, but the young men knew that the claim of Solomon would be advanced, and, by admitting it, they saved their country from a civil war. They stipulated for themselves only the succession to the dukedom of Bela, their late father.

Solomon came, accordingly, with his friend the Emperor of Germany, and was crowned in Hungary, for the second time. The boy, then but eleven years old, fell, unhappily, under the influence of Count Vid, who had been one of the grim knights by the throne of Andreas, and who was hostile to the house of Bela. He caused the dukedom to be taken from the three brothers. They appealed to arms, but peaceful reconciliation was effected by the bishops, and King Solomon enjoyed another crowning. For ten years there was peace in Hungary; the three brothers, defending crown and people from all foreign enemies, were loved and honoured by their countrymen. It happened that the Greek commander of Belgrade had favoured certain hordes in frequent invasion of King Solomon's southern provinces. The Hungarians at last found it necessary to besiege Belgrade, and the Greek commander found it necessary to surrender; but he would surrender not to Solomon, the king, but only to the Hungarian chief, Duke Geiza. Solomon and his courtiers canvassed this; but when the Greek emperor sent to the duke a golden crown, in token of gratitude for his humane conduct to the vanquished at Belgrade, the king's wrath against the brothers mounted high, and he believed Count Vid, who told him that they were pretenders to his dignity. Civil war again commenced, and again stopped short of

actual bloodshed. Soon after the reconciliation, Solomon attempted, unsuccessfully, to procure the assassination of Geiza. Faith was no longer to be trusted, and the brothers drove Solomon out of the country, to sue to the German emperor for aid. Count Vid was killed in the decisive battle. Geiza, against his own protestations, was crowned King of Hungary, but to the delight of the whole nation. Geiza, however, treated with Solomon, and was determined to resign the crown to its old wearer, asking no more than the recognition of his family rights. The Hungarians, who hated Solomon, for his incessant willingness to go to Germany for help, and his offers to hold the crown of Germany in fief, opposed Geiza in this: the bishops fostered his design. But Geiza suddenly died, and Ladislus, the next brother, succeeded him, in the year 1072.

Ladislus was crowned by acclamation; but he continued in the mind of Geiza, and was not satisfied until, after four years, Solomon had formally made over the crown to him, and received at his hands a pension in its place. Ladislus, the handsomest and tallest man in Hungary, was the darling hero of his people: he was the next great king after St. Stephen, and he also has been made into a saint. Stephen made pagans Christians; Ladislus formed Christians into a well-ordered community. The vagrant habits of the Hungarians had, by this time, been laid aside; Ladislus framed laws adapted for a fixed agricultural people, and appointed county judges, for the king could no longer hear disputes in person. Mixture with Europeans, intermarriage, climate, had already begun to transform the short, squat Mongolians into a handsome race of people, as it had tamed their lawlessness into an independence, characterised by the extreme of loyalty towards a legitimate and voluntarily-appointed chief.

Kalman, a son of Geiza, in the year 1095, succeeded Ladislus: he was crooked; he squinted; he loved books, so that his learning made him to be called a wizard, and he was nicknamed "Book Kalman." Ladislus had extended the boundaries of Hungary. Against "Book Kalman" some of the new dependencies now rebelled, but they soon found that a man strong in the head can be strong in the arm also. At this time the Crusaders began to march from western Europe, in large multitudes, through Hungary. Kalman anxiously attended them with an army, from their entrance into his dominions, until they were safe out of them; for there were fingers not unused to robbery among those devout fighting men. In the course of these transits, one light-fingered army was destroyed by the peasantry, and a large force, sent to punish the Hungarians for this, was almost utterly exterminated. To peaceful transit, however, no obstacle was offered. Almos, the king's cousin, pretending to the crown, was quelled and pardoned;

rebelling a second and a third time, his eyes were at length put out, and Kalman cruelly put out the eyes of the rebel's unoffending son. Suspecting his wife's faith, he sent her back to her relations, where she died, after having given birth to Boris, of whom more anon.

Kalman completed the legislation of his predecessors. He regulated revenues and military duties, and established the relations between subjects and the king, or the duke. He diminished the cruelty of punishments, limited ordeals, and proclaimed that there were no such things as witches. He levied taxes on a simple plan, and he completed the series of energetic kings by whom the constitution of Hungary, brought from the Asiatic wilds, was perfected into a stable European system. It was in the year 1114 that Kalman died.

Having arrived at this point, we can now travel rapidly over all events that do not concern the story of the Hungarians as a nation. Stephen the Second, son of Kalman, having no issue, would have recognised Boris, the child of the divorced queen, but he found Bela still living, the blinded son of the blinded traitor Almus, and determined on atoning for his father's crime. Bela the Second, therefore, succeeded Stephen the Second, his wife, Helen, the strong-minded daughter of a Serbian prince, ruled over her blind husband, and Hungary was subject to a vixen. Her slaughterings and oppressions crushed the power of the chiefs, and in 1171 Bela died, almost an absolute monarch. His son Geiza, being but ten years old, was governed by his uncle, by the palatine and the Archbishop of Gran. These three formed a good regency, and, among other things, invited into Hungary Germans from Flanders, who settled in Zips and Transylvania, and enjoyed many privileges. These men are the ancestors of the present Saxons of Transylvania, and they are the men who, exploring the resources of the country, commenced the working of Hungarian mines.

Then there were crusades again, and armies had to be watched, as in the days of Kalman. Then there followed unimportant kings, the court of Byzantium having by this time, through marrying and plotting, acquired influence in Hungarian affairs. Bela the Third, who followed Stephen the Third, was able, but not popular, being Byzantine in his habits. He introduced ceremonies from the court of Constantinople, and burned the chains round his throne, in order that no noble might sit in his presence. He governed the country, however, with great skill, and made up for himself a private purse. He left his throne to one son, and his treasure to another. The son who had the treasure strove, by means of it, to get also the throne.

There came then a struggle very much like that between Andreas and Bela, the king's

name being now Emric, the brother's, Andreas, and the royal child's name Ladislas. King Emric being in extremity—dressed in royal robes, wearing his crown, and carrying his sceptre—walked into his brother's camp, among the soldiers then forming for battle against him. He said, "I am your king; which of you is a traitor?" And no man lifting a hand against his sacred person, he proceeded to his brother's tent, and there arrested him, and took him away prisoner from the midst of his own troops. So he imprisoned Andreas, and sent his ambitious wife home to her friends.

King Emric dying, made an appeal to his brother's generosity, by naming him as guardian of the child. But Andreas soon caused the child and mother to fly to Austria for refuge. The child died. The mother, Constantia, became wife to the German emperor. Andreas was then legitimately king.

Andreas engaged in useless wars of conquest, and extravagantly wasted the resources of the state. He sold and mortgaged the castle domains, whose produce supported the garrisons, and, using up the state capital, soon rendered the state nearly bankrupt, while the alienated lands, purchased by the great nobility, had gone to swell their power. The lower nobility and the people now came to be oppressed by powerful magnates, who were by a great deal stronger than the court. The king at the same time strengthened himself with foreign favourites, relations of his wife. Intense discontent followed, chiefly directed against the queen and her relations. Andreas, to mend the matter, made a crusade, or pilgrimage, to Palestine, paying for his journey by a seizure of Church treasure, and of property belonging to Constantia, by which act he made an enemy of her husband, Frederick, Emperor of Germany. On his return from Palestine he found matters more complicated than he had left them: treasury still empty, magnates still overbearing, people still oppressed, and foreign conquests breaking up. His first care was to look after the foreign conquests, for which end he drained the country,—went with an army to Galicia,—was defeated, and taken prisoner.

Bela, the king's eldest son, was now called upon to undertake a reform. He convoked the oppressed parties—the low nobility, the franklins, and garrisons—demanding restoration of the old Constitution, and the old system of finance. The magnates resisted, and civil war was imminent, when the Pope threw the whole weight of the clergy into the Reform side of the balance. Peace was procured, under a treaty called "The Golden Bull"—the Magna Charta of the Hungarians. This confirmed all ancient rights and liberties, restored the alienated domains to the service of the state, and forbade them to be thereafter devoted to any purpose but the defraying of the public expenditure. Various other details were adjusted, and the Bull con-

cluded with an enactment, that, "if the king or his descendants should despise the laws of the country, then the magnates and freemen should be entitled to resist the authority of such a king, without thereby incurring the penalties of high treason." After wearisome resistance and debate, 'The Golden Bull' was finally confirmed by Andreas, at a Diet held in the year 1231.

FAMILIAR THINGS

There is a truth that travel brings,
A truth of humbly birth
We dwell among familiar things,
And hitherto we trust our worth
The migrant in distant lands,
The sailor on the sea
For all that, round us silent stands,
Have deeper hearts than we

We dwell among familiar things
And daily, with dull sight
We too have a thousand secret springs,
Of sorrow and delight
Delight and secret things
To those who exiled lie
Sift in dreaming aims to clasp and kiss
Each little household star

We dwell among familiar things
We know them by their use
And by their many meanings
Their value we deduce
Forgetful each has had an eye
And each can speak though dumb
And, of the ghastly days gone by,
Suares witness might become

We dwell among familiar things
But should it be our lot
To sever all the linking strings
That form the household knot
To wander in an alien mould,
And cross the restless foam—
How clearly should we then behold
The Duties of Home!

JACK ALIVE IN LONDON

Coming from Greenwich or Blackwall, radiant with 'Badminton' or 'Cider cup,' or, perchance, coming home very satiated and sea-sick from foreign ports, tired, jaded, used-up, as a man is apt to be under such circumstances, the Pool always picks up survivors, interests me. I pull out the trumpet-stop of my organ of ventilation, my form dilates with the tall spars round me, I lose all count of the wonders of the lands I have seen, of the coming cares and troubles—the worrying and bickering—awaiting me, perhaps, in that remorseless, inevitable London voider. I forget them all in the Pool. If I have a quarrel with me, so much the better. 'Not in crimson trowsers and soldiery,' I cry, 'oh! Louis or Alphonse—not in the constant shouldering of arms, and the drumming that never ceases,—not in orders of the day, or vexatious passports, are

the glories of Britain inscribed. See them in that interminable forest of masts, the red sun lighting up the cupolas of Greenwich, the tarry hulls, the patched sails, the laden hay-boats, the trim wherries, the inky waters of the Pool. Read them in the cobweb rigging, watch them curling from the short pipes of red-capped mariners lounging on the bulwarks of timber ships! Ships upon ships, masts everywhere, even in the far-off country, among trees and churches, the commerce of the world jammed up between these cumbered wharves, and overflowing into these narrow creeks!"

I propose to treat, as shortly as I can consistently with accuracy, of maritime London, and of "Jack" (alluding, under that cognomen, to the general "seafaring" class) alive in London.

"Jack" is "alive," to my knowledge and experience, in East Smithfield, and in and about all the Docks, in Poplar, Limehouse, Rotherhithe, Shadwell, Wapping, Bermondsey, and the Island of Dogs. He is feebly alive in Fenchurch Street and the Minories, but he shows special and vigorous symptoms of vitality in Ratcliff Highway. If it interest you at all to see him alive, and to see how he lives, we will explore, for some half hour or so, this very muddy, tarry, salt-water smelling, portion of the metropolis.

You can get to Ratcliff Highway through the Minories, you may attain it by a devious route through Whitechapel and Mile End New Town, but the way I go, is from London Bridge, down Thames Street, and through the lower, in order to come gradually upon Jack alive, and to pick up specimens of his saline existence bit by bit.

London Bridge is densely crowded, as it has been, is, and always will be, I suppose. The wheels of the heavy wagons, laden with bales and barrels, creak and moan piteously, while the passengers, who are always certain of being too late (and never are) for a train on the South Eastern Railway, goad cabbies into performing frantic *pas de deux* with their bewildered horses. The sportive bullocks, too, the gigs, knackers' carts, sheep, pigs, Barclay's drays, and cohorts of foot-passengers, enliven the crowded scene.

Comfortably coin-crushed, jostled, and dust-blinded, I descend the flight of stairs on the right of the King William Street side of the bridge. I have but to follow my nose along Thames Street to Ratcliffe, and I follow it. I elbow my way through a compact mass of labourers, porters, sailors, fishwomen, and spruce clerks, with their bill books secured by a leather-covered chain round their waists. Room there, for a hot sugar-baker tearing by, towards the Exchange, bustling with a recent bargain! Room for a spruce captain (he had his boots cleaned by one of the "brigade" opposite Billingsgate market) in an irreproachable state of clean shirtedness, navy-blue-broadclothedness and chimney-pot-hat-

tedness! He sets his big silver watch at every church, and dusts his boots with an undoubted bandanna. He has an appointment, doubtless, at Garraway's or the Jerusalem Coffee House, with his owner or broker.

A gush of fish, stale and fresh, stretches across Thames Street as I near Billingsgate market. I turn aside for a moment, and enter the market. Business is over, and the male and female purveyors of the treasures of the deep solace themselves with pipes and jovial converse.

Jack is getting more lively all through Thames Street and Tower Street and is alarmingly vital when I emerge on Tower Hill. A row of foreign mariners pass me seven abreast, swarthy, ear-ringed, black bearded varlets in red shirts, light blue trousers and with scarves round their waists. Part of the crew of a Sardinian brig probably. They have all their arms round each other's necks, yet I cannot help thinking that they look somewhat 'knifty,' stilted, I hope I may be mistaken but I am afraid that it would be odds were you to put in infinite quantity of rum into *them* they would put a few inches of steel into *you*.

But I enter the lower postern and am in another London—the military metropolis—at once. Very curious and wonderful are these old grey towers these crumbling walls, these rotting portcullises, so close to the business like brick and mortar of St Katherine's Dock House hard by. What has the Devil in Tower, the "Scavengers' Daughter," the "Stone Kitchen," to do with wholesale grocers, ship chandlers, and outfitting warehouses? Is there not something jarring, discordant, in that grim, four turreted old fortress, frowning on the quays and cold carrying vessels in the pool? What do the thousand years of war's so close to the 'thousand years of peace? Is not the whole sombre, lowering old pile a huge anachronism? Julius Cæsar, William the First, and the Dockers! Wharves covered with tubs of peaceful palm oil, and dusky soldiers sauntering on narrow platforms, from whence the black mouths of honey-imbued old guns grin (toothless happily) into peaceful dwelling houses. The dried up moat, the old rooms, wall-inscribed with the overflowings of weary hearts, the weather-faced old warders, with their stings gone by custom, the dented armour, and rusty lances are, all tell—with the vacant space on the Green, where the four posts of the scaffold stood, and the shabby little church, where lie Derwentwater and Lovat, Anne Boleyn and Northumberland, the innocent and the guilty, the dupers and the duped—of things that *have been*, thank God!

I pass a lane where the soldiers live (why should their wives necessarily be slatterns, their children dirty, and they themselves alternately in a state of shirt-sleeves, beer and tobacco, or one of pipe-clay, red blanket-

ing, and mechanical stolidity, I wonder!) and ask an artilleryman on guard where a doctor of egress is to be found. He "dwoon't know." It is of course not. Soldiers never do know. It isn't in the articles of war, or the Queen's regulations. Still, I think my friend in the blue coat, and with the shaving brush stuck at the top of his shako, would be a rather more useful in guarding a fortress, if he knew the way into and the way out of it.

Patience, "trying back," and the expenditure of five minutes at last bring me out by another postern, leading on to Tower Hill the less, East Smithfield, St Katherine's Dock, and the Mint, very nearly opposite is a narrow street, where a four oared cutter, in the middle of the pavement, in process of rearing, in outer coat of tar and an inner one of green paint, suggests to me that Jack is doddily alive in this vicinity, while, closely adjacent, a monster "union jack," sloping from the first floor window of an unpicturesque little house announces the whereabouts of the "Royal Naval Rendezvous." You have perhaps heard of it more frequently as the house of reception for the "Lower Tender." The Rendezvous, and the Tender too, had a jovial season of it in the war time, when the press was hot and civilians were converted into 'volunteers' for the naval service by rough compulsion. The neighbourhood swarmed with little "publics," embellished with cartoons of the beatified state of Jack, when alive in the navy. Jack was continually drinking grog with the port admiral, or executing hotpipes with the first lieutenant. The only labour imposed on him (pictorially) was the slynging half a dozen Irishmen occasionally before breakfast, for which a grateful country rewarded him with bicentims of dollars. At home, he was represented frying gold watches, and lighting pipes with five pound notes. Love, liquor, and glory! King and country! Magnificent bounty, &c, &c, &c. But the picture has two sides, for Jack hung back sometimes, preferring to fix witches in the merchant service. A grateful country pressed him. He ran away from captivity, a grateful country flogged him. He mutinied, a grateful country hanged him. Whether it was the flogging, or the hanging, or the scurvy, or the French bullets, or the prisons at Verdun and Brest, I won't be certain, but Jack became at last quite a scarce article. So the Royal Naval Rendezvous, and the Lower Tender were obliged to content themselves with the sweepings of the prisons—thieves, forgers, murderers, and the like. These even grew scarce, and a grateful country pressed every body she could lay her hands on. "Food for powder" was wanted—"mortal men" good enough to "fill a pit," *must* be had. Quiet citizens, cripples, old men were pressed. Apprentices showed their indentures, citizens their freedom, in vain Britannia *must* have men. People would

come home from China or Honolulu, and fall into the clutches of the press-gang five minutes after they had set foot on land. Bags of money would be found on posts on Tower Hill, left there by persons who had been pressed unawares. People would leave public house parlours to see what sort of a night it was, and never be seen or heard of again. I remember, even, hearing from my nurse, during childhood, a ghostly legend of how the Lord Chancellor, going over Tower Hill one night with the great seal in a carpet bag, and 'disgusted in liquor' after a dinner at Guildhall, was kidnapped by a press-gang, sent on board the Tower Lender, and not released until three months afterwards, when he was discovered on board the 'Catapaw' frigate, in the Toulon fleet, scraping the main mast, under the cat of a boatswain's mate. Of course I won't be answerable for the veracity of the story, but we scarcely need its confirmation to find plenty of reasons to miss those glorious good old times when George the Third was king.

Times are changed with the Rendezvous now. Sailors it still craves, but good ones—A B's, not raffish goliards and useless landlubbers. The A B's are not so plentiful though the times are so peaceful. The A B's have heard of the 'cat' and they know what 'holystoning' and 'blacklisting' means. There is a stalwart A B I watch reading a placard in the window of the Rendezvous, stating that the Burster one hundred and twenty guns, fitting at Plymouth wants some able-bodied seamen. 'Catch a wince! asleep,' says the A B walking on. He belongs to the Chutnagore, A 1, under engagement to sail for Madras, and would rather not have anything to do with the Burster.

A weather-beaten old quarter-master stands on the steps of the Rendezvous and eyes the A B wistfully. The A B is the sort of man Britannia wants just now. So are those three black-whiskered fellows, swaggering along with a Yankee skipper, with whom they have just signed articles for a voyage to Boston, in the Pelag Whittle, Com. master. 'Poor old quarter-master,' give him but his 'four and twenty stout young fellows,' his beloved press-gang, and the Chutnagore would go one A B short to sea, while Captain Con would vainly lament the loss of three of the crew of the Pelag Whittle. The Burster is very short of hands, but he has bagged very few A B's yet. See, a recruit offers, a lanky lad in a torn jacket, with an air of something like ragged respectability about him! He wants to 'go to sea.' The quarter-master laughs at him, repulses him. The boy has, ten to one, run away from school or from home, with that vague indefinite idea of 'going to sea' in his mind. 'To sea, indeed!' He has prowled about the docks, vainly importuned captains, owners, seamen, anybody, with his request. Nobody will have anything to do with him. The greatest luck in store for

him would be the offer of a cabin-boy's berth on board a collier, where the captain would regale him with the convivial crowbar and the festive ropes-end, whenever the caprice seized him. 'Going to sea! Ah, my young friend! trudge home to Dr Broomback's seminary—never mind the thrashing—explain to your young friends, impressed as you have been with a manna for "running away and going to sea" that it is one thing to talk about doing a thing, and another to do it, that a ragged little landsman is worse than useless aboard ship, and that there are ten chances to one even against his ever being allowed to put his foot on shipboard.'

I leave the Royal Naval Rendezvous just as a dissolute Norwegian stops to read the Burster placard. Now, I turn past the Mint and past the soldiers on guard there, and pursue the course of a narrow little street leading towards the Docks.

Here, Jack leaps into great life. Ship-chandlers, ship grocers, biscuit-bakers, sail-makers, outfitting warehouses, occupy the shops on either side. Up a little court is a nautical day-school for teaching navigation. There is a book stall, on which lies the Seaman's Manual, the "Shipmaster's Assistant" and Hamilton Moore's "Navigation." There is a nautical instrument maker, where chronometers, quadrants and sextants are kept, and blank log books are sold. The stationers display forms for manifests, bills of lading, and charter parties. Every article needed has some connexion with those who go down to the sea in ships.

When we enter St George's Street, where there are shops on one side of the way, and St Katherine's Dock warehouses on the other, Jack becomes tremendously alive on the pavement. Jack from India and China, very sunburnt and smoking Frichimopoly cheroots, thin cigars with a reed passed through them, and nearly a foot long. American Jack, in a red waisted shirt, and chewing in defatigably. Swedish Jack, smiling of tallow and turpentine, but amazingly good-natured, and unaffectionately polite. Italian Jack, shivering. German Jack, with a light blue jacket and yellow trousers, stolid and smoky. Greek Jack, voluble in petticoats, and long boots. Grimsy seamen from colliers, smart, tant men from Greens or Wigrams splendid East India ships, met in spruce jackets, and gold laced caps, puffing prime Havannahs. Lastly, the real unadulterated English Jack, with the immutable roll, the unapproachable hitch, the unsurpassable flowers of language. The puke-hat stuck at the back of the head, the neckerchief passed through a wedding-ring, the flaring yellow silk handkerchief, the whole unmistakable costume and demeanour—so unlike the stage sailor, so unlike the pictorial sailor—so like only what it really is.

This is the busiest portion of the day, and the Highway is crowded. Enthusiasts would

perhaps be disappointed at the woful lack of nautical vernacular prevalent with Jack. He is not continually shivering his timbers, neither is he always requesting you to stand by and belay, to douse the lee scuppers, or to splice the main brace.

The doors of the public houses disgorge great crowds of mariners, nor are there wanting taverns and eating houses, where the sailors of different nations may be accommodated. Here is a "*Deutsches Gasthaus*," a Prussian "*Bierhalle*," a real Norwegian House, 'Stay!' Here we are at the Central Dock gates and, among a crowd of sailors, hurrying in and out, swim forth hordes of Dock Labourers to their dinner.

A very queer company indeed,—"navvies," seafaring men, and individuals of various dress and looks, who have probably taken to the 'two shillings' a half crown a day is paid for Dock toil as a last refuge from inevitable starvation. Discharged policemen, ruined medical students, clerks who have lost their characters, Polish and German Refugees, might be found, I opine, in those aquatic ranks. It is all equality now, however. The college-bred youth the educated man must toil in common with the navvy and the tramp. They seem contented enough, eating their poor meals, and puffing at the never-failing pipe with great gusto. Poor and almost destitute as these men are, they can yet obtain a species of delusive credit—a credit by which they are ultimately defrauded. Fifty victuallers will advance them beer and food on the security of their daily wage, which they themselves secure from the foremen. They exact of course an enormous interest. It is, after all, the old abuse the old Lemmyish principle—the 'infamous truck system'—the iniquitous custom of paying the labourer at the public house and the mechanic late on the Saturday night.

I have not time to enter the Docks just now and plunge further into the label of Rutcliffe Highway. Jack is alive everywhere by this time. A class of persons remarkably lively in connection with him are the Jews. For Jack, are those grand Jewish outfitting warehouses alone intended. For his sole use and benefit are the swinging lamps, the hammocks and bedding, the code of signal pocket-handkerchiefs, the dreadnought coats, sou'wester hats, telescopes, checked shirts, pilot jackets, case bottles, and multifarious odds and ends required by the mariner. For Jack, does Meshech manufacture the delusive jewellery, while Shadrach vaunts the witch that has no works, and Abadnego confidentially proposes advances of cash on wages notes. Jewry is alive, as well as Jack, in Rutcliffe Highway. You may call that dingy little cabin of a shop, small, but, bless you! they would fit out a seventy-four in ten minutes, with everything wanted, from a spanker boom to a bottle of Harvey's Sauce. For purposes of ruse, they sell everything,—biscuits by sacks full, bales of dreadnoughts, miles of

rope, infinities of fishing tackle, shaving-tackle, running tackle, spars, sextants, sea-chests, and hundreds of other articles. Jewry will even supply you with sailors, will man vessels for you, from a cock boat to an Indian-man. Jewry has a capital black cook inside. A third mate at two minutes' notice. A steward in the twinkling of a handspike. Topmast men in any quantity, and at immediate call.

A strange sound—half human, half ornithological—breaks on the ear above the turmoil of the crowded street. I follow a swarthy mariner, who holds a cage, muffled in a handkerchief in his hand, a few yards, until he enters a huge and handsome shop, kept also by a child of Israel and which literally swarms with parrots, cockatoos and macaws. Here they are, in every variety of gorgeous plumage and curvature of beak, with their wicked-looking, bead-like eyes and crested heads; screaming, cawing, yelling, sweating, laughing, singing, drawing coaks, and winding-up clocks, with frantic energy! Most of these birds come from South America and the coast of Africa. Jack generally brings home one or two in his own private venture, selling it in London for a sum varying from thirty to forty shillings. I am sorry to have to record that a parrot which can swear well, is more remunerative to Jack than a non-juring bird. A parrot which is accomplished enough to rap out half a dozen round orbs in a breath, will fetch you fifty shillings, perhaps. In this shop, also, are stuffed humming-birds, ivory chessmen, strange shells, and a miscellaneous collection of those foreign odds and ends, called "curiosities." Jack is very lively here with the rabbinical ornithologist. He has just come from the Gold Coast in a man of war, the captain of which in consideration of the good conduct of the crew while on the station, had permitted each man before the mast to bring as many parrots home with him as he liked. And they did bring a great many, Jack says—so many, that the vessel became at last like a ship full of women, the birds creating such an astonishing variety of discordant noises, that the men were, in self defence, obliged to let some two or three hundred of them (they didn't keep count of fifty or so) loose. Hundreds, however, came safe home, and Jack has two or three to dispose of. They whistle hornpipes beautifully. I leave him still haggling with the ornithologist, and triumphantly citing a miniature "Jon Bee's Vocabulary of Slang," from the largest of his birds.

You are not to suppose, gentle reader, that the population of Ratcliffe is destitute of an admixture of the fairer portion of the creation. Jack has his Jill in St George's Street, Cable Street, Back Lane, and the Commercial Road. Jill is inclined to corpulence, if it were not libellous, I could hint a suspicion that Jill is not unaddicted to the use of spirituous liquors. Jill wears a silk handkerchief round her neck, as Jack does, like him, too, she rolls, occa-

morally—I believe, smokes, frequently, I am afraid, swears occasionally. Jack is a cosmopolite—here to-day, gone to-morrow, but Jill is peculiar to maritime London. She nails her colours to the mast of Ratcliffe. Jill has her good points, though she does scold a little, and fight a little, and drink a little. She is just what Mr Thomas Dibdin has depicted her, and nothing more or less. She takes care of Jack's tobacco-box, his trousers she washes, and his gun too, she makes, and if he enacts occasionally the part of a maritime Giovanni, prompt to walk in the Mall with Susan of Deptford and likewise with Sal, she only upbraids him with a tear. I wish the words of all sons had as much sense and as much truth in them as Mr Dibdin's have.

A hackney coach (the very best hackney coach, I verily believe, in London, and the one, moreover, which my Irish maid of all work always manages to catch me when I send her for a cab)—a hackney coach, I say, jolts by, filled inside and out. Jack is going to be married. I don't think I am mistaking or exaggerating the case, when I say that the whole party—bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, bridesmen, cædemon and all, are considerably the worse for liquor. Is this as it should be? Ah! Poor Jack!

And I have occasion to say 'Poor Jack' a good many times in the course of my publications. It is my personal opinion that Jack is robbed—that he is seduced into extravagance, he is lured into spendthrift and dissolute habits. There is no earthly reason why Jack should not save money out of his wages; why he should never have a watch without fying it, nor a five pound note without lighting his pipe with it. It cannot be indispensable that he should be continually kept "alive" with gin, that he should have no companions save profligate women, no amusements save low dancing, saloons and roasting taverns. The sailor has a stronger logic and moral bias. He scorns in his clothes decent dishonesty and injustice, much. He is often a profligate and a drunkard, and a swearer (I will not say blasphemous), because abominable and vicious sins make him so, because, ill cared for on board ship, he has sooner lands than he becomes the prey of the infamous harpies who infest maritime London. He is robbed by outlaws (I particularly remember a Jew in a Gentil for there are six of one and half a dozen of the other), he is robbed by the tavern keepers, the cumps, and the boarding-masters. He is robbed by his associates, robbed in business, robbed in amusement. "Jack" is fair game to everybody.

The conductors of that admirable institution the Sailors' Home, I understand, are doing their best to alleviate the evils I have lightly, but very lightly, touched upon. Jack is alive but not with an unwholesome galvanic vitality, in the Home. He is well fed, well treated, and well cared for, generally, moreover, he is not wronged. The tailor who

makes his clothes, and the landlord who sells him his beer, and the association that board him, do not conspire to rob him. The only shield the managers of the Sailors' Home have to steer clear of, is the danger of inculcating the idea among sailors, that the institution has anything of a gratuitous or eleemosynary element in its construction. Sailors are high spirited and eminently independent in feeling.

I have got by this time to the end of the straggling series of broad and narrow thoroughfares, which, under the names of East Smithfield, St George's Street, Upper Shadwell Street, and Cock Hill, all form part, in the aggregate, of Ratcliffe Highway. I stand on the threshold of the mysterious region comprising, in its limits Shadwell Poplar, and Lambhouse. To my left, some two miles distant, is Stepney, to which parish all children born at sea are traditionally said to be chargeable. No longer are there continued streets—blocks—as the Americans call them—of houses. There are swampy fields and quays lanes, and queer little public-houses like ship caddies, transplanted bodily from East Indiamen and which have taken root here. The "Cat and Fiddle" is a waterman's house—jolly young watermen. I am afraid—no more. At the "Isis and Hap"—so the placard informs me—is held the Master Mariners' Club. Shipbuilders' yards stand suddenly upon me—ships in full sail lie down on me through quiet lanes. lofty masts loom spectrally among the quiet graves in the churchyards. In the churchyard (where the unmanly Jack flits at the steeple) there are slabs commemorating the bequests of charitable mastermums, is dead young Joe, of a kind and widow, who built in origin, of the six poor women, who are to be joyfully relieved as a thank offering for the release of some dead and gone convict under "from captivity among the Turks in Algiers." In the graveyards, scores of by-gone seafarers, their wives and children, shipwrights, ropemakers of the often time, ship pursers, and ship chandlers sleep quietly. They have compasses and sextants and ships in full sail, sculptured on their moss-grown tombs. The wind howls no more, nor the waves roll now for them. Gone, doth, I hope, most of them!—though Seth Shipheese, the great ship contractor, who sold terribly weavily biscuit, and salted horse for beef, sleeps under that substantial brick tomb yonder, while beneath the square stone slab with the sculptured skull and hour-glass, old Martin Fibbister may have his resting place. He was called "captain, nobody knew why, he swore terribly, he had strange foreign trinkets and gold doubloons hanging to his watch-chain, and told wild stories of parbowed Indians, and Spanish Dons, with their ears and noses slit. What matters it now, if he *did* sail with Captain Kidd, and scuttle the "Eden and Mary," with all hands aboard?

He died in his bed, and who shall say, impenitent?

The old sea-captains and traders connected with the sea, have still their abiding places in quiet cosy little cottages about here, mostly tenements, with green doors and bow windows, and with a summer-house pitched a-top, where they can twist a fig on festive occasions, and enjoy their grog and tobacco on quiet summer evenings. The wild mania for building—the lath and plaster, stucco palace, Cockney-Corinthian frenzy has not yet extended to Lambhouse, and the old "sits" have elbow room.

I must turn back here, however, for it is nearly four o'clock, and I shall be too late else for a peep into the Docks. The Docks! What a flood of recollections bursts through the sluice-gates of my mind, as I gaze on the huge range of warehouses, the swarms of labourers, the crowd of ships! Little as many of us know of maritime London, and of the habits of Jack alive, we have all been to the Docks, once in our lives at least. Was it to see that wonderful scattering relation of ours who was always going out to the Cove with a magnificent outfit and who always returned, Vanderdecken like, without having returned, being also minus shoes and stockings, and bringing home, as a species of atonement-offering, the backbone of a shark? Was it to dine on board the "Abbercrombie," "Jenkinson," &c. of I don't know how many hundred tons burden, which went out to Sydney with emigrants, and foundered in Algoa Bay? Was it with that never to be forgotten taster, or for twelve pipes, sixteen hog-sheds, twelve hundred cartridg ports and homes when we were rushed about with candles in cleft stick, running gunlets into casks and pouring out rich wines into sawdust like water? When we ate biscuits, and rinsed our mouths scientifically, and reproached our companions with being up roarers, but coming out (perfectly sober, of course) could not be prevented from addressing the populace on general subjects and repeatedly volunteering the declaration (with our hat on the back of our head and the tip of our cravat like a bag wig) that we were "All right!"

I remember, as a child, always asking myself how the ships got into dock, a question rapidly followed by alarming inattitude as to how they got out. I don't think I know much more about the matter now though I listen attentively to a pilot out and scared face, who tells me all about it. Pilot out points to the warehouses, dilates on the enormous walls those gigantic brick work shells contain, shows me sugar bags, coffee bags, tea chests, rice bags, tubs of tallow, casks of palm-oil. Pilot out has been everywhere, and every voyage has added a fresh scar to his face. He has been to sea since he was no higher than "that"—pointing to a stump. Went out in a convict ship, wrecked off

St. Helena. Went out to Valparaiso, had a fever. Went out to Alexandria, had the plague. Went out to Mobik, wrecked. Went out to Jamaica, fell down the hatchway, and broke his collar bone. Deserted into an American liner, thence into an Australian emigrant ship, ran away at Sydney, drove bullocks in the bush, entered for Bombay, entered the Indian navy, was wrecked off the coast of Coromandel, was nearly killed with a Malay creese. Been in a South sea whaler, a Greenland whaler, a South Shields collier, and a Shotchan mackerel boat. Who could refuse the "drop of summat" to an ancient mariner, who has such a tale to tell, were it only to curtail the exuberance of his narration? And it is, and always has been, my private opinion, that if the "wedding guest" had given the real "maritime manner" satisfaction for a "drop of summat," he would have had the path of his story out of him in no time, whereby, though we should have lost an exquisite poem, the "wedding guest" would not have been so unsatisfactorily bored as he undoubtedly was, and some of us would have known better, perhaps, what the story was about.

You have your choice of Docks in this wonderful maritime London. The St. Katherine's Docks, the London, the West India Docks lie close together while if you follow the Commercial Road, the East India Docks lie close before you, the Commercial Dock is close after going through the Thames Tunnel. There are numerous inlets, moreover, and basins, and dry docks, so where you will the view begins or ends with the inevitable ships.

I hurry with me for a moment in the Isle of Dogs, and step on board this huge East Indiaman. She is as big as a man of war, and as clean as a Dutch door step. Such bustle as is going on inside, and about her, nevertheless! She is engaged to the "Honourable Company" to sail in three days' time, and her crew will have a tidy three days' work. There are horses, pigs, bullocks, being hoisted on board, there are sheep in the lurch, and ducks and geese in the long boats. French rolls can be baked on board, and a perfect kitchen garden maintained forward. Large stores are being taken on board. Mrs. Colonel Chutney's grand piano, old Mr. Munro's (of the civil service) hookahs and black servants, harness, saddlery, and sporting tackle for Lieutenant Griffin of the Bombay cavalry. And there are spruce young cadets whose names do not permit them to go by the overland route, and steady-going civil and military servants of the Company, going out after furthering, and who do not object to a four months' sea-voyage. And there are black Ayahs, and Hookah-buffers, and Lascars, poor bewildered, shivering, brown-faced Orientals, staring at everything around them, as if they had not quite got over their astonishment yet at the marvels of Frangistan. I wonder whether the com-

parson is unfavourable to us in their Braumal minds, between the cold black swampy Isle of Dogs, the inky water, the slimy hulls, the squalid boumies, the rain and sleet, and the hot sun and yellow sands of Calcutta, the blue water, and dark maiden, with her water pitcher on her head,—the sacred Ganges, the rich dresses, stately elephants, half-naked Suckers of Hindostan,—the rice and arrack the paddy fields and bungalows, the punka to punkoon, and yellow streak of caste of Bar— the beloved! Perhaps

Passengers are coming aboard the India men old stages wringing as to the security of their standing bed places, and young ladies assigned to the Indian matrimonial market delightfully surprised and confused at everything. The potent captain of the ship is at the Jerusalem Coffee house or busy with his brokers, but the mates are hard at work hawking, commanding, and counter commanding. Jack is alive, down below doft and in the hold as usual, shouldering casks as though they were put pots, and hoisting, horses about manfully.

Shall we leave the Isle of Dogs and glance at the West India Dock for a moment? Plenty to see here at all events. Here, sugar, pepper, tobacco, decks situated about brown with syrup and molasses just as the planks of a whaling ship are slippery. Jack, in a such time state strongly perfumed with the berries. Black Jack very woolly headed and ivory grained cooking, fiddling, misbehaving as it seems the nature of Black Jack—cook, fiddle, and sing. Where the union jack flies, Nigger Jack is well treated. English sailors do not disdain to link with him work with him, and sing with him. I like a wherry, however, to that American chopper, with the tall masts and the tall man for skipper, and you will hear a different tale beneath the star-spangled banner the allowance of half-pence for Nigger Jacks decreases wofully while that of kicks increases in an alarming proportion. I would rather not be a black man on board an American ship.

In the London Docks we have a wonderful mixture of the ships of all nations while on a Sunday the masts are dressed out with a very kaleidoscope of variegated ensigns. Oud the ships side lounge stunted dwellers in Jones and oligarchical Russians, who the another, the humble Gaul faithful ever uping traditions of his cuisine, is busy carrots for a pot au feu.

Not in one visit—not in two of the mysteries reader 'penetrate into a tit in half a dozen of maritime London, in complete descriptions could I give you London. We might tion of Jack alive in mazes of Wapping, wander through the disused old stairs, and ad-glancing at the queer, dature of rotting boats, nuring the admirable mud, and bad charac-tary cable, shell-nal

ters, which is there conglomerated. We could study Jack alive in the hosteleries, where, by night, in rooms the walls of which are decorated with verdant landscapes, he dances to the notes of the enlivening fiddle, we might follow him in his uneven wanderings, sympathise with him when he has lost his register ticket, denounce the Jews and crimps who rob him. Let us hope that Jack's life will be unclouded with the times in which we are fortunate enough to live, and that those who have the power and the means, may not long want the inclination to stretch forth a helping hand to him. Ratcliffe and Shadwell, Cable Street and Back Lane, may be very curious in their internal economy, and very picturesque in their dirt, but it cannot be a matter of necessity that those who toil so hard and contribute in so great a degree to our grandeur and prosperity, should be so unprotected and so little cared for.

CHIPS

A TIT (AND TASS) SCHOOT

In the paper with this title, published in No. 86 of Household Words, which is to be understood is a general but perfectly accurate description of real existing things, we find that some extracts were made from the published Prospectus of one particular school. Any of our readers who may recognize that original Prospectus now or hereafter, will have the goodness to separate it from our description of the boys who are as pale as milk, of no particular colour, of our intention to connect

A FEW MIRACLES

INTEREST may be the merit of certain Tales, which have agitated the mind of despised from the first time that reason and machinery enabled him to wrangle with his neighbour there can be no doubt that this pamphlet is the most really settled of any such disputes. A man who believes that the same thing can be in two places at once, has a material (we use the term in more than one sense) advantage over the stickler for specific locality. A man who believes his own eyes, is sometimes uncourtously forced to disbelieve his neighbour's tongue, and then disputes arise, books are written, and no mortal dare say what page of remote history will chronicle the end of a dispute.

Our esteemed and pleasant friend, Mr. Hobbyhorse, as a striking instance of the delight and comfort experienced by a person who simply believes everything. He weeps over forgotten superstitions relative to throwing salt over the left shoulder of the hapless speller, passing under ladders, mysterious information on the subject of death commu-

nicated by ticking where there are no clocks, and correspondence prognosticated in tallow candles. He is, in short, an enlightened convert to the nursery creed. When he cannot believe anything, it is quite painful to him. The remembrance of the middle ages makes him loathe carpets, city churches, intelligible church music, and figures resembling anything human, with a pious, yet entertaining and pleasantly-expressed abhorrence.

But Mr Hobbyhorse never tries to make converts. He only believes, and in this respect he has the advantage over a great many much greater enthusiasts in the cause of credulity. Nevertheless, chatting casually about miracles the other day on our expressing our moderate, qualified, and roundly asserted disbelief in the whole of the post-Apostolic works of that description, Will pointed quietly to certain volumes lying on a side table, laid his hand emphatically on his breast, and bade us read.

Reverentially, and with no small eagerness, did we approach these volumes. Most of them were histories of our own little steam engine, tunnel cutting, exhibition rearing, and telling stories of its doings, even when the excavations formed dwellings for its inhabitants, when wolves were not confined to "Mavor's Spelling book," and when in ancient Briton presented in apperance that would have provoked liberal flappings from Biker Street or Egyptian Hall. All the only fends that set kings, and priests, and barons, and serfs (that were few people then!) by the ears—all the intrigues, cheatings, grudges that marked its gradual approach to civilization, here they were chronicled in lively, grotesque, quaint, and, above all, believing language. But the miracles were the best part of all. We wondered we had ever wondered before, and we could not resist transcribing a few.

On the eve of the Nativity, in a certain town of Saxony, named Clewice, wherein was a church sacred to the monks and rest of Magnus the Martyr, the first mass had begun with all due solemnity, when on a sudden fifteen men and three women commenced dancing in the churchyard, whirling their footsteps and marking the time by certain songs, neither remarkable for the propriety of words nor solemnity of the melody. Presbyter Robert could not bear himself speak. In vain he besought them to be quiet: the noise only increased, and the service came to a dead stand. The good priest, wound up to despair, cursed the whole company with a wish, "that they might go on singing for a whole year."

Morbid as may have been the passion for dancing under which these unfortunate victims laboured, they probably never bargained for keeping up the amusement so long, or getting "breathed so thoroughly. However, they all fell dancing and dancing, and so on throughout the year. The son of the priest seized his sister's arm, and tried to stop her, but tore off

her arm in the attempt: not a drop of blood followed. Had Shylock been capable of such a piece of surgery, he would have got his pound of flesh in spite of Portia or the Duke.

On they went dancing and dancing. The run fell not upon them, nor did hunger, thirst, or fatigue assail them, even their clothes and shoes shared in the excitement, and refused to wear out. First they sank into the ground up to their knees, then to their thighs, and at length a covering was built over them to shield off the rain.

At the year's end this singing and dancing ceased, and Herbert, Bishop of Cologne, pronounced the absolution which was to free them from what was already over, and made an attempt to reconcile them to the offended St. Magnus. Nevertheless, the daughter of the priest, with the two other women, died immediately; the rest slept three whole days and nights, some died afterwards, and, like a good many other malefactors, became famed for miracles. Paralysis and trembling of the limbs was the lingering and self-attesting punishment of the rest—William of Malmesbury, book ii, chap 10, *hoger de Wendover*, ad 1012.

In the year of grace 1200, there came a letter from heaven to Jerusalem, which was hung over the altar of St. Simon in Golgotha, and before it the faithful prostrated themselves for the number (usual on such occasions) of three days and as many nights, and never thinking of opening it until the third hour of the third day, when the patriarch and the archbishop devoutly opened it and read an awful warning in which God denounced their neglect of the Sabbath day, and declared that he had hitherto spared them only out of respect for the prayers and intercessions of the Virgin and the holy angels. Upon this the clergy determined to send preachers into every land, setting forth the purport of this letter, denouncing its threats against the disobedient, and working miracles in confirmation of what they preached. Among those who distinguished themselves chiefly in the latter respect, Lustruc the Abbot of Hays set out for England, and commenced preaching in a town called Wi, near Dover. In the neighbourhood of that place was a spring, which the said Lustruc did endow with such redoubtable virtues, that, by its taste alone, as of old by the pool of Bethesda, the blind saw, the lame walked, the dumb spoke, the deaf heard, and the sick who drunk in faith, were restored to health. It so happened that a certain woman, possessed of the author says, he does not know how many devils, and nightly swollen and distended with dropsy, did, on a certain day, resort to Lustruc for advice touching her health, spiritual and bodily. Even as the prophet of old spoke unto Namaan, so quoth Lustruc: "Be of good heart, daughter mine, and hie to the spring at Wi, which the Lord hath blessed. Drink of it in faith, and be

whole." The woman departed, and did the poorest's bidding. And, lo! straightway, as she had drunk of the blessed spring, she broke out into a fit of vomiting, and, while many who had come on a like errand beheld, there fell from her two great black toads, who, to the end that their devilship might be set forth and approved beyond doubt, were transformed to two great black dogs, and afterwards to asses. The woman stood astonished, but shortly ran after them in a rage, wishing to catch them; but the keeper of the spring, who right well did understand its virtues, sprinkled some of its water between the woman and the asses, upon which they forth with flew up in the air and disappeared, leaving behind them traces of their foul and filthy nature—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1200.

About the same time, when the same warning was going forth throughout the world, a certain poor landless living at Norfolk, despite the warnings of the Most God, went, on a certain Saturday, at three o'clock, to wash clothes. Whilst hard at work, a man with a hoary head and venerable countenance whom she had never seen before, approached her, and, in a soothing tone, inquired how she had dared to wash clothes after three o'clock, and thus by an unlawful toil to profane the holy Sabbath after the warning she had received. She pleaded poverty, and said that wretched and laborious as had been her life up to that time, she would be deprived of the means of existence, and herself now miserable, if she desisted from labor. Her mysterious visitor disappeared, and the poor landless toiled on, washing, wringing, and drying the clothes more eagerly than ever. But a terrible vengeance ensued: a black pig stuck fast to the woman's left breast, and could by no strength be forced away; by continual sucking it drew away her blood and her strength. At length brought down to utter exhaustion, the poor creature was compelled to beg from door to door, until in the sight of many a miserly death cloud her life of toil and starvation—*Roger de Wendover*, *ibid*.

But there is a yet more wonderful story, which doth, in a marvellous wise, attest the politeness and respect which one saint hath towards his brother in holiness. During the time when the Danes vexed England, and our good king Alfred with much ado succeeded in dislodging them, the bodies of many saints had been removed from their original sepulchres, in order to be conveyed to abodes of greater safety. Second to none in the whole calendar was St. Martin, venerated, saith Sidonius Apollinaris, throughout the whole of the wide earth, was removed to Auxerre by the clergy of his church, and placed in the church of St. Germain. Here his body, in which though dead and food for worms, virtue did still exist, worked many and wondrous miracles, curing the sickness

and infirmity of all who resorted to his shrine, and bestowing grace upon the souls of all his worshippers. Whereupon, those who were so greatly benefited did, out of gratitude, contribute much of their worldly goods to reward the care of those who had brought the saint's body among them. But there arose a dispute between the people of Auxerre and the Thionus, about the great wealth that had flowed in from those who sought the aid of St. Martin. The Thionus laid claim to the whole, because their saint had called together the contributors by his miracles; the natives, on the other hand, asserted that St. Germain was not a whit behind the other in merit and in the will to do good. While granting, then, that both saints were equal, they maintained that the prerogative of their church ought to be respected. To solve this, a leprous person, wasted to mere skin and bone, and nearly at the last gasp, was placed between the bodies of the two saints. All him in watching or intervention was carefully prevented during the whole night, and marvellous to relate, in the morning the skin of the man on his sick that lay nearest Martin's corpse appeared clear and healthy, while that on the side turned towards Germain was discoloured and loathsome as usual. Thus did the glory of St. Martin predominate. But, lest the miracle should be ascribed to chance, they turned the yet diseased side of the leper towards the same saint, and in the morning he appeared whole and smiling as though he had never been defiled with leprosy. And hereon was set forth not only the great and wondrous power of St. Martin but his wise compliance of St. Germain, who, albeit, no doubt possessed of fully equal power with his brother saint, yet in that he was a surgeon and visitor did all like to interfere in his cure, and like us a physician doth oftentimes say of the surgeon that he hath done all things aright, and doth decline interfering, so did St. Germain abstain from working a miracle, to the end that St. Martin might gain the more credit thereby. And not only did St. Martin gain much credit, but his followers did gain much money, both then and afterwards until they were restored, by the return of peace, to their former residence.—*William of Malmesbury*, book ii, chap. 4.

In the year 651, Munimolus, abbot of the monastery of Fleury, being divinely admonished, sent his monk, Argulf, to Mount Cassino, to fetch thence the body of the most holy Benedict, who, with his sister Scolastica, had been buried in one coffin.

Directed by similar information from above, Argulf, in company with some devotees (whom he had met on a similar errand in quest of St. Scolastica), brought the bones of both the saints in a basket, and, having brought them as far as a place, called Neufoi, about a mile distant from the monastery of Fleury, the Abbot Munimolus received them with

pious care, and placed the basket in the church of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles. While taking out the bones, he separated them carefully from each other, placing the large bones in one pile, the small ones in another. Just as he had finished separating the bones of St. Benedict from those of St. Scolastica, two dead bodies, the one of a male, the other of a female, were brought forth for burial, when, wondrous to tell, on the larger bones being placed on the corpse of the male, he straightway was restored to life, by the merits of the ever-blessed St. Benedict. In like manner when the smaller bones were placed on the body of the female she immediately returned to life.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 681.

St. Swithun, who died in the year 862, sat once upon a time with some workmen by the bridge of the City of Winchester, encouraging them in their labours by his presence and his holy conversation. A market woman came to pass, with some eggs for sale, on her way into the city. The workmen made a crowd, jeering and hooting around her, and insolently broke all her eggs. The good bishop heard the cry of the poor woman, made the sign of the Cross over the eggs, and they became whole and sound as before.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 862.

In the year 910, Rollo the Norman chief attacked the town of Chateaufort, to take it by a sudden assault. After several attempts had been made, the citizens, tired of being able to withstand the besiegers much longer, gave themselves up to prayer, and erected on the highest part of the walls, by way of standard, the richest garment of the Virgin Mary, which Charlemagne had brought from Jerusalem and had placed in the monastery of the Virgin in that city. Rollo and his followers laughed heartily, and went on as briskly as ever. But, that the power of the Mother of God might tame the rash boastfulness, and silence the jeering of the infidels, Pollo and his men were suddenly seized with a great and sudden pain, and hastily abandoning their arms and war engines, they took to flight in utter confusion. The townspeople then gave pursuit, and slew many thousands of them with the edge of the sword, compelling Rollo himself to fly to Rouen, beaten and confounded.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 910.

In the year A.D. 651, the holy Bishop Aidan fell sick, whilst tarrying not far from Bamborough in Northumberland, but to the end that he might still continue his pious exhortations, the people set up a tent for him, close to the wall at the west end of the church. It so happened, that, feeling faint and sick unto death, he leaned against a post that served as a buttress to the walls, and gave up the ghost. Finan succeeded him.

Some years after, Penda, king of the Mercians, coming into these parts with a vast and ravaging horde of barbarian soldiers, spread

desolation everywhere before him with fire and sword, and burned down the church where the Bishop Aidan had died. But the post against which he had leaned as he breathed his last, could in no wise be destroyed by the flames. In consequence of this miracle, the church was speedily rebuilt, and that very post was placed against the outside as before. Some time after, the village and church were burned a second time, yet did that post stand staunch and unblacked by the flames, and when, in a manner wondrous to behold, the fire broke through the very holes in it where-with it was braced to the building, and destroyed the church, it could do no hurt to the post. When, therefore, the church was a third time built they did not, as before, place that post on the outside, as a support, but within, as a memorial of the miracle, and the people coming in used to kneel down for the post, and implore God's mercy. And since then, many have been healed in divers manners, and lips that have been cut off from that post, and put into water, have had a like virtue over many distempers.—*Beke, Hist. English*, book iii. chap. 17.

St. Wulfic, who had given up his younger days to hounds and hawks, was at length converted, and so great was his industry in habits and earnestness in mortifying his fleshly inclinations, that he oftentimes at night would plunge into a bath of cold water, and there repeat the Penitential Psalms. He had worn a common shirt of sack cloth, but, to the end that he might more vigorously make a campaign against the desires of this world and of the flesh, he craved of a certain knight, William, the lord of his village, a coat of mail. William gladly gave him the mail shirt, but Wulfic found that it stuck against his knees, and prevented his constant prostrations. Then he invited unto him the knight in whom he confided, and told him how he found the length of the mail shirt. "It shall be sent to London," answered the knight, "and indented in any way you choose."—"Quoth the man of God, 'That would cause too long a delay, and might be thought done for ostentation's sake. Take these shirts, in God's name, and perform the work with them I can help.'—Thus saying, he placed in the knight's hands a pair of shirts, which he had brought from the knight's own house, and leaving him hesitate, as though he thought the knight's excuses were unavailing, he continued, 'Be bold, and linger not. I will to the Lord, and pray touching this business, and meanwhile do thou cut bravely.'—And so the two were busily employed—the one praying, and the other cutting—and the work prospered might well, for the knight felt as though he were cutting cloth, not iron, so readily did the shirts sever it, but when the man of God ceased praying, the knight, who had not yet finished his work, could cut no longer. Wulfic came up, and asked him how he had succeeded.—"Right well," answered the knight, "so far;

but now, that you are come, the shears have ceased to cut."—"Fear not," quoth the hermit, "cut on as you have begun, with the same shears."—The knight, resuming confidence, finished his work with the same ease as before, and smoothed off the uneven parts without any difficulty. And, from that time forth, the man of God, without any shears, and with his fingers only, but with no less faith, used to distribute rings of the coat of mail, by the which all those who asked in charity were healed.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1154.

The good King Oswald, who would often times send the dishes away from his own royal table, before he had partaken of them, in order that the poor might be fed and comforted therewith, was ever dispensing alms, and bestowing wholesome and pious instruction among his subjects. When he was slain by the merciless conqueror, Penda, his arms, with the hands, and his head, were cut off by the infuriated victor, and fixed on a stake, the dead trunk being laid to rest in the calm bosom of the earth, turning into its native dust, but the arms and hands which had dispensed so many alms, do remain to this day perfect, though the rest of the body—the bones only excepted—have mouldered into dust.—*William of Malmesbury* book i. chap. 3.

St Edmund the Martyr, king of England, was a man devoted to God, and never, through the effeminacy of the times did he relax his virtue and wholesome discipline. Hingwar and Hubba, two leaders of the Danes, who had come over to ravage the provinces of the Northumbrians and East Angles, seized the unresisting king, who had cast away his arms, and was lying on the ground in prayer, and, having fastened him to a tree, they shot him to death with arrows and cruelly beheaded him. But the purity of his past life was set forth by unhindered miracles. His head had been cast away by the Danes and was hidden in a thicket. Whilst his subjects, who had tracked the footsteps of the enemy, as they departed, were seeking it, intending to solemnise the funeral rites of their king, by the interposition of God the lifeless head uttered a voice, inviting all who were in search of it to approach. A wolf—a beast ever wont to prey upon dead bodies—was holding it in his paws, and guarding it untouched, and the same beast after the manner of a tame creature, quietly followed the believers to the tomb, and neither did nor received any harm.

When the sacred body of the martyr king was committed to the earth, turf was placed over it, and a wooden chapel of trifling cost erected over the remains. But soon did the merits of the departed saint manifest themselves after a wondrous fashion. Certain thieves, who had endeavoured to break into the church by night, he bound with invisible bands. This took place in their very attempt, and a right pleasant and diverting spectacle

it was, to see the plunder hold fast the thief, so that he could neither give up the attempt, nor complete his wicked design. Therefore did Theocred, bishop of London, do more fitting honour to the remains of the pious king, building a nobler edifice over those sacred limbs, which did well show the glory of his unspotted soul, by their surprising soundness, and their delicate milk-white hue. One further circumstance doth indeed surpass human miracles, to wit, that the hair and nails of the dead king continued to grow; and these, Osawen, a holy woman, used yearly to clip and cut, that they might be relics for the veneration of posterity. Truly this was a holy boldness, for a woman to contemplate and handle limbs superior to the whole of this world.—*William of Malmesbury*, book ii, chap. 13.

Of a like nature is the miracle which happened when the body of St Hugh was being solemnly interred at Lincoln. A certain thief, taking advantage of the press and crowd of people assembling around the remains of this servant of God, cut away a woman's purse, but, by the merits of the blessed bishop, who showed that, though life had quitted his body, virtue had not departed out of him, both the hands of the wicked thief were so entangled, and his fingers so firmly fixed to the palms of his hands, that, quite unable to hold the property he had stolen, he let it fall in the pavement, and, standing aghast and terrified he was as one stricken with madness. While the people looked on, and mocked him with derision, he came to himself, and stood motionless. At length he began to weep bitterly, and while all listened, he confessed the crime he had attempted to perpetrate. Then, turning to the priest, he exclaimed, "Pity pity me, ye friends of God, for I renounce Satan and his works, to whom I have till now been a slave, and pray to the Lord for me, that he may not confound me in my penance, but may deal mercifully with me." And when prayer had been made for him the chains of Satan, by which his hands were bound, were loosed, and being made whole, he returned thanks to God and to the blessed bishop.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1200.

A little boy who went to school with the curate of the parish, amused himself, one day, jumping over the tomb of St Rigobert, outraging his God and his Saviour. To the end that the merits of Rigobert might be known, and that a like audacity might not again take place, the boy's foot was instantly stricken, so that he became lame, and lost the use of one of his feet. This is why the curate caused a barrier to be placed around the tomb, fearing lest some one in ignorance might run the risk of a like punishment.—*Histoire de l'Eglise de Reims*, lib. ii, chap. 14, in *Bibliothèque de Poche*, vol. iv, p. 140.

And so much, reader, for "a few miracles." Perhaps your more recent experience may add a few to the list.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR SOCIETY AT CRANFORD

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons, all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town somehow the gentleman disappears, he is either furly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford, but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers with a word to speak them, for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the sad flowers through the railings, for rushing out at the gate that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open, for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments, for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish for keeping their neat maid servants in admirable order, for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and red tender good offices to each other whenever any are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation, but somehow good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirited out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head, just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion, as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their

reason is equally cogent. "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyley, of cleanly memory, but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to pitter to church on many days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford, and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones, the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls, and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Fyne wild.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to night, my dear," (fifteen miles, in a gentleman's carriage), "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call, so be at liberty after twelve,—from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called, "It is the third day, I dare say you Mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it, and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet, but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs Forrester gave a party in her baby house of a dwelling, and the little maidens disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about house hold forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants hall, second table with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity school maiden whose short tuddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress who now sat in state pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility which were not amiss and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours and clattered home in their pattens under the guidance of a lantern bearer, about nine o'clock at night, and the whole town was abed and asleep by half past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread and butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs Janneson gave, and she was sister in law to the late Earl of Cranford although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant and money spending always "vulgar and ostentatious," a sort of sour grapes which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford and openly spoke about his being poor. Not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but, in the public street, in a loud military voice, "alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather mourning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a

neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town, and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connexion with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty, yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked home to or from a party it was because the night was so fine or the air so refreshing, not because sedan chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material, and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact, that we were all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then we did not know what to make of a man who could not speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet somehow Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and I was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority, at a visit which I paid to Cranford, about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit Captain Brown and his daughters, only twelve months before, and now he was even admitted in the tobacco hours before twelve. True, it was to dis-

cuss the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted, but still Captain Brown walked up stairs nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and jolled quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights and omissions of trivial circumstances with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool. He had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith, and, with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And at last his excellent masculine common sense and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He, himself, went on in his course, as unaware of the popularity, as he had been of the reverse, and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed, as to make some counsel which he had given in jest, be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject, —an old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an hour call, without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's

Alderney, therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard, and rescued, but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay, and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked, but the proposal if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown. He decided, 'Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, M'm if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once.'

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture clad in dark grey flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in grey flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry well trimmed elastic figure, a stiff military throwback of his back, and a springing step which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly puffed, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young, she must have been plain and hard featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkins once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently) 'that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples and not always be trying to look like a child. It was true there was something child like in her face, and there it will be, I think, till she dies though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wandering eyes, looking straight at you, her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy, she wore her hair, too in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know if she was pretty or not, but I liked her face and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner, and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attitude of the two sisters—

that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family, when I first saw them altogether in Cranford church. The Captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect, and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances, but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfold her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands had taken up her gown to walk through the wet rails.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced in former days that there was no gentleman to be attended to and to find conversation for, at the card parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the singleness of the evenings, and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be vulgar; so that when I found my friend and hostess Miss Jenkins was going to have a party in my honour and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card tables with green baize tops were set out by daylight just as usual; it was the third week in November so the evenings closed in about four candles, and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table. The fire was made up the neat maid servant had received her last directions, and then we stood dressed in our best, each with a candle lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated, as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference, I being the unlucky fourth. The next four corners were put down immediately to another table, and, presently, the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card table. The china was delicate egg-shell, the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing, but the tables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in, and I could see, that somehow or other, the Captain was a

favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the miss's place in the room, attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid servants' labour by waiting on empty cups, and bread and butterless ladies, and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for three-penny points with us grave interest as if they had been pounds, and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter, for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang too, to an old cracked piano which I think had been a spinnet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang 'Jock of Hazeldean' a little out of tune, but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of tune, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this, for I had seen that a little while before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs Jamieson was sitting at the card table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece? But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed, the next morning) would repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, 'through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'. It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music, so I say again, it was very good of her to be at time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks, but, by and-bye, Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen my numbers of 'Hood & Own's'?" said he. (It was then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now, Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford, and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she

had seen it; indeed, she might say she had read it."

"And what do you think of it?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Isn't it famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say I don't think it is by any means equal to Dr Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model." This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly, and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the gentleman who was terrified out of his wits by political events, who "could no more collect himself than the Irish tithes." Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended she turned to me, and said with mild dignity,

"Fetch me 'Rascals,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown.

Now allow me to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite Mr Hood, or Dr Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rascals and Immac in a high pitched jesting voice, and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr Johnson, as a writer of fiction. The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature to publish in numbers."

"How was the 'Rambler' published, Ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it, I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing, she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a

copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post time to assure" her friends of this or of that, and Dr Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, 'I prefer Dr Johnson to Mr Hood'."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns's arm chair, and endeavouring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day, she made the remark I have mentioned, about Miss Jessie's dimples.

It was impossible to live a month at Cranford, and not know the daily habits of each resident, and long before my visit was ended, I knew much concerning the whole Brown trio. There was nothing new to be discovered respecting their poverty, for they had spoken simply and openly about that from the very first. They made no mystery of the necessity for their being economical. All that remained to be discovered was the Captain's infinite kindness of heart, and the various modes in which unconsciously to himself, he manifested it. Some little anecdotes were talked about for some time after they occurred. As we did not read much, and as all the ladies were pretty well smited with servants, there was a dearth of subjects for conversation. We, therefore, discussed the circumstance of the Captain taking a poor old woman's dinner out of her hands, one very slippery Sunday. He had met her returning from the bakehouse as he came from church, and noticed her precarious footing, and, with the grave dignity with which he did every thing, he relieved her of her burden, and steered along the street by her side, carrying her baked mutton and potatoes safely home. This was thought very eccentric, and it was rather expected that he would pay a round of calls, on the Monday morning to explain and apologise to the Cranford sense of propriety; but he did no such thing, and then it was decided that he was ashamed, and was keeping out of sight. In a kindly pity for him, we began to say—"After all, the Sunday morning's occurrence showed great goodness of heart," and it was resolved that he should be comforted on his next appearance amongst us, but, lo! he came down upon us, untouched by any sense of shame, speaking loud and bass as ever, his head thrown back, his wig as jaunty and well-curled as usual, and we were obliged to conclude he had forgotten all about Sunday.

Miss Pole and Miss Jessie Brown had set up a kind of intimacy, on the strength of the Shetland wool and the new knitting

stitches, so it happened that when I went to visit Miss Pole, I saw more of the Browns than I had done while staying with Miss Jenkyns, who had never got over what she called Captain Brown's disparaging remarks upon Dr Johnson, as a writer of light and agreeable fiction. I found that Miss Brown was seriously ill of some lingering, incurable complaint, the pain occasioned by which gave the uneasy expression to her face that I had taken for unmitigated crossness. Cross, too, she was at times, when the nervous irritability occasioned by her disease became past endurance. Miss Jessie bore with her at these times even more patiently than she did with the bitter self-upbraidings by which they were invariably succeeded. Miss Brown used to accuse herself, not merely of hasty and irritable temper, but also of being the cause why her father and sister were obliged to pinch, in order to allow her the small luxuries which were necessities in her condition. She would so soon have made sacrifices for them and have lightened their cares, that the original generosity of her disposition added acerbity to her temper. All this was borne by Miss Jessie and her father with more than placidity—with absolute tenderness. I forgave Miss Jessie her singing out of time, and her juvenility of dress, when I saw her at home. I came to perceive that Captain Brown's dark Brutus wig and padded coat (which too often threadbare) were remnants of the military smartness of his youth, which he now wore unconsciously. He was a man of infinite resources, gained in his barrack experience. As he confessed, no one could black his boots to please him, except himself, but, indeed, he was not above saving the little maid servant's labours in every way feeling, probably, that his daughter's illness made the place hard on her.

He endeavoured to make peace with Miss Jenkyns soon after the memorable dispute I have named, by a present of a wooden fire shovel (his own making), having heard her say how much the grating of an iron one annoyed her. She received the present with cool gratitude, and thanked him formally. When he was gone, she bade me put it away in the lumber room, feeling, probably, that no present from a man who preferred Mr Hood to Dr Johnson could be less jarring than an iron fire shovel.

Such was the state of things when I left Cranford and went to Drumble. I had, however, several correspondents who kept me *au fait* to the proceedings of the dear little town. There was Miss Pole, who was becoming as much absorbed in crochet as she had been once in knitting, and the burden of whose letter was something like, "But don't you forget the white worsted at Flint's," of the old song, for, at the end of every sentence of news, came a fresh direction as to some crochet commission which I was to execute for her. Miss Matilda Jenkyns (who did not

mind being called Miss Matey, when Miss Jenkyns was not by), wrote nice, kind, rambling letters, now and then venturing into an opinion of her own, but suddenly pulling herself up, and either begging me not to name what she had said as Deborah thought differently, and *she* knew, or else, putting in a postscript to the effect that, since writing the above, she had been talking over the subject with Deborah, and was quite convinced that, &c. (here, probably, followed a recantation of every opinion she had given in the letter.) Then came Miss Jenkyns—Deborah, as she liked Miss Matey to call her, her father having once said that the Hebrew name ought to be so pronounced. I secretly think she took the Hebrew prophetic for a model in character, and, indeed, she was not unlike the stern prophetess in some ways, making allowance, of course, for modern customs and difference in dress. Miss Jenkyns wore a cravat, and a little bonnet like a jockey cap, and altogether had the appearance of a strong-minded woman, therefore she would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal, indeed! she knew they were superior—but to return to her letters. Everything in them was stately and grand like herself. I have been looking them over (dear Miss Jenkyns, how I loved her!) and I will give an extract, more especially because it relates to our friend Captain Brown—

"The Honourable Mrs Jamieson has only just quitted me, and in the course of conversation she communicated to me the intelligence, that she had yesterday received a call from her revered husband's quondam friend, Lord Mauleverer. You will not easily conjecture what brought his lordship within the precincts of our little town. It was to see Captain Brown, with whom, it appears, his lordship was acquainted in the 'plumed wars,' and who had the privilege of averting destruction from his lordship's head, when some great peril was impending over it, off the unannounced Cape of Good Hope. You know our friend the Honourable Mrs Jamieson's deficiency in the spirit of innocent curiosity, and you will, therefore, not be so much surprised when I tell you she was quite unable to disclose to me the exact nature of the peril in question. I was anxious, I confess, to ascertain in what manner Captain Brown, with his limited establishment, could receive so distinguished a guest, and I discovered that his lordship retired to rest, and let us hope to refreshing slumbers at the Angel Hotel, but shared the Brunonian meals during the two days that he honoured Cranford with his august presence. Mrs Johnson our civil butcher's wife, informs me that Miss Jessie purchased a leg of lamb, but, besides this I can hear of no preparation whatever to give a suitable reception to so distinguished a visitor. Perhaps they entertained him with 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'

and to us, who are acquainted with Captain Brown's sad want of relish for 'the pure wells of English undefiled,' it may be matter for congratulation, that he has had the opportunity of improving his taste by holding converse with an elegant and refined member of the British aristocracy. But from some mundane feelings who is free?"

Miss Pole and Miss Matey wrote to me by the same post. Such a piece of news as Lord Mauleverer's visit was not to be lost on the Cranford letter writers; they made the most of it. Miss Matey humbly apologised for writing at the same time as her sister, who was so much more capable than she to describe the honour done to Cranford, but, in spite of a little bad spelling Miss Matey's account gave me the best idea of the commotion occasioned by his lordship's visit, after it had occurred for except the people at the Angel, the Browns, Mrs Jamieson and a little lad his lordship had sworn it for driving a dirty bargain with the aristocratic legs, I could not hear of any one with whom his lordship had held conversation.

My next visit to Cranford was in the summer. There had been neither births, deaths nor marriages since I was there last. Everybody lived in the same house, and wore pretty nearly the same well-preserved old-fashioned clothes. The greatest event was, that Miss Jenkyns had purchased a new carpet for the drawing-room. O, the busy work Miss Matey and I had in chasing the sunbeams, as they fell in in afternoon light down this carpet through the mindless window! We spread newspapers over the places and sat down to our book or our work, and lo! in a quarter of an hour the sun had moved and was blazing away on a fresh spot, and down again we went on our knees to alter the position of the newspapers. We were very busy too, one whole morning before Miss Jenkyns gave her party, in following her directions, and in cutting out and stitching together pieces of newspaper, so as to form little paths to every chair, set for the expected visitors lest their shoes might dirty or defile the purity of the carpet. Do you make paper paths for every guest to walk upon in London?

Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns were not very cordial to each other. The literary dispute, of which I had seen the beginning, was a "raw, the slightest touch on which made them wince. It was the only difference of opinion they had ever had, but that difference was enough. Miss Jenkyns could not refrain from talking at Captain Brown, and though he did not reply he drummed with his fingers, which action she felt and resented as very disparaging to Dr Johnson. He was rather ostentatious in his preference of the writings of Mr Hood, would walk through the street so absorbed in them, that he all but ran against Miss Jenkyns, and though his apologies were earnest and sincere, and though he did not, in fact, do more than startle her

and himself, she owned to me she had rather he had knocked her down, if he had only been reading a higher style of literature. The poor, brave Captain! he looked older, and more worn, and his clothes were very thread bare. But he seemed as bright and cheerful as ever, unless he was asked about his daughter's health.

"She suffers a great deal, and she must suffer more, we do what we can to alleviate her pain—God's will be done!" He took off his hat at these last words. I found from Miss Pole, that everything had been done in fact. A medical man, of high reputation in that country neighbourhood, had been sent for, and every injunction he had given was attended to regardless of expense. Miss Pole was sure they denied themselves many things in order to make the invalid comfortable, but they never spoke about it, and as for Miss Jenks! "I really think she is an angel," said I to Miss Pole, quite overcome. To see her way of dealing with Miss Brown's crossness and the bright face she puts on after she has been sitting up a whole night and scolded above half of it, is quite beautiful. Yet she looks as neat and as ready to welcome the Captain at breakfast time, as if she had been asleep in the Queen's bed all night. My dear! you could never laugh at her prim little curls or her pink bows again, if you saw her as I have done! I could only feel very penitent and greet Miss Jenks with double respect when I met her next. She looked faded and pinched, and her lips began to quiver as if she was very weak when she spoke of her sister. But she brightened and sent back the tears that were glittering in her pretty eyes, as she said:—

"But to be sure, what a town Cranford is for kindness! I don't suppose any one has a better dinner than usual cooked, but the best part of all comes in a little covered basin for my sister. The poor people will leave their earliest vegetables at our door for her. They speak short and gruff, as if they were ashamed of it, but I am sure it often goes to my heart to see their thoughtfulness. The tears now came back and overflowed, but after a minute or two, she began to scold herself, and ended by going away, the same cheerful Miss Jenks as ever!

"But why does not this Lord Manleyver do something for the man who saved his life? said I.

"Why, you see, unless Captain Brown has some reason for it, he never speaks about being poor, and he walked along by his lordship, looking as happy and cheerful as a prince, and as they never call attention to their dinner by apologies, and as Miss Brown was better that day, and all seemed bright, I dare say his lordship never knew how much care there was in the back ground. He did send game in the winter pretty often, but now he is gone abroad."

I had often occasion to notice the use that

was made of fragments and small opportunities in Cranford, the rose leaves that were gathered ere they fell, to make into a pot-pourri for some one who had no garden; the little bundles of lavender-flowers sent to strew the drawers of some town-dweller, or to burn in the chamber of some invalid. Things that many would despise, and actions which it seemed scarcely worth while to perform, were all attended to in Cranford. Miss Jenkins stuck an apple full of cloves, to be heated and smell pleasantly in Miss Brown's room, and as she put in each clove, she uttered a Johnsonian sentence. Indeed, she never could think of the Browns without talking Johnson, and as they were seldom absent from her thoughts just then, I heard many a rolling three-piled sentence.

Captain Brown called one day to thank Miss Jenkins for many little kindnesses, which I did not know until then that she had rendered. He had suddenly become like an old man, his deep bass voice had a quavering in it, his eyes looked dim, and the lines on his face were deep. He did not—could not—speak cheerfully of his daughter's state, but he talked with manly pious resignation and not much twice over he said, "What Jenks has been to us, God only knows!" and after the second time he got up hastily, shook hands all round without speaking, and left the room.

In the afternoon we perceived little groups in the street, all listening with faces agast to some tale or other. Miss Jenkins wondered what could be the matter for some time before she took the undignified step of sending Jenny out to inquire.

Jenny came back with a white face of terror. "Oh, Ma'am! oh, Miss Jenkins, Ma'am! Captain Brown is killed by them nasty cruel radicals!" and she burst into tears. She along with many others, had experienced the poor Captain's kindness.

How!—where—where! Good God! Jenny, don't waste time in crying, but tell us something! Miss Manley rushed out into the street at once, and collared the man who was telling the tale.

"Come in—come to my sister at once,—Miss Jenkins, the doctor's daughter. Oh, man! man! say it is not true!"—she cried, as she brought the affrighted cartier, seeking down his hair, into the drawing-room, where he stood with his wet boots on the new carpet, and no one regarded it.

"Please, mum, it is true. I seed it myself," and he shuddered at the recollection. "The Captain was a-reading some new book as he was deep in, a-waiting for the down train, and there was a little lass as wanted to come to its mammy, and gave its sister the slip and came toddling across the line. And he looked up sudden at the sound of the train coming, and seed the child, and he darted on the line and catched it up, and his foot slipped, and the train came over him in no time. Oh

Lord, Lord ! Mum, it's quite true—and they've come over to tell his daughters. The child's safe, though, with only a bang on its shoulder, as he threw it to its mammy. Poor Captain would be glad of that, mum, would not he, God bless him !” The great rough carter puckered up his manly face, and turned away to hide his tears. I turned to Miss Jenkyns. She looked very ill, as if she were going to faint, and signed to me to open the window.

“Matilda, bring me my bonnet. I must go to those girls. God pardon me if ever I have spoken contemptuously to the Captain !”

Miss Jenkyns arrayed herself to go out, telling Miss Matilda to give the man a glass of wine. While she was away, Miss Matey and I huddled over the fire, talking in a low and awestruck voice. I know we cried quietly all the time.

Miss Jenkyns came home in a silent mood, and we durst not ask her many questions. She told us that Miss Jessie had fainted, and that she and Miss Pole had had some difficulty to bring her round, but that as soon as she recovered, she begged one of them to go and sit with her sister.

“Dr Colburn says she cannot live many days, and she shall be spared this shock,” said Miss Jessie, shivering with feelings to which she dared not give way.

“But how can you manage, my dear ?” asked Miss Jenkyns, “you cannot lie up—she must see your tears !”

“God will help me—I will not give way—she was asleep when the news came, she may be asleep yet. She would be so utterly miserable, not merely at my father's death, but to think of what would become of me, she is so good to me.” She looked up earnestly in their faces with her soft true eyes, and Miss Pole told Miss Jenkyns afterwards she could hardly bear it, knowing, as she did, how Miss Brown treated her sister.

However, it was settled according to Miss Jessie's wish. Miss Brown was to be told her father had been summoned to take a short journey on railway business. They had managed it in some way—Miss Jenkyns could not exactly say how. Miss Pole was to stop with Miss Jessie. Miss Jameson had sent to inquire. And this was all we heard that night, and a sorrowful night it was. The next day a full account of the fatal accident was in the country paper, which Miss Jenkyns took in. Her eyes were very weak, she said, and she asked me to read it. When I came to ‘the gallant gentleman was deeply engaged in the perusal of Hood's Poems, which he had just received,’ Miss Jenkyns shook her head long and solemnly, and then sighed out, “Poor, dear, misfortunate man !”

The corpse was to be taken from the station to the parish church, there to be interred. Miss Jessie had set her heart on following it to the grave ; and no dissuaves

could alter her resolve. Her restraint upon herself made her almost obstinate, she resisted all Miss Pole's entreaties, and Miss Jenkyns's advice. At last Miss Jenkyns gave up the point, and after a silence, which I feared portended some deep displeasure against Miss Jessie, Miss Jenkyns said she should accompany the latter to the funeral.

“It is not fit for you to go alone. It would be against both propriety and humanity were I to allow it.”

Miss Jessie seemed as if she did not half like this arrangement, but her obstinacy, if she had any, had been exhausted in her determination to go to the interment. She longed, poor thing ! I have no doubt, to cry alone over the grave of the dear father, to whom she had been all in all, and to give way, for one little half hour, uninterrupted by sympathy, and unobserved by friendship. But it was not to be. That afternoon Miss Jenkyns sent out for a yard of black crape, and employed herself busily in trimming the little black silk bonnet I have spoken of. When it was finished she put it on and looked at us for approbation—admiration she despised. I was full of sorrow, but, by one of those whimsical thoughts which come unbidden into our heads in times of deepest grief, I no sooner saw the bonnet than I was reminded of a helmet, and in that hybrid bonnet, half helmet, half jockey cap, did Miss Jenkyns attend Captain Brown's funeral, and I believe supported Miss Jessie with a tender indulgent firmness which was invaluable, allowing her to weep her passion its fill before they left.

Miss Pole, Miss Matey, and I, meanwhile, attended to Miss Brown and had work we found it to relieve her querulous and never-ending complaints. But if we were so weary and dispirited, what must Miss Jessie have been ! Yet she came back almost calm as if she had gained a new strength. She put off her mourning dress, and came in, looking pale and gentle, thanking us each with a soft long pressure of the hand. She could even smile—a faint sweet, wintry smile, as if to reassure us of her power to endure, but her look made our eyes fill suddenly with tears, more than if she had cried outright.

It was settled that Miss Pole was to remain with her all the watching five long night, and that Miss Matey and I were to return in the morning to relieve them and give Miss Jessie the opportunity for a few hours of sleep. But when the morning came, Miss Jenkyns appeared at the breakfast table, equipped in her helmet bonnet, and ordered Miss Matey to stay at home, as she meant to go and help to nurse. She was evidently in a state of great friendly excitement, which she showed by eating her breakfast standing, and scolding the household all round.

No nursing—no energetic strong-minded woman could help Miss Brown now. There was that in the room as we entered, which

was stronger than us all, and made us shrink into solemn awestruck helplessness. Miss Brown was dying. We hardly knew her voice, it was so devoid of the complaining tone we had always associated with it. Miss Jessie told me afterwards that it, and her face too, were just what they had been formerly, when her mother's death left her the young anxious head of the family, of whom only Miss Jessie survived.

She was conscious of her sister's presence, though not, I think, of ours. We stood a little behind the curtain; Miss Jessie knelt with her face near her sister's, in order to catch the last soft awful whispers.

"Oh, Jessie! Jessie! How selfish I have been! God forgive me for letting you sacrifice yourself for me as you did. I have so loved you—and yet I have thought only of myself. God forgive me!"

"Hush, love! hush!" said Miss Jessie, sobbing.

"And my father! my dear, dear father! I will not complain now, if God will give me strength to be patient. But, oh, Jessie! tell my father how I longed and yearned to see him at last, and to ask his forgiveness. He can never know now how I loved him—oh! if I might but tell him, before I die, what a life of sorrow his has been, and I have done so little to cheer him!"

A light came into Miss Jessie's face. "Would it comfort you, dearest, to think that he does know—would it comfort you, love, to know that his cares, his sorrows—" Her voice quivered, but she steadied it into calmness,—"Mary! he has gone before you to the place where the weary are at rest. He knows now how you loved him."

A strange look, which was not distress, came over Miss Brown's face. She did not speak for some time, but then we saw her lips form the words, rather than heard the sound—"Father, mother, Harry, Archy!"—then, as if it was a new idea throwing a fitful shadow over her darkening mind—"But you will be alone—Jessie!"

Miss Jessie had been feeling this all during the silence, I think; for the tears rolled down her cheeks like rain, at these words; and she could not answer at first. Then she put her hands together tight, and lifted them up, and said,—but not to us—

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

In a few moments more, Miss Brown lay calm and still; never to sorrow or murmur more.

After this second funeral, Miss Jenkyns insisted that Miss Jessie should come to stay with her, rather than go back to the desolate house; which, in fact, we learned from Miss Jessie, must now be given up, as she had not wherewithal to maintain it. She had something about twenty pounds per annum, besides the interest of the money for which the furniture would sell; but she could not live

upon that; and so we talked over her qualifications for earning money.

"I can sew neatly," said she, "and I like nursing. I think, too, I could manage a house, if any one would try me as housekeeper; or I would go into a shop, as saleswoman, if they would have patience with me at first."

Miss Jenkyns declared, in an angry voice, that she should do no such thing; and talked to herself about "some people having no idea of their rank as a Captain's daughter," nearly an hour afterwards, when she brought Miss Jessie up a basin of delicately-made arrow-root, and stood over her like a dragon until the last spoonful was finished: then she disappeared. Miss Jessie began to tell me some more of the plans which had suggested themselves to her, and insensibly fell into talking of the days that were past and gone, and interested me so much, I neither knew nor heeded how time passed. We were both startled when Miss Jenkyns reappeared, and caught us crying. I was afraid lest she would be displeased, as she often said that crying hindered digestion, and I knew she wanted Miss Jessie to get strong; but, instead, she looked queer and excited, and fidgeted round us without saying anything. At last she spoke. "I have been so much startled—no, I've not been at all startled—don't mind me, my dear Miss Jessie—I've been very much surprised—in fact, I've had a caller, whom you knew once, my dear Miss Jessie—"

Miss Jessie went very white, then flushed scarlet, and looked eagerly at Miss Jenkyns—

"A gentleman, my dear, who wants to know if you would see him."

"Is it I—it is not—" stammered out Miss Jessie—and got no farther.

"This is his card," said Miss Jenkyns, giving it to Miss Jessie; and while her head was bent over it, Miss Jenkyns went through a series of winks and odd faces to me, and formed her lips into a long sentence, of which, of course, I could not understand a word.

"May he come up?" asked Miss Jenkyns, at last.

"Oh, yes! certainly!" said Miss Jessie, as much as to say, this is your house, you may show any visitor where you like. She took up some knitting of Miss Matey's, and began to be very busy, though I could see how she trembled all over.

Miss Jenkyns rang the bell, and told the servant who answered it to show Major Campbell up-stairs; and, presently, in walked a tall, fine, frank-looking man of forty, or upwards. He shook hands with Miss Jessie; but he could not see her eyes, she kept them so fixed on the ground. Miss Jenkyns asked me if I would come and help her to tie up the preserves in the store-room; and, though Miss Jessie plucked at my gown, and even looked up at me with begging eye, I durst not refuse to go where Miss Jenkyns asked. Instead of tying up preserves in the store-room,

however, we went to talk in the dining-room; and there Miss Jenkyns told me what Major Campbell had told her,—how he had served in the same regiment with Captain Brown, and had become acquainted with Miss Jessie, then a sweet-looking, blooming girl of eighteen, how the acquaintance had grown into love, on his part, though it had been some years before he had spoken, how, on becoming possessed, through the will of an uncle, of a good estate in Scotland he had offered, and been refused, though with so much agitation, and evident distress, that he was sure she was not indifferent to him, and how he had discovered that the obstacle was the full disease which was, even then, too surely threatening her sister. She had mentioned that the surgeons foretold intense suffering, and there was no one but herself to nurse her poor Mary, or cheer and comfort her father during the time of illness. They had had long discussions, and, on her refusal to pledge herself to him as his wife, when all should be over, he had grown angry, and broken off entirely, and gone abroad, believing that she was a cold hearted person, whom he would do well to forget. He had been travelling in the East, and was on his return home when, at Rome, he saw the account of Captain Brown's death in "Galignani."

Just then Miss Maty, who had been out all the morning, and had only lately returned to the house, burst in with a face of dismay and outraged propriety—

"Oh, goodness me!" she said "Caroline, there's a gentleman sitting in the drawing room, with his arm round Miss Jessie's waist!" Miss Maty's eyes looked large with terror.

Miss Jenkyns snubbed her down in an instant—

"The most proper place in the world for his arm to be in. Go away, Matilda, and mind your own business." This from her sister who had hitherto been a model of feminine decorum, was a blow for poor Miss Maty, and with a double shock she left the room.

The last time I ever saw poor Miss Jenkyns was many years after this. Mrs Campbell had kept up a warm and affectionate intercourse with all at Cranford. Miss Jenkyns, Miss Maty, and Miss Pole had all been to visit her, and returned with wonderful accounts of her house, her husband, her dress, and her looks. For, with happiness, something of her early bloom returned, she had been a year or two younger than we had taken her for. Her eyes were always lovely, and, as Mrs Campbell, her dimples were not out of place. At the time to which I have referred, when I last saw Miss Jenkyns, that lady was old and feeble, and had lost something of her strong mind. Little Flora Campbell was staying with the Misses Jenkyns, and when I came in she was reading aloud to Miss Jenkyns, who lay feeble and changed on the sofa. Flora put down the Rambler when I came in.

"Ah!" said Miss Jenkyns, "you find me changed, my dear. I can't see as I used to do. If Flora were not here to read to me, I hardly know how I should get through the day. Did you ever read the Rambler? It's a wonderful book—wonderful! and the most improving reading for Flora"—(which I dare say it would have been if she could have read half the words without spelling, and could have understood the meaning of a third)—"better than that strange old book, with the queer name, poor Captain Brown was killed for reading—that book by Mr Hood, you know—Hood—Admiral Hood, when I was a girl, but that's a long time ago,—I wore a cloak with a red Hood"—she babbled on long enough for Flora to get a good long spell at "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," which Miss Maty had left on the table.

Poor, dear Miss Jenkyns! Cranford is Man-less now.

THE "MERCHANT SEAMAN'S FUND"

IN an article which we published, on the occasion of the agitation caused by the 'Mercantile Marine Act,' we had to congratulate the public on one point at all events,—the evident tendency in our modern legislation to make the management of our maritime affairs a subject of paramount consideration. We remarked on the negligent and unsatisfactory state of the relations between our Government and our seamen, hailing this new Act (though without approving all its details) as full of hope for the future. We have now to call attention to the 'Merchant Seaman's Fund'—a great nautical institution of the country, which, after long mismanagement, has at length, by an Act of the present year, been sentenced to be "wound-up." It is a little too bad that such an institution, in such a naval country, should share the fate of the West Didsley, or the Gibleton Junction. Let us glance at the circumstances, availing ourselves of some important documents which have fallen into our hands.

By the "Greenwich Hospital" Act of the seventh and eighth of William the Third, all seamen were required to subscribe sixpence a month to it. Of course, as this Hospital only benefited very partially mercantile seamen, considerable complaints arose, and in 1747 it was resolved by various ship-owners and merchants to found an institution for the benefit of that class, also, of a similar character. Accordingly, the twentieth of George the Second was passed, incorporating the Society, known as the "Merchant Seaman's Fund," authorising the erection of a Hospital for "sick, maimed, and disabled mariners," the granting of relief to such seamen by pensions or gratuities, and to the orphans and widows of such as were "killed, slain, or drowned." It was also granted to all ports in England and Wales to form separate corporate bodies, with all the privileges

conferred by the Act on the Society in London, such bodies having exclusive control over their funds, and being thus separate and independent.

The Act determined that the necessary fund should be raised in the following manner by the payment to the Society of one shilling from every captain, and of sixpence from every seaman in the Merchant Service, while in employment. These payments were enforced by penalties. The Act also determined that the seaman was to be relieved out of the fund of that port to which he had most contributed during his last five years' service at sea. And it empowered the Society to appoint officers for the collection of the dues.

That this plan started well, and was brought forward in perfect honesty, seems clear enough. The ship-owners and merchants subscribed to carry on the management—subscribed, likewise, in seasons of distress. The institution seems in the first instance, to have been considered indeed, in great measure a charitable one. But the proper view of it is as a Maritime Poor Law, or rather an Assurance Society enforced by law. The payment was essentially a tax, of course, and if every society ought to have done what it pretended this was just the one. The duty was to relieve, but to relieve men from their own funds, and from funds, too, raised by the order of an Act of Parliament.

The history of the Society cannot be accurately traced, for the books were destroyed by the fire at the Royal Exchange, in 1833. One thing is perfectly clear: that the hospital contemplated by the Act was never erected. Yet the institution, on the whole, seems to have been tolerably satisfactory, till within the last thirty years. No one can accuse seamen generally of being an agitating class. They went on paying away—paying to the Fund—paying to Greenwich Hospital, and, we will be bound to say, not knowing in hundreds of instances why they were paying, or what they were paying for.

Between 1820 and 1830 complaints began to be made. A dim growing gradually arose from port to port. Jack slowly awoke to the fact that the pensions were very small—which seemed odd, that he was forced to pay a compulsory tax for an uncertain pension, which seemed odd still, and that he had, all this while been paying sixpence to Greenwich Hospital, which he had no just reason for paying. Jack, we say, began to overhaul this business with some surprise.

An "agitation" began—or, to speak more appropriately, there was a "bit of a breeze"—which resulted in the passing of the Act of the fourth and fifth of William the Fourth. This Act (briefly) transferred the unjust sixpence from Greenwich Hospital to the Merchant Seaman's Fund, and increased the payment of masters to two shillings a

month, secondly, It made the Fund chargeable with the widows and children of sailors who had subscribed for twenty-one years, or who were receiving relief as "worn out" at the time of their death. It likewise enabled masters of "coasters" to compound for voyage-payments by taking half yearly ones instead. It likewise extended the Society's operations to Scotland and Ireland.

This Act likewise did something else. It turned out a complete failure, and gave a death blow to the Society which it was intended to reform. The clause throwing the widows and children on the Fund, increased the number of claimants, in a ratio quite disproportionate to the increased amount from the Greenwich Hospital sixpence. While it ordered the local trustees to send reports of their accounts to the London Corporation, it gave that body no power to examine them. Powerless members were supposed to rule irresponsible trustees. Irresponsible trustees sent up incomplete accounts, and the whole were "shot" into Parliament just as they came.

So much for this Act of the fourth and fifth of William the Fourth. Let us glance at the evils to which this unfortunate Fund gradually became exposed.

One great evil clearly discernible by any person of common sense, arose from the relation of the 'out-ports' to the London Board. Abuses of 'centralisation', and "every village its own bungle"—theorists might turn a glance here with advantage. It seems that out of one hundred and nineteen ports, only forty-six were managed by the London Corporation, leaving seventy-three to 'independent' trustees, appointing their "own officers," &c., &c. The evidence on the Committee of Inquiry into the matter, in 1840, evolved the fact that there was no restriction as to investment of Trust Funds. So, at one place money was lent to banks which failed, at another, to harbour authorities and turnpike roads, one witness had a hazy recollection that they "divided the surplus balance among them," and so forth. Put here, from Report of that Committee, are the 'evils' in brief—

"First—That at many of the out-ports, pensions are not regulated with regard to the peculiar circumstances of the applicant, length of service or total blindness not being taken into consideration, as all pensioners receive the same sum.

"Second—That the returns to Parliament from the Merchant Seamen's Corporation are inaccurate and imperfect.

"Third—That the accumulated balances have not, in many instances, been invested in Parliamentary securities as directed by the ninth section of the original Act, and fourth section of the present Act, but lent on bonds of corporations of public companies, or lodged in private banks.

"Fourth—That the method of paying pensions at the out-ports is very irregular, at

some they are paid half-yearly, at others quarterly, monthly, or weekly.

'Fifth—That there is not any control over the trustees at the out-ports, who distribute the money in such portions as they think fit, and some of whom dispose of the balances according to their own pleasure.

"Sixth—That, with the exception of a comparatively trifling sum, the accumulated balances arise from the savings of duty money contributed by the seamen themselves, although an opinion prevailed that those sums arose principally from legacies and donations."

(The words in italics show clearly enough that the "pensions" are no matter of charity, but of right.)

Of course, such "evils" as these could not exist without the most lamentable consequences, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that "inequality of pensions" was the crying evil of the whole. The disparity of the pensions we learn from a trustworthy source, had long been very great. But perhaps, a few figures drawn from Parliamentary documents, will best illustrate *this side of affairs*—

NAME OF PORT	ANNUAL PAYMENT in 1843	
	£	s
Belfast		
Liverpool	1	
Dundee		
Bristol		
London		
Hull		
Montrose		
Leith		
Newcastle		

This disparity is, clearly remarkable enough, and arises in great measure from a radical defect in the system, viz the rule making the pension payable out of the seaman's last place of service. For of course a seaman may have served the best years of his life in a rich port, yet have to draw his pension in one where trade is declining. The poor fellow who settles down in a quiet place on the coast suffers accordingly. All this arises from the multiplication of local boards—an evil not so formidable when the original Act was passed and when the intention was to found an hospital where every seaman had a right to claim admission.

We alluded to the provision by the wretched Act, above, for giving pensions to widows and orphans, in a way not contemplated by the founders of the institution. The result of that measure (we quote from a Report of 1848) showed, that in the London Corporation Fund, more than one half, and in the funds of the out-ports, nearly "three fourths" went to that class. INSOLVENCY was the natural result of a fund managed as we have seen,—a result happily aided by a regulation which "abolished the contributions of apprentices."

We have now to view this fund—fund, a

century old, made by a great nation for the most national of purposes, reduced to the state of the West Diddlesex and the Gibleton Junction. It is not a pleasant thing to have to exhibit a balance-sheet, showing the dishonour of a nation, nor to contemplate such a picture as our friend Britannia, trident in hand, before Mr (Charles) Philips, the Commissioner. But here are some figures, showing the state of the funds, in respect to existing pensions, 31st of December, 1849.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS			
LIABILITIES	£	s	d
Interest on loans	551	24	9
Capital value of yearly interest on investments	179	92	6
Balance against the Fund	£371	502	3

To which (as we learn) there is a doubtful set off erroneously calculated to be twenty-nine thousand four hundred and one pounds and five pence in hand!

In detail the funds up to the above date, were in unequally and muchly plight. Liverpool had a hostile balance of twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight pounds eight shillings and four pence, and no cash in hand, the ports of Clyde were almost as badly off, Newcastle and Hull lured with the same brush.

It would be quite impossible to detail here all the hubbub which the last few years have produced on this subject—how meetings were held and letters written about it. A couple of volumes of "Household Words" might be filled if we descended to minutiae. But the reader has seen what Mr Carlyle would call the heart of the matter, and possibly agrees with our sentiments with regard to it.

An Act, the fourteenth and fifteenth of Victoria, chapter one hundred and two, bearing date 8th August 1851 was passed for "winding up" the concern, and the first naval nation in the world is now the *only* one which possesses no organization for providing for its worn-out seamen. In France a per centage is charged on all mariners, in America a direct payment of twenty cents per month is exacted from each merchant seaman's wages. In each of these countries the Merchant Seaman's Fund is believed to be rich.

The winding up is now proceeding under the direction of the Board of Trade, and by the means of the machinery of that "Mercantile Marine Act" the provisions of which we explained at some length in our paper on the "Blue Jacket Agitation," previously alluded to. An "option" remains to sailors to continue subscribing, and so keep up their claims, but the best judges hope little from this. Sailors must be legislated for, as sailors—their character, wants, habits, position, taken into account. If this is kept in view, the Board of Trade may by its new machinery organise some plan for providing for the old age of our seamen worthy of the country—and

so help to efface the memory of the blundering and imbecile system just come to a close. By-and-by, let us hope there will be no need for an old sailor to—

"Shoulder his crutch, and show how tars are done."

A CHILD'S PRAYER

THE day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest

The robin was the last to go
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now

The bee is hushed within the hive
Shut in the daisy's eye
The stars alone are peeping forth
From out the darkened sky

No, not the stars at night to God
Has heard what I have said
His eye is on His little child,
Kneeling, beside its bed

He kindly lets me think him near
For all that I have given
To friends and to those and to these, if I
But in all of all Heaven

Where I shall go when I am dead,
If truly I do right
Where I shall meet all those I love,
As Angels pure and bright

HOUSEHOLD CRIME

WE have long resisted the idea of classing arsenic among our household articles because its domestic use has been till lately comparatively limited, but the dreadful frequency of the cases of poisoning which have occurred during the last twelve months, has at length proved too strong for us to refrain from doing so. The ease with which poison can be procured, and the perfect facility with which it can be administered, in small doses, so as frequently almost to defy detection, as displayed in recent cases of poisoning, ought to awaken the public to a demand for the absolute enforcement of legislative regulations for the sale of all such drugs and deadly ingredients.

It would appear that the crime of murder by means of poison—and more particularly of slow poison, or poison administered in very small doses from time to time—admits more readily of a fiendish sophistication in the mind of the perpetrator than any other form by which murder is committed. No violence is used, the destroyers can stop short of the final dose which kills, "if they choose," and, if the victim dies some little time after, it is pre-

tended that it is a broken constitution that has given way. If they are resolute for killing, as they mostly are, and look the fact in the face, still it seems by no means so regular a murder as a blow or a stab which leaves marks of blood and horror, besides, poison shields the administrator from detection. Of the prolonged sickness and anguish of the victims, no account is taken, the perpetrators think only of themselves, and how the manner of the death affects their own safety. The great numerical preponderance of murders by means of poison over every other means of destruction—at least, in England—leads one to conclusions like the above, while the facility with which deadly drugs can be procured, even in our smallest towns and villages, gives an additional impulse to this form of crime.

A thin, respectable looking man, in spectacles, with dark hair and whiskers, and wearing a long brown coat, calls at a chemist's shop in a small country town one morning, and asks for an ounce of arsenic to kill rats. He says his cat has just died of old age. He receives the ounce and departs. He has a design to poison his wife, her mother, or a man to whom he owes money, by small doses from time to time, and he has now got a stock in trade for the carrying out of his intentions.

Sometimes the poison is purchased by a third party who is made to promise secrecy, or is deceived as to the purpose to which it is to be applied. Having obtained the poison by these means much caution in administering it is not thought necessary and the process is not tedious. One day a young man, known in the neighbourhood, purchased some arsenic of a chemist at Lastwood, near Nottingham, on a Sunday morning. It was about the beginning of the month. On the 13th he purchased a similar quantity of another chemist. On the 20th of the next month a man named John Barber, who had been unwell six or seven weeks, suddenly died. The young man who purchased the arsenic was the brother of Mrs Barber. Suspicion was excited, and, to Mrs Barber's great surprise, she was arrested, together with a man named Ingram, a pinner, and they were both committed for wilful murder. She had fancied that by sending her brother to the arsenic, nobody would think of her in the matter.

The case of Mrs Cuge was of a similar kind. Mrs Cuge and her husband lived on the worst terms. They were continually quarrelling. One day he was taken very ill, and died almost immediately. The body was placed in a coffin, and was on its way to the burial ground, when somebody suggested to the clergyman that there were very strong suspicions as to the cause of the man's death. The clergyman, therefore, postponed the interment, and a coroner's inquest was called. The examination and evidence of two medical

gentlemen proved that arsenic had been administered, and it then came to light that Mrs Cage had employed a woman to go to the chemist's, and purchase a pennyworth of arsenic—"as she did not wish to be seen in it."

Mrs Hathway, landlady of the Fox beer-house, in the little quiet village of Chipping Sudbury, is said to have been a fine young woman, considerably younger than her husband, and very respectably connected. At the time of her marriage, Hathway had a fortune with her of several hundred pounds, nearly the whole of which he soon afterwards squandered in various disputable ways, more especially with a girl named Carey, who had formerly been his servant. Mrs Hathway was taken ill, and died suddenly. Suspicions having been excited, a *post mortem* examination takes place, and several grains of arsenic are found in the stomach. From the evidence given at the inquest, it appeared that the victim had been very unhappy from her husband's bad treatment, and a short time before her death, as though by some instinct or misgiving, she expressed a fear that "the act her husband was come to" with would murder her.

Several children died it is alleged in Essex, under a strong presumption that they had been poisoned. Some time afterwards, a woman, named Sarah Chesham, was accused of having administered arsenic to her husband, was tried, and found guilty of the murder. She denied it, however to the very last in the most determined manner—but not in a way that looked like the protestations of innocence. On leaving her cell, for execution—which she at first refused to do, until she was told she would be carried there—she repeated her previous assertions. Her behaviour in steadily refusing to move out of her cell, either for exercise or devotion, had a most self-willed and dogged appearance, not in the least resembling the conduct of one who felt herself the unfortunate and wretched victim of false accusations and blind penal laws.

Mrs Dearlove, the wife of a wealthy farmer, residing at Goshill near Wisbeach, is troubled by the heavy morning slumbers of Ann Averment, a maid servant who never rises at a proper time. One morning Mrs Dearlove, hoping to cure her, by a summary process of a kind by no means very uncommon, went up to her room, and finding her still asleep threw some cold water over her. This did not answer the desired effect beyond the moment, and a few days afterwards, Mrs Dearlove again went up stairs, and finding Ann Averment still in bed, suddenly pulled the bed clothes off. In the course of the day the girl was heard to say she would find some means of vengeance upon her mistress. It so happened that Mrs Dearlove died alone the same day, her husband not having returned from Wisbeach cattle-market, and her daughter being away from

home on a visit. She had not commenced dinner above three minutes when she complained of a strange taste in the food, and was presently taken very ill. A thunder-storm had occurred during the last half hour, so that Mr Dearlove who was on his way home to dinner, was obliged to take shelter under some trees, and the delay saved his life. When he returned, he found his wife speechless and almost insensible, and in two hours after she had eaten of the food, she died in dreadful agonies. Ann Averment had not purchased any poison in the neighbourhood, nor was any found in her possession, but Mr Dearlove kept arsenic on the premises. He used it in preparing his seed wheat and kept a quantity in an iron pot, slung up for safety by a cord to the roof of a barn. He now recollected that, a few days ago he had found the iron pot on the floor of the barn. He did not notice if any had been taken out of it, as he naturally supposed it had fallen down. Here, then, was a case for very strong suspicion against Ann Averment, but so utterly deficient was the evidence, that even on the adjourned inquest, the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown." Subsequently on the examination of Ann Averment by the magistrates, the proceedings were several times adjourned, and it was only on the tenth day from the first examination that they could decide upon sending the accused for trial.

The reader will, of course, understand that we are far from meaning to blame the slowness to decide as to guilt in these cases, and the necessity there is of obtaining clear and close evidence of the crime. Our object is to show how extremely difficult it is in most cases to obtain such evidence, owing to the facility with which poison can be obtained, and the secrecy with which it can be administered. The latter circumstance should certainly cause some very stringent measures to be adopted with regard to the means of procuring poison,—and also against its being left openly within the reach of any body.

Ellen Mitts and Mary Ann Bancroft, two infants, the first two years and three months old, the latter only eleven months, died suddenly (in May last) at Hough, near Ashton, in Cheshire. They had eaten some porridge, were taken ill immediately, and died soon after. Suspicion being excited, a constable took up the matter, and insisted on having the porridge pot examined. But it had been so thoroughly cleaned, that nothing could be seen. Eventually, a *post mortem* examination of the children's bodies took place, when their death was clearly traced to arsenic having been mixed with their food. Burial-club money was fully believed to be the incentive to the foul and unnatural crime. But more conclusive evidence was adduced, in the case of the Waddingtons, who poisoned

Mary Hardy—a verdict of Wilful Murder having been found by the coroner's jury against James Waddington, her stepfather, and Ann Waddington, her mother. The jury came to the opinion that they poisoned the poor girl for the sake of seven pounds due from a burial-club. They received the money on the day of her death.

Of the carelessness with which poison is left open to all hands in so many houses, and of the ignorant heedlessness which exists among the mass of the people in respect of its danger there are innumerable instances. At Southwark, the other day, Joseph Nye was apprehended on the charge of wilfully administering poison to Ann Gidding. When taken into custody, he at once admitted it—saying, "Oh, it was only done for a lark!—there were others in the room when it was done—no harm was intended!" A few weeks ago an inquest was held on a man named Lukon, a bird-stuffer, of Seven Dials, who returned home a few days before, very ill from the effects of poison. He said shortly before he died that he had put poison on a piece of bread and butter, to kill mice, and had eaten it himself by mistake. He told them the poison he had used was arsenic, "but only as much as would cover a sixpence." It was conjectured from this reply, that possibly he had been very hungry at the moment, and thought so small a portion—only enough to kill a mouse—would not hurt him. But the top of all these instances of miscalculable carelessness is that of the Page family, at Stone Budolph in Norfolk, in March of last year. Some sugar was used at breakfast, which instantly made Mr Page feel ill, and excited his suspicion as to some poison having by chance got into it. So the sugar was economically reserved for puddings! A pudding—as if to test it at once—was made the same day, and the medical gentleman who attended the family—as if to make sure of prompt assistance—should any little unpleasantness occur—was invited to join them at dinner. He came, and there sat down to table with him, Mr and Mrs Page, their son, Mr Page's two sisters, and a governess. All eat of this excellent and thrifty pudding, together with four servants in the kitchen. Every one of them was taken ill, and displayed the manifest symptoms of having been poisoned. Of the services of the medical gentleman which Mr Page thought would be so handy, in case anybody felt a little uncomfortable, they were utterly defeated, as he had hurried home, feeling very unwell himself, and was quite unable to return when they sent for him. Mr Page and his son died in the course of the night, the rest, our note of the occurrence says, "were likely to recover."

Dr A S Taylor tells us, in his "Medical Jurisprudence," that in the years 1837 & there were no less than one hundred and eighty-five cases of poisoning, in England, by arsenic alone! Of these the greater number

were fatal cases of murder and suicide. We have not seen any statistics of the last year or two, but we certainly think the number must have increased with us. On the continent, there occurs, now and then some great and striking atrocity of poisoning—as in the case of Madame Laffarge, and more recently of Count Bocarmé—which from the peculiarity of the circumstances or position of the criminals, produces a great effect, but we fear that with us, there is a numerical amount which far exceeds that of any other country.

It is clear, that the "favourite" poison with us is arsenic. Sometimes we hear of a deadly oil or acid being used by persons of more education than in the majority, but our common means of destruction is certainly the white poison—arsenic. Why is this chosen? Is it because people are not aware of any other, or that because it is used in some household operations, it is the first that occurs? Do not people—we will not say reflect—do they not know or have they no sort of conception as to the horrible agonies whether slow or rapid in result, which cause death by the agency of arsenic? We will tell them (on medical authority) what to expect.

The immediate action of arsenic when swallowed, is to produce, from its acid qualities, a violent inflammation of the internal lining (or membrane) of the stomach and bowels. The gullet, stomach, and bowels, which form in reality one continuous tube (called the alimentary canal) are lined within by a soft, velvety membrane, which is very plentifully supplied with blood vessels. When, therefore, the arsenic is introduced, it irritates this internal coat, and, by causing an excess of blood to flow to the parts and great nervous irritation, it produces inflammation. This inflammation extends from the inner coat of the stomach and bowels to the next, called the muscular coat, and the result is that the inflammation is accompanied by the most violent spasms of the muscular coat, which cause the most intense agony. The consequence of this is violent retching and vomiting, sometimes other exhausting distresses at the same time, and the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic are now very similar to those of Asiatic cholera. But the arsenic is not got rid of by these efforts. Inflammation, no remedies can control, proceeds, and the inner membrane (the mucous) becomes softened, and disappears in large patches. Familiarly speaking, the coats of the stomach are said to be corroded—to be eaten away—and, in reality, inflammation destroys the continuity of the membrane, which becomes disorganised. The sufferer experiences faintings, intense sickness, diarrhoea, violent spasms, sense of pressure, a choking in the throat, and a burning thirst, which no drinking can allay. In short, to use the words of Dr A S Taylor, the sufferer who has taken arsenic, has pangs and tortures as of "a fire burning within his

body?"* And with these excruciating pains, when finally exhausted, he dies.

We do not forget that arsenic, like other virulent poisons, is a valuable medicine, if properly administered by the hands of the scientific practitioner, so true it is, that medicines differ from poisons, only in their doses and application. But we must at the same time repeat our conviction, that a due enforcement of legal regulations should be exercised as to their sale. We say "enforcement" advisedly, because there are some very judicious regulations on the subject—which nobody attends to. We may add, that few know them. The Sale of Arsenic Bill was passed in the last Session of Parliament, and it provides that no arsenic shall be sold, unless in the presence of a witness, that all sales shall be entered in a book to be signed by the person buying it, and that no sale of poison shall be made to a person unknown. The Act further provides that no arsenic shall be sold without being mixed with soot or indigo, and the penalty for a violation of these enactments is twenty pounds. Such are the careful provisions of the Act. To what end were they made? Merely to pacify some troublesome member, but with no notion of being carried out as a thing in earnest? Was it only one of the very numerous instances of a game at play in legislating? Who ever saw black or sooty arsenic?—Who ever saw blue arsenic? As it is prohibited by law for any one to sell gunpowder after dark, so we would prohibit any one from selling poison 'in the dark.' The purchaser should be well known as one who can be found, if wanted, and the other provisions of the Act should be rendered efficient, and in earnest, instead of being left comparatively unknown, and no more regarded than if they did not exist.

The whole gist of this ignorance and carelessness is finely displayed in the recent case of Rollinson. On the 27th ult., William Rollinson, a man at the advanced age of eighty years, was examined at the Petty Sessions in Clare on the twofold charge of murdering Ann Cowell, a married woman, by administering arsenic, and of attempting to murder his daughter-in-law, Mary Rollinson, by the same means. The latter, who escaped, appears to have been the only intended victim—(we have previously noticed the indifference poisoners often exhibit as to killing their way" to the intended victim), and the apparent motive for destroying her life was the desire to possess himself of some property bequeathed to her by his son. She was on the eve of marrying a labourer, named Jarman, whose wife she now is, and the old man objected to the marriage, and quarrelled with her, on her refusing either to give it up, or to make over the goods to him. His attempts to poison her are supposed to have commenced so long ago as the 17th of August. She fell

ill suddenly and unaccountably on the day last named, but recovered to some extent, and a week afterwards partook of a black currant pudding of her own making, when she again became sick, and showed other symptoms of having taken poison. The day following, her niece and two or three children ate some of the pudding, and were seized with vomiting and violent burning in the throat, but they all recovered, and no suspicion was excited. Mary Rollinson continued to live with the accused, but was hardly ever free from illness, and towards the end of the same month she requested her sister, Ann Cowell, to come and attend her while on her sick bed. The sister did so, and having taken some broth, prepared by Mary Rollinson for herself, she immediately became seriously ill, and was conveyed home where she died in a few hours. The suddenness of her death caused a coroner's inquest to be held, and a *post-mortem* examination of the body was made by a surgeon of the neighbourhood, who gave it as his opinion that she had died of English cholera. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with this opinion, and so the newly raised suspicions were dispelled. On the 2d of October, however, they were powerfully revived. Mary Rollinson had made four dumplings of her own flour, of which she herself, Charlotte Sparks (one of a family residing in the same house), and two children put took. All of them soon exhibited signs of illness and cut and dog, to whom one of the dumplings had been thrown, became violently sick also. The same surgeon was called in, and, distrusting his own chemical skill on this second instance, which had so bad an appearance, he sent a portion of the dumpling thrown to the dog and cut and part of the flour of which it had been made, to a chemist at Cambridge, who detected the presence of arsenic in both. The police then ascertained that the old man had been in the habit of purchasing arsenic in "hipporths" and "penorths," at a druggist's shop in Great Thurlow. This important fact was proved by an aged and respectable looking man, named White, who described himself as an assistant and kind of manager at the shop. His answers to the examining magistrate set the whole question of the ignorance of the late Sale of Arsenic Bill, or the contempt of it, in a very prominent light. Mr. Bevan, the magistrate—"When you sold him this ounce of arsenic (on the 21st or 22nd of August), did he state what he wanted it for?" Witness (somewhat coolly)—"No, really, I don't recollect, but it must have been something about the rats and mice." [Taking it for granted that the common rule-of-thumb answer was made, but it did not much matter.] Mr. Bevan—"Then you have not the slightest recollection about what he said, excepting that he must have talked of rats and mice?" Witness—"No, I don't recollect what he said, it is very likely it was about some mice; but I sold it him so

* Medical Jurisprudence by A. S. Taylor, F.R.S., Chap. x Third Edition. Churchill, 1849.

often" Mr Bevan—"Very often, perhaps?" Witness—"Yes, frequently" Mr Bevan—"How many times?" Witness—"I can scarcely recollect" Mr Bevan—"More than twelve times, probably?" Witness—"Yes, it may be twelve times, so I can't recollect what was said every time" Mr Bevan—"What were your instructions relative to the sale of arsenic, had you any from Mr Daniels?" [The master of the shop] Witness—"No, none in particular. Merely to write the word 'poison' upon the paper."

This case, alone, strongly calls for legislative restrictions on the sale of poisons.

THE STORY OF A NATION

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND

KING Andreas never recovered his good temper after the confirmation of the Golden Bull. He died in 1235, and was succeeded by his son Bela who had, as heir apparent, led the reform movement, and remained new faithful to his principles. The magnates remained faithful to their discontent.

The Mongols, breaking westward under Batu Khan, drove Kuthien, King of the Kumans, with forty thousand of his people, into Hungary. The Kumans were welcomed by King Bela as a new source of strength. They accepted Christianity, but, being little civilised, their habits led them into a good deal of dissension with the Hungarian natives. The Mongols, with an army of five hundred thousand men threatened next to invade Europe. Bela sought aid against the common enemy (whose first step would be on Hungarian ground) from the German Emperor and from the Duke of Austria. The Emperor held back, the Duke went nominally, with a few knights to the rescue, but really to see the breaking down of power, which it was hoped would render Hungary thereafter an easy prey. The Duke's share in the war was to stir up dissension between the Hungarians and the Kumans. The Hungarians were overwhelmed at Mohi, the Mongols were masters of the country, and the king sought refuge with the Duke of Austria (Frederic of Babenberg). This hospitable ally arrested him, and denied him liberty until he had resigned to Austria his border counties. For a year and a half the Mongols devastated Hungary, after which, affairs at home recalled them into Asia. King Bela returned to Hungary, rebuilt the cities, and, by fostering the liberty and independence of the people, in four years he caused the prostrate kingdom to stand again erect. He then recovered by force of arms the provinces which had been treacherously wrested from him by Duke Frederic of Austria. The Mongols, after twenty years, attempted to invade again, but were forced back over the Carpathian mountains.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the rest of the sway of the house of Arpad,

which was extinguished in the person of Andreas III., in 1301.

After eight years of riot and confusion, Charles Robert of Anjou whose grandmother was daughter to Bela IV., was crowned by the Hungarian Diet, with a solemn declaration that he owed his crown to their free choice exclusively, the great objection to him having been that he was thrust upon them by the Pope, whose interference ought not to be recognised. Charles Robert introduced into Hungary many details of the feudal system, and, as the national domains no longer sufficed to pay the expenses of the country, he levied a tax in feudal fashion, only from those who were not noble. Towns were privileged and flourished, trade increased, and a gold coinage became for the first time necessary. Although the country prospered under him, Charles Robert was not popular in Hungary because he meddled over much in foreign politics, and was not himself thoroughly Hungarian.

Louis the Great, his son, succeeded in 1342, when he was seventeen years old. Educated in Hungary he was a popular king, and was called great for the usual reason that he was fond of war and successful in it. To avenge the murder of a brother by his queen, he took Naples twice, and called himself King of the Two Sicilies, but the Pope having decreed that the royal murderess had been bewitched into her crime, that solution of the difficulty was accepted, and the matter ended with a gift made by King Louis to the Hungarian nobles of a ninth part of the agricultural produce of the peasantry, for ever, as an indemnity for their sacrifices in the Neapolitan war. This tax 'For Ever' ended only in the year 1846 (complications from foreign interference, which it would not be entertaining to detail troubled the Kings of Hungary, down to the reign of Sigismund).

By this time the Turks under Bajazet became a formidable power, and excited alarm throughout Europe. Hungary was the barrier, and into Hungary came from Germany and France many brave knights, with their vassals for the defence of Christendom. A brilliant army led by Sigismund against the Turks, in 1396, was, however, totally routed at Nicopolis.

Sigismund was greatly addicted to political intrigue, and his intrigues concerning the succession, caused the magnates at one time to imprison him for eighteen weeks, releasing him then upon a promise not to take too much upon himself in future, and not to avenge himself upon their boldness. The last promise was almost the only one he ever kept. While King of Hungary, Sigismund became also Emperor of Germany. In Hungary, a Neapolitan party had from the first disputed his succession, and against this party he warred chiefly with the arms of perfidy. Troubled again by the Turks, Sigismund was indebted to a Hungarian leader—John Hunyady—for a defeat of these Turks, at Belgrade, in 1457.

The life of Sigismund was interwoven with financial difficulties. So great was his extravagance, that, when on one occasion there was a surplus in the treasury of forty thousand gold florins, he went to bed unable to sleep under the sense of holding unspent money. He rose, therefore, and distributed the gold among his courtiers, to insure to himself untroubled rest. When he had no money to fling about he scattered patents of nobility, which not being endowed, were not particularly welcome.

Under Uladislav the Turks broke into Transylvania, and were defeated at Szent Imre, by John Hunyady, but they sent a second army to avenge their defeat, and that also Hunyady crushed. Hunyady, marching now with forty thousand men, defeated in five months five Turkish armies, took five fortresses, and returned to Buda. The Sultan offered terms, and an armistice for ten years was sworn between King Uladislav and Sultan Murat. Murat soon after being called from Europe, Cardinal Cesarini urged the King of Hungary to rise in arms and seize the opportunity to drive the Turks away. He sanctified the broken oath with solemn dispensations. John Hunyady stoutly admonished his king to preserve his honour, but in vain. Sultan Murat, warned in time, returned and met the traitorous invader, carrying before him his best violated treaty blithely on high in the manner of a standard. The battle was fought at Varna, and the head of the King of Hungary was lifted near the treaty on a Turkish lance. Cardinal Cesarini too was killed. Hunyady escaped to be taken prisoner by the Voivode of the Wallachs, who however thought it wise immediately to release him, when summoned precipitantly so to do.

Ladislav Posthumus was now elected King, Hungary was divided into seven districts under seven captives, and in 1446, John Hunyady was elected Governor of Hungary, with royal power during the king's minority. For ten years Hunyady, brave and virtuous, protected Hungary against the Turks, and against European plotters. He was the idol of his countrymen, but he was hated by the young king's courtiers. In 1456, Hunyady, being besieged in Belgrade, by Mohamed II. the king delayed sending in army to his rescue, willing to see the hero fall, but Hunyady raised an army at his own expense, the country-people flocked to him, and such as their force was, it defeated the trained army of the Sultan, and took three hundred pieces of artillery, together with enormous treasure. Twenty days after this victory, Hunyady died, in the year 1456. His sons were called to court, and one of them was treacherously executed, the other, committed to gaol, would have shared his fate, had not the king's death placed him, by the acclamations of a grateful people, as successor on the throne.

Matthias Corvinus, second son of Hunyady,

reigned for thirty-one years, as one of the most illustrious of the Hungarian kings. He governed the country like a statesman, and protected liberty. He was a good soldier; and dispensing with many feudal practices, established, for the first time, a defensive standing army, "the Black Legion." He regulated the finances justly, even obtaining, in the shape of voluntary votes, a contribution to the taxes from the clergy and nobility. He was an enlightened man, though a good Catholic, he repelled the spiritual encroachments of the Holy See.

Among the wars of Matthias was one of resistance against Austria. The Emperor, Frederic III., on the election of Matthias, had put forward his own claim to the throne of Hungary. That being disregarded, he fostered all the mischief in his power against King Matthias. For a long time the Pope preserved peace but at last war broke out. Matthias defeated the Emperor, and, having conquered most of the Austrian cities, made peace in 1472. As soon as he saw opportunity, the Emperor resumed hostilities. Matthias then again attacked him, and in 1485 besieged and took Vienna.

Matthias Corvinus was a friend to literature. He had a library of fifty thousand books, handsomely adorned with gold and velvet. He founded a university at Presburg, and established colleges in other towns. Matthias died in 1480 leaving only an illegitimate son, John Corvinus who would have deserved but did not seek his father's crown.

The Hungarian magnates weary of a master, elected now, for his easiness of temper Uladislav II. Austria and Poland put in united pretension, and were defeated by John Corvin and Zapolya. John Corvin continued to repel them and the Turks till he died. Great confusion followed. The Black Legion was disbanded when the men became mutinous for want of pay. The magnates were divided into parties. Dicts following each other quickly refused often the most necessary taxes. King Uladislav, especially after his wife's death, became a pitiable king not always knowing whence he could obtain a dinner. He endeavoured to connect his daughter by marriage, with the court of Germany. But, in 1505 the magnates, on the proposition of Zapolya, swore that they would not elect a foreigner for king. A crusade against the Turks having been preached in this reign among the peasants, the wild army, when raised, was turned, for party purposes, against the nobles, and a dreadful struggle followed between landholders and peasants, resembling that of the Jacquerie, which took place near this time in France. It ended with the same result of atrocious cruelties committed against the subdued peasant population. At the head of the nobles was Zapolya.

In 1526, Sultan Suleiman had crossed the Danube and the Drave. Louis the Second,

who was then king, then encamped at Mohacs, with no more than twenty thousand men Zapolya was on the way from Bregadin with fourteen thousand, and Frangepan from Croatia with fifteen thousand more. The King was urged to wait, but the Court, partly hating Zapolya, would share no glory with him. The Commander in Chief was eager to begin the fight, and the old officers, who knew what must ensue, declined to counsel fear. The Bishop of Grosswarden recommended that one of their party should be detached to seek the Pope, and beg that he would canonise the twenty thousand Hungarian martyrs. The battle of Mohacs was then fought on the 29th of August, 1526. The Hungarians were mowed down, the King was drowned while flying from the field, and scarcely a man escaped, except three thousand of the Pope's mercenaries who had not a taste for martyrdom. The Sultan marched on to the sick of Buda, and returned home laden with plunder, taking with him seventy thousand prisoners.

Louis's Queen, Maria, caring not much for her husband's death, wrote coldly from Pressburg to her brother Ferdinand Archduke of Austria acquainting him with the catastrophe, and pointing out how he might now obtain the throne of Hungary. Zapolya, on the other hand, had views of his own which he sought to reconcile with those of her Majesty by an offer of marriage. That honour she haughtily declined. John Zapolya was now crowned by consent of the lower nobles and the people, but despised by the high clergy. The magnates declared for Queen Maria's brother, as soon as Ferdinand had given them a written promise that he would preserve inviolate the rights of Hungary. Civil war followed, Zapolya was defeated and Ferdinand, in 1527 having sworn fealty to the constitution of Hungary, was crowned. Zapolya sought aid of the Sultan offering to hold Hungary as a fief from the Turks. Ferdinand presently in difficulty, made a like promise of tribute. The upshot was that Suleiman, the Sultan, marched victorious through Hungary, picking up by the way St Stephen's crown. He settled down before Vienna, but was forced to raise that siege, therefore, delivering Hungary to John Zapolya he marched back to his own dominions. Ferdinand invaded Hungary to war against Zapolya, but Ferdinand, a German, never put faith in the Hungarians, his German troops oppressed them, and he lost much of them. Suleiman again came to Zapolya's aid, and would have again poured down his forces into Austria, had not seven hundred Hungarians, in the little town of Guns, detained them long over a vain siege. When the brave garrison was at its last gasp, the Sultan nobly desisted from the siege, upon condition that the garrison would honour him, by suffering the Turkish flag to wave for one hour on the walls. The Turks laid waste a part of Austria and Styria, and then went home. Soon afterwards Ferdi-

nand and Zapolya, in 1538, agreed to the peace of Grosswarden. John was to be King in the East, Ferdinand in the West. After John's death Ferdinand was to have the whole, and if John left a son, he was to marry an Archduchess, and be Duke of Zipsern.

John died in 1540, leaving an infant, Duke John Sigismund, under the care of a monk, best known by the name of Martinuzzi, and a soldier, Petrovich. The monk and soldier called upon the Sultan to create the little Duke into a King. The conditions of peace being violated Ferdinand stormed Buda, but the Sultan invaded Hungary now for the fourth time, and left garrisons in the chief towns on the plea that John Sigismund, the child under his patronage, was too weak to defend himself.

The mother of the child Isabella, found it prudent to resign Transylvania and Eastern Hungary to Ferdinand, and Martinuzzi, now an archbishop and a cardinal, continued his negotiations with the Turks. He was, among other things, Voivode of Transylvania and wished to be its independent prince. Ferdinand for this reason, caused his assassination. Ferdinand himself died in 1564, resigning Transylvania to John Sigismund.

By this time more than two thirds of the Hungarians had adopted the principles of the Reformation and religious troubles began. The Princes of Transylvania were the champions of religious freedom, the maxim of the Kings of the House of Hapsburg was 'Let Hungary be beggered first, then Germanized, and then made Catholic.'

During the sway of Rudolf of Hapsburg the Protestant churches were closed, and their clergy driven away. Finally, outraged by the unconstitutional addition of a sovereign law to articles submitted to Rudolf by the Diet—this law in itself hostile to religious liberty—Hungary rose under a soldier, Stephen Bocskay, swept with the Germans, and obtained in 1606, the Religious Peace of Vienna, in which Rudolf promised to the Hungarians full spiritual liberty and the strict maintenance of their Constitution. At length, home troubles forced the Emperor Rudolf to resign Hungary and Austria to his brother Matthias whom the Hungarian Diet recognised, but not until he had solemnly confirmed the Religious Peace of Vienna. Matthias, by himself and by his counsellors earnestly promoted Catholicism, but he did so only by wise, temperate and honest measures. During his reign, Gabriel Bethlen became Prince of Transylvania. Ferdinand the Second, who succeeded Matthias, had vowed at Loretto to destroy Protestantism, and restore the Romish Church. With him began the terrible religious struggle, called the Thirty Years' War. Gabriel Bethlen, Prince of Transylvania, was the champion not so much of Protestantism as of toleration. He protected all creeds, and throughout these wars in Hungary, the national spirit of the Catholics bound them to make common cause

with their Protestant countrymen in defence of the greatest human blessing, spiritual freedom. Ferdinand disregarded the Vienna Peace; and Bethlen, elected King of Hungary in 1620, refused the crown. Ferdinand was forced, in 1622, to ratify the disregarded treaty; and when he again broke it, a second and a third time, Bethlen forced him to submission. Gabriel Bethlen died in 1629, never having been defeated on a field of battle. Again, in the year 1633, was Ferdinand compelled to ratify the former articles of peace.

Religious warfare, internal dissensions, and struggles—sometimes with the Turks, and sometimes with neighbouring states—occupy the pages of Hungarian history down to the reign of Maria Theresa, which began in 1740. She drove out a host of intruding foreigners, who infested the country, and appointed Hungarians to the chief posts; recognised and gratified national feeling, and, with a woman's tact, led a people who would not be driven. She managed to get on without the Diet, and even, in spite of the Diet, settled by her "Urbanium" the relations between peasant and landowner. This settlement Diets in after years confirmed. Maria reigned over the hearts of her people for thirty years.

When Napoleon's career commenced, the throne of Hungary was occupied by Leopold the Second, and afterwards by Francis the First. In 1809, Napoleon offered the Hungarians separation from Austria, and a King to themselves; but they tore his proclamation to pieces. After the "Holy Alliance," Francis the First, finding the Hungarians inconveniently high-minded, ceased to summon Diets, and proceeded, from year to year, to work the ruin of the stubborn Constitution. At last, in 1822, he endeavoured to raise taxes without consent of the Diet; but passive resistance totally defeated him. Therefore, in 1825, he again summoned the Diet, confirmed the Constitution, and treated it with external respect. In 1832, a Reform Diet began to do for the nineteenth, what had been done after the Peace of Szathmar for the eighteenth, century. The deputies were liberal, but the magnates and Government opposed any change in the condition of the peasants.

Francis died, and, after 1835, the Archduke Louis and Prince Metternich governed in the name of the imbecile Ferdinand the Fifth. The Palatine of Hungary was Archduke Joseph, who regarded the country with affection. The Diet of 1832 continued its session until 1836, labouring to revise the Urbanium of Maria Theresa, and define, in accordance with the light of our own age, the position of the peasantry. The Court resisted every attack on feudal institutions, and out of the dispute arose arrests and lawsuits against those who warmly advocated full reform. The Courts displayed a disregard of legal forms, and the conviction of certain members of the liberal party—one of them M. Kossuth

—of high treason, aroused indignation through the country. M. Kossuth was released after three years' imprisonment; but for twelve years nothing was effected by the Hungarian reformers. In 1847, a Diet, summoned by King Ferdinand, met with an enthusiastic resolve to carry the required measures of reform. It now appeared that the irresponsible character of the King's ministry was one of the chief evils injurious to order in the state. The Diet, in 1848, was still sitting at Presburg, when news arrived of the French Revolution. The opportunity was then taken, dutifully, to point out to the King the reforms needed in Hungary; and this was done in an address voted by both Deputies and Magnates, and then sent out to Vienna. At the same time, the people of Vienna were demanding reforms also on their own account; and to avoid insurrection, Ferdinand promised compliance with the wishes of all his subjects. A bill was accordingly passed in the Hungarian Diet, establishing a responsible, in place of an irresponsible, Ministry; and to this bill the King gave his assent on the 11th of April. Other reforms had in the meantime been discussed, and a revolutionary section of the people was controlled by the Diet, and repressed with dignity.

The desired laws having been sanctioned, the Diet was dissolved, that it might give place to a "reformed Parliament." The national finances were now legally controlled; the troops sworn to the Constitution; the feudal distinctions between noble and peasant abolished; local administration amended; and a small property qualification made the title to elective franchise.

The Croats, under the Ban Jellachich, resisted the new arrangements, claimed independence of the Hungarian Diet, and invaded Hungary. On the 10th of June, therefore, the King issued a proclamation declaring Jellachich a rebel, and depriving him of his dignities. While persisting in his rebellion, he was, a week afterwards, received with marked distinction at the Court, where it had never been seriously meant to keep faith with the Diet. It was known that Austria supplied to the Ban's army money and equipments. M. Kossuth, to resist the Ban's invasion, then proposed a vote to authorise the levying of troops and funds for the repulse of the Croatian invasion. The vote was unanimously passed, but the King would not confirm it. On the 4th of September the King wrote, annulling his former proclamation, to Jellachich, who soon was marching towards Buda, at the head of forty thousand men. The Austrian minister of war, Count Latour, had pledged his honour that he was suspected falsely of being in communication with Jellachich. Despatches from the Ban, intercepted two or three days afterwards, were found to be addressed to Count Latour, acknowledging receipt of arms, and requesting permission to act openly against Hungary.

The publication of these despatches caused immense excitement, disclosing, as they did, the perfidy of the Austrian Court. The King then, on his own authority, without the signature of any minister, sent to Pesth an Austrian officer, General Lamberg, empowered, in violation of the Constitution, to dissolve the Diet, and assume the supreme command over all troops, both in Hungary and Croatia. The Diet pronounced his powers illegal, and declared it treason to obey him; but the indignant populace assailed and killed him when he came into the city. For this wild act of violence the Diet immediately addressed to the King an expression of the nation's sorrow, and besought him to cease from those illegal attempts by which the populace had been provoked. On the 3rd of October, on the pretext of Count Lamberg's murder, the King declared Hungary to be under martial law, dissolved the Diet, suspended the Constitution, and made Jellachich commander of the country. The Hungarians appointed M. Kossuth President of a Provisional Committee of Defence.

King Ferdinand having abdicated in December, was succeeded by his nephew, Francis Joseph, aged nineteen, who was proclaimed Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. He announced his intention not to take the oath to the Hungarian Constitution, which by the Pragmatic Sanction was made the condition of legitimacy in the succession of the Hapsburg line.

The Hungarians again fought for their cherished Constitution, and beat back the Austrians, as they had never failed to do on such occasions. Instead, however, of confirming the Hungarian rights, as Hapsburg princes had before done when defeated, and restoring peace, a Russian army was this time invoked. Against both Austrians and Russians the Hungarians were still ready to maintain the struggle for their Constitution, when their force was broken by the treason of a general. The cruelties with which the Austrians signalised their triumph, reminded Europe of the bloody tribunal of Eperies, and the subsequent affairs of Hungary are written in the papers of the present day.

CHIPS.

PORK INSURANCE.

A pig in a picture is a pleasing object. The disregard in which he is said (not always truly) to hold Mr. Chadwick's precepts; his odd brusque habits, and the flowing lines of his contour, recommend him to the painter; while his contempt for the usages of polite society keep him out of the pale of genteel circles.

This consideration leads us to the reflection that many things which the pencil of the artist transforms to the picturesque—as ragged, dirty children; squalid rooms; foul

and dingy alleys—are, in their reality, altogether unpleasant objects.

We, therefore, offer no apology for bringing before the world, in as artistic a manner as our pen will permit, a certain pig, whose sty we have at this moment in our eye. This pig is the property of a worthy agricultural labourer, whom we shall call Reuben. Behold him, with his long, flapping ears; his taper snout decorated with a metal ring; his slender pretensions to a tail; his popular trotters; and his broad, flat sides. He is a frisky fellow, with a certain good-humour; his grunt has more the sound of luxurious enjoyment than that of dissatisfaction. He pertinaciously grubs about after wash; yet, in the absence of that luxury, he contentedly consumes turnip-tops. But Reuben's pig is no common pig. He is not of that class of pigs which ragged children hunt up and down London courts and alleys; he by no means lives from snout to gutter; only attracting the notice of their owners on the morning when the butcher's knife is ominously sharpened. No, Reuben's pig is a very comfortable pig; and, moreover, a pig that has excited considerable attention. A common pig lives his few years; dies, and subsides into the obscurity of ham and bacon; but Reuben's pig has a certain tenure of existence, and, when he dies, he will cause considerable commotion to a grave society of men. His health has been inquired into by a band of exact arithmeticians; the chances of his career have been computed to a fraction; and his social habits are narrowly watched. It is essential for the well-being of others, that he should be a discreet and well-behaved pig. He must eschew the irregularities of low porcine life, and feel the dignity of his station, for he is member of a flourishing Pig Insurance Society.

Solemn meetings are held periodically, to inquire into his condition and prospects; he is the subject of a neat little book of printed rules and regulations; and rumours of his death would cast a gloom over an otherwise happy assembly. Therefore, Reuben's pig is not an ordinary, every-day pig, to be passed carelessly by, without thought or notice. He is provided for during his life; and his death insures to his owner the receipt of a sum sufficient to purchase a successor. The last report of the society to which Reuben's pig belongs, showed that three pounds, five shillings, and threepence had been paid within the half-year for the losses of pigs, and twelve shillings and sixpence for printing laws, leaving in the treasurer's hands a balance of two pounds, three shillings, and sixpence. Anybody who doubts the dignity to which Reuben's pig has arrived, had better address a letter to the secretary of the Warsop (Warsop is in Nottinghamshire) Pig Insurance Society at once; whereupon he will receive a full confirmation of these present assertions.

To the cottager, with fifteen shillings per

week, and six healthy children, all hearty as lions, the pig of the family is an important member of the household. Reuben's pig certainly represents all the hopes and chances Reuben has of giving his household occasional treats of animal food. The happiness of the family on New Year's Day next depends materially upon the development of that leg which Reuben's pig is now carefully rubbing against the door post, with the obvious hope of reducing a little to a irritation. Reuben may well lounge against the sty in the evening—when his day's hard work is over—and, puffing his smoke into the cool evening air, anxiously contemplate the proportions of its tenant. He remembers with a shudder how a year or two ago, when provisions were uncommonly dear, and when work was scarce, his pig suddenly died and was unfit for any thing but to fill a hole in the garden. That was, for a time, simply ruin. Reuben had no money to buy another pig, and all terrible days and nights ensued. He remembers how an earnest man came one evening to his gate, and in a mild kind voice began to talk with him about his loss. He remembers that at first he was confused by the stranger's words and that he was about to turn away and to give up the conversation as too deep for his comprehension, when suddenly he caught a glimmer of the truth. It was a very faint glimmer at first, but it soon grew brighter.

"You have lost your pig," the stranger said, "and you are sorely distressed at the loss—it has overwhelmed you, but your neighbours have not lost their pigs so that they are in a comparatively prosperous condition, and should help you in your need while you should promise to help them at a future time when any of them require your assistance. You see, all these things are equitably arranged by striking averages. There are sixty pigs in your village. Taking the experience of the last forty years, one out of the sixty has either died of disease, or been rendered by it unfit for consumption as human food. One year you have been the unfortunate loser, another year the calamity will fall upon your next-door neighbour. To each of you the loss has been a calamity. Now, would you not willingly pay threepence once a year to insure yourself against the loss of your pig for the future? For by the payment of that sum by the sixty owners of pigs in your village, a fund will be provided to supply the place of the pig that is annually lost."

These were the words of the stranger, as he leaned over Reuben's gate, to condole with him upon his loss. They explained the principles, not only of porcine, but of human life assurance. Reuben was convinced and now annually insures the lives of his pigs. He still finds it difficult, however, to make all his neighbours understand the advantages of the Pig Insurance Society; but that is not much to be wondered at, when people who pretend

to be particularly sagacious on all points, are slow to avail themselves of the advantages of a Man Insurance Society.

A BEGINNING AND AN END

FRAULEIN SANSCHEN poor old soul! arrived yesterday, at the studio, very much out of breath, and holding in her hand a long printed paper, which announced that a grand ceremony was to take place that afternoon, in honour of the christening of "Her Royal Highness Theresa Charlotta Marianna Augusta, Daughter of His Royal Highness Prince Lustpold, of Bavaria," as the programme expressed it. "The christening is to be in the Throne room," said Fraulein Sanschen "such a beautiful room with white marble walls and columns, and rows of gilded statues."

"But could we gain admittance?"

"Certainly," said Fraulein Sanschen.

At two o'clock the ceremony was to take place, so by one we returned home, where we found the Frau Majorin ready to attend us. Frau Majorin is a very fat little woman and a very great talker. She has an only son too, who like his late father, must be something or other in the army, as we see every morning a uniform being brushed by a soldier outside the Frau Majorin's door.

The two old ladies being ready, away we went. Tribes of people were found crowding into the pike, at a side entrance in the oldest portion of the building. We were carried along by the stream up long flights of steps and through galleries, some hung with ugly old portraits, others ornamented with armorial bearings, and various heraldic devices emblazoned on the walls, which, together with the vaulted ceilings, are white-washed. Numbers of people had arranged themselves along the walls to watch the procession as it should pass on to the Throne-room, but we, hoping to gain admittance to the centre of things hurried on till we found ourselves ignominiously commanded to return by a *severe gent armes*. Only those who had friends in the Throne room were allowed to pass. Now, as it chanced, I happened to have a friend in the Throne-room a baroness, who soon was seen, magnificently attired, approaching with the Royal *cortège*, but alas! we bethought us of this "friend at court" too late, for any service she could render us. And therefore you, like ourselves, must be content to see only as much of the show as was vouchsafed to the vulgar multitude. Tall men, dressed in a costume not unlike that of our own jolly "Beefeaters," except that its colour was blue, instead of scarlet, and holding in their hands tall pikes, arranged themselves in long row up either side of the gallery and behind them, peering from between their great blue and black striped backs, and slashed sleeves, crushed a row of eager spectators, and caught fiftful glimpes of the approaching procession.

First came a number of elderly, quaint, diplomatic-looking gentlemen, dressed in splendid court uniforms. What a singular assembly of faces!—a painful satire on the scene! These were the *Herren vom grossen Dienste*. Next came the Grand Master of the Ceremonies with his rod. And now a stout lady, in full court dress her train borne by attendants, was seen carrying on a cushion which was covered over with a pink veil of gauze, Her Serene Highness the newly born Princess Therese Charlott Marianna Augusta. Poor little princess! She certainly deserved her title of 'Serene,' for so very serene was she that you never would have guessed at all that she was beneath the veil! It was quite a relief to one's imagination to know that she was a girl and so never could have fallen into quite such ludicrous worldliness as those fearful old courtiers who had just preceded her. Then came two pretty little boys her brothers about six and seven years old dressed in purple velvet tunics and each carrying a tall taper in his hand. They looked so innocent and pretty that they might have been little angels as well as little princes. And now everybody bent low for the King and Queen were passing. The King wore his uniform, and looked very gracious—and spruce. He led the young Queen by the hand, who passed on gracefully and graciously, with her sweet smile, and beautiful proud eyes. And then there was the King of Greece, in his Albanian costume of white and gold holding by the hand one of his sisters, the Grand Duchess of Something, and Prince Imptold also the father of the little "serene" infant, holding by the hand another great lady. In short, almost the whole Royal Family was there, with the exception of the old King and Queen. There was the Duchess of Leuchtenburg the widow of Eugene Beauharnais, she was to stand as godmother to the little princess, and represent the two real godmothers who were not present—the Ex-Queen Theresa of Bavaria and the old Empress of Austria. And then there came on a bevy of priests the Archbishop, in his lilac robes and small cap, with attendants, bearing crucifixes and tapers, and these were followed by a long train of the diplomatic corps and their ladies of the magistracy and corporation of the city, and of officers in the Bavarian army. Two figures especially riveted our attention, as the train passed on,—“our friend at court,” the Baroness—, who swept by in great magnificence, and a Hungarian, in his gorgeous national costume—himself and his dress so handsome that it was difficult to know which most to admire!

And now, all having disappeared down the long gallery, and being closed from our view by heavy folding doors, all that remained for us poor folk was to imagine the scene within the beautiful Throne room. Who, through a perspective of marble columns, and gigantic golden statues, does not see a crimson velvet

canopy, beneath which sat the King and Queen? Who does not see the rows of Court ladies on either hand? Who does not see the brilliantly-attired priests, passing around the little infant? And who does not hear the *Te Deum* bursting from the lips of the white-robed choristers who, like quires of angels, glorify God, and rejoice over the reception of this little princess into the Church of Christ? Imagine all this, and the ceremony is complete.

* * * * *

That Duchess of Leuchtenburg, who was present at the christening of the little princess, and who looked so grand at the *Land-uehr* Ball as you may remember, all sparkling with jewels and her cheeks ruby with rouge and whom I have so often this spring seen driving in her handsome carriage out of her handsome palace is dead! and dead after a very short illness. People are relating all manner of beautiful things about her and really I am very much affected. You know who she is, or rather *was*, King Ludwig's sister, the widow of Eugene Beauharnais, and mother and aunt of endless generations of grandees and royal personages. The celebrated Leuchtenburg collection of pictures also belonged to her.

To day all the *bourgeoise* of Munich have been visiting her as she lies in state. I saw the crowd assembled before the great gates of the palace, and stopped. The huge gates opened, in rushed the crowd, and half were received within the gateway. I found myself the foremost now of the remaining half of the crowd and close to the closed gates. Here I waited a full half hour. The crowd was not particularly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. I stood, squeezed up to the great bronze gate fearfully anticipating either being crushed upon the embossed ornaments of the doors whilst waiting or being, when they opened precipitated head-foremost by the impetuosity of the crowd. At length we entered, and much more comfortably than I had expected. But, if the crowd outside the house of death had behaved in a most irreverent manner—laughing, screaming, jostling—once within it, they behaved still worse. I felt quite relieved when grave *gendarmes* and solemn servants stood ready at the head of the staircase to rebuke the riotous mob. Passing through two or three rooms splendidly furnished but in desolate disorder, telling of the suddenness of the Duchess's decease, the headless crowd rushed into a small room hung with black cloth and barbaric cushions, and brilliant with burning tapers. In the centre of the room, upon an elevated couch, which was covered with black drapery, decorated with flowers in full bloom, and surrounded with tapers burning in tall golden candlesticks, reclined the corpse. The corpse was arrayed in black velvet, and its pale brow crowned with a tiara of brilliants, from which fell a long veil of white lace, half

concealing the figure. There was no longer rouge upon the white, sunken cheeks; but there were the commanding profile, the strongly-arched eye-brows; the expression was rather that of astonishment, than of repose. Around the room knelt the ladies of her court, enveloped in long black crape veils, and a number of gentlemen in uniforms. On one side of the chamber stood an altar, where at various times in the day mass was celebrated.

The Duchess is said to have been remarkably handsome in her youth; according to a popular belief, the peasants in Italy had knelt before her and prayed, believing she was the Madonna.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, a few days later, the funeral took place. I went to a house in the Theatine Strasse, up which street the procession was to pass. Already, at two o'clock, whilst I was at the Studio, I heard the bells tolling from all the churches in the city; but the bells here toll in a much less mournful manner than in England. As I crossed the Odeon Platz, at the corner of which is the Leuchtenburg Palace, I saw a number of soldiers in white and blue uniforms drawn up on horseback before the palace. Beside the Theatine Church door stood a knot of priests, with a tall crimson banner. Foot soldiers were drawing up in line on either side the Theatine Street. My friends the G's, to whose house I now betook myself, live just opposite to the house of the Russian Ambassador, which is a handsome old house; in fact, the whole of the Theatine Strasse is very picturesque, being one of the old streets of Munich; and this added considerably to the effect of the procession as it approached.

Of course, a dense crowd lined the street, standing as close as possible behind the hedge of soldiers which guarded either side of the space left open for the funeral train. Of course, too, all the windows were crowded. In the window of the principal *étage* of the Ambassador's house was a group of ladies, in deep mourning. Opposite to us, in another house, we recognised the Steinbrandt head, beard, and cap of the Greek Patriarch. But now our attention was fixed upon the advancing funeral procession. First appeared a long train of the servants of the nobility, bearing torches. There were liveries of every colour and cut; there was a gigantic Hungarian, in a dress of scarlet, light-blue, and silver lace, and wearing a huge cap, decorated with a tall, stiff feather; there were the servants of King Max, of King Ludwig, and of the various other royal and ducal establishments here; there were the servants of the old dead Duchess, wearing crape round their arms, and streaming from their cocked-hats; and the smoke from their many torches hung above this train of retainers like a sad black funeral veil. Next came the different Brotherhoods attached to the churches, who always make such a capital show in the processions here; the old men bareheaded, monotonously chanting, and following their

banners and crucifixes borne by boys, clothed in the same colour as the banners and crucifix-canopies—scarlet, blue, amber, violet, green, and russet. The scene was rendered gay to the eye by the brilliant hues, but mournful to the imagination by the monotonous murmur of the old men. These Brotherhoods were followed in equal numbers by trains of priests, attired in robes of black and white, many of them singing, and preceded by crucifixes. There was the little band of the Franciscan Friars, who had put on short white linen robes above their brown frocks, their picturesque brown hoods hanging over the white linen; there were also the priests of the *Hof Kapelle*, with broad violet ribbons round their necks, to which was suspended a small cross of gold. Violet and scarlet attired priests preceded the Archbishop, who slowly moved along, a white mitre upon his head, a rich silver crosier in his hand, and his robes supported on either side by a priest, himself a mass of golden embroidery. And now, surrounded by court-pages dressed in white and blue, came on the hearse; the coffin lay—covered with a black velvet pall, emblazoned with the Leuchtenburg arms—upon a throne, beneath a black velvet canopy. Lions shrouded in crape watched the royal dead at the foot of the throne; diamond stars and orders glittered upon the coffin. The funeral car was drawn by six beautiful horses belonging to the Duchess, all richly caparisoned in gold and black trappings, and was driven by her old coachman. Bystanders relate that the old man looked greatly affected at thus, for the last time, conducting his mistress through the streets of Munich. They relate, also, that among the mourners who immediately followed the hearse, the brother of the Duchess, Prince Carl, who walked bareheaded between two of the young Princes, was a sad picture of grief: for many years this brother and sister had been in daily habits of the greatest intimacy, and he now seemed to walk as in a fearful dream. After the Royal mourners came members of the Aristocracy, ambassadors from foreign Courts, and the Officers of the Bavarian army, the Professors of the University wearing their robes, and the Corporation, also in their robes, brought up the rear. Trumpets brayed forth, and mingled shrilly with the sounds of the muffled and crape-hung kettle-drums, as the train slowly passed along; the soldiers presenting arms to the corpse. And now the rain began to fall.

Stragglingly and miserably did the procession return through the wet streets, after having laid to rest the mortal remains of the Duchess beside the ashes of Eugène Beauharnais, which are mouldering away in the vaults of the dusky St. Michael's Church. The joyous music into which the military bands burst as they returned, seemed only, by contrast, to render the scene more miserable. Thus was laid in the dust one of the grandees of the earth.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GETTING UP A PANTOMIME.

CHRISTMAS is coming. Cold weather, snow in the streets, mince-pies, and our little boys and girls home for the holidays. Kind-hearted people's donations for the poor-boxes. Turkeys from the country; Goose Clubs in town; plums and candied citron in the windows of the grocers' shops; hot elder-wine; snap-dragon; hunt the slipper; and the butcher's and baker's quarterly bills. The great anniversary of humanity gives signs of its approach, and with it the joyfulness, and unbending, and unstarching of white neckcloths, and genial charity, and genial hand-shaking and good-fellowship, which, once a-year at least, dispel the fog of caste and prejudice in this land of England. Christmas is coming, and, in his jovial train, come also the Pantomimes.

Goodness! though we know them all by heart, how we love those same Pantomimes still! Though we have seen the same Clowns, steal the same sausages, and have been asked by the Pantaloon "how we were to-morrow!" for years and years, how we delight in the same Clown and Pantaloon still! There can't be anything æsthetic in a pantomime—it must be deficient in the "unities;" it has no "epopœa," or anything in the shape of dramatic property, connected with it; yet it must have something good about it to make us roar at the old, old jokes, and wonder at the old tricks, and be delighted with the old spangled fairies, and coloured fires. Perhaps there may be something in the festive season, something contagious in the wintry jollity of the year, that causes us, churchwardens, householders, hard men of business, that we may be, forget parochial squabbles, taxes and water-rates, discount and agiotage, for hours, and enter, heart and soul, into participation and appreciation of the mysteries of "Harlequin Fee-fo-fum;" or the Enchanted Fairy of the Island of Abracadabra." Possibly there may be something in the shrill laughter, the ecstatic hand-clapping, the shouts of triumphant laughter of the little children, yonder. It may be, after all, that the sausages, and the spangles, the tricks and coloured fires of Harlequin Fee-fo-fum may strike some long-forgotten chords; rummage up long-hidden sympathies; wake up kindly feelings

and remembrances of things that were, ere parochial squabbles, water-rates, and discount had being; when we too were little children; when our jackets buttoned over our trousers, and we wore frills round our necks, and long blue sashes round our waists. Else why should something like a wateriness in the eye, and a huskiness in the throat (not sorrowful, though) come over us, amid the most exorcisingly comic portion of the "comic business?" Else why should the lights, and the music, the children's laughter, and the spangled fairies conjure up that mind-picture, half dim and half distinct, of *our* Christmases years ago; of "Magnall's Questions," and emancipation from the cane of grandmamma, who always kept sweet stuff in her pockets; of Uncle William, who was never without a store of half-crowns wherewith to "tip" us; of poor Sister Gussey, who died; of the childish joys and griefs, the hopes and fears of Christmas, in the year eighteen hundred and——; never mind how many.

Hip, hip, hip! for the Pantomime, however! Exultingly watch the Clown through his nefarious career; roar at Jack-pudding tumbling; admire the paint on his face; marvel at the "halls of splendour" and "glittering coral caves of the Genius of the Sea," till midnight comes, and the green baize curtain rolls slowly down, and brown holland draperies cover the ornolou decorations of the boxes. Then, if you can spare half-an-hour, send the little children home to Brompton with the best of governesses, and tarry awhile with me while I discourse of what goes on behind that same green curtain, of what has gone on, before the Clown could steal his sausages, or the spangled Fairy change an oak into a magic temple, or the coloured fires light up the "Home of Beauty in the Lake of the Silver Swans." Let me, as briefly and succinctly as I can, endeavour to give you an idea of the immense labour, and industry, and perseverance—of the nice ingenuity, and patient mechanical skill—of the various knowledge, necessary, nay, indispensable—ere Harlequin Fee-fo-fum can be put upon the stage; ere the green baize can rise, disclosing the coral caves of the Genius of the Sea. Let us put on the cap of Fortunio, and the stilts of Asmodeus; let us go back to when the pantomime was but

an embryo of comicality, and, in its progress towards the glory of full-blown pantomimehood, watch the labours of the Ants behind the Baize—ants, without exaggeration, for, if ever there was a human ant hill, the working department of a theatre is something of that sort.

And mere amusement—your mere enlivenment on a subject, of which my readers may possibly be ignorant, are not the sole objects I have in view. I do honestly think that the theatrical profession and its professors are somewhat calumniated, that people are rather too apt to call theatres sinks of iniquity and dens of depravity, and to set down all actors as a species of diverting vagabonds, who have acquired a knowledge of their calling without study, and exercise it without labour. I imagine, that if a little more were known of how hard working, industrious, and persevering theatricals, as a body, generally are,—of what has to be done behind the scenes of a theatre, in which it is done for our amusement,—we should look upon the drama with a more favourable eye, and look upon even poor Jack pudding (when he has washed the punt off his face) with a little more charity and forbearance.

Fortuno capped, then, we stand in the green room of the Theatre Royal, Hatton Garden, one bleak November morning while the stage manager reads the manuscript of the opening to the new grand pantomime of Harlequin Fee to fun. The dramatic performers—the pantomimists are not present at this reading, the lecture being preliminary, and intended for the sole behoof of the working ants of the theatrical ant hill—the fighting ants will have another reading to themselves. This morning are assembled the scene painter, an individual bespattered from head to foot with splashes of various colours, attired in a painted ragged blouse, a battered cap, and slipshod slippers. You would be rather surprised to see him turn out, when his work is over, dressed like a gentleman (as he is and an accomplished gentleman to boot). Near him is the property-man, also painted and bespattered, and strongly perfumed with a mingled odour of glue and turpentine. Then there is the carpenter, who twirls a wide awake hat between his fingers and whose attire generally betrays an embroidery of shavings. The leader of the band is present. On the edge of a chair sits the author—not necessarily a seedy man, with long hair and a manuscript peeping out of his coat-pocket—but a well-to-do looking gentleman, probably, with rather a nervous air just now, and wincing somewhat, as the droning voice of the stage manager gives utterance to his comic combinations, and his creamiest jokes are met with immovable stolidity from the persons present. Catch them laughing! The scene painter is thinking of “heavy sets” and “cut cloths,” instead of quips and conundrums. The carpenter cogitates on “sinks”

and “slides,” “strikes” and “pulls.” The property-man ponders ruefully on the immense number of comic masks to model, and coral branches to paint, while the master and mistress of the wardrobe, whom we have hitherto omitted to mention, mentally cast up the number of ells of glazed calico, silk, satin, and velvet required. Lastly, enthroned in awful magnificence in some dim corner, sits the management—a portly, port wine voiced management, may be, with a white list, and a double eye glass with a broad ribbon. This incarnation of theatrical power throws in an occasional “Good!” at which the author colours, and sings a mental psalm, varied by an ejaculation of “Can’t be done!”—at which the dramatist winces dreadfully.

The reading over, a short, desultory conversation follows. It would be better, Mr Brush, the painter, suggests, to make the first scene a ‘close in, and not a ‘sink.’ Mr Tucks, the carpenter—machinist, we mean—intimates in a somewhat threatening manner, that he shall want a “power of nails and screws,” while the master of the wardrobe repudiates with respectful indignation, in economical suggestion of the management touching the renovation of some old ballet dresses by means of new spangles, and the propriety of cutting up an old crimson velvet curtain used some years before, into costumes for the sup numeraries. As to the leader of the band he is slowly humming over a very ‘Little Warbler’ of popular air, which he thinks he can introduce, while the stage manager, pencil in hand, fights amicably with the author as to the ‘cuts’ necessary to make the pantomime read with greater smartness. All, however, agree that it will do, and to each working ant is delivered a ‘plot’ of what he or she has to manufacture by a given time (generally a month or six weeks from the day of reading). Mr Brush has a “plot” of so many pairs of flats and wings, so many “borders” and set pieces, so many cloths and backings. Mr Tucks has a similar one, as it is his department to prepare the canvases and machinery on which Mr Brush subsequently paints. Mr Tagg the wardrobe keeper, is provided with a list of the furies, demons, kings, guards, and slaves’ costumes he is required to *confectioner*, and Mr Rosen the leader, is presented with a complete copy of the pantomime itself, in order that he may study its principal points, and arrange characteristic music for it. As for poor Mr Goiget, the property-man, he departs in a state of pitiable bewilderment, holding in his hand a portentous list of properties required, from regal crowns to red hot poker. He impetuously demands “How it’s all to be done in a month?” Done, it will be, notwithstanding. The stage manager departs in a hurry (in which stage managers generally are, twenty hours out of the twenty four), and, entrapping the Clown in the passage (who is an eccentric character

of immense comic abilities, and distinguished for training all sorts of animals, from the goose which follows him like a dog, to a jackass-foal which resides in his sitting-room), enters into an animated pantomimic conversation with him, discoursing especially of the immense number of "bits of fat" for him (Clown) in the pantomime.

The author's name we need not mention; it will appear in the bill, as it has appeared in (and across) many bills, stamped and unstamped, before. When the officials have retired, he remains awhile with the management—the subject of conversation mainly relating to a piece of grey paper, addressed to Messrs. Coutts, Drummonds, or Childs.

For the next few days, though work has not actually commenced in all its vigour, great preparations are made. Forests of timber, so to speak, are brought in at the stage door. Also, bales of canvas, huge quantities of stuffs for the wardrobe; foil-paper, spangles and Dutch metal, generally. Firkins of size, and barrels of whitening, arrive for Mr. Brush; hundred-weights of glue and gold-leaf for Mr. Gorget, not forgetting the "power of nails and screws" for Mr. Tacks. Another day, and the ants are all at work behind the baize for Harlequin Fee-fo-fum.

Fortunio's cap will stand us in good stead again, and we had better attach ourselves to the skirts of the stage manager, who is here, there, and everywhere, to see that the work is being properly proceeded with. The carpenters have been at work since six o'clock this nice winter morning; let us see how they are getting on after breakfast.

We cross the darkened stage, and, ascending a very narrow staircase at the back thereof, mount into the lower range of "flies." A mixture this of the between decks of a ship, a rope-walk, and the old wood-work of the Chain-pier at Brighton. Here are windlasses, capstans, ropes, cables, chains, pulleys innumerable. Take care! or you will stumble across the species of winnowing-machine, used to imitate the noise of wind, and which is close to the large sheet of copper which makes the thunder. The tin cylinder, filled with peas, used for rain and hail, is down-stairs; but you may see the wires, or "travellers," used by "flying fairies," and the huge counter-weights and lines which work the curtain and act-drop. Up then, again, by a ladder, into range of flies, No. 2, where there are more pulleys, windlasses, and counter-weights, with bridges crossing the stage, and lines working the borders, and gas-pipes, with coloured screens, called "mediums," which are used to throw a lurid light of a moonlight on scenes of battles or conflagrations, where the employment of coloured fires is not desirable. Another ladder (a rope one this time) has still to be climbed; and now we find ourselves close to the roof of the theatre, and in the carpenter's shop.

Such a noise of sawing, and chopping, hammering, and chiselling! The shop is a large one, its size corresponding to the area of the stage beneath. Twenty or thirty men are at work, putting together the framework of "flats," and covering the framework itself with canvas. Some are constructing the long cylinders, or rollers, used for "drops," or "cloths;" while others, on their knees, are busily following with a hand-saw the outline of a rock, or tree, marked in red lead by the scene painter on profile (thin wood) required for a set piece. Mr. Tacks is in his glory, with his "power of nails and screws" around him. He pounces on the official immediately. He must have "more nails," more "hands;" spreading out his own emphatically. Give him "hands!" The stage manager pacifies and promises. Stand by, there, while four brawny carpenters rush from another portion of the "shop" with the "Pagoda of Arabian Delights," dimly looming through canvas and whitewash!

A curious race of men are these theatrical carpenters. Some of them growl bits of Italian operas, or melodramatic music, as they work. They are full of traditional lore of the "Lane" and the "Garden" in days of yore. Probably their fathers and grandfathers were theatrical before them; for it is rare to find a carpenter of ordinary life at stage work, or *vice versa*. Malignant members of the ordinary trade whisper even that their work never lasts, and is only fit for the ideal carpentry of a theatre. There is a legend, also, that a stage carpenter being employed once to make a coffin, constructed it after the Hamlet manner, and ornamented it with scroll-work. They preserve admirable discipline, and obey the master carpenter implicitly; but, work once over, and out of the theatre, he is no more than one of themselves, and takes beer with Tom or Bill, and the chair at their committee and sick club *réunions*, in a perfectly republican and fraternal manner. These men labour from six in the morning until six in the evening; and, probably, as Fee-fo-fum is a "heavy pantomime," from seven until the close of the performances. At night, when the gas batterns below the flies are all lighted, the heat is somewhat oppressive: and, if you lie on your face on the floor, and gaze through the chinks of the planking, you will hear the music in the orchestra, and catch an occasional glimpse of the performers on the stage beneath, marvellously foreshortened, and microscopically diminished. The morning we pay our visit, a rehearsal is going on below, and a hoarse command is wafted from the stage to "stop that hammering" while Marc Antony is pronouncing his oration over the dead body of Caesar. The stage manager, of course, is now wanted down-stairs, and departs, with an oft-iterated injunction to "get on." We, too, must "get on" without him; which, still using Fortunio's invisibility, we will endeavour to do.

We enter another carpenter's shop, smaller, but on the same level, and occupying a space above the horse-shoe ceiling of the audience part of the theatre. A sort of martello of wood occupies the centre of this apartment, its summit going through the roof. This is at once the ventilator, and the "chandelier house" of the theatre. If we open a small door, we can descry, as our eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness, that it is floored with iron, in ornamented scroll-work, and opening with a hinged trap. We can also see the ropes and pulleys, to which are suspended the great centre chandelier, and by which it is hauled up every Monday morning to be cleaned. More carpenters are busily at work, at bench and trestles, sawing, gluing, hammering. Hark! we hear a noise like an eight-day clock on a gigantic scale running down. They are letting down a pair of flats in the painting-room. Let us see what they are about in the painting-room itself.

Pushing aside a door, for ever on the swing, we enter an apartment, somewhat narrow, if taken in comparison with its length, but very lofty. Half the roof, at least, is skylight. A longitudinal aperture in the flooring traverses the room close to the wall. This is the "cut," or groove, half a foot wide, and seventy feet in depth, perhaps, in which hangs a screen of wood-work, called a "frame." (On this frame the scene to be painted is placed; and, by means of a counter-weight and a windlass, is worked up and down the cut, as the painter may require; the sky being thus as convenient to his hand, as the lowest stone or bit of foliage in the foreground. When the scene is finished, a signal is given to "stand clear" below, and a bar in the windlass being removed, the frame slides with immense celerity down the cut to the level of the stage. Here the carpenters remove the flats, or wings, or whatever else may have been painted, and the empty frame is wound up again into the painting-room. Sometimes, instead of a cut, a "bridge" is used. In this case the scene itself remains stationary, and the painter stands on a platform, which is wound up and down by a windlass as he may require it—a ladder being placed against the bridge if he wishes to descend without shifting the position of his platform. When the scene is finished, a trap is opened in the floor, and the scene slung by ropes to the bottom. The "cut" and frame are, it is needless to say, most convenient, the artist being always able to contemplate the full effect of his work, and to provide himself with what colours, or sketches, he may need, without the trouble of ascending and descending the ladder.

Mr. Brush, more bespattered than ever, with a "double tie" brush in his hand, is knocking the colour about, bravely. Five or six good men and true, his assistants, are also employed on the scene he is painting—the

fairy palace of Fee-fu-fum, perchance. One is seated at a table, with something very like the toy theatres of our younger days, on which we used to enact that wonderful "Miller and his Men," with the famous characters (always in one fierce attitude of triumphant defiance, we remember) of Mr. Park before him. It is, in reality, a model of the stage itself; and the little bits of pasteboard he is cutting out and pasting together form portions of a scene he is modelling "to scale" for the future guidance of the carpenter. Another is fluting columns with a thin brush called a "quill tool," and a long ruler, or "straight-edge." Different portions of the scene are allotted to different artists, according to their competence, from Mr. Brush, who finishes and touches up everything, down to the rustian-jacketed whitewasher, who is "priming" or giving a preparatory coat of whitening and size to a pair of wings.

If you are at all curious to know how the brilliant scenes you see at night are painted, you may watch the whole process of a pair of flats growing into a beautiful picture, under Mr. Brush's experienced hands. First, the scene, well primed, and looking like a gigantic sheet of coarse cartridge paper on a stretcher, is placed on the frame; then, with a long pole, cleft at the end, and in which is stuck a piece of charcoal, Mr. Brush hastily scrawls (as it seems) the outline of the scene he is about to paint. Then, he and his assistants "draw in" a finished outline with a small brush and common ink, which, darkening as it dries, allows the outline to shine through the first layers of colour. Then, the whitewasher "labourer," as he is technically called, is summoned to "lay in" the great masses of colour, sky, wall, foreground, &c., which he does with huge brushes. Then, the shadows are "picked in" by assistants, to whom enters speedily Mr. Brush, with a sketch in one hand and brushes in the other, and he finishes—finishes, too, with a delicacy of manipulation and nicety of touch which will rather surprise you—previously impressed as you may have been with an idea that scenes are painted with mops, and that scenic artists are a superior class of house-painters. Stay, here is the straight line of a cornice to be ruled from one part of the scene to the other, a space fifty feet wide, perhaps. Two labourers, one at either end, hold a string tightly across where the desired line is to be. This string has been well rubbed with powdered charcoal, and, being held up in some part, for a moment, between the thumb and finger, and then smartly vibrated on to the canvas, again leaves a mark of black charcoal along the whole length of the line, which being followed by the brush and ink, serves for the guide line of the cornice. Again, the wall of that magnificent saloon has to be covered with an elaborate scroll-work pattern. Is all this outlined by the hand, think you? No; a sheet of brown paper, perforated

with pin-holes with a portion of the desired pattern, is laid against the scene; the whole is then gently beaten with a worsted bag full of powdered charcoal, which, penetrating through the pin-holes, leaves a dotted outline, capable of repetition *ad infinitum* by shifting the pattern. This is called "pouncing." Then some of the outlines of decoration are "stencilled;" but for foliage and rocks, flowers and water, I need not tell you, my artistic friend, that the hand of Mr. Brush is the only pouncer and stenciller. For so grand a pantomime as "Fee-fo-fum," a scene will, probably, after artistic completion, be enriched with foil paper and Dutch metal. Admire the celerity with which these processes are effected. First, an assistant cuts the foil in narrow strips with a penknife; another catches them up like magic, and glues them; another claps them on the canvas, and the scene is foiled. Then Mr. Brush advances with a pot, having a lamp beneath, filled with a composition of Burgundy pitch, rosin, glue, and bees-wax, called "mordant." With this and a camel-hair brush he delicately outlines the parts he wishes gilt. Half-a-dozen assistants rush forward with books of Dutch metal, and three-fourths of the scene are covered, in a trice, with squares of glittering dross. The superfluous particles are rubbed off with a dry brush, and, amid a very Danaean shower of golden particles, the outlines of mordant, to which the metal has adhered, become gradually apparent in a glittering net-work.

All around this chamber of the arts are hung pounces and stencils, like the brown-paper patterns in a tailor's shop. There is a ledge running right round the room, on which is placed a long row of pots filled with the colours used, which are ground in water, and subsequently tempered with size, a huge cauldron of which is now simmering over the ample fire-place. The colour-grinder himself stands before a table, supporting an ample stone slab, on which, with a marble muller, he is grinding Dutch pink lustily. The painter's palette is not the oval one used by picture painters, but a downright four legged table, the edges of which are divided into compartments, each holding its separate dab of colour, while the centre serves as a space whereon to mix and graduate the tints. The whitewashed walls are scrawled over with rough sketches and memoranda, in charcoal or red lead, while a choice engraving, here and there, a box of water colours, some delicate flowers in a glass, some velvet drapery pinned against the wall, hint that in this timber-roofed, unpapered, uncarpeted, size-and-whitewash-smelling workshop, there is Art as well as Industry.

Though it is only of late years, mind you, that scene-painters have been recognised as artists at all. They were called daubers, whitewashers, paper-hangers, by that class of artists to whom the velvet cap, the turn-down

collars, and the ormolu frame, were as the air they breathed. These were the gentlemen who thought it beneath the dignity of art to make designs for wood engravers, to paint porcelain, to draw patterns for silk manufacturers. Gradually they found out that the scene-painters made better architects, landscape painters, professors of perspective, than they themselves did. Gradually they remembered that, in days gone by, such men as Salvator Rosa, Inigo Jones, and Philip de Loutherbourg were scene-painters; and that, in our own times, one Stanfield had not disdained size and whitewash, nor a certain Roberts thought it derogatory to wield the "double tie" brush. Scene-painting thenceforward looked up; and even the heavy portals of the Academy moved creakingly on their hinges for the admittance of distinguished professors of scenic art.

We have been hindering Mr. Brush quite long enough, I think, even though we are invisible; so let us descend this crazy ladder, which leads from the painting-room down another flight of stairs. So: keep your hands out before you, and tread cautiously, for the management is chary of gas, and the place is pitch dark. Now, as I open this door, shade your eyes with your hand a moment, lest the sudden glare of light dazzle you.

This is the "property room." In this vast, long, low room, are manufactured the "properties"—all the stage furniture and paraphernalia required during the performance of a play. Look around you, and wonder. The walls and ceiling are hung, the floor and tables cumbered with properties:—Shylock's knife and scales, Ophelia's coffin, Paul Pry's umbrella, Macbeth's truncheon, the caldron of the Witches, Harlequin's bat, the sickle of Norma, Mambino's helmet, swords, lanterns, banners, belts, hats, daggers, wooden sirloins of beef, Louis Quatorze chairs, papier-mâché goblets, pantomime masks, stage money, whips, spears, lutes, flasks of "rich burundy," fruit, rattles, fish, plaster images, irons, cocked hats, spurs, and bugle-horns, are strewn about, without the slightest attempt at arrangement or classification. Tilted against the wall, on one end, is a four-legged banquetting table, very grand indeed,—white marble top and golden legs. At this table will noble knights and ladies feast richly off wooden fowls and brown-paper pies, quaffing, meanwhile, deep potations of toast-and-water sherry, or, haply, golden goblets full of nothing at all. Some of the goblets, together with elaborate flasks of exhilarating emptiness, and dishes of rich fruit, more deceptive than Dead Sea apples (for they have not even got ashes inside them), are nailed to the festive board itself. On very great occasions the bowl is wreathed with cotton wool, and the viands smoke with a cloud of powdered lime. Dreadfully deceptive are these stage banquetts and stage purses. The haughty Hospodar of Hungary drinks confusion to the Bold Bandit

of Bulgaria in a liquorless cup, vainly thirsting, meanwhile, for a pint of mild porter from the adjacent hostelry. Deep are his retainers in the enjoyment of Warden pies and lusty capons, while their too often empty interiors cry dolorously for three penn'orth of cold boiled beef. Liberal is he also of broad flutins, and purses of moldores, accidentally drawing, perchance, at the same time, a Lombardian debenture for his boots from the breast of his doublets. The meat is a sham, and the wine a sham, and the money a sham, but are there no other shams, oh, brothers and sisters! besides those of the footlights? Have I not dined with my legs under sham mahogany, illuminated by sham wax lights? Has not a sham hostess helped me to sham boiled turkey? Has not my sham health been drunk by sham friends? Do I know no haughty Hospodar of Hungary myself?

There is one piece, and one piece only on the stage in which a real banquet—a genuine spread—is provided. That piece is 'No Song No Supper.' However small may be the theatre—however low the state of the finances—the immemorial tradition is respected, and a real leg of mutton graces the board. Once, the chronicle goes, there was a heartless monster, in property man shape, who substituted a dish of mutton chops for the historical *goyot*. Execration, abhorrence, expulsion followed his iniquitous fraud, and it was, from that day a property man occurred. Curiously enough, while the leg of mutton in 'No Song No Supper' is always real the cake, introduced in the same piece, is invariably a counterfeit—the old stock wooden cake of the theatre. When it shall be known why waiters wear white neckcloths and dust men shorts and auklet jacks the proximate cause of this discrepancy will, perhaps, be pointed out.

To return to the property room of the Theatre Royal, Hatton Garden. Mr. Gorget, the property 'master,' as he is called, is working with almost delirious industry. He has an imperial crown on his head (recently gilt—the crown not the head—and placed there to dry), while on the table before him lies a mass of modelling clay, on which his nimble fingers are shaping out the matrix of a monstrous human face, for a pantomimic mask. How quickly, and with what facility, he moulds the hideous physiognomy into shape—squeezing the eyelids, flattening the nose, elongating the mouth, frowning the cheeks! When this clay model is finished, it will be well oiled, and a cast taken from it in plaster of Paris. Into this cast (oiled again) strips of brown paper, well glued and sized, will be pasted, till a proper thickness is obtained. When dry, the cast is removed, and the hardened paper mask ready for colouring. At this latter process, an assistant, whose nose and cheeks are plentifully enriched with Dutch metal and splashes of glue, is at work. He is very liberal with rose pink to

the noses, black to the eyebrows, and white to the eye. Then Mrs. Gorget, a mild little woman, who has been assiduously spangling a demon's helmet, proceeds to ornament the masks with huge masses of oakum and horse-hair, red, brown, and black, which are destined to serve as their coiffure. Busily other assistants are painting tables, gilding goblets, and manufacturing the multifarious and bewilderingly miscellaneous articles required in the 'comic business' of a pantomime: the sausages which the Clown purloins, the bustle he takes from the young lady, the fish, eggs, poultry, warming pans, babies, pint pots, butcher's trays, and legs of mutton, incidental to his checkered career.

Others besides adults are useful in the property room. A bright-eyed little girl, Mr. Gorget's youngest, is gravely speckling a plum pudding, while her brother, a stalwart rogue of eleven, sits on a stool with a pot full of yellow ochre in one hand and a brush in the other, with which he is giving a plentiful coat of bright yellow colour to a row containing a dozen pairs of hunting boots. These articles of costume will gleam to night on the legs and feet of the huntsmen of his highness the Hospodar, with whom you are already acquainted. Their wearers will stamp their soles on the merry green sward—ha! ha!—waving above their heads the tin porringers, supposed to contain Rhine wine or Baccische beer.

Mr. Gorget will have no easy task for the next three weeks. He will have to be up early and late until *Fee! fum!* is produced. The nightly performances have meanwhile, to be attended to, and any new properties wanted must be made and any old ones soiled must be replaced in addition to what is required for the pantomime. And something more than common abilities must have abiding place in a property man, although he does not receive uncommonly liberal remuneration. He must be a decent upholsterer, a carpenter, a wig maker, a painter, a decorator, accurate as regards historical propriety, a skilful modeller, a facile carver, a tasteful embroiderer, a general handy man and jack of all trades. He must know something of pyrotechnics, a good deal of carving and gilding, and a little of mechanics. For this he gets, perhaps fifty shillings a week.

Let us come away from the property room, giving a glance into that grim, cavernous, coal-hole place on the left, where all the broken up, used out properties are thrown, and is a sort of limbo of departed pantomimes, and peeping curiously also into the room, where, on racks and on hooks, are arranged the cuirasses, muskets, swords, spears and yeomanry helmets, which form the armoury of the theatre. Fine presses, and we must have a look at the proceedings in the wardrobe.

Mr. Baster is busily stitching, with many other stitchers (females) all of a row. His

place of work is anything but large, and movement is rendered somewhat inconvenient, moreover, by a number of heavy presses, crammed to repletion with the costumes of the establishment. Mr Buster has been overhauling his stock, to see what he can conveniently use again, and what is really wanted now. He has passed in review the crimson velvet noblemen, the green serge retainers, the spangled courtiers, the glazed calico slaves, the "shirts," "shapes," "Romaldis," and "strips" of other days. He has held up to the light last year's Clown's dress, and shakes his head ruefully, when he contemplates the rents and rivings, the rags and tatters, into which that once brilliant costume is reduced. Clown must, evidently, be new all over. His fore woman is busy spangling Harlequin's patch work dress, while, in the hands of his assistants, sprites and gnomes and evil spirits, are in various stages of completion. So, in the ladies wardrobe, where Miss de Loggie and her assistants are stitching for dear life, "at Sea nymphs," and "Sirens," and "Elfin costume," and where Miss Mezzanine, who is to play Columbine, is agonizingly inquisitive as to the fit of her skirt and spangles.

Work, work, work, everywhere,—in the bleak morning, when play girls of the previous night have scarcely finished their first sleep, at night, to the music of the orchestra below, and amid the hot glare of the gas. Mr Tacks carries screws in his waistcoat pockets, and screws in his mouth. Mr Gorget grows abso lutely rigid with glue, while his assistants hold his hands and arms unpleasantly enriched with Dutch metal and foil paper, and the staircase is blocked up with frantic waiters laden with chips and stout for Mr Brush and his assistants. The management smiles approvingly, and winks uncasily, occasionally, as Boxing day draws near, the stage manager is uncussing in his "get ones." All day long the private door of the management is assailed by emissaries from Mr Tacks for more nails, from Mr Brush for more Venetian red and burnt sienna, from Mr Buster for more velvet, from Mr Gorget for more glue. The management moves uncasily in its chair. "Great expense," it says. "If it should fail?" "Give us more nails, hands, Venetian red, velvet, and glue, and we'll not fail, chorus the ants behind the baize.

Nor must you suppose that the pantomimists—Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine—nor the actors plying in the opening, nor the faeries who fly, nor the demons who howl, nor the sprites who tumble, are idle. Every day the opening and comic scenes are rehearsed. Every day a melancholy man, called the *repeteur*, takes his station on the stage, which is illumined by one solitary gas jet, and to the dolorous music he conjures from his fiddle the pantomimists, in over suits of coarse linen, tumble, dance, jump, and perform other gymnastic exercises in the gloom, until their bones

ache, and the perspiration streams from their limbs.

Work, work, work, and Christmas-eve is here. Nails, hammers, paint brushes, needles, muscles and limbs going in every direction. Mr Brush has not had his boots cleaned for a week, and has forgotten what sheets and counterpanes mean. No snapper-dragon for Mr Tacks, no hunt the slipper for Mr Gorget. Pleasant Christmas greetings and good wishes, though, and general surmises that the pantomime will be a "stunning" one Christmas day, and, alas and alack! no Christmas beef and pudding, save that from the cook shop, and perchance the spare repast in the covered basin which little Polly Bruggs brings staidly Bill Bruggs, the carpenter, who is popularly supposed to be able to carry a pair of wings beneath each arm. Incessant bidding from the *repeteur* "Trip," "rally," and jump, for the pantomimists. Work on the stage, which is covered with canvas, and stooping punters, working with brushes stuck in bamboo walking sticks. Work in the flies, and work underneath the stage, on the umbrageous mezzanine floor, where the cellar men are busily shingling "sinks" and "rises," and greasing traps. An overflow of proper ties deluges the green room, huge masks leer at you in narrow passages, pantomime wheelbarrows and burled organs beset you at every step. So all Christmas night.

Hurrah for Boxing day! The "compliments of the season," and the "original dust man" Tommy and Billy (suffering slightly from indigestion) stand with their noses glued against the window panes at home, watching anxiously the rain in the puddles, or the accumulating snow in the house tops. Little Mary's mind is filled with radiant visions of the resplendent sashes she is to wear, and the gorgeous fancies she is to see. John, the footman, is to escort the housemaid into the pit, even Joe Barikin, of the New Cut, who sells us our cauliflower, will treat his "missus" to a seat in the gallery for the first performance of Harlequin Lec to tum.

There—the last clunk of the hammer is heard, the last stroke of the brush, and the last stitch of the needle. The management glances with anxious approval at the elaborately funny bill prepared for the evenings' entertainment. It is six o'clock in the evening. The Clown (Signor Brownium, of the Theatres Royal) has a jug of barleywater made, his only beverage during his tumbling, and anxiously assures himself that there is a red hot poker introduced into the comic business, "else," says he, "the pantomime is sure to fail." It is astonishing what a close connection there is between the success of a pantomime and that red hot poker. Seven o'clock, and one last frantic push to get everything ready. Tommy, Billy, Mary, Papa and Mamma, arrive in flies, broughams, or cabs. The footman and housemaid are smiling in the pit, and Joe Barikin is amazingly jolly

and thirsty, with his "missus" in the gallery. Now then, "Music!" "Play up!" "Order, order!" and "Throw him over!" "George Barnwell," or "Jane Shore," inaudible of course, and then "Harkum Fee-to-fum, or the Enchanted Fairy of the Island of Abracadabra." Fun, frolic, and gaiety, splendour, beauty, and blarney, hey for fun! "How are you to-morrow?" and I hope success and crowded houses till the middle of February, both for the sake of the author the management, and the Theatre Royal, Hatton Garden, generally.

The ants behind the haze have worked well but they have their reward in the "glorious success" of the pantomime they have laboured so hard at. They may wash their faces and have their boots cleaned now and who shall say that they do not deserve their beer to-night, and their poor salaries next Saturday!

Dear readers, as Christmas time comes on, pause a little ere you utterly condemn these poor play-acting people as utter profligates as irreclaimable rogues and vagabonds. Consider how hard they work how precarious is their employment, how honestly they endeavour to earn their living, and to do their duty in their state of life. Admit that there is some skill, some industry, some praiseworthy in all this not much directed by promoting harmless fancy and innocent mirth.

THE LEGEND OF THE WEeping CHAMBER

A STRANGE story was once told me by a Levantine lady of my acquaintance which I shall endeavour to relate—as far as I am able with the necessary abridgments—in her own words. The circumstances under which she told it were peculiar. The family had just been disturbed by the visit of a ghost—a real ghost, visible, if not palpable. She was not what may be called superstitious, and though following with more or less assiduity the practices of her religion, was afflicted now and then with a fit of perfect materialism. I was surprised, therefore, to hear her relate, with every appearance of profound faith, the following incidents—

There is an old house in Beyrout, which, for many successive years, was inhabited by a Christian family. It is of great extent and was of yore fitted for the dwelling of a prince. The family had, indeed, in early times been very rich, and almost fabulous accounts are current of the wealth of its founder, Fadiallah Dahân. He was a merchant, the owner of ships, the hither-out of caravans. The regions of the East and of the West had been visited by him, and, after undergoing as many dangers and adventures as Sinbad, he had returned to spend the latter days of his life in his native city. He built, accordingly, a magnificent dwelling, the courts of which he adorned with marble fountains, and the

chambers with silk divans, and he was envied on account of his prosperity.

But, in the restlessness of his early years, he had omitted to marry, and now found himself near the close of his career without an heir to inherit his wealth and to perpetuate his name. This reflection often disturbed him, yet he was unwilling to take a wife because he was old. Every now and then, it is true, he saw men older than he, with fewer teeth and whiter beards taking to their bosoms maidens that bloomed like peaches just beginning to ripen against a wall, and his friends, who knew he would give a magnificent marriage feast, urged him to do likewise. Once he looked with pleasure on a young person of not too tender years, whose parents purposely presented her to him, but having asked her in a whisper whether she would like to marry a withered old gentleman like himself she frankly confessed a preference for his handsome young clerk, Harma, who earned a hundred piastres a month. Fadiallah laughed philosophically, and took care that the young couple should be married under happy auspices.

One day he was proceeding along the street gravely and slowly—surrounded by a number of merchants proud to walk by his side, and followed by two or three young men, who pressed near in order to be thought of the company, and thus establish their credit—when an old woman spying him, began to cry out, 'Yeh! yeh! this is the man who has no wife and no child—this is the man who is going to die and leave his fortune to be robbed by his servants, or confiscated by the governor! And yet he has a sagacious nose!'—(the Orientals have observed that there is wisdom in a nose)—'and a beard as long as my back! Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!'

Fadiallah Dahân stopped, and retorted, smiling 'Yeh! yeh! this is the woman that blames an old man for not marrying a young wife. Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!'

Then the woman replied, "O my lord, every pig's tail curls not in the same direction nor does every madman admire the passing quality of youth. If thou wilt, I will bestow on thee a wife, who will love thee as thou lovest thyself and serve thee as the angels serve Allah. She is more beautiful than any of the daughters of Beyrout, and her name is Selima, a name of good augury."

The friends of Fadiallah laughed, as did the young men who followed in their wake, and urged him to go and see this peerless beauty, if it were only for a joke. Accordingly, he told the woman to lead the way. But she said he must mount his mule, for they had to go some distance into the country. He mounted and, with a single servant, went forth from the gates—the woman preceding—and rode until he reached a village in the mountains. Here, in a poor little

house, he found Selma, clothed in the very commonest style, engaged in making divan cushions. She was a marvellously beautiful girl, and the heart of the merchant at once began to yearn towards her yet he endeavoured to restrain himself, and said, "This beautiful thing is not for me." But the woman cried out, "Selma wilt thou consent to love this old man?" The girl gazed in his face awhile and then, folding her hands across her bosom, said, "Yes, for there is goodness in his countenance." Fadlallah wept with joy, and, returning to the city, announced his approaching marriage to his friends. According to custom, they expressed civil surprise to his face, but when his back was turned, they whispered that he was an old fool, and had been the dupe of a shrewd venturer.

The marriage took place with ceremonies of royal magnificence, and Selma, who passed unmoved from extreme poverty to abundant riches seemed to merit the position of the greatest lady in Beyrout. Never was woman more prudent than she. No one ever knew her previous history, nor that of her mother. Some said that a life of misery perhaps of shame, was before them, when this unexpected marriage took place. Selma's gratitude to Fadlallah was unbounded, and out of gratitude grew love. The merchant daily offered up thanks for the bright diamond which had come to shine in his house.

In due time a child was born, a boy lively as his mother, and they named him Hahl. With what joy he was received, what festivities announced the glad intelligence to the town may easily be imagined. Selma and Fadlallah resolved to devote themselves to his education and determined that he should be the most accomplished youth of Bai er Shâm. But a long succession of children followed each more beautiful than the former—some boys some girls, and every new comer was received with additional delight and still grander ceremonies, so that the people began to say, "Is this a race of sovereigns?"

Now, Hahl grew up to the age of twelve—still a charming lad, but the parents, always fully occupied by the last arrival, had not carried out their project of education. He was as wild and untamed as a colt, and spent more of his time in the street than in the company of his mother who by degrees began to look upon him with a kind of calm friendliness due to strangers. Fadlallah, as he took his accustomed walk with his merchant friends used from time to time to encounter a ragged boy fighting in the streets with the sons of the Jew butcher, but his eyes beginning to grow dim, he often passed without recognising him. One day, however, Hahl, breathless and bleeding, ran up and took refuge beneath the skirts of his mantle from a crowd of savage urchins. Fadlallah was amazed, and said, "O, my son—for I think thou art my

son—what evil hath befallen thee, and wherefore do I see thee in this state?" The boy, whose voice was choked by sobs, looked up into his face, and said, "Father, I am the son of the richest merchant of Beyrout, and behold, there is no one so little cared for as I."

Fadlallah's conscience smote him, and he wiped the boy's bleeding face with the corner of his silk caftan, and blessed him, and, taking him by the hand, led him away. The merchants smiled benignly one to the other, and, pointing with their thumbs, said, "We have seen the model youth!"

Whilst they laughed and sneered, Fadlallah, humbled yet resolved, returned to his house, leading the ragged Hahl, and entered his wife's chamber. Selma was playing with her seventh child, and teaching it to lip the word 'Baba'—about the amount of education which she had found time to bestow on each of her offspring. When she saw the plight of her eldest son she frowned, and was about to scold him, but Fadlallah interposed, and said, "Wife, speak no harsh words. We have not done our duty by this boy. May God forgive us but we have looked on those children that have bloomed from thee, more as playthings than as deposits for which we are responsible. Hahl has become a wild out of doors lad, doubting with some reason of our love. It is too late to bring him back to the destiny we had dreamt of, but he must not be left to grow up thus uncared for. I have a brother established in Bassora, to him will I send the lad to learn the arts of commerce, and to exercise himself in adventure, as his father did before him. Bestow thy blessing upon him, Selma (here the good old man's voice trembled), and may God in his mercy forgive both thee and me for the neglect which has made this pitting necessary. I shall know that I am forgiven if before I go down into the tomb my son return a wise and sober man not unmindful that we gave him life and forgetting that, until now, we have given him little else."

Selma laid her seventh child in its cradle of carved wood, and drew Hahl to her bosom, and Fadlallah knew that she loved him still, because she kissed his face regardless of the blood and dirt that stained it. She then washed him and dressed him and gave him a purse of gold and handed him over to his father, who had resolved to send him off by the caravan that started that very afternoon. Hahl, surprised and made happy by unwonted caresses, was yet delighted at the idea of beginning an adventurous life, and went away, manfully stifling his sobs, and endeavouring to assume the grave deportment of a merchant. Selma shed a few tears, and then, attracted by a crow and a chuckle from the cradle, began to tickle the infant's soft double chin, and went on with her interrupted lesson, "Baba, Baba!"

Hahl started on his journey, and having passed through the Valley of Robbers, the

Valley of Lyons, and the Valley of Devils—this is the way in which Orientals localise the supposed dangers of travelling—arrived at the good city of Bassora, where his uncle received him well, and promised to send him as supercargo on board the first vessel he despatched to the Indian seas. What time was spent by the caravan upon the road, the narrative does not state. Travelling is slow work in the East, but almost immediately on his arrival in Bassora, Hahl was engaged in a love adventure. If travelling is slow, the approaches of manhood are rapid. The youth's curiosity was excited by the extraordinary care taken to conceal his cousin Miriam from his sight, and having introduced himself into her garden, beheld, and, struck by her wonderful beauty, loved her. With an Oriental fondness he confessed the truth to his uncle who listened with anger and dismay, and told him that Miriam was betrothed to the Sultan. Hahl perceived the danger of indulging his passion, and promised to suppress it, but whilst he played a prudent part, Miriam's curiosity was also excited, and she too beheld and loved her cousin. Bolts and bars cannot keep two such affections asunder. They met and plighted their troth, and were married secretly, and were happy. But inevitable discovery came. Miriam was thrown into a dungeon, and the unhappy Hahl, loaded with chains, was put on board a vessel not as supercargo but as prisoner, with orders that he should be left in some distant country.

Meanwhile a dreadful pestilence fell upon Beyrout, and among the first sufferers was an eighth little one, that had just learned to say "Baba!" Selima was almost too astonished to be grieved. It seemed to her impossible that death should come into her house, and meddle with the fruits of so much suffering and love. When they came to take away the little form which she had so often fondled, her indignation burst forth, and she smote the first old woman who stretched out her rough unsympathetic hand. But a shriek from her waiting women announced that another victim was singled out, and the frantic mother rushed like a tigress to defend the young that yet remained to her. But the enemy was invincible, and (so the story goes) all her little ones drooped one by one and died, so that on the seventh day Selima sat in her nurse's gaze, gazing about with stony eyes, and counting her losses upon her fingers—Iskander, Selma Wardy, Fadlallah, Hanna, Himmah, Gereges—seven in all. Then she remembered Hahl, and her neglect of him, and lifting up her voice, she wept aloud, and, as the tears rushed fast and hot down her cheeks, her heart yearned for her absent boy, and she would have parted with worlds to have fallen upon his breast—would have given up her life in return for one word of pardon and of love.

Fadlallah came in to her, and he was now very old and feeble. His back was bent, and

his transparent hand trembled as it clutched a cane. A white beard surrounded a still whiter face, and as he came near his wife, he held out his hand towards her with an uncertain gesture, as if the room had been dark. This world appeared to him but dimly "Selima," said he, "the Giver hath taken. We, too, must go in our turn. Weep, my love, but weep with moderation, for those little ones that have gone to sing in the golden cages of Paradise. There is a heaven's sorrow in my heart. Since my first-born, Hahl, departed for Bassora, I have only written once to learn intelligence of him. He was then well, and had been received with favour by his uncle. We have never done our duty by that boy." His wife replied, "Do not reproach me, for I reproach myself more bitterly than thou canst do. Write, then, to thy brother to obtain tidings of the beloved one. I will make of this chamber a weeping chamber. It has resounded with merriment enough. All my children learned to laugh and to talk here. I will hang it with black, and erect a tomb in the midst, and every day I will come and spend two hours and weep for those who are gone and for him who is absent." Fadlallah approved her design, and they made a weeping chamber, and lamented together every day therein. But their letters to Bassora remained unanswered, and they began to believe that fate had chosen a solitary tomb for Hahl.

One day a woman dressed in the garb of the poor, came to the house of Fadlallah with a boy about twelve years old. When the merchant saw them he was struck with amazement for he beheld in the boy the likeness of his son Hahl, and he called aloud to Selima, who, when she came shrieked with amazement. The woman told her story, and it appeared that she was Miriam. Having spent some months in prison, she had escaped and taken refuge in a forest in the house of her nurse. Here she had given birth to a son, whom she had called by his father's name. When her strength returned, she had set out as a beggar to travel over the world in search of her lost husband. Marvellous were the adventures she underwent, God protecting her throughout, until she came to the land of Persia, where she found Hahl working as a slave in the garden of the Governor of Fars. After a few stolen interviews, she had again resumed her wanderings to seek for Fadlallah, that he might redeem his son with wealth, but had passed several years upon the road.

Fortune, however, now smiled upon this unhappy family, and in spite of his age, Fadlallah set out for Fars. Heaven made the desert easy, and the road short for him. On a fine calm evening he entered the gardens of the governor, and found his son gaily singing as he trimmed an orange tree. After a vain attempt to preserve an incognito the good old man lifted up his hands, and shouting, "Hahl, my first born!" fell upon the breast of the

astonished slave Sweet was the interview in the orange grove, sweet the murmured conversation between the strong young man and the trembling patriarch, until the perfumed dew of evening fell upon their heads. Halil's liberty was easily obtained, and father and son returned in safety to Beyrout. Then the Weeping Chamber was closed and the door walled up, and Fadlallah and Selma lived happily until age gently did its work at their appointed times, and Halil and Mirun inherited the house and the wealth that had been gathered for them.

The supernatural part of the story remains to be told. The Weeping Chamber was never again opened, but every time that a death was about to occur in the family a shower of heavy tear drops was heard to fall upon its marble floor, and low wailings came through the walled doorway. Years centuries passed away, and the mystery repeated itself with unvarying uniformity. The family fell into poverty, and only occupied a portion of the house, but invariably before one of its members sickened unto death, a shower of heavy drops as from a thunder clout, pattered on the pavement of the Weeping Chamber, and was heard distinctly at night through the whole house. At length the family quitted the country in search of better fortunes elsewhere, and the house remained for a long time uninhabited.

The lady who narrated the story went to live in the house, and passed some years without being disturbed, but one night she was lying awake, and distinctly heard the warning shower dripping heavily in the Weeping Chamber. Next day the news came of her mother's death, and she hastened to remove to another dwelling. The house has since been utterly abandoned to rats, mice, beetles, and an occasional ghost seen sometimes streaming along the run-pierced terraces. No one has ever attempted to violate the solitude of the sanctuary where Selma wept for the seven little ones taken to the grave, and for the absent one whom she had treated with unmotherly neglect.

A ROVING ENGLISHMAN

THE APLE-GREFF SJENGER

QUIETLY hidden in the farthest corner of the Pinzgau, where not only the rest of Prussia but the world in general is or ought to be locked out by a splendid range of mountains, there is an inn on which I fear to be intruding. It looks a comfortable place, not the less warm for being wooden, and I must poach upon after-experience to let you know that it is under the despotic rule of Gertude, or, familiarly, Gerl, the landlord's pretty daughter. For her father has voted himself a retiring pension—he is superannuated, though, to be sure, hale enough. Under the satisfactory administration of his daughter,

he finds the condition of the inn improving, the revenue on the rise, and therefore he has quietly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds of the chimney corner. He says of himself that he is nothing but an old world landlord, fit to serve his equals, who are old world also, but the fine lords out of Berlin and England break his peace, and give too many orders. When the migration of the civilised hordes began seriously to disturb peace in the Pinzgau, the crabbed old ruler threw his crown into the lap of Gerl, his thoroughly good humoured daughter. 'Gerl,' he asserts, "knows how to deal discreetly with the people of all nations," and in the practice of her queenly craft she has retained her peasant freshness and simplicity.

Upon this inn I now come down from the mountains during a sudden Alpine shower. Gerl comes forth to meet me at her threshold, kissing my hand according to the kindly mode of salutation in the Pinzgau, busies herself with the unstapping of my knapsack, lends me in canvas my wet coats to the fire, and while she sets me down in a pleasant corner of her room, I set her down in a pleasant corner of my heart. How do I set her down there!—as a being endowed with a great multitude of little friendly ways, and a broad homely dialect, with a round face, dark eyes, fair hair, and an apple green sencer.

Gerl having soon enabled me to form some practical ideas on the subject of her land, as a matter of course leads the way, in the next place, to the 'Krierrills.' To this waterfall Gerl is indebted for her extensive practice in the management of travellers. The good minus of the cataracts causes the good girl to sit like Danae, or like a damsel in a pantomime—if I may allude thus early to the dimensions of her little hills—under a tolerable run of gold. But, never mind the gold, we have another dreary subject before us, for through just such a gloomy rent as might contain a dragon, or some other fiery monster, high up among the snow fields and glaciers (which Gerl calls the 'Kees'), a watery monster rushes, troubled with a husky roar. Deep down below us, where the valley opens, the water furies are as plentiful as lilies, only they avoid the sight of man and therefore nobody has seen them. The Pinzgau people are by no means of opinion that the furies are a good for nothing race. "See how that piece of rock is shaking, though the torrent scarcely beats at all upon it. I can tell you why that is," said Gerl. "Nothing will grow there, and the furies are at work to clear the useless lump away." Either this is a legend of the Pinzgau, or the discreet Gerl, holding firmly by her fancies, has perceived the necessity of adapting them to the understanding of utilitarians, and gratifying the prejudices of the men of business, agriculturists, and others who are on the way to Gastein for recovery of health. So we stand here, and see the torrent flinging pearls about

the stubborn rocks, that toss them away instantly. But never mind: down in the valley we can see also a mob of flowers with uplifted heads—"the painted populace of the plains," as Gray has sung—and I warrant that there is not a blossom in the throng that is not staring upwards with a few pearls in its eye.

Then we go back and leave the roar behind; and, at a short distance before us the wild rocks are enlivened by the Apple-green Spencer. Smoking dishes await us at the inn, and, to my discomfort, also smoking men. The house is full of Berlin people, who are making a great noise, wrangling fearfully, and drying their canary-coloured cloaks. I tremble lest Gerl should be worried out of her good temper. But she flits about like an apple-green will-o'-the-wisp, and gives her orders so briskly, that one feels quite to tingle and glow as they strike one's ear, sharply, like bracing morning air; they come about our eyes like a brisk wind on a clear blue winter's day, and work our spirits into such elasticity, that it is difficult to resist an impulse to start up and perform the behests of the Apple-green Imperatrix oneself. Her father, immovable and stolid, sits by the fire, and relates in an even unmitigated tone to old Schweinermichel the guide, a few facts concerning the time when he served under the famous Archduke Charles, and was encamped before Amberg and Würzburg against the French.

I declare that Gerl is quite a mother to me; perhaps because I am the only person who is not making a noise. She protects me tenderly against the guests from Berlin. I like to have an apple-green mother; much better, indeed, than to have a grandfather who will not cease to talk military despatches, under any circumstances whatever. This is the fourth time I have overheard the siege of Amberg; but the rascal Schweinermichel has not heard it more than twice; for he has been asleep during the last two recitals. To be sure, however, he has had the advantage over me on previous occasions. The Berliners begin to wrangle so horribly, that I am sent to bed; and I go meekly. Gerl, of course, knows what is best. Long after I am gone to bed, I hear the noise, and hear the hostess busy with the guests. At day-break I awake, but I hear Gerl's feet already trotting about the house. When does she sleep?

The breakfast-table makes me fancy for a minute that I went to bed in Austria, and have come down stairs this morning into Scotland. Then there are glasses playing with a bit of sun upon the sideboard, and they stand beside a flask of brandy. I am not to issue unarmed against the sword-blades of the mountain winds. Gerl helps me to put on my outer coverings, all dry and cleanly brushed; she performs some minor operations, and—incredible!—she sews me on a button. She is the best of mothers!

That is, she would be the best of mothers but for her bill. How, out of that little do-

mestic haven of a pocket, there can come this large, unconscionable bill, passes my comprehension. The man in the grey coat did not astonish Peter Schlemihl more, when he pulled three horses out of a side pocket, which had already produced a tent, a Turkey carpet, and a telescope, than Gerl astonished me, when she put her hand into her apron pocket and produced this elephantine bill. After all, there is this to be said of the true mothers, that for their money, their trouble, or their love, neither on paper, nor within their hearts, can sons say that they keep Debtor or Creditor account; though we pay nothing, they will not remind us of a bill. Feeling a little apple-green myself, or like a man who has been so considered by his hostess, I discharge the reckoning without a grunt. After all, Gerl is in the right; what cares she for the fine lords and Berliners, or for a poor roving Englishman, except as the materials of trade? She is true to the nature of her sex, in working these materials up energetically. Besides, it is the only way she has of extorting—certainly, extorting—our respect, by showing to us foreigners that she also is civilised. I pay Gerl's bill; and as I go away, she stretches out her hand so kindly, and looks so true-hearted, that I advise you, if you go to the Pinzgau and get such a bill as this out of an apron pocket, to pay it without grunting, for the sake of getting your good-bye said generously, without any extra charge.

GASTEIN BATHS.

From Gerl's inn to Gastein, in the Pinzgau, is not a long journey. I think if you can imagine an old German giant out of "The Niebelungen Lied," with an elegant cravat and a diamond pin under his uncombed beard, you can form some notion of Gastein. But, although that will give you a notion of the wildness of this fashionable place, it will leave out of account what is by no means to be omitted, the element of beauty in its green slopes and woods. Gastein itself is an odd mixture of lowly huts and lofty palaces, or Alpine dust and drawing-room perfumes. The Gastein peasant girls, in picturesque attire, have the advantage of studying in the streets the latest fashions from Paris; the cowherd, in his thick-nailed shoes, if he will not mind where he is going, may, perchance, tread on the japanned toes of a Prussian minister. You read daily, in the visitors' book of the hotel, names so high-born, that you walk about the corridors with reverence; and then many of the people seem to be such Cooks, Bruces, and Mungo Parks, that you feel quite ashamed of yourself for having neglected to call at Smyrna or St. Petersburg upon the way to Gastein.

Then you step out into the fresh air and take a ramble in the woods, and do not feel oppressed so greatly by the dignity of nature's decorations, as you have been by the stars

and bits of ribbon there in the hotel. You are so irreverent as to forget the great men altogether, and to be thinking about yonder milkmaid tripping through the greenwood, when a turn in the path casts you a complete wreck on the reef of the provoking old Privy Councillor from Berlin, with his two beautiful daughters. You wanted to indulge a little in the luxury of thought and, wrapped in yourself, to love and enjoy all things from a little distance. But now you must shake hands, and help the little ladies up the mountain.

No doubt they mimic the Berlin accent very prettily, and their papa mouths it with peculiar magnificence, and you all laugh a great deal, and are spasmodically merry. The damsels have some flowers, which they did not pick, they have just bought them on the road, and they are pulling them to pieces on the most approved principles of art. I do not mean the lively air of wilfulness, but the extremely dull art of Lannaan classification, they are finding out how many monandrias, and polyandrias, with any number of gynias, then nose-gys may contain. Thus being settled, they proceed to enlighten you upon the geological peculiarities of the surrounding district. The two lecturers next divide the world into four quarters, and proceed to go through them *seriatim*.

At the risk of being thought rude, you diplomatised against the old statesman and his daughters, and effect in escape at last. You plunge into the forest there you lie down under a majestic fir, and look up at the blue sky through its leaves, and hear the rustling of the wood, and watch the birds as they come home from business, where they have been intent on making satisfactory provision for their families. Perhaps you feel, thus pleasantly surrounded, that the moral world, or the intellectual, is no more than this wood a place of sticks and rotten leaves. Especially when you regard that moral and intellectual world, as exemplified in your own bosom, you feel that you have wasted much time that has brought neither true profit nor enjoyment, you feel capable of an immense number of things, and you get up with a fresh heart and walk stoutly on, determined to march out of the wood, and give your energies fair and full play, and show the world what you can do.

Thus minded, you walk back to the hotel, and are a little late for dinner. That provokes you. You sit down at the *table d'hôte*, and the immense man on your right hand you conjecture by his build to be Bavarian. You would like much to hear him speak, for confirmation's sake. He helps himself twice from every dish, and whenever he wipes his mouth, a gentle murmur issues from it, but it is not articulate. On your left hand is a wedded pair from Modern Athens. Scots will restrain their anger when I say that Munich claims that title, ignorant that it belongs to Edin-

burgh. You suppose this couple to belong to the class of well-fleshed people whose mission in society is that which has been sometimes ascribed to the spleen within our body, to serve as a warm pad, or stuffing for the filling of gaps within the social circle. This man and wife are travellers, you find who have, hitherto, eaten at every stage of their journey delicious trout of the Alps, and are now earnestly discussing how to shape their future rambles, so as to find, if possible, still better fish.

Opposite to you sits a student from Upper Austria, he is making on foot the usual summer ramble. He has a huge beer jug before him, and his sighs deepen as the level of the beer descends. What are his thoughts behind that cloud of smoke? Possibly pure and beautiful, but your attention is directed to the Prussian Privy Councillor who is about to pay his bill with Austrian bank notes. He cannot be made to understand the value of those filthy little twopenny and threepenny notes, torn into halves and quarters, which are offered to him as change out of a note for five florins, about half a sovereign. He demands silver of the astonished waiting-maid, but it is many years since silver was much current with her, and she looks her answer at the Privy Councillor with an amusing stare.

The Prussians are notable for prudence and economy, and if you wonder at the statesman's distress, buy two dumpy cigars of the pedlar who is passing, and offer him a paper-florin, he will insist upon trusting your honour rather than give change. Life is short, and talk ought therefore never to be long. I have imagined you doing exactly what I did myself at Glaston. Having no appetite for medicinal water, I did not patronise the baths but—I think it is worth a letter as from talking about so insignificant a matter.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN*

LUFFS grew, within a favoured vale,
An old tradition tells the tale,
A famous flowering Eastern thorn,
Which blossomed every Christmas morn.

No lowly hearth nor lordly hall,
New dress'd nor the yearly festival,
But gathered it as the gift of May,
To honour the auspicious day.

And brightly mid the Christmas green
It shines in the fire-light a ruddy sheen,
Mix'd with hard berries that gleam and glow
From holly and from mistletoe.

That tree is like the Tree of Life,
Which buds when the season of joy is nife,
And flowers when the bright dawn wakes above
The day that Religion gave birth to Love.

* There is an old legend that Joseph of Arimathea came to Glastonbury and planted there a thorn which grew and flourished and blossomed every Christmas-day.

And, as Time the eternal morn resumes,
 Humanity's grateful joy aribbons
 The naked sight of the bleeding thorn,
 Which Love on his brows from bath worn

O' let us still through life unite
 To celebrate the holy rite
 That all the thorns of life may show
 Nought but sweet flowers to the snow

A PREMIER'S CORRESPONDENCE

Among the collections comprising the additional MSS preserved in the British Museum, will be found four quarto volumes a portion of a bequest to the country by the late Sir William Musgrave, Baronet. The first two volumes contain a collection of autograph signatures of eminent men of England, from an early period. The other two are occupied by the fragments of the letters from which many of these signatures have been cut and will be found on examination to consist of a portion of the official correspondence of John third Earl of Bute, Secretary of State under George the Second and Prime Minister during the earlier years of the reign of George the Third.

Although many of these letters are considerably mutilated the number remaining in good condition is sufficient to afford us some examples of the extent and variety of the communications which a Cabinet Minister is at all times obliged to receive. Here a noble and now a particular Earl entreats to be mentioned to the King for some mark of his Majesty's royal favour. There a book-seller, of some note in his day writes to excuse himself for some attacks upon the Minister in a newspaper belonging to him, the blame of which he throws without remorse, upon the shoulders of his editor. A Head of a College whose head school for a mitre, writes offering to censure to the Minister's son, on his entry into *Alma Mater*. An Architect sends plans for a palace. A Jeweller proposes for a new crown. One applicant wants a preferment still for his son's tutor, another, a seat in Parliament for himself. A Doctor of Divinity is anxious to be appointed teacher of English to the Princess whom his Majesty has declared his intention of espousing, and who accordingly became Queen Charlotte, and a Doctor of Medicine entreats Lord Bute's interest 'for the honour of the King standing godfather to his son'. One gentleman writes from Lisbon with a Spanish horse and the news of the earthquake, and another, from the Hague with a catalogue of a picture sale, and congratulations on the taking of Quebec.

By one, the Minister is called upon to act as the medium of an explanation to the King of the writer's absence from a levee, by another, as the bearer of thanks for some mark of royal favour. By a third, he is appealed to for the solution of some problem in court etiquette. Thus, because Sir

John Griffin (we mingle all the names we meet with purposely) has received a summons to attend an investiture "of the Order of the Bath at St James's," and, since Sir John is suffering under an attack of gout, therefore it is required that the Minister should advise him whether he may appear, with decorum, 'upon crutches'.

Perhaps the same pure source of pleasure is open to all Prime Ministers alike, but of Lord Bute only we speak by the card, as a man apparently overwhelmed with one of the world's best blessings—to ops of friends. How respectfully enthusiastic are then expressions of esteem for their noble correspondent, how reassuring the unanimity of their concurrence in all the varied details of his public policy! How touching, too, is the anxiety expressed by each writer to prove by deeds as well as by words the sincerity of his professions! Thus, Mr Bone takes the trouble of writing from Paris to congratulate Lord Bute on his appointment as Secretary of State. He felt himself unable he says to read the account of the appointment in the *Gazette*, with its expressing the joy which from his sincere attachment to his lordship the circumstances occasioned him and the happiness he should feel in demonstrating that attachment his power equal to his zeal. Nothing could have been more disinterested than this intense delight and warm attachment, had not Mr Bone concluded his letter with a supplication for the renewal to his wife of a pension of four hundred pounds a year.

Mr Horner (having up to that time worshipped Lord Bute from the distant shores of India) takes the liberty, on the 13th of June, 1762 of offering him a pair of pearl pagodas. Dearing, as a warm heart must, that the friendly feeling should be mutual, but, well aware that Lord Bute would be wasting a valuable time if he should himself be seeking for a token of reciprocal good will, intimates, on the 17th of the following month, that he (Mr Horner) would like to be appointed a Surveyor of Customs.

Will the Minister, who is regarded by Mr Chetwynd as 'the tenderest of parents,' get a commission in the army for that gentleman's son? Of course, from 'the most devoted of husbands,' it is a pure offering before the shrine of Hymen to consent to provide pensions and housekeepers' places for the wives of other people, Colonel Hamilton and Mr Fowke know this, and write home to the bosom of Lord Bute, not as a Minister, but as a man.

Much of the correspondence from Lord Bute's countrymen might serve as a register of official deaths, and so often as the demise of a Scottish peer takes place, are we certain to find his lordship's vote and interest the object of instant and eager competition. Candidates for the honours of the Lower House, too, are not less ready to confide in the Minister than their brother competitors of the peerage. Sir William Orby, for instance,

after some eloquent denunciations of the corruption of the times occasioned by the threat of a political opponent to spend ten thousand pounds to counteract his views on the borough of Bodmin, suggests that he has reason to believe that this little difficulty might be got over by the promotion of the brother of his adversary, a lieutenant in the Coldstream regiment, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This simple plan would he observes, 'make affairs at Bodmin very quiet and little expensive, and lay a foundation to settle that borough hereafter, in a quiet way.' The readiness to give advice is the first fruit of friendship apt to be sour as first fruits are, but for Lord Bute, advice can only tend, like this, to "make things pleasant."

Some correspondents we find—even as absent lovers record their past kisses—tend Lord Bute specially of their past services, while others appeal to his magnanimity, by frankly avowing that they have no claims on him at all. Thus Mr. Chubb being as he says, "very little known to his lordship, and not having the least pretence to found hope of his protection on," and holding, moreover, already, he might have added, a lucrative public appointment, "desiring his lordship's happiness, and knowing how blessed a thing it is to give" applies for a place about the Court which might be given to his wife. Mr. Gascoigne, a gentleman of landed estate in a southern county being "wholly unknown to Lord Bute, feels" to use his own words, "that his application, under such circumstances, to a gentleman of such high rank and station, might be looked upon as presumptuous." "But," he continues, "I consider your lordship in an abstracted light from your predecessors and that your return is founded upon patriotism and the most distinguished reason, and conducted with resolution and a determination to leave a country exhausted of its treasures, if not to restore it to its ancient power and splendour." Looking at Lord Bute in this point of view, Mr. Gascoigne feels no difficulty in applying to the Minister, "as a gentleman having a regard to posterity," for a place under Government "for the support of his family." Some of Lord Bute's admirers throw themselves upon his magnanimity, with beautiful reliance. For example, Mr. Boden only wishes "to have something done for him, and does not take the liberty to carve for himself." Mr. Fisher prefers a claim to a lottery commissionership, which is distinctly made out upon the ground of his never having asked for anything before. Dr. Bentham's application to be made one of the king's chaplains is based very fairly indeed on "the obliging manner" in which his lordship had "been pleased to accept a former application" for something else. Says one, "It is the first time I ever asked bread in the streets," and, says another, "Often I've begged, and it's not you who ever turned me off, without my penny."

Mr. Champignon begs Lord Bute to aid his views by three simple letters of introduction. This favour he may indeed say that he has merited by various secret services to the British Government, "in casting a light" on certain mysteries connected with the expedition to the Elbe, and he adds, "If your lordship will accord me a quarter of an hour's audience, I offer to enable you to penetrate into the most intimate secrets of a royal court, with the same facility that you know daily what passes in the House of Commons, and that, too, by a means worthy of you and of me. You will readily understand, my lord that these sort of things are not to be committed to paper: they are to be communicated only by word of mouth, and, even then in a low tone of voice." Lord Bute, perhaps, jealous of a rival in magnanimity, appears to have declined this favour (Champignon having turned then to the intervention of a friend at court, had his suit generously taken up and privately promoted. Baron Hasting the Bavarian minister, transmitting a further appeal from "the unlucky Champignon" begs his lordship "to give him something to get rid of him," so that "we may be no more troubled by his importunity."

It is quite clear that the receipt of favours grates on the fine mind of a minister. Mr. Thomas Lowe, of Quality Court, Chancery Lane is desirous of submitting to Lord Bute a plan for obtaining a sum of money for the public service. Unfortunately he is not at liberty in a letter to mention by what means the money may be procured, but "this" says he "I will take upon myself to say, that it will raise an incredible sum in a few months, is an imposition of the lowest denomination, cannot be objected to, with the least reason, by any individual or body of men, may be collected at an easy expense, and cannot fail of bringing in yearly an immense sum." One is vexed that a secret with such a combination of recommendations should have perished, and that Mr. Bull, missing the tide in his affairs which, taken at the flood, would have led to fortune, should still be labouring under an Income Tax and a National Debt.

The imprudent ambition of persons who build houses too magnificent for their means, is, if we may judge from the lodging letting and auctioneer's departments in the Times' Supplement, a cause of much inconvenience in the present day, but it is not sufficiently known that people troubled with such houses need not advertise them for hire or sale, but should throw themselves with confidence upon their country. Mr. Gregg—previously unknown to Lord Bute—gives him an epistolary review of his early life, marriage and settlement on his country estate, and continues thus "After some years, I was tempted, as my family was not large, to build a better house than I found upon the property, but Providence so ordered it, that I had no sooner finished my building and laid out

all the ready money I thought I had no occasion for, but my family began to increase, and I have now eight children, my youngest not a year old, without the means of providing for more than three of them." Mr. Gregg concludes with a touching reference to "the misery of his situation," presenting though it might "all the external appearance of plenty and comfort," and entreats to be recommended to the King for appointment to the first vacancy of a Commissioner of Excise.

The public service, a hundred years ago, enlisted in its cause, with a wise tact, the freshness of youth, and did not scorn the infirmities of age. Sir Charles Hotham writes of a friend "who has had a clerk's place in the Board of Works ever since he was eleven years' old;" while Sir Henry Dacker applies for a tide-waitership, on behalf of "a worthy, good man, very infirm in years, and in distressed circumstances." Domestic servants came to glory sometimes in those days. On behalf of one of them, Lord Harcourt applies for "a place of fifty or sixty pounds a year," (about the amount of his wages, apparently,) "which would permit him still to continue in his service."

The importance of the Minister's time is universally and properly acknowledged by his correspondents. (One is glad to see this. "The high and national importance," says one of them, (in a sentence for which we warn the reader to take in a long breath,) "of your lordship's moments are so extreme precious, that I am under every dread and concern in thus breaking in, in the smallest degree, upon them, and heartily pray God, my Lord, that your Lordship's ardent and unwearied attention for the true glory of his Majesty, and the felicity of the kingdom in general, will very shortly confound the devices, and totally put to public shame and contempt every subject in the nation who has, either openly or secretly, opposed your lordship's sentiments, in what every honest, sensible, and disinterested person must be convinced are absolutely pointed to the utility and real interest of the nation in general." One naturally imagines that, after this prelude of long-winded magniloquence, the favour to be asked is a seat in the Cabinet, or at least the governorship of a colony; but—like the man who began by asking the same Minister for a Commissionership of Customs, and gradually reduced his demands down to an old coat—this correspondent (who is a Custom-house officer) simply desires the transfer of his station from Greenock to Edinburgh.

A tendency to beg may have been noticed in the letters from which we have quoted; and may, by some suspicious persons, be thought to indicate a selfish object in the writers. This is an error; as we see from those letters in which the purpose of the request happens to be carefully defined. Sir Andrew Grant's chief purpose in the

occasional craving of a small boon (in which he parenthetically observes he never was successful) has been, he says, "merely to increase his influence and consequence, in order to enable him the more successfully to exert himself in his humble sphere to promote his lordship's popularity." Distinctly, friendship! Sir Alexander Cunningham, in transmitting to the Minister an application for a share in a Government loan, intimates that, in doing so, he is influenced by no thought of premiums or interest, or "any (sic) base mechanical consideration;" for he describes his proposal as the offer of "the mite of an old man towards preventing the ruin of England." Distinctly, patriotism! Mr. Harvey is desirous that the Government appointment, which he is asking for his son, should be in Lord Bute's own "office, in order that he may thus have an opportunity, personally, of showing his gratitude to his benefactor." Indubitable gratitude!

The following proposal for the recreation of the Minister's leisure, during the recess, affords also a pleasing example of the thoughtful consideration of his friends. Mr. Gilbert, on the 22nd May, 1751, writes as follows: "I should not have ventured to trouble your lordship, had I not been encouraged by the generous protection given to 'The Orphan of China,' which inclines me, as well as the rest of the world, to look upon your lordship as the patron of polite literature" (Mr. Gilbert seems to have belonged to a Syncretic school, and to have written several unacted dramas), "a noble example, much wanted in the present age, though likely to find but few followers. I, therefore, beg the favour of your lordship to give me leave to send you a tragedy, called 'Jugurtha,' which you may take into the country with you to peruse at your leisure."

High among the pleasures of the Cabinet Minister is to be ranked also a continual receipt of crow-quill correspondence from the fair hands of ladies; which was, of course, all flattering and all agreeable. More ingenious than their lords, the ladies do their spirting gently, and convey their applications in pretty phrases; are endowed, moreover, with delicate and yet unwavering pertinacity—frail as the summer gnats, and, a rude fellow might say, as troublesome—it is not a mere waving of the hand that will divert them from the dance on which they are determined. Lady Mary Coningsby entreats Lord Bute's interest for the appointment of her daughter to be Bedchamber-woman to the Queen; and, Miss Granville, a Maid of Honour, wants a pension. Miss Gambrini seeks the honour of occasionally diverting her Majesty "with music," while another lady writes a long letter for the purpose of vindicating her reputation. A duchess, the leader of the *beau monde*, "presumes to give his lordship the trouble of a letter to ask his commands for Scotland, which she will be proud to obey." Her Grace

adds a request, quite parenthetically, for the recall to England of a young officer engaged on foreign service, in whom she is extremely interested

Mrs Goodrich, sempstress and clean starcher to the King, has involved herself, apparently, in an elaborate web of discussion and requires the powers of the state to extricate her. The momentous nature of her wrongs are thus pointedly set forth—"With regard to the offence laid to my charge by Mrs. Malure, the lace woman, of trying to remove her from her place, your lordship will please to judge how far it is in my power to turn out any of her side, when Mr. Brudenel ever since he was Master of the Robes, has bought all and only sent me the things to make up. I am informed, likewise that Mrs. Smith says I intended to take the washing from her. How far this is in my power, your lordship will easily judge." Mrs. Goodrich concludes with eager entreaties for Lord Bute's protection against these nefarious speculations.

Such are a few of the examples which are afforded by the correspondence of a Premier conducted a hundred years ago through the medium of his colleague the Postmaster General. That the amount of this correspondence cannot have diminished either in extent or variety, under the overwhelming advantages of the penny postage since that time, we may be very sure. Whether the severe course of butter and honey upon which it appears that a Prime Minister is put by the letter-writers of the nation be not too great a tax on any man's digestion, is a question which we modestly suggest. A Minister, or any other man, who, from his position, may be supposed to possess more than average acuteness and vigour, might, perhaps, find a flavour better suited to his palate in unostentatious details, plain words, simple claims and, perhaps, he might digest these all the better if divested of exaggerated compliments or hyperbolic protestations of respect and veneration. But the Downing Street supplicants, of Lord Bute's time, wrote after what flourish their nature would. We can only hope that the Downing Street supplicants of this time show a better nature, and pour a smaller quantity and a better sort of tribute on the altars of their Divinities.

A LESSON OF HOPE

THE stars look'd forth in silent eloquence,
Rife with the secrets of their native regions
A language seal'd to man's imperfect sense,
But known and spoken by angelic legions

One walk'd abroad beneath their earnest eyes,
Busied with the uglis that made his features darken
And whilst he gave them voice without disguise,
The wat'ring spheres seem'd consciously to hearken

He spoke of life in accents of despair,
Arraign'd it as the teeming source of sorrow,
And, fascinated by the gloom of care,
Saw not Hope pointing to a brighter morrow.

Haply his eye fell on those orbs of light,
Sparkling above him in their placid beauty,
He gazed entranced, as by a spell of might,
And learnt from them the lesson of his duty

They taught him, with their calm and quiet glance,
To take with patience what the Present yielded
Trustfully looking into Time's advance
To wrest from Fate the weapon she had wielded

They bade him lean a stout and manful heart
For he had sympathies where they were shining
He us'd and wat'ring how he play'd his part
Smiled at his smiles, and wept when he was pining

And then, thoughtfully, he turn'd him to his home
Yet glances of cheerfulness with thought were blend'd
For he had learnt beneath the starlit dome
That tiling men by angelic hands are bind'd

THE ART OF CATCHING ELEPHANTS

THE elephant is associated with our earliest recollections of school-boyhood. Well do I remember the huge black picture of the unwieldy animal in Mayor's Spelling Book, the letter-press describing the creature as "not only the largest, but the strongest of all quadrupeds which is beyond all question, and furthermore, that in its state of nature, it is neither fierce nor mischievous, which is the very reverse of fact, is hundreds of sugar and coffee planters, as well as many a traveller, could testify. In later years, I enjoyed a peep at the sleepy-looking creature, cooped up in a sort of muffled horse-stall, at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, and well I remember wondering how so much stupidity and thoughtfulness could be attributed to so ugly, thick and cumbersome an animal.

The writers of Roman and Grecian history may gather how Pyrrhus for a time mastered the hardy veterans of Rome, by means of these then little known and terrible creatures, and how Alexander found hundreds of them opposed to him in the army of the Indian monarch. Readers of more recent history may learn how these animals formed a portion of the vast armies of most of the Indian Nobles, with which the British forces came in contact. But twelve short months ago, the elephant graced the civic triumph of the newly elected Lord Mayor of London, to the unmitigated astonishment and delight of thousands of little boys and elderly females.

Much, however, as I had heard and read of the elephant, I never properly appreciated this animal, until I had been a dweller in Eastern climes. During a long residence in Ceylon, I was witness of such performances by these huge creatures, that my feeling towards them was raised from that of mere wonder, to something more akin to respect and admiration.

In the course of my early morning rides about the vicinity of Colombo, I frequently reined in my steed to watch the quiet labours of a couple of elephants in the service of the Government. These huge animals were generally employed in the Commissariat timber-yard, or the Civil Engineer's department, either in removing and stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work though slowly piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony, the lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf, and, when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for

observe those uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and, by means of their trunks, lift it up on the logs already placed, and, then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched, but the difficulty was no sooner perceived than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground with the other resting on the top of the pile so as to form a sliding way for the next logs, and, having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four legged labourers rolled up the slope they had thus formed, the six pieces of ebony, for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was, the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log to ascertain if it were laid perfectly square with the rest.

The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weakness in the jungle-bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore-feet upon the earth covering of the bridge to try its strength, and, that if it feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal, and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

Having thus been much prepossessed in favour of these docile creatures, I learnt with considerable interest in the latter part of the year 1849, that an elephant Kraal was in pre-

paration, in the Western Province of Ceylon, not many miles from Colombo.

The word Kraal signifies simply a trap, inasmuch as the wild elephants are caught by partly driving, and partly enticing them within a large enclosed space, or trap. It is assuredly much safer sport than elephant shooting, and generally attracts a large number of spectators. I may here mention that in spite of the scholastic authority of Mayor's Spelling Book, the wild elephants of Ceylon are far from being "neither fierce nor mischievous." At times they descend upon the low country from their mountain fastnesses in such numbers and with such ferocity, as to carry with them destruction, and often death. Elephant kraals are, therefore, resorted to for the double purpose of ridding a neighbourhood of these dangerous visitors, and supplying the Government with fresh beasts of labour for their timber yards and building establishments. On these occasions the natives of the district turn out *en masse*—from the rich Modelar to the poorest cooly—to assist without remuneration, all being interested in the success of the affair.

The whole province was alive with excitement—nothing was talked of at mess table, or at Government House, but the approaching Kraal. Half Colombo, it was said, would be there, and, as the weather promised to be so fair, I could not resist the temptation to witness the trapping of a score or two of those untutored monsters of the forest.

Such excursions are always undertaken by parties of three or more, for the sake of comfort. I joined four friends for the occasion, two gentlemen, and two ladies, mother and daughter. They were well acquainted with the Government agent of the locality, who had promised them shelter, and good accommodation for witnessing the Kraal. All arrangements having been completed, our servants, gaily turbaned, accompanied by a swarm of coolies, bearing provisions, bedding, and other comforts, started off our fine moonlight night, and, at a little before day break on the following morning, we followed them on the road, the ladies in a small pony-chaise and myself and friend on our nags. Long before nightfall we reached the village adjoining the scene of sport. We needed no guide to the locality, for the narrow road was crowded with travellers hastening in one direction. Every description of vehicle lined the way, from the Colonel's light tandem, to the native bullock hackery, with its ungoverned squeaking wheels.

The scene at the village was singularly strange and exciting. It was close to the banks of the *Catany*, a river of some size and rapidity. Along the palm-shaded shore were moored numberless boats, many of them large flat country barges, or Padé boats, containing parties of visitors from Colombo, who had prudently determined to take up their abode in those floating residences for the night.

The village huts had been thrown open to the English visitors after having been well cleaned and whitewashed. Their doors were gaily ornamented with strips of red and white cloth, flowers, and the fresh pale green leaves of the cocoa palm. When the little cottages were lit up for the evening, they looked extremely pretty.

It was at once evident that there was not nearly sufficient accommodation for all the guests. One of our party started in search of his friend, the Government Agent, but in vain; he had gone off in quest of the elephants, reported to be coming up last from the neighbouring *Aorles*, or counties. Consequently we were left to our own resources. After some delay, we succeeded in obtaining the use of one small room for the ladies, whilst, for ourselves, we sought shelter for the night beneath the friendly and capacious roof of one of the *Pado* boats, where we found a hearty welcome from a party of young rollicking coffee planters.

Day had not appeared next morning when we were afoot, and, having sipped a cup of vile half-boiled coffee, we started to explore the wonders of the *Kraal*, followed, of course, by our servants, with sundry tin boxes and a hamper.

The neighbourhood in which the *Kraal* was formed consisted of rugged undulating ground, pretty thickly covered with stout jungle. Heavy, low forest trees studded the stony land, interwoven with thorny brambles, cacti, bamboo, and a species of gigantic creeping plant, called, appropriately, *jungle rope*, for it is strong enough to bind the stoutest buffalo that ever roared. A number of narrow paths had been cut through the jungle leading to the *Kraal* from the village. Through one of these winding prickly tracks, we bent our slow way, seeing little around us save hugely branched trees and thickly matted underwood. Half an hour's walk brought us to a halt. We were at the *Kraal*. I looked around, but, the only indications of the industry of man in that wild spot, were sundry covered platforms, raised amongst the leafy branches of trees, some twelve feet from the ground. These places contained seats, and were already filling with visitors; we followed the example, and mounting the rude staircase, obtained a good view of what was going on. Before us lay a large open space, in extent about an acre, irregular in shape and of very uneven surface. A few stout trees were standing at intervals within it, beside which were to be seen groups of natives carrying long white wands, for all the world like so many black stewards of some public dinner or ball. Around this plot of ground grew a wall of dense jungle, and, on looking into this, I perceived that it had been made artificially strong by intertwining amongst it the supple branches of trees, long bamboos, and *jungle-rope* of enormous thickness. At first sight, this natural wall did not appear to be anything more than ordinary jungle, such as might easily be forced by any

ordinary village buffalo. We were, however, assured by the native master of the ceremonies, the head *Corale*, that this jungle wall would resist the fiercest attacks of the strongest *Kandian* elephant. At one end of the enclosure I perceived a narrow opening, partly covered with light brambles and branches of trees. This was the entrance to the *Kraal*, so arranged as to wear a natural appearance. Beside this carefully concealed gateway were hidden a number of active villagers, ready prepared with huge trunks of trees and jungle rope, with which they were to secure the passage against any attempts at return, so soon as the elephants were trapped.

The novelty of our situation, the wild solitude of jungle around us, the picturesque appearance of the many groups of natives within and about the *Kraal*, the stories of elephant shooting and trapping, and narrow escapes, with sundry references to portly baskets and boxes of provisions all helped to make the day pass away rapidly and comfortably enough. Evening, however, brought with it a general debate as to what should be done, for there were still no signs of game being near, and few of us desired to spend the night in that open spot, unless under a strong inducement. The discussion ended by an adjournment to the village and the *Pado* boat where we slept soundly.

The following day was spent pretty much as had been the first. Some of the visitors gave strong signs of impatience, and towards evening a few, of worse temper than the rest, declared the whole affair a complete take-in, and took their departure for Colombo. Just then, intelligence was received, by means of scouts, that the elephants, to the number of forty, were in full march towards the *Kraal*. This set us all on the tip-toe of expectation. I very soon betook himself to his appointed place. Ladies shrunk away from the front seats and I detected one or two of my own sex casting anxious glances towards the stairs. An equal bustle was visible within the *Kraal*. The head *Corale* rushed about full of importance, the black stewards, with their white wands, grouped themselves into parties of three or four, at regular intervals amongst the jungle surrounding the open space, and especially about the entrance, but what duty was to be performed by these gentry, was more than I could divine. It is true (I was told by a native chief) that it would devolve on them to drive back any of the elephants, when caught in the *Kraal*, in the event of their attempting to force the surrounding defences. But the idea of these poor creatures—some of them mere boys—being of any service, with their little white sticks, appeared so insane and altogether ridiculous, that I felt I was being hoaxed by the *Corale*.

The shades of evening descended, and scouts continued to arrive from the 'driving party,' with injunctions to hold everything in readiness, for the herd were coming on. The

few torches that had been left to dispel the gloom were put out, or removed from sight. The moon had not risen. Every tongue was silent, save a few low whispers at intervals. Eyes were eagerly strained towards the opening through which the herd were expected to rush. Every ear was on the stretch to catch the most remote sounds in that direction. One might have fancied, from the death-like stillness of the place that we were there awaiting our own fate, instead of the fate of elephants.

We did not wait long in this suspense. A distant shouting burst suddenly upon our startled ears. It drew rapidly nearer, and soon we could distinguish the violent cracking and snapping of branches of trees and low jungle. Then we heard the quick tramp of many ponderous and huge feet. There was no doubt but that the animals were close upon us, for torches were visible in the direction from which they were coming. Indeed the distant jungle appeared to be alive with lights. A very native stood to his arms, such as they were. I could see the white wands glimmering about in the black forest at our feet, some one or two of rifle barrels, long and ugly. Long instruments of native make were protruded from various points. Several of the ladies of our party fainted, and I verily believe that some of the males wished inwardly that they were of the other sex to have the privilege of fainting and being carried out of reach of danger. But there was small time for attention even to fainting ladies. Our eyes were fixed upon the moving and rapidly approaching lights. They appeared to burn less brightly as they came nearer, then some disappeared, and soon the whole were extinguished, and all was plunged in darkness. Still, on came the furious monsters. Bamboos crashed, the thick jungle flew about in splinters. A heavy tramping, and tearing, and snapping sounded of branches, —and there they were safely within the Kraal. Then arose a shout, as though the clouds and earth were about to meet, or to do something out of the common way. I bent forward to catch a peep at the enemy. The native body guard waved their white wands. The entrance was barred up in a twinkling, and the torches brought forward to enable us to witness the proceedings, when a volley of loud uproarious laughter fell upon our ears, blended with exclamations of angry disappointment. All eyes were strained towards the clump of trees in the centre of the enclosure, where we beheld a dozen or two of flaming *Chules* or torches waved to and fro by some score of half-frantic villagers, and there, as the glare of torchlight burst through the dense gloom, we beheld, crouching together, in place of forty huge elephants, a knot of village buffaloes, panting, and trembling and tossing their heads. A survey of those creatures told us how the matter stood. There had been torches fastened to their horns, and

one or two of them had the remains of *Chules* hanging to their tails. There could not be a shadow of doubt that the affair had been a cruel hoax, and we were not long in ascribing the origin of it to the real perpetrators —the party of young coffee-planters with whom I had slept in the Padd boat.

The laughter of the evening, however, was not yet at an end. The light of innumerable *Chules*, now moving about, discovered to us three nervous gentlemen snugly perched high among the branches of a tree close by our stand. They had made a rush up, in the first alarm of the onset, but, however easy fear had made the ascent, they evidently found it a somewhat difficult task to descend. All eyes were at once fixed upon the unlucky climbers, whose struggles to reach the lower branches were hailed with roars of furious laughter. Elephants, and buffaloes, and hoaxes were for the moment forgotten. One of them was the District Judge, a son of what cumbersome personage, another, was a Collector of Customs and the third, a Commissioner of the Court of Requests, a thin wiry fellow with a remarkably red face. There they were, kicking, and staining and struggling, in us every a fix as any of the Civil Service had ever found themselves, and it was not until some bamboos and ropes had been handed up to them that they were able to reach the stand, and thence wend their way off the scene.

By the time the trial was cleared the night was far advanced, and the moon high in the horizon. Advice then reached us that the elephants had made a detour from the line, and had taken it into their unruly heads to treat themselves to a gambol across some score or two of acres of prairie land, where they were amusing themselves with a good round game, despite the coaxing of a decoy consisting of two tame elephants. It was clear that nothing would be done on that night, and our merry parties betook themselves back to the village.

Our numbers were evidently on the decline next day. The patience of many had been exhausted. Towards evening intelligence was brought in, that thirty five elephants, of all sizes, were in full march towards us, and, shortly afterwards the Government Agent of the district, and the native chief of the *Korle*, came in "from the driving," to see that all was made ready for the proper reception of the jungle visitors. Again all was hurry and bustle. Provision baskets and nervous ladies were sent to the rear wine-bottles were placed in reserve, and sundry parting salutes were made with packets of sandwiches. Once more silence reigned over the Kraal, torches were removed, the guards and watchers were doubled, and an extra supply of the little white wands brought to the front.

It was about two hours after dark when we heard the first distinct shouts of the drivers, who were slowly forcing the elephants towards

the Kraal, the two tame ones leading the way, and pointing out the advantages of that particular path to their jungle friends. Those sounds seemed to approach us at irregular intervals. Sometimes it appeared as though the animals were not to be moved on any account, and the shouting died away, again they drew rapidly near, then paused, then forward, until we fancied we could distinguish the fall of the elephants' huge feet amongst the thick underwood. At last there was no mistake about it, they were close upon us. Our anxiety and curiosity became intense. The tearing and trampling amongst the jungle was deafening. Giant bamboos and branches of trees appeared to be snapped asunder by the oncoming herd, like so many walking sticks—in a way, in short, which made me tremble for the strength of the Kraal, and of our own elevated platform.

But there was little time for reflection of any kind. A shot or two was fired in the rear of the advancing herd, followed by a trampling of the leading elephant. The moon at that moment began to peep over the distant range of low hills, and, by its faint light, I could distinguish the low jungle bending, and giving way on every side, and amongst it sundry huge black forms rushing about in savage disorder, like mountain masses upheaved by some convulsion of nature. The two decoys entered the enclosure at a brisk but steady trot, and stationed themselves under the clump of trees, without any notice being taken of them, indeed, one of them nodded knowingly to the *Coralé* near him as much as to say, "It's all right, old fellow!" On came the wild elephants at a thundering pace, bending and bending, and smushing everything before them, trumpeting and roaring at full pitch. In another moment they were within the boundaries of our fortress.

Never shall I forget the wild, strange beauty of that uproarious moment. The moon was now shining sufficiently on the Kraal to light up the more open parts of it, away under the deep shade on one side, could be seen a dense, moving mass of living creatures, huge, misshapen, and infuriated, trembling with rage and fatigue. Lighted *chutes* were gleaming thickly, like fire-flies, amidst the neighbouring jungle. Felled trees and rope barred up the narrow way, forming one monster gate. Whist busy groups of villagers, white wands in hand, moved to and fro, and watched the furious herd. More lights were brought to the front, and a blazing fire was kindled outside the entrance, which, whilst it served to light up the whole of the Kraal, deterred the savage strangers from attempting anything in that direction.

It was soon evident that the prisoners were not going to take matters very quietly. Two of the stoutest of their number slowly advanced and examined the walls, to see where an opening might most easily be forced. And now we were not less astonished

than delighted at the use made of those tiny white wands, which had before served only to raise our contempt. Whenever the two elephant spies approached the jungle-walls of their prison, they were met by one or two villagers who gently waved before them little snow white switches, and, lo! as if by some spell of potent forest magic, the beasts turned back, skimming from contact with the little wands. Point after point was thus tried, but all in vain, the snowy magic sticks were thick within the jungle, and silently beat back the advancing foe.

While the two scouts were thus engaged on their exploring expedition, the tame elephants approached the remainder of the herd, and walked slowly round them, shaking their shaggy ears and waving high in air their curling trunks as though they would say, "Move at your peril." One of the captives, a somewhat juvenile and unsophisticated elephant, ventured to move from the side of its maternal parent, to take a survey of our stand, when tame elephant Number One went up to the offender, and sent him back with an enormous flick in his ear. Tame elephant Number Two bestowing at the same moment a smart tap on the skull.

Business work was at hand. The scouts, evidently disgusted with the result of their operations upon the outworks, appeared to be preparing for a *soltie* and treated with the most reckless levity the admonitory taps of the elephant policeman, which, however, seemed to be far less unpleasant to them than a tickle on the snout from one of the pigmy white wands. It was plain that they intended to carry their object by a *coup de trunk*, but several of rifles peered forth. The ladies shut their eyes, and stopped their ears. An elderly gentleman, at my elbow, asked, in a tremulous whisper, "What the guns were for?" The inquiry was replied to by a loud trumpeting from one of the pair of rebels, a hoarse screaming roar, like the hollow sound of a strained railway whistle, very much out of repair. We had scarcely time to look at the poor brute creating this disturbance, when we heard the sharp crack of a dozen rifles round us—so sharp, indeed, that our eyes blinked again. Down tumbled one of the monsters, with thick torrents of hot, savage blood, pouring from many a wound about his head and neck. His companion was not so easily disposed of, though badly wounded. Lifting his enormous trunk in the air, and bellowing forth a scream of defiance, he made a rush at the jungle-wall. The two elephantine policemen, who had been narrowly observing his proceedings, then cut in between him and the ramparts, and succeeded in turning him from his purpose, but only to cause him to renew his fierce attack upon another part of the defences. He rushed, at full speed, upon the part where our stand was erected, screaming and tearing up the earth, and lashing his great trunk

about him, as a schoolboy would a piece of whipcord. I felt alarmed. It seemed as though our frail tenement must yield at the first touch from the mighty on-coming mass of flesh, bone, and muscle. Ladies shrieked and fainted by the dozen; gentlemen scrambled over each other towards the stairs, where a decidedly downward tendency was exhibited. I would have given a trifle, just then, to have taken the seat occupied the day before by the Judge or the Collector, high amongst the branches. But in much less time than I take to relate it, the furious animal, smarting under many bullet wounds, had reached the verge of our stand, heedless of the cracking of rifles, whose leaden messengers flew round his head and poured down his shoulders, harmless as peas. One last crack, and down the monster fell, close at our feet. That shot was the work of a mere lad, the little son of a Kandian *Corade*; who, coolly biding his time, had fired his piece close at the creature's ear. Leaping from his place, the urulum flung aside his long tapering rifle, and drawing forth his girdle-knife, severed the elephant's tail from the carcase, as his just trophy.

These two having been disposed of, and a degree of calm restored, the general attention was directed towards the herd, which still remained in their original position. For a time fear seemed to hold them motionless; but when the extremity of their danger rose before them, a number of the boldest made a desperate rush at the entrance, but were easily turned back, when the watchers stirred up the great guard-fire, whilst, from other parts of the Kraal, they were soon repelled by an application of white wands. In this way a good hour was spent, at the end of which time the creatures appeared to give up the idea of any further aggressive proceedings, and remained subdued and calm.

A dangerous task had still to be performed—that of securing the best of the herd for taming. Half-a-dozen of the most active and skilful of the villagers crept slowly and carefully towards the frightened group; each having a long stout cord of jungle-rope in his hand, with a running noose at one end of it. With stealthy, cat-like steps, these daring fellows went amongst the herd, making some of us tremble for their safety. Each of them selected one of the largest and strongest of the group, behind which they crept; and, having arranged the “lasso” for action, they applied a finger gently to the right heel of their beast, who feeling the touch as though that of some insect, slowly raised the leg, shook it, and replaced it on the ground. The men, as the legs were lifted, placed the running nooses beneath them, so that the elephants were quietly trapped, unknown to themselves, and with the utmost ease. The men now stole rapidly away with the ends of the ropes, and immediately made them fast to the ends of the nearest trees. These ropes, however, were far from being

sufficiently strong to hold an elephant who might put out his strength. It was therefore necessary to secure them still further, but by gentle means. The two tame elephants were then placed on active service: they were evidently perfectly at home, and required no directions for their work. Walking slowly up to the nearest of the six captured animals, they began to urge him towards the tree to which he was fastened. At first the creature was stubborn; but a few taps on his great skull, and a mighty push on his carcase, sent him a yard or two nearer his destination. As he proceeded, the man in charge of the rope gathered in the slack of it; and so matters went on between this party—a tap, a push, and a pull—until at length three of the elephants were close to the tree. Two other villagers then came forward with a stout iron chain. The tame animals placed themselves one on each side of their prisoner, pressing him between them so tightly as to prevent the possibility of his moving. In a minute or two the great chain was passed several times round the hind legs and the tree; and, in this way the captive was left; helpless and faint with struggling. The other five were similarly treated. After which our party dispersed, pretty well tired, and quite prepared for bed.

Early next morning I paid a last visit to the Kraal, alone; my friends were fairly worn out. The remainder of the elephants had been either shot or had forced their way out in one or two places. The six captured animals were quiet—as well they might be, after their long fast and incessant struggling. Towards the end of that day, a very small portion of food was supplied to them, just sufficient to keep them alive. In this way they were to remain for a week or two, when, if found sufficiently reduced in strength and temper, they were to be walked about, fastened between two tame companions, who assisted very effectually in their daily education—not, perhaps, in the most gentle and polite manner, but still much to the purpose.

At the end of two or three months, the wild and unruly destroying monster of the jungle might be seen quietly and submissively piling logs of ebony in the Government timber-yards, with a purpose-like intelligence little short of that of man.

A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

MASTER PILBY is a dunce. He returned from school four days ago, bringing a right hand with him that was ink-black on the thumb and two forefingers to the second knuckle. By aid of pumice-stone, he has almost contrived to rub his little fingers white again, since he has been told that he must hold a tidy hand out to be shaken by aunts, uncles, and friends this Christmas. Bruises have faded also from his person, and a joyous inn of rest, after six months of jolting

on the road to knowledge, is the poor little dunce's Christmas.

It wants an hour to dinner-time on Christmas-day, and children play about the garden-walks, noisy with health, ruddy with constant running through the clear cold air. Miss Lizzie, a sporting character of nine years old, with a fine silken mane of her own, wishes to know who will be her horse. "I want somebody who's quick," says the fast young damsel; "I'll have Tommy Pilby." Now it will be seen that, although Master Pilby, considered as a grammarian, was slow, yet was he quick and lively when considered as a horse, or, generally speaking, as a playfellow. Subjected now, therefore, to the coercion of a pair of packthread reins, and whipped severely with a lash of worsted, he is scampering and curvetting in an extraordinary manner, with Miss Lizzie at his heels, along the carriage-drive. Now near the gate, while he is forcing a whole Christmas-load of happiness into a tremendous neigh, he is confronted by a guest, no less portentous than his terrible head master. Pilby may hesitate, Miss Lizzie, with inflamed ambition, shouts as the Doctor bursts upon her, "Here's a big horse!" With astonishment does Master Pilby see the Doctor yield to the solicitations of the little maid, and thrust his arms into the noose removed from his own now liberated person. But there is a joyousness about the face of Dr Grum which there is no distrustful, and he gives the little dunce a cheery greeting, as he lumbers off clumsily enough, in answer to the "Come up!" of his mistress. But Miss Lizzie soon cries out that he is very stupid, and advertises to her playfellows that there is a horse to be disposed of. Master Pilby answers the advertisement, and joyously assumes the reins; the Doctor prances; Pilby lays about his portly person the innocuous whip, and shouts at him impatiently, "How slow you are!" The bell sounds through the garden, and the dunce and the dominie caper together in the direction of their Christmas dinner.

Elsewhere, at the same hour, a door in town is knocked at modestly by a young man, whose faded suit of black has been put on with care and neatly brushed, who has evidently laboured at his toilet to produce the utmost attainable demonstration of respectability out of the materials in his possession. To-day, if Dr. Grum were passing, he would take his usher lovingly by the hand; on any other day a friendly, condescending nod would be the Doctor's greeting. But there is one within this house who has been listening this half-hour for that modest little knock, and the poor usher knows well who is opening the door, and who it is that would kiss him as heartily as she now does every day, though every day were dreary for a thousand years, if they could live as long, and betogether.

But, lest a servant come, they must not linger too long in the hall. On any other day

Papa might frown: Mamma might fret at the unprofitable match: but when they see the deep joy in their daughter's eyes, they whisper by looks to one another, that, after all, it is God's Christmas-day, and brighten the modest face of the poor usher with the affection or their welcome.

When they will marry, they commit to Him who holds love blessed to determine; but in a quiet room apart from all the Christmas guests, the maiden tells the usher how two months ago she made as many notches in a card as there were days till Christmas, and tore one off daily when she went to bed, and how her heart beat when there came to be but four—three—two; and how she prayed and feared lest accident might disappoint her when there was but one. What the usher told the maiden in reply, her heart retains to feast upon until there shall return another Christmas day.

Here is a grand ball in the country work-house, and your Polish balls are nothing to it! All the parish schoolboys and school-girls have been botanizing for a whole week, and the white-washed walls of the schoolroom are superb with holly, and festoons of winter foliage and flowers. The meat is to be got over; never mind the meat—"Please, sir, may we give three cheers when the pudding comes?" No wonder they can dance; and what a lucky thing it is that schoolmaster knows how to play the fiddle! The men and women and the old crones come in, and Christmas-day, by order of the Board of Guardians, is celebrated by a workhouse ball. Real negus is served out, and the convivialities are so kept up, that the very children do not go to bed till half-past nine o'clock.

How is it with the faint-hearted little diners in the dingy room, who keep their Christmas-day at the twenty pound schools where there are no vacations? Whoshall peep into the mystery?

But at Dr. Trout's, which is quite another sort of place, we know how it is. Dr. Trout and Mrs. Trout have thirteen children of their own, and a fine flourishing school into the bargain. They dine at home on Christmas-day, surrounded by old pupils and hearty friends. And there are some of those old pupils whose race in the world has caused them to become wiser, even in his own way, than the simple-hearted Doctor, and great deal wiser in the way of what the world calls wisdom. But none of those whom he has taught regard him as an equal; all look affectionately up. Very little can a man be conscious of the worth, for good or evil, of his own mind, who does not feel something that is very earnest in the presence of another, who, whether for good or evil, has exerted a large influence upon his character. Nothing but good was ever attributed to Dr. Trout; and, therefore, his old pupils look up to him with reverent affection. Perhaps somewhat less Greek and Latin, with a little more French, German, and Italian,

would have been more practically useful in the well remembered lessons. But, never mind what the pupils learnt, if they learnt only to study and to teach themselves as they grew older. That the old Doctor taught, and taught it kindly to, for that they loved him. What a magnificent speech the young Barrister is making, who proposes bumpers for a toast! He is a fine young fellow, and, whatever tears he may weep, hereafter for a fee, there is a true test of Christmas love and kindness sparkling about his eyelashes, as he passes, through a storm of applause, to enlighten "our dear old Teacher." Then the old Doctor rises to reply, and he must be seized with a demon—the good demon of Christmas—for he can only look utter benevolence, and stammer out, 'God bless you all! I'm very happy.'

Miss Twit sits at the hostess's right hand, beside a quieter but not less friendly board. She is thin, pale, bordering on fifty. There is a sweet smile upon her face, she is inexpressibly lady-like and quiet but in her quietness, one feels a touch of a sensation. She has but one relation who is rich and does not encourage her intimacy. She keeps a school, and is now dining with the parents of her eldest pupil. A

clever girl that eldest pupil seems to be, and she sits by the schoolmistress lovingly watchful of her wants, and facing all good things upon her plate with child-like avidity. It is the belief of her pupils that Miss Twit has had some great grief, and the young ladies of course interpret that into the fact, that she has had a lover who has died—or something of that sort, but, of course, it had to do with love. And if she had a lover ever, the young ladies how wonderfully she must have loved him because they never hear her speak an unkind word of any one, and she seems to have, in all her quietness, such energy for being good and tender that they suppose he must have died, for nobody able to love as Miss Twit must have done, could ever possibly have been deserted. So the girls think of the schoolmistress so tenderly, that it would not cost even a vixen much pains to think in return tenderly of them. Nor are the parents, generally speaking, less solicitous about the gentle lady, who is so attentive to their girls. Miss Twit although quiet, will by no means be a dummy when the curtains shall be drawn to night, and the lamp lighted, and the parlour games begin. She is the great authority on forfeits, she knows more riddles than an elephant can carry and they are not prim, stiff-backed things, but they have all quaint, easy answers meant to make you laugh. As a stage-manager over the performance of acted charades, she is the wittiest and cleverest, and dearest creature, all her pupils say. Miss Twit creates marvels of happiness without much outward variation from her gentle quiet-way. And those who make a happy Christ-

mas are the folks to feel the Christmas peace; and so we need not pity Mrs Twit as she sits at dinner, by the right hand of the hostess, under her eldest pupil's very busy care.

Dame Farran gets but twopence a week from the little boys and girls who learn of her what nouns are, and how much is eight times nine. The poor dame cannot see without her spectacles, and she needs them to see her Christmas mutton chop. A tap at the door disturbs her while she is turning it over the fire, and a little fellow with "Please, ma'am, mother's love," produces a plate full of roast goose. The mutton chop is put by for to-morrow, and it had not reached the cupboard, before another "Mother's love" does homage to the teacher of the children, with an offering of pudding. Then there is a little run of "Mother's love" at two o'clock, one drop is goose, two, beef, and four, pudding. Dame Farran had resolved to sit at home and think about a son far out at sea, but she could not escape the Christmas hospitality.

With whom does the French teacher dine? or does he sit at home before a sheet of writing paper and pour love not upon it—upon the mother or the sister vividly presented to his mind? Has he received a Christmas greeting from his distant home which lies before him on thin rustling paper, rustling with his frequent touch, as he reads and he reads tender words the dew so surely falling on his soul? Does he sit by the fire after dinner with a portrait in his hand? Does he think of a pair of blue eyes that may be bent elsewhere ever a picture of himself, thinking of him as a something glorious and noble, not the mean, friendless thing, as sometimes thought to be while following his daily task in England?

We are all teachers. The baby who can only lisps has truths to teach to an attentive pupil. We are all teachers, and we are all taught, or should let ourselves be taught. A glorious Holiday in the great School of the World is Christmas-day, when though there be teaching, still every hard task is thrust into a corner, every burr is locked up in a cupboard, and the one lesson of the day which we agree not to put from us, and even to fetch down from the shelf and learn afresh, if we should chance of late to have forgotten it is how to make peace on earth, how to be proud enough to forgive, and humble enough to consent to be forgiven.

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LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND MUSKETRY.

WE were three Englishmen travelling by the mail-train from London to Dover, on our way to Paris, one evening in this present month of December, 1851. The extensive horse-dealer in the multiplicity of thick great coats—the quiet Cambridge man reading a shilling reprint of Macaulay—and the present writer—did not find the eighty miles or so, lying between London Bridge and the Custom House Quay at Dover, hang at all heavy on their hands. There was a thick white fog outside, and a trifle of drizzling rain, and enough frost to make the rails slippery; but we were as jovial, notwithstanding, as old travellers ought to be. The horse-dealer talked voluminously of divers "parties" having a knowledge of "little wares;" and told us, quite confidentially, that he intended to put the brown horse in harness next week. The Cantab discoursed of "men" who were going "up" to the University; of Brown of "Maudlin" wine-ing somewhat too copiously with Jones of Trinity; of how Muffle beat the Bargee, and how Snaffle of Trinity had been chased four miles through ploughed fields by a determined proctor, anxious to ascertain his name and college. As to the scribe, he passed no inconsiderable portion of the time in endeavouring to pull a pair of worsted stockings over his boots; in talking a little, sleeping a little, and reading a little for a change.

Now, on the Tuesday immediately preceding the eve of our journey, there had been an intricate political evolution performed in Paris, called a *coup-d'état*. People have grown so accustomed to revolutions, that they took this last revolution very quietly; expecting, doubtless, reciprocal tranquillity on the other side of the Channel. There was a harvest of the evening papers, a run of luck for the gossips, an ill wind blowing some considerable good to the "patterers" who pervaded the fashionable squares until a late hour, proclaiming, with sonorous solemnity, Paris in flames, the red flag waving, and the President assassinated.

We went about our business, however, very comfortably and quietly, crossed the Channel, and started from Boulogne with the mail-bags and a locomotive post-office, at two in the

morning of Thursday, seeing nothing of revolution, and nothing of arms or an army, save one very imposing gendarme—a prize gendarme, with a wonderful cocked hat, a beard and moustache most martial, a sword prodigiously long, and calculated, generally, to strike terror into the disaffected, and to awe the malcontents. But, as I had seen him in the same marvellous costume several times before, (I even think I can remember him before they changed the uniform, and when he wore jack-boots and leathers), and as I know him to be a peaceful warrior, willing, when off duty, to partake of a *verre d'anisette* or *Cassis* with you, I did not argue, even from his *grande tenue*, any very alarming state of things.

The stations, as in the grey dawn we were whirled past them, were all filled with soldiers. This had an ugly look. My co-occupants of the carriage made various manifestations. The pretty traveller from America began to get frightened;—a pretty girl in a pretty bonnet; showing, as subsequent events disclosed, a prettier face. She had a large fur mantle, and a soft voice with a slight lisp, had come straight from New Orleans to New York, from New York to Liverpool, from Liverpool to London, and so, by this mail, to Paris, alone. Come! The world is not so bad as some would accuse it of being, when a timid girl, not twenty years of age, can travel so many thousands of miles, and talk with a smile of travelling back again, when she has seen her friends in Paris!

The horse-dealer, the Cantab, the writer, and, I grieve to say, the disagreeable gentleman with the seal-skin cap, made divers futile attempts to sleep, and many more successful to converse from Paris to Lille. In the carriage, likewise, was a very large cloak, which, partially disclosing a despatch box, and a button with a crown on it, I conjectured to form a portion of a sleeping Queen's messenger.

So, in the cold foggy morning, past Beauvais, Clermont, Creil, St. Denis; and, by nine o'clock, into the Paris terminus.

The look of things in general assumed an uglier appearance. The dwarfish little soldiers, with their shabby great coats and bright muskets, swarmed in waiting-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and offices. The gallant

officers (why *will* they wear stays!) in baggy trousers promenaded gravely, and inspected us suspiciously. Yet no one asked us for passports, the inspection of luggage went on as quietly as usual, and we were free to depart.

Now, I dwell, when in Paris, in a hostelry in the Rue St. Honoré, close to the church of St. Roch. To reach its hospitable *porte cochère* one is apt when tired, sleepy, and encumbered—with a carpet bag, a hat box, and a great coat or two—to take a cab, and, being resolved to take one, I sallied forth into the courtyard of the terminus. There were no cabs, no omnibuses, no vehicles of any description. Not even a wheelbarrow. Besides cutlimes, factors, dames blanches, sylphides, courtes, *coiffeurs*, bourgeois—all the multifarious varieties of French equipages had disappeared. The shops were shut and the streets were apparently deserted, though impassable. The truth was, I had stepped into a besieged city.

I asked one of the railway porters where I could get a vehicle. "Monsieur," he replied very politely, "nowhere. Could I walk down the Rue St. Honoré and so by the *Pont Neuf* into the Rue St. Honoré? Monsieur it is impossible, circulation is impeded. What was I to do? My friend the porter had got in with his headstall and he would be *enchanté* to carry my bag, and to conduct me to my destination by streets where there was no apprehension of disturbance."

And so we set out. I long for the most extortionate of cabsmen. I could have endured the most insolent of omnibus conductors. Trump, tramp, tramp, through the dreadful little streets choked with mud, now stopped by barricades in course of construction or of demolition, now entangled in a web of the lowest raff, thieves, *gamins*—various kinds of every description flying before the grandees now stopped by a cordon of soldiers drawn across a street hustled into the presence of the commanding officer interrogated, brow beaten and dismissed. When I state that the railway terminus is near Montmartre, and that I entered Paris by the *Barricade* de l'Est, the courteous reader who knows Paris can form some idea of how very muddy, weary, and savage tempered I was when I arrived at mine inn, earnestly desiring to be able to take "mine case" in it.

Everybody knows the courtyard of a French hotel. How the host of waiters, chamber maids, porters, and general hangers-on all appearing to have nothing to do, lounge about, doing it thoroughly, all day long. How the landlord sits placidly, in a species of alcove, summer house, smoking cigarettes, drinking sugar and water, and surveying each new comer with the satisfied look of a box constructor just getting over the digestion of his last rabbit, and ready for a new one, how the cook—"chef," we beg his pardon—surts,

white-capped and white-jacketed, with the pretty daughter of the *conciergerie*. On the momentous morning of my arrival, all these things were changed. Waiters, chamber maids, boots, landlord, cook, *commissionnaires*, *conciergerie*, were huddled together in the hall. The cabmen attached to the hotel, slumbered within their vehicles reduced to a state of compulsory inactivity. The porter—a topid *Auvergnat*—vaguely impressed with a conviction that there was danger somewhere, hid let loose an enormous dog with rather more of the wolf in his composition than was agreeable. The *conciergerie*'s pretty daughter had disappeared from him; in lieu thereof, the *conciergerie* himself, deprived of his usual solace of the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*, smoked morbidly, gazing with a fixed and stony rigidity of vision at one of the dreadful proclamations of the Government which was pasted against his door, and which conveyed the ominous intimation that every one found with arms in his hands on behind a door, a bullet would be instantly shot—*juste sur le champ*.

Everything in fact spoke of the state of siege. The newspapers were in a state of siege, for the Government had suspended all but its own immediate organs. The offices of the *sentiments* "Suche the mercantile Press, the *saturne* 'Chauvini' the jovial. Found poor Rue were occupied by the military, and to us English, they whispered even of a park of artillery in the Rue Vivienne, and of Government troops in the *printemps*, the *Colonne* of Messager, striking out obnoxious principles by the dozen. The provisions were in a state of siege, the milk was out, and no one would volunteer to go to the *crémiers* for more. The city, the *commis sauniers* with their trucks, were besieged, the very gas was in a state of siege in the man as though the pipes were in a state of siege. No body could think or speak of anything but this confounded siege. Thought itself appeared to be beleaguered, for no one dared to give it anything but a cautious and qualified utterance. The hotel was full of English ladies and gentlemen who would have been delighted to go away by the first train on any of the railways, but they might just as well have been no railways for all the good they were seeing that it was impossible to get to or from the terminus with safety. The gentlemen were valorous certainly—there was a prevalence of "who's afraid?" sentiments, but they read the French *Bradshaw* earnestly, and gazed at the map of Paris with nervous interest—beating, meanwhile, the devil's tattoo. As for the ladies, dear creatures, they made no secret of their extreme terror and despair. The one old lady, who is frightened at everything, and who will not even travel in an omnibus, with a sword in a case, for fear it should go off, was paralysed with fear, and could only ejaculate, "Massacre!" The strong minded lady of a certain age, who had

longed for the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," had taken refuge in that excellent collection of tracts, of which "The Dairyman's Daughter" is one, and gave short yelps of fear whenever the door opened. Fear, like every other emotion, is contagious. Remarking so many white faces, so much subdued utterance, so many cowed and terrified looks, I thought it very likely that I might get frightened, too. So having been up all the previous night, I went to bed.

I slept. I dreamt of a locomotive engine blowing up and tumbling into the last scene of a pantomime with "state of siege" displayed in coloured fires. I dreamt I lived next door to an undertaker or a trunk-maker, or a manufacturer of fire-works. I awoke to the rattle of musketry in the distance—soon too soon to be followed by the roar of the cannon.

I am not a fighting man. "Is not my vocation Hal?" I am not ashamed to say that I did not gird my sword on my thigh and rally out to conquer or to die. That I did not ensconce myself at a second-floor window and pick off, *à la Charles XI.*, the leaders of the enemy below. Had I been my own correspondent, I might have written in the intervals of fighting, true accounts of the combat on entrenchments, paper with a pen mud from a bayonet, dipped in gunpowder and gone. Had I been my own artist, I might have mounted a monster barricade—waving the flag of freedom with one hand, and taking sketches with the other. But being neither, I did not do anything of the kind. I will tell you what I did—I withdrew with seven Englishmen as valorous as myself to an apartment, which I have reason to believe is below the basement floor, and there I camped with sundry *cerifon*. I particularly enjoyed a large box of cigars, passed the remainder of the day.

I sincerely hope that I shall never possess another. We talked each other till we laughed and essayed to sing, but the awful consciousness of the horror of our situation hung over us all—the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of us God's image was being wantonly defaced, that in the streets hard by in the heart of the most civilised city of the world, within a stone's throw of all that is gay, luxurious, splendid, in Paris, men—speaking the same language, worshipping the same God—were shooting each other like wild beasts, that every time we heard the sharp crackling of the musketry, a message of death was gone forth to hundreds, that every time the infernal artillery—"nearer, clearer, deadlier than before"—broke, roaring on the ear, the ground was lumbered with corpses. Glorious war! I should like the amateurs of sham fights, showy reviews, and scientific ball practice, to have sat with us in the cellar that same Thursday, and listened to the rattle and the roar. I should like them to

have been present, when, venturing up during a lull, about half past four, and glancing nervously from our *porte cochère*, a regiment of dragoons came thundering past, pointing their pistols at the windows, and shouting at those within, with oaths, to retire from them. I should like the young ladies who waltz with the "dear Lancers" to have seen these Lancers, in stained white cloaks, with their murderous weapons couched. I should like those who admire the Horse Guards—the pining steeds, the shining cuirasses and cuirasses, the massive epaulettes and dangling swords, the trim moustache, impeccable buckskins, and dazzling jack-boots—to have seen these cuirassiers gallop by their sorry horses, covered with mud and sweat, their high-lit faces blackened with gunpowder, their shabby accoutrements and battered helmets. The bloody swords, the dirt, the hoarse voices, unkempt heads. Glorious war! I think the sight of those horrible troops would do more to cure its admirers than all the orators of the Peace Society could do in a twelve-month.

We dined—without the ladies, of course—and sat up until very late. The cannon and musketry ceasing meanwhile, till nearly midnight. Then it stopped—

To recommence again however on the next (Friday) morning. Yesterday they had been fighting all day on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Temple. To-day, they were murdering each other at Belleville, at La Chapelle St Denis, at Montmartre. Happily the firing ceased at about nine o'clock, and we heard no more.

I do not for a moment pretend to give an account of what really took place in the streets on Thursday morning. Myriads of bullets were fired, and how they were deflected or destroyed. I do not presume to treat of the details of the combat myself, confining what I have to say to a description of what I really saw of the social aspect of the city. The journals have given full accounts of what brigades executed what manœuvres, of how many were shot to death here, and how many bayoneted there.

On Friday at noon the embargo on the cabs was removed—although that on the omnibuses continued, and circulation for foot passengers became tolerably safe, in the Quarter St Honore, and on the Boulevards. I went into an English chemist's shop in the Rue de la Paix, for a bottle of soda water. The chemist was lying dead up-stairs, shot. He was going from his shop to another establishment he had in the Faubourg Poissonnière, to have the shutters shut, apprehending a disturbance. Entangled for a moment on the Boulevard, close to the Rue Lepelletier, among a crowd of well-dressed persons, principally English and Americans, an order was given to clear the Boulevard. A charge of Lancers was made, the men firing their pistols wantonly among the flying crowd, and the

chemist was shot dead. Scores of similar incidents took place on that dreadful Thursday afternoon. Friends, acquaintances, of my own, had *fiendes*, neighbours, relations, servants, killed. Yet it was all accident, chance-medley—excusable, of course. How were the soldiers to distinguish between insurgents and night-seers? These murders were, after all, but a few of the thorns to be found in the rose bush of glorious war!

From the street which in old Paris times used to go by the name of the Rue Royale, and which I know by the token that there is an English pastry cook's on the right hand side, coming down, where in old days I used (a small lad then at the Collège Bourbon) to spend my half holidays in consuming real English chess-cakes, and thinking of home—in the Rue Royale, now called, I think, Rue de la République, I walked on to the place, and by the Boulevard de la Madeleine, des Invalides, and so by the long line of that magnificent thoroughfare, to within a few streets of the Porte St Denis. Here, I stopped, for the simple reason, that a herd of soldiers hustled ominously across the road close to the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, and that the commanding officer would let neither man, woman, nor child pass. The Boulevards were crowded, almost impassable in fact, with persons of every grade, from the 'hon' of the Jockey Club, or the English nobleman, to the pretty grisette in her white cap, and the scowling bearded citizen, clad in blouse and *cotte* and looking very much as if he knew more of a barricade than he chose to. The houses on either side of the way bore frightful traces of the combat of the previous day. The Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais, the Opéra Comique, Tortoni's, the Jockey Club, the Belle Jardinière, the Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères, and scores I might almost say hundreds, of the houses had their windows smashed, or the magnificent sheets of plate glass stained with bulls, the walls pock-marked with bullets, stained and scarred and blackened with gunpowder. A grocer close to the Rue de Marivaux, told me that he had not been able to open his door that morning for the dead bodies piled in the step before it. Round all the young trees (the old trees were cut down for former barricades in February and June 1848), the ground shelves a little in a circle, in these circles there were pools of blood. The people—the extraordinary, inimitable, consistently inconsistent French people—were unconcernedly lounging about, looking at these things with pleased yet languid curiosity. They paddled in the pools of blood, they traced curiously the struggles of some wounded wretch, who, shot or sabred on the curbstone, had painfully, deviously, dragged himself (so the gouts of blood showed) to a door step—to die. They felt the walls, pitted by musket bullets, they poked their walking-sticks into the holes made by the cannon balls. It was as good as a play to them.

The road on either side was lined with dragoons armed *cap-à-pié*. The poor tired horses were munching the forage with which the muddy ground was strewed; and the troopers sprawled listlessly about, smoking their short pipes, and mending their torn costumes or shattered accoutrements. Indulging, however, in the *dolce far niente*, as they seemed to be, they were ready for action at a moment's notice. There was, about two o'clock, an *alerte*—a rumour of some tumult towards the Rue St Denis. One solitary trumpet sounded 'boot and saddle,' and, with almost magical celerity, each dragoon twisted a quantity of forage into a species of rope which he hung over his saddle bow, crammed his half-demolished loaf into his holster, buckled on his cuirass, then springing himself on his horse, sat motionless, each cavalier with his pistol cocked, and his finger on the trigger. The crowd thickened, and in the road itself there was a single file of cabs, carts, and even private carriages. Almost every moment detachments of prisoners, mostly blousees, passed escorted by cavalry, then a yellow flag was seen announcing the approach of an ambulance, or long-crested vehicle filled with wounded soldiers; then houses more prisoners, more ambulances, orderly dragoons at full gallop, orderlies, military surgeons in their cocked hats and long frock coats, bagghams with smart general officers inside, all smoking.

As to the soldiers they appear never to leave off smoking. They smoke in the guard-room off duty, and even when on guard. An eye witness of the combat told me that many of the soldiers hid, when charging, short pipes in their mouths and the officers, almost invariably smoked cigars.

In reference to the discipline of the French soldiers, and their extreme trustworthiness against their own countrymen I have heard some wise men, within these few days, much astonished by, and vituperously indignant at, the testimony of certain witnesses, published in the Times newspaper. They have their confirmation through (now a sad strange as they are to such authorities) in the evidence of an officer of some merit called The Duke of Wellington before a Select Committee on Punishments in the Army. The following passage occurs—

Upon several occasions I observed the discipline of the Army which you had under your command in the Peninsula, was superior to the discipline of the French troops opposed to you—I have not the most distant doubt of it infinitely superior.

Superior in respect to the treatment of the country in which they were serving—not to be compared with it even in their own country, an enemy's country to us—and to them, their own country.

In what respect is the French Army so inferior to ours?—A general system of plunder, great laxity in the performance of their duty, great irregularity in short irregularity, which we could not venture to risk exposure on.

"Was it not the fact, that the people came home to their houses when the English were to occupy them; having left them when the French were to occupy them?—Yes, that was the case."

At three, there was more trumpeting, more drumming, a general backing of horses on the foot-passengers, announcing the approach of some important event. A cloud of cavalry came galloping by; then, a numerous and brilliant group of staff-officers. In the midst of these, attired in the uniform of a general of the National Guard, rode Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

I saw him again the following day, in the Champs Elysée, riding with a single English groom behind him; and again in a chariot escorted by cuirassiers.

When he had passed, I essayed a further progress towards the Rue St. Denis; but the hedge of bayonets still blisted as ominously as ever. I went into a little tobacconist's shop; and the pretty *marchande* showed me a frightful trace of the passage of a cannon ball, which had gone right through the shutter and glass, smashed cases on cases of cigars, and half demolished the little tobacconist's parlor.

My countrymen were in great force on the Boulevards, walking arm and arm, four abreast, as it is the proud custom of Britons to do. From them, I heard, how Major Pongo, of the Company's service, would certainly have placed his sword at the disposal of the Government in support of law and order, had he not been confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism; how Mr. Bellows, Parisian correspondent to the "Evening Chronicle," had been actually led out to be shot, and was only saved by the interposition of his tailor, who was a Serjeant in the National Guard; and who, passing by, though not on duty, exerted his influence with the military authorities, to save the life of Mr. Bellows. how the reverend Mr. Faldstool, *ministre Anglican*, was discovered in a corn-bin, moaning piteously. how Bluckey, the man who talked so much about the Pythchley hounds, and of the astonishing leaps he had taken when riding after them, concealed himself in a coal-cellar, and lying down on his face, never stirred from that position from noon till midnight on Thursday (although I, to be sure, have no right to taunt him with his prudence): how, finally, M'Gropus, the Scotch surgeon, bolted incontinently in a cab, with an immense quantity of luggage, towards the *Chemin de fer du Nord*; and, being stopped in the Rue St. Denis, was ignominiously turned out of his vehicle by the mob; the cab, together with M'Gropus's trunks, being immediately converted into the nucleus of a barricade:—how, returning the following morning to see whether he could recover any portion of his effects, he found the barricades in the possession of the military, who were quietly cooking their soup over a fire principally fed by the remnants of his

trunks and portmanteaus; whereupon, frantically endeavouring to rescue some *disejcta membra* of his property from the wreck, he was hustled and bonneted by the soldiery, threatened with arrest, and summary military vengeance, and ultimately paraded from the vicinity of the bivouac, by bayonets; [with sharp points.

With the merits or demerits of the struggle, I have nothing to do. But I saw the horrible ferocity and brutality of this ruthless soldiery. I saw them bursting into shops, to search for arms or fugitives; dragging the inmates forth, like sheep from a slaughter-house, smashing the furniture and windows. I saw them, when making a passage for a convoy of prisoners, or a wagon full of wounded, strike wantonly at the bystanders, with the butt-ends of their muskets, and thrust at them with their bayonets. I might have seen more; but my exploring inclination was rapidly subdued by a gigantic Lancer at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; who seeing me stand still for a moment, stooped from his horse, and putting his pistol to my head (right between the eyes) told me to "*traversez!*" As I believed he would infallibly have blown my brains out in another minute, I turned and fled. So much for what I saw. I know, as far as a man can know, from trustworthy persons, from eye-witnesses, from patent and notorious report, that the military, who are now the sole and supreme masters of that unhappy city and country, have been perpetrating most frightful barbarities since the riots were over. I know that, from the Thursday I arrived, to the Thursday I left Paris, they were daily shooting their prisoners in cold blood; that a man, caught on the Pont Neuf, drunk with the gunpowder-brandy of the cabarets, and shouting some balderdash about the *République démocratique et sociale*, was dragged into the Prefecture of Police, and, some soldiers' cartridges having been found in his pocket, was led into the court-yard, and, there and then, untried, unshriven, unannealed, —shot! I know that in the Champ de Mars one hundred and fifty-six men were executed; and I heard one horrible story (so horrible that I can scarcely credit it) that a batch of prisoners were tied together with ropes, like a fagot of wood; and that the struggling mass was fired into, until not a limb moved, nor a groan was uttered. I know—and my informant was a clerk in the office of the Ministry of War—that the official return of insurgents killed, was *two thousand and seven*, and of soldiers *fifteen*. Rather long odds!

We were in-doors betimes this Friday evening, comparing notes busily, as to what we had seen during the day. We momentarily expected to hear the artillery again, but, thank Heaven, the bloodshed in the streets at least was over; and though Paris was still a city in a siege, the barricades were all demolished; and another struggle was for the moment crushed.

The streets next day were full of hearses, but even the number of funerals that took place were insignificant, in comparison to the stacks of corpses which were cast into deep trenches without shroud or coffin, and covered with quicklime. I went to the Morgue in the afternoon, and found that dismal charnel house fully tenanted. Every one of the fourteen beds had a corpse, some dead with gunshot wounds, some strangled, some horribly mutilated by cannon balls. There was a *queue* outside of it least two thousand people laughing, talking, smoking, eating apples, as though it was some pleasant spectacle they were going to, instead of the frightful exhibition. Yet, in this laughing, talking, smoking crowd, there were fathers who had missed their sons, sons who came there dreading to see the corpses of their fathers—wives of Socialist workmen, sick with the almost certainty of finding the bodies of their husbands. The bodies were only exposed six hours, but the clothes remained—a very grove of blues. The neighbouring churches were hung with black, and there were funeral services at St. Roch and at the Madeleine.

And yet—with this Golgotha's close, with the blood not yet dry on the Boulevard, with corpses yet lying about the streets, with five thousand soldiers bivouacking in the Champs Elysees, with mourning and lamentation in almost every street, with a brutal military in almost every printing office, tavern, etc., with proclamations threatening death and confiscation covering the walls, with the city in a rage, with a Legislature without laws, without a government—this extraordinary people was the next night dancing and flirting at the Salle Vendôme at the *Fad* lounging in the *fogues* of the Italian Opera, gossiping over their *cassuere*, or squabbling over their dominoes outside and inside the cafe. I saw Richard in *Les Horaces*. I went to the *Tarulis*, the *Opera Comique*, and no end of Theatres, and as we walked home at night through lines of soldiers brooding over their bivouacs I went into a restaurant, and asking whether it had been a ball which had started the magnificent pier-glass before me, got for answer 'Ball'—'cannon ball, sir'—'yes, sir'—for all the while as though I had inquired about the mutton being in good cut or asparagus in season.

So, while they were shooting prisoners and dancing the Schottische at the Casino, buying their dead, selling *belogues* for watch-chains in the Palais Royal, demolishing barricades, and staring at the caricatures in M. Aubert's windows, taking the wounded to the hospitals, and stock jobbing on the Bourse, I went about my business, as well as the state of siege would let me. Turning my face homeward, I took the Rouen and Havre Railway, and so, and Southampton, to London. As I saw the last cocked hat of the

last gendarme disappear with the receding pier at Havre, a pleasant vision of the blue-coats, oil-skin hats, and lettered collars of the land I was going to, swam before my eyes, and, I must say that, descending the companion-ladder, I thanked Heaven I was an Englishman. I was excessively sea sick, but not the less thankful, and getting at last to sleep, dreamed of the Bill of Rights and Habeas Corpus. I wonder how they would flourish amidst Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Musketry!

THE FIVE TRAVELLERS

Look at the map, and see what a narrow strip of land unites the North and South Americas, and drives the mariner, in proceeding from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, round the icy straits of Cape Horn! Since the days of the buccaniers, the overland track had been almost abandoned by Europeans until the discovery of the gold of California made a short cut indispensable, and we wonder that it was not abandoned since never, within so narrow a space, have more fearful physical difficulties been interposed.

In October last is recently recorded in the daily papers, fierce disputes, ending in a murderous onslaught, took place between the native Indian botmen at the town of Chagres, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, and the Anglo-American botmen. The latter were desirous of monopolising the profit of conveying passengers to the Mail steamers, and finding themselves under bill by the more civil and less extravagant Indians, they proceeded according to the maxims of Judge Lynch to put down the opposition by firing and killing several Indians. The Spanish Indian population had possession of the fort which commanded the opposite side of the river where the Americans were encamped, and were about to pour upon the invaders a point blank fire of artillery when, fortunately, the captain of the British Mail steamer 'Midway' sent his boats on shore, armed, to protect British subjects. Through this intervention a truce was pitched up between the hostile parties.

While the officer commanding the boats was engaged in this difficult task, his protection was claimed by five individuals, whose torn and travel-stained half-Spanish, half-English costume, and whose uncombed, unshaven, weary, excited, and haggard faces, gave them more the appearance of banditti than honest travellers. They had been seized by the natives as Anglo-Americans, and were in danger of losing their lives in expiation of the murders committed by ruffians of that nation. Fortunately, they spoke Spanish fluently, and their explanations, backed by the officer of the "Midway," released them, and placed them safe on board the Mail steamer.

This party consisted of Mr Young, secre-

tary of Admiral Moresby, commanding the Pacific Fleet, Mr. Blanchard, late Governor of Vancouver's Island, Captain Stanley Carr, formerly of Holstein, returning from Port Philip, Australia, and two servants. These gentlemen having arrived a few days previously at Panama, as fellow passengers in one of the Pacific steamers from Curacao (after a tour through and along the South American coast), had arranged to join company in a party across the Isthmus. Had they been less pressed for time, they would have remained some time at the city of Panama, which is not only one of the most beautiful—but in direct contrast to Chagres, one of the healthiest—ports of South America.

At Panama, Mr. Perry, a relative of the celebrated Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* is British Consul respected and trusted by all nations. Before his house with no other protection than the British flag waving over it, the travellers saw what looked like a pile of bricks—it was a pile of bars of silver worth two million of dollars!

The first care of our travellers was to engage mules for the land journey of twenty-six miles to the town of Cruces and here they made the mistake of dealing with a fellow of the name of Joy an Englishman instead of with one of the natives as the latter would have supplied much better mules at a much cheaper rate. Joy's mules for the hire of which he charged an ounce of gold, turned out wretched brutes. On the following day they set out over what was once a road, constructed and in many places hewn through solid rock by the old Spaniards but which, under the perpetual contests and chronic febleness of the South American Republics has decayed into a mud track, encumbered with enormous rocks interrupted by quagmires and almost perpendicular precipices so narrow that in many places only one loaded mule can pass at a time bordered on both sides by forests of tropical trees shrubs, and creepers so dense that it is impossible to penetrate for even a few feet without cutting the way with an axe. Along this execrable road they proceeded beneath a tropical sun, the damp atmosphere laden with vegetable miasm the thermometer at ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, the wretched mules, struggling along, often falling some dying. It was like travelling in the atmosphere of the great Palm house at Kew. Indeed, the plants which formed the boundary line on either side, included many of the most rare, costly, and beautiful of those raised with great difficulty in English glass houses. As the party crept through a narrow defile, Captain Carr riding first, and the rest forming a long straggling line behind him, a tall antenjawed Yuckee, in a broad-brimmed hat and a blanket coat with a sabre in his hand, stepped out into the middle of the road, and asked the "stranger" if five Britishers had left Panama that morning? "Oh yes!" Captain Carr promptly replied, for he saw

several gun-barrels peeping out of the thicket, "we are looking out for them." "That be hanged!" replied the fellow, "you go a head! we don't go shares with any one." Nothing loath at being so easily mistaken for a Californian robber, Captain Carr spurred his jaded mule, and pushed on, his party followed, one by one, and passed unquestioned. Had they been all together, or less hairy and dirty, they would, unquestionably, have been robbed, if not murdered. What the Rhine was to the German barons of old, the Isthmus of Panama is to disappointed Californians. They take up a position, and levy toll on the gold carriers.

After this providential escape, the travellers rode on, until compelled, by the exhausted state of their mules to halt within ten miles of Cruces, and to put up for the night at a rancho of Indian form. They piled their baggage outside under charge of the Indian mulattoes and retired to rest in grass hammocks. They were too hot to much annoyed with insects, and too tired to sleep much. The walls of the rancho were composed of a sort of thatch. A mat hung over each of two door ways. About the middle of the night Mr. Young heard some one inquiring in Spanish of the mulattoes how many English men were in the hut. He immediately struck a light, waked his companions, and sallied out at one door with a revolver in his right hand, and a sword in his left, while Captain Carr sallied out at the other door, calling on the *leñones* very energetically to come on and have a good meal of fighting if they were in the humour—but the inquisitive gentlemen fled into the darkness of the forest, without even pausing to return two shots which were fired after them by way of parting salute.

The next morning the party set out again, reached Cruces and there hired a boat with a crew, to row them to Chagres. Here, again, they committed a serious error, in engaging a large heavy wooden boat, large enough to convey the whole party, instead of two of the light canoes of the country.

They set out the rainy season had commenced, the river was rising from the effects of a thunder storm higher up. They were late in the year, and no one seemed taking the passage. At Cruces they saw a number of unhappy mortals in the last stage of exhaustion, victims of the poisonous malaria of Chagres, being carried in litters in the vain hope of being restored by the purer atmospheric of Panama.

The master of the boat, an Indian, with three others rowed the English travellers down the river Cruces at a steady pace, assisted by the current. They sat under a thatched roof of palm leaves, admiring the rich variety of vegetation that fringed both sides of the broad stream, and the gorgeous tropical birds that flew or floated across the waters thinking their troubles at an end.

But it was not so designed. Presently the boat struck upon the huge half sunk tree, a "snag," the Americans call it.

The bows passed over the stern stuck fast and tilted up, the fore part of the boat filled with water. For hours, they laboured, endeavouring to budge out the water and get clear of the snag, but their efforts were fruitless, and they became exhausted under a burning perpendicular sun. Half dead with thirst they were unable to use the waters of the river, which recent rains had rendered not only turbid but almost fetid with the decayed vegetable matter and mould of the banks. It became evident that the moment the boat slipped off the snag she would sink like lead. No sign of habitation was to be seen on either shore, each distant about half a mile. At length the owner of the boat, in despair, determined to swim to land, and try if he could obtain help, although from the denseness of the forest, it seemed a vain hope. He sprang into the river, which was running at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour. Swimming is only an Indian can swim. They watched him with their glasses until he reached the shore, apparently much exhausted, caught hold of the branches of a drooping tree, and then the forest being too close for him to penetrate, crept away on his hands and knees along the shallow margin disappeared and was never seen more. No doubt he was devoured by alligators. A short while afterwards a crowd of these disgusting creatures surrounded the boat pecking against it with their blunt muzzles and looking as if they made quite sure of an early meal from its contents.

In this fearful position—at a time when there seemed no hope of rescue—a very small canoe, paddled by two boys conveying a young Indian girl, came gliding down the stream. As soon as the girl saw the state of affairs, she landed at the nearest open ground and sent the canoe, which was only capable of holding two in addition to the boys, to the rescue.

When the canoe came alongside the boat a contest arose among the Englishmen not as to who should go first but who should go last. Mr. Young and Mr. Blanshard insisted that as Captain Carr was much the senior, it was right that he should have the first chance of safety. On the other hand Captain Carr maintained that, independently of Mr. Young's character as bearer of the despatches it was better that those who had many years unexpended should survive than one who, in the natural course of events, had seen a large share of life; besides, he could swim, and they could not. Captain Carr carried his point—a very important point too, for, it seemed probable that when part of the passengers were removed, the boat would slide off the snag and sink, leaving the occupants the two chances of being drowned or devoured. The Indians pressed forward to

escape as soon as possible, but Robinson, Mr. Blanshard's servant, declared he would stick to the boat as long as Captain Carr did, and would not leave without him—a trait of manly gallantry which deserves record. At length all were landed safely on the little promontory, with a small portion of the baggage. The rest, including a series of manuscript journals (Captain Carr's Journeys through the three Colonies of Australia) went to the bottom as soon as the last man stepped out of the boat.

As they landed they were received by their preserver the Indian girl, whose beauty, independently of the great service she had rendered, made the term "guardian angel" no exaggeration. Although already a wife and mother she was scarcely more than sixteen years old, below the middle height, perfectly proportioned with regular Grecian features, most exquisite hands and feet, dark deep melting eyes, and a profusion of glossy black hair which flowed over her shoulders beneath a broad leaved Panama hat trimmed with black ribbons. Her dress consisted of a robe of grey striped muslin, with a thin petticoat open at the throat and descending half way down her bare statuesque legs. Her complexion was sensibly darker than that of an Indian.

She was sitting cross-legged on the ground when they landed smoking a cigarette, but rose to receive them with the grace of a princess, and ended with them on the loss of their valuables and conducted them to her tent after having sent for her husband who was working about a mile off.

As they walked up towards the tent a little naked boy about three years old, ran out to meet his mother and after embracing her asked and enjoyed with all the relish of an English child for lollipops, a smoke of his mother's cigarette.

Mr. Young, zealous to lose no time in delivering his despatches hired a small canoe and proceeded in spite of the danger of night travelling up the river in search of a canoe large enough to convey the party to Chiriqui. In this attempt he was successful and the next day they arrived at the Panama City of the Atlantic where the white inhabitants may be divided into three classes. Strangers just arrived die and die daily. In the morning you are quite well, at midday you feel a little sick, at midnight you are buried. This is literal truth. Just narrowly falling victims to the natives just provoked by the barbarous assassinations committed by the Anglo-Americans, they safely reached the deck of the 'Medway,' and, with the help of soap, water, razors, and decent garments recovered the appearance of civilized beings.

At Chiriqui the railway works were suspended in consequence of the rainy season. The piles driven for the purpose of carrying the permanent way through some miles of swamp, seemed already rotting.

The above account has been communicated by a passenger, who had frequent conversations with the travellers

AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASILE

THOUGH every English housekeeper is said to be, and is, in the eye of the law, theoretically at least, the lord of a castle, I should like to know how many times out of ten, the lawful master of the house—the payer of rent and taxes—may be the real lord enjoying all the rights and privileges, the security, the tranquillity, which might be supposed to be comprised in the idea of a castle. And how many times an exaggerated respect for the liberty of another, to whom he has dedicated a title of his home, makes his house no longer his, but his lodger's castle. And how often it is his wife's castle, or his friends', or relations' castle, and how often he is subjected to such annoyances from within and without, as make it, in these days when the law no longer recognises the lord's right to protect a domestic disturber from an engine, or to stand at a loop hole and pick off besiegers with a cross-bow only a keen satire to remind him of the maxim. If there were any chance of getting them filled up honestly I would like to have schedules with columns for every one of these questions left at every castle in the kingdom, on a certain day. A blue lock might be the result, which should give to the forger a correct notion of the English home, called, with self glorification, a Castle.

Ask my old school fellow, Knightbell who is in the unhappy position of the hero in the fable—having many friends—and who desires a comfortable home (where his own numerous family, besides some of his relations by marriage, make his happiness their constant study), to consume the midnight oil over *Thompson's Practice of Obstetric Physic*, in an inhospitable chamber in a house in R—cq—t Court. I have a sincere esteem for Knightbell, and I know what he has undergone. No sum of money, no friendly desire to remove the unfounded suspicions of his amiable wife, no inoculation, short of icks and thumb-screws, applied in the darkest dungeons of the Inquisition, and the shrieks and demoniac laughter of other tortured victims, should ever induce me to misread the three vowels which are necessary to complete the name of his place of retreat. Only myself, and a trusty and devoted retainer—who knows where to find his master when certain events, which will take place at uncertain hours, require his prompt attendance—could make that name intelligible to the public. We are the sole depositaries of his secret, and, unless Mrs. K. should, Dahlah like, wheedle it from him in a moment of fondness and confidence, or, unless one of my friend's most persevering of button-holders, under the direction of a clairvoyant, and guided by a bloodhound, should track his

footsteps to R—cq—t Court, it will remain for ever unknown to the world! It is vain to say that my friend might, by a determined exercise of the will, have secured that peace and tranquillity at home which he is now compelled to seek beside a solitary hearth, and in a stranger's dwelling. If you do not happen to be one of the many friends alluded to, making that remark in keen derision, I reply that it is impossible to imagine what you would do in any man's situation, unless you can fully identify yourself with that man, and take into account the whole of the circumstances in which he is placed. Poor K. who endured much, and long, before he suffered himself to be goaded into the step which I have described is of a gentle and amiable disposition, but his household, I repeat to say is not in that state of order which can only be insured by unity in the directorship.

Again I know another gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to publish. If you were to call upon him (supposing you knew his name and address) and casually, in the course of conversation, were to say (admitting you were sufficiently intimate with him to make a familiar observation of the kind) in Englishman's house is his castle, would that seem to him other than a bitter sarcasm? Might we not expect that his eye would fix itself upon you, with the intensity of a basilisk's, that his nostril would dilate that his lip would curl, that his brow would darken in short, that his whole countenance would undergo a rapid transformation. His story is pretty well known but it may be told in a few words. On a windy afternoon in the month of March, 1848 shortly after the occurrence of those important events in France which drove the King of the French an exile (with an assumed name) to the shores of England, a gentleman—whose beard and moustache betrayed his foreign origin—proceeded, followed by a porter bearing a carpet bag, through a retired and quiet street in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. From his glancing alternately at every house on each side of the way, it might have struck the casual observer, that he was seeking for some particular house, in a street whose doors had been numbered according to the independent whim of various proprietors, or that, knowing no number, he sought, by an effort of memory, to recall the outward characteristics of a house that he had visited long ago—perhaps in the sunny time of boyhood. But, upon more careful observation, it would have been seen, that he did not stay to look above the knockers, nor did he glance upward to take into his eye the general appearance of each house, but merely gave a hurried look at the ground floor windows, and passed on.

Such a course readily suggested to a thoughtful mind that he was seeking a lodging. He stopped at last before a house having the words "Furnished Apartments to let," in the window, and "Mr. —, architect," upon the door. He

knocked, entered, and saw the architect (whose name, I have before said, I am not at liberty to publish), the apartments were taken, references were given, two months trial showed the lodger to be a man of quiet habits, and, subsequently the architect's first floor was let to the foreigner (who by the way, was said to be a nobleman in his own country) for a term of three years certain. Up to this point there is every reason to believe that the proceedings of the foreigner were taken in a *bona fide* spirit. Time rolled on. They were now at the end of June in the same year, a period at which an unsuccessful insurrection in the French capital, besides certain necessary measures in other parts of the Continent, had sent another wave of foreign immigration to break upon our shores. One afternoon another foreigner knocked at the architect's door, he was enveloped in a singular garment which appeared to the English eye to partake equally of the nature of a coat and a cloak, being fantastically braided in front, and ornamented behind with a large hood, shaped like a heart and lined with crimson. A tall man, bearing a case which appeared to contain a violoncello or some other bulky musical instrument was beside him. The foreign nobleman met him upon the threshold, uttered a cry of mingled surprise and delight, flung himself into his arms, and embraced him with fervour to the great astonishment of an unmarried lady, who resided, with a parrot, in the parlours of the opposite house. The rest is easily narrable—it is an oft-repeated tale. The first floor of the architect's (hitherto) unassuming home was brilliantly illuminated every evening, numbers of foreigners passed up the stairs and were never seen to come down again by the last person returning to bed in the architect's family. Mingled sounds of many voices and instruments (in which the deep tones of the violoncello were always predominant) were heard by the architect, his family, and every one else in the street. The architect remonstrated with the foreign nobleman, who declined to restrict the amusements of his friend, to whom, he said, he was indebted for the life of an only sister once saved by his intrepidity in stopping the horses of her carriage, which were fast hurrying her towards a precipice. The landlord offered a compromise, in vain, wrote to the Times newspaper, and applied to a magistrate. The latter told him there was no remedy, and the proverb about an Englishman's castle, turned out to be "a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

The story may be a trite one, but it is only the more powerful against the proverb. I could multiply instances of a less adventurous character. Moreover, it is not because the Englishman does not live in a great house, with a hundred other people, and consign the key of his chamber to the hands of a prying porter, that he enjoys more privacy or tranquillity than the Frenchman. It is not be-

cause the Englishman has a street door, and the Frenchman has none, that the former is more free from disturbance and annoyance. Nay, the street door is itself, instead of being a protection, a positive source of annoyance. If I had no street door, could people come knocking and kicking against it all day to know if I want a door mat, a rope of onions, a 'History of England,' a 'Family Devotion,' 'Views of Palestine,' coming out in sixpenny parts, specimens of drapery which 'I needn't pay for, at present,' crockery, a box of steel pens, matches, a Dutch clock, a paper of needles or to know whether I have any old clothes to exchange for money, or plates and dishes, or geraniums (with no roots to them), or any old umbrellas, or bottles, or bones? If I had any rags to sell, or knives or scissors to grind! There is a good deal of timber about my house, which conducts the sound and my hearing is painfully acute. No part of my premises is sufficiently remote from the street door to protect me from these noises. I sit up stairs, and hear these calls many a time clenching my teeth, and muttering bitter things of my disturbers—things which, methinks they would hardly like to hear.

It (whose case lately came under my notice) has to thank his living in an English Castle with a massive knocker, for being disturbed at his studies the other night while his servant had gone for the trimestrial holiday. Now if he had lived in France, and instead of enjoying the hollow boast of being the master of the house, he had been content to merge his individuality in the joint tenorship of something like a castle, with a porter to guard the gate and to hold a preliminary parley with all intruders, he would not have been tempted to indulge in that hasty exclamation upon throwing down his book, he would have been spared the humiliation of answering, in person a summons at his own street door, he would not have been startled by a blackened face, asking, in a hoarse mysterious whisper the singular question, whether the master wanted such a thing as a ton of coals; he would not have had the trouble of explaining, in his own good tempered manner (which has endeared him to all who know him) that the purchase of a ton of coals is a grave matter, and not usually negotiated with a stranger who knocks at your door at an unreasonable hour. He would not have been tormented with the information that "the cart was just round the corner," and that they could be put in, within five minutes, for twenty-one and six. He would not have been provoked to shut the door in the intruder's face to force his foot from the threshold, where he kept it to prevent the shutting of the door, he would not have been compelled to hear such language as "Would eighteen bob break your back?" howled several times through his keyhole, which vulgar idiom has been kindly translated for me by young Mr. Phast, of Somerset-house, into the politer

terms of, "Would eighteen shillings be too much payment for you to make, in the present state of your means?"

I rather think the idea of a place where one can repose, after the rude combat of daily life, as well as the idea of strength and security, is meant to be included in the expression, that "an Englishman's house is his castle." It is a mockery to tell me that nobody has a right to attack my home, to break open my door, to bore a hole in my wall, to violate the sanctity of my hearth, while they break my bell wire, smear my door step with the ponderous iron ring in the mouth of that animal on my door (who seems to grin at me in derision every time I enter), and give such single and double knocks as "throb thunder through my castle floors" all day, and especially in the morning. Any one whose castle happens to be in the suburbs of London will know that I am no fighter of shadows, no hypochondriacal writer of letters to the newspapers, but a man with a genuine grievance. I am not only attacked incessantly, but subjected to insulting offers from the enemy himself to victual and furnish me for the siege. It is nothing to me (I say this with all respect to those public spouted men who have spoken before me) that these grievances have been stated before in public print. So long is the annoyance allowed to increase and continue in a rampant state, I swear by the waters of Styx (lifting up my right hand), and under the penalty of loss of nectar and forfeiture of one hundred years of Elysian bliss, not to cease to raise my feeble (though, I trust from the justice of my complaint strong) voice against it. If I were practically, instead of theoretically the lord of a castle or in my position that would bear a comparison with the lord of a castle, should I endure one of these annoyances for a moment? Or should I not arise from my slumber and shake them off, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane? Should I not, in the former case, rather choose to be collared the first intruder, and should I not have him brought before me like a poacher before a landlord? Should I not ask him in blank verse, or in recitative (like Duke Borgia at Her Majesty's Theatre) how he dared to insult me in my castle hall? And waiting (for form's sake) his reply, should I not immediately communicate to the Dutch clock man (supposing a Dutch clock man to be the first victim) that his hour was come? Or to the onion man (with a like supposition) that I was about to reciprocate his officious offer of a rope? Should I not, in short have slung out one, at least, of my invaders—a terrible example to the rest—upon the top most of my battlements, long ago?

I say, when we boast to the Frenchman that we do not pile our houses one upon another, to the eighth and ninth story, but cut them into thin slices, and spread them over the green fields to such a stretch, that

to say that "myself and friends reside in London," does not mean that we are within twelve cabman's mules of each other, when half our days are wasted in walking from place to place, and all for the sake of the privilege of each of us having a kind of castle to himself, with garden behind and the water laid on—I say, when we are constantly flung in the Frenchman's teeth, oratorical sentences about "domestic peace," "sacred hearth stone," "children climbing our knees," &c. it is only fair that he should be informed of a few of the drawbacks. Are we to be going on for ever bragging of not being over partial to balls or the dress-dishaking masquerades, liking luncheons at home and detesting restaurants, hating evenings at the *café* in detestation, hating the click of dominoes, liking carpets, and abominating wood fires, and saying not a word about these things? Did I not conceive I was the man who kept me awake from Paris to St. Ouen (you who have thrice appeared to me since in dreams, in very likeness of George Melior, I don't know which)—did I not listen to you, for six mortal hours, discoursing of England glory hearthstones, and the like to thy moustached neighbour, in French less intelligible to him than to me, till (out of sheer exhaustion) he admitted the social degradation of his native land, and dropped into slumber about twenty minutes before a fresh smell of sea-weed and a stent man's notice to prepare our billets came in at our carriage window, and shall I not introduce him to you beside that hearth, in the centre of that castle, that he may see your weakness as the valet spies that of his master according to a proverb which cannot be unknown to that long suffering Gaul? Was it strange (I ask) when I had taken a secret determination to aim him against another such attack from one of my countrymen with a true picture of the interior of the British castle and had followed him closely for that purpose, from the station to the steamboat—was it to be wondered at (I say) seeing my headless chin my un-moustached lip and hearing my cry hold hard to the Frenchman who was letting go the head rope before I had got aboard—was it at all remarkable that he should sink from me, that suddenly finding my eye fixed upon him, he recoiled that he assisted my attempt to commence a conversation with less politeness than I had generally met with from his compatriots, that on three several occasions he adroitly went round the funnel to escape me, and once fled to the fore-castle, preferring its inferior accommodation, for a while (although he had paid chief-cabin fare), that, when I grew heated with the chase and determined not to be baffled, I approached him, with the intention of whispering in his ear, "Fear not, I am your friend," he suddenly disappeared down the companion ladder, and returned to bed? If this should meet the eye of J. B., he is earnestly requested to answer this chain of questions in

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the affirmative (if he can), and generally to ponder upon this article, and the moral that it points.

THE VOICE OF CHEER.

From Heaven there comes a voice of cheer,
In sunshine and in shade,
Though oft its tones we will not hear,
When most we need them and
Did we but listen, we should feel
Our heavy hearts grow light,
And gather strength, in woe or weal,
To tread the path of right.

It whispers o'er the cradled child,
Fast locked in peaceful sleep,
I re its pure soul is sun beguiled,
Ere sorrow bids it weep
It soothes the mother's ear with
Like sweet bells' silver chime,
And bodes forth the unknown
Of dark mysterious Time

'Tis heard in manhood's chosen day,
And nerves the soul to fight
When life shines forth with radiance,
For warning hour of night
It speaks of noble ends to gain,
A world to mend by love,
'Tis heard in strength of hand and heart,
With softness of the dove

It falls upon the aged ear,
Though deaf to human voice,
And when man's evening closes do,
It bids him still rejoice.
It tells of bliss beyond the grave,
The parted soul to thrill
The guardian of the truly brave
Who fought the powers of ill

LITTLE RED WORKING COAT.

LITTLE RED WORKING COAT, saved from the wolf that fattens in our London alleys, is now regularly setup in business in our London streets.

The story of the little fellow is extremely interesting when put into statistics, the form for telling stories most popular at present. The good fairy who has been his protector would have been, a thousand years ago, a lovely damsel with a gilt stick, but she appears in the year 1851 under a character more suited to the current taste, as the Ragged School Shoe-black Society. In that form she has already saved from the wolf, not simply one Little Red Working-Coat, but more than sixty; and she is ready and able, happily, to befriend hundreds more.

Be acquainted with the little fellows, if you please, under their names of Shoe-black and Broomer. The shoe-black brushes the mud from our boots, and makes our feet to shine; the broomer cleans the pavement and desires to keep the London streets unsullied, like so many paths of honour. Broomerism is, however, in its infancy, and the poor little broomers, many of them, are not far from the same stage of life; they are babies that have fallen off the mother's lap into a gaol, and have been, some of them, in gaol a dozen times before

their milk teeth have been shed. But chance has brought them to the feet of the good fairy; and the children who would struggle to be honest are assisted prudently, and restored to their old scene of corruption, the streets, to invite the custom of a kindly public, each with his red coat and blacking bottle, or his red coat and broom. Mercuries and brassers are to follow—quite new trades, you see; for Little Red Working-Coat competes with nobody, and elbows nobody out of a living. He starts his own trade as a handy little boy, and trusts that he shall merit patronage from a discerning public.

There are in London more than a hundred Ragged Schools, and the superintendent of each school recommends to the good fairy, of the Ragged School Shoe-black Society, those boys who are most ready and worthy to be trained and employed. Of more than sixty little red coats who have been entrusted with the blacking bottles of office, twelve have retired from the streets into situations, seven have emigrated to Australia, nine have been dismissed for misconduct. Their earnings during the last summer amounted to more than five hundred pounds; being an average for each boy of about two shillings a day. Nearly a hundred pounds of the whole sum was earned in Hyde Park; where each boy might have been fully occupied had he possessed five pots, five sets of brushes, and five pair of red arms. As a consequence of this good patronage, it follows that many of the boys have lived a little longer for the winter. One West-end capitalist has already more than seven pounds sterling invested in the Savings Bank.

The Little Red Working-Coats of London are an organised brigade. They assemble for prayers every morning, at seven o'clock, in a house not far from Charing cross; and to the same place they bring their earnings every night. During the day two inspectors are engaged in visiting the several stations at which the little fellows ply their trade, and there is carried out among them the best practicable system of education and discipline. They have a library of pleasant books; they attend school in the evening and every Sunday. They are a self-supporting red republic; and a happy red republic, very much satisfied with the existing order of things. With old experience of a gaol, and new experience of human kindness, their hearts are full enough of the child to warm under the experience of active sympathy, and to look up to the good fairy generally with an earnest gratitude.

The fairy, in the meantime, retains a potent wand—a golden wand—which, in the modern form which it assumes, we have to define as a round surplus of one hundred and sixty pounds.

On Lord Mayor's day, a troop of red republicans attacked the pavement of Regent Street with brooms, and in a short time triumphantly swept away those enemies of shopkeepers and foot-passengers—the dust and mud. The enemy's flags were taken by

the broomers. To each broom there were allotted a certain number of shops, and the pavement in front of each was kept clean for the payment of one penny a day. The benefit of this revolution in the streets became palpable, and its expense was really so slight, that it very soon spread from the Quadrant to the Circus in Oxford Street. The Strand however, has not yet pronounced, and no attempt has yet been made for the establishment of broomism in the city. Which we all understand to be the last place to adopt anything good—except to eat or to drink.

Success, in the meantime, stimulates the authors of the movement to propound fresh inventions and to widen still further the means of livelihood for poor boys rescued from the goal. The public certainly is ready to assist.

To every six broomers there will hereafter be attached a messenger boy who will be known by his name of 'Mercury' legibly inscribed upon a label. This little republic will be at the call of any shopkeeper within his district for the purpose of running errands, at the rate of three pence a mile or six pence an hour. The Society will not thus make itself by rendering itself responsible for all parcels entrusted to the Messengers under the value of five pounds. By promoting to such office only those capitalists who have as much as five pounds in their pocket will in fact make the boy himself pay for the value of the property in case of theft.

Then there will arise among us "Browsers," and their offer to the public will be for a penny from each house to keep or place shop plates, knockers, and bell pulls in a state of tremendous brilliancy.

The Ragged School is like thousands of boys yearly from the streets, which they pollute and where they are polluted. The public will cordially reject, we know, to find—the plan goes on, and prospers—that such boys by hundreds are returned upon the streets, useful members of society. The public, we are sure will benevolently assist in the creation of these little convenient tinies, which while they give us a good pennyworth for our penny, interfere with no man's livelihood, and create honest callings for the children who are struggling to live out of goal. It is by practical schemes like these that the best fairy-transformations of our own day are effected. Little Red Working Out can tell a story quite as interesting to our hearts as any pleasant legend of the minstrel.

THE GERMAN EXILES' NEW YEAR'S EVE

A WET, frosty night, the air chill and charged with rain, and the dirty red lamps flaring through the sepulchral gloom of the streets! But, with all that, the people are merry. Crowds throng the pavement, and the shops are bright with enormous gas-flames, and merry faces. This is like the one night

I read of in the "Christmas Carol in Prose," which I translated into German prose, when I served my apprenticeship to literature in the back-room of a newspaper office at Barmen. There, as I bent over my labour of love, or dictated to Ernest, a clownish country boy from Holzminnen, who grinned with delight, I did not by any means dream, either sleeping or waking, that one of my New Year Eves would pass in London, amidst the very scenes that book describes, amidst all the noise, bustle, fog and jollity of the British Year Fest, and its series of merry-making to the last day of the year. But, two short years ago—

I intended to see the year out with some enthusiasm in a three-pair back-room, in Percy Street. We had punch tobacco, guitars, and we had moreover, several copies of the old "Leipziger Commersbuch"—old copies well thumbed and all but broken, by the violence with which they had been knocked on Knepper tables in the days of "wild lung syn." We had made up our minds to sing, smile and be excessively merry in our old sweet German songs—but we began with

"Es zogen drei Könige nach Bethlehem."

Three remnants of men had across the Rhine, which made us sad, and by a strange fatality, we sang in their putting song, which in German is sadder. But when we came to those wild low notes of—

"Du bist ein halbes und du bist ein ganzes,
Du bist ein halbes und du bist ein ganzes,
Du bist ein halbes und du bist ein ganzes,
Du bist ein halbes und du bist ein ganzes."

"And I will and I think I will
And I will and I think I will
And I will and I think I will
And I will and I think I will."

not very sad indeed, and my friends sought relief in a political controversy. As for me, I am weary of politics. I left them in the very midst of their quarrel, and, creeping down stairs, turned into Oxford Street, and into that maze of streets and lanes which lies between that great thoroughfare and the Regents Circus. Piccadilly. For, after all, this is New Year's Eve, and the treasures of London are laid out and arranged in the most tempting fashion. What prevents me from looking in at the shops? I will pick and choose whatever I like best, and then go home and dream that it has been laid on my table.

I had turned a corner, and found what I sought. In trees which have been left on hand from Christmas! And here are plenty of them, ranged on mahogany tables, behind plate glass windows, overloaded with precious sweetmeats and exotic fruit, and literally bending under a load of prim tapers. These, however, are not the heavenly trees the Christkindchen used to bring to our village in the Eifel! I cannot even smell them. They want the spicy perfume of our small dwarfish

fire—that wintry scent which is full of promise, and which makes a German child's heart leap within it.

English boys and girls are much more happy than we are in poor despotic Germany. They are kindly treated, and their parents do not believe that children, with their quick sensibilities and appetites ought to practise all those virtues of self-denial which are most difficult even to grown men and women. English parents have hopes in their children; they admire them—often too much—and they make much of them. They quote their sayings, and take delight in the development of their minds. English children are a privileged class of society; the friends of the family treat them as friends, and show them attention. Whatever sunshine there is in the house, it is sure to fall on the morning of their lives.

As I look upon these fit trees strange and un-German though they be, I feel a breath of home passing over me, and I tremble. Alas to tremble is the first lesson our parents teach us Germans! We tremble when dealt with them; lest some of our childish peccadilloes should have reached their ears through the means of some dreamy night or careless trespasses long since atoned and suffered for, should be remembered and made the subject of another lecture—perhaps of another punishment. We tremble when a stern speaker thus bids our answer should dispense him and his displeasure to communicate to our parents. We tremble when he sits at table in company, and even at church if we are taught, and if lectured and punished from year to year and to year's end.

Even our year is full of trepidation. As autumn merges into winter we have a great and a sad festival, the feast of All Souls. On a raw, chill November evening, the children of the house are marshalled in the hall, each bearing a candle; they are led out to the churchyard to pray on the graves of their departed relatives, and the candles flickering in the cold wind are stuck on the graves by our little frost-bitten trembling hands. And stories are told us, and legends of the departed, and of their return to the earth, or of the awful future which awaits all those who do what they ought not to do and have undone the things which they ought to have done. Grown-up people hardened in the world, have no idea of the effect which these conversations have on the tender minds of children. And as we leave the churchyard with its hundreds of small blue flames flickering in the blast—like so many souls in trouble—the parents' heart rejoices at the convulsive shaking of the small blue hands and the stifled tones of the voices which pray for Heaven's mercy, and promise to be 'good children'.

Next comes St. Nicholas Eve. Der Heilige Kias is a great corrector of naughtiness in German children. He is a tall, strong man, irascible and violent, who, dressed in rough furs and other uncouth garments, walks

through Germany on winter nights with many large bags and big rods, watching the children in their homesteads and noting their behaviour. Sometimes, when greatly exasperated, he will pounce in upon a child, put it into a bag, and carry it off to his cave in some very wretched place, where the young delinquent's body will be torn with rods, until even the stubborn soul of that old Kias is convinced of the sincerity of its repentance. But his great day is St. Nicholas Eve, when he comes without fail to sit in terrible judgment over the whole of the infant population. On that evening the children sit scared and trembling in the nursery. By judicious repetitions of the old story and some further dark hints as to what Kias might possibly do, their feelings have been worked to the highest pitch of terror. As the time draws near the grown persons leave the room, taking the lights with them, if possible. Next comes a loud knocking, at the street door a heavy step makes the stairs creak, and a terrible voice asks for the children. A dialogue ensues. The parents wish to screen them. The children are not! No such thing, Kias knows better. They are in the back room behind the kitchen—mid he forthwith but with very heavy step and very slowly proceeds to that identical door and *kicks* it open. He stands in the doorway, scowling at the children huddled up in a corner as though they were protected in numbers. Growling at them from underneath his terrible fur-cup and with his torch in the air he approaches the trembling group. Close behind him follows his servant Ruprecht—that old, mischievous, cruel Knecht Ruprecht, bending under a load of rods and bags, ready to whip and carry off any number of naughty children. And now comes the awful question!

Have the children been good?

The father is silent. But the mother steps in with a ready answer.

Yes, of course they have been good! The best children in the world. Franz—

'Silence! He knows it all! Franz has ever so often misbehaved himself at dinner. Fritz broke a pane of glass in the kitchen. Malchen—ay Malchen is the worst! She bought sweetmeats for the sixpence her aunt had given her. Forward Knecht Ruprecht, open the bags, and prepare the rods!'

This is the climax. Knecht Ruprecht rushes forward. The children, either wildly howling or dumb with terror cling to their parents who for once protect them. A parley begins while Knecht Ruprecht every now and then makes a rush at the trembling little forms. And at length after much entreaty, and many threats and after various promises of future good behaviour, Der Heilige Kias relents, and strews the floor of the room with apples, nuts, and gingerbread, which he has brought from heaven, as is plainly shown by the gold tinsel which still clings to them. He walks away, Knecht Ruprecht grumbling, and

every now and then darting back to catch at least one of the children, until the house door is violently slammed, and the poor tremblers are left to the enjoyment of his gifts.

After St. Nicolas, comes the "Krippe," so called because a manger, with the child Jesus in wax in it, forms the centre of a group, which represents the adoration of the three Kings, with Mary and Joseph standing on one side of the group, and an ox and an ass on the other, with the inscription in very heterodox Latin—

"Cognovit bos et asinus
Asinus
Fermamus mundi Dominus
Dominus
Alleluia"

To which is also added a German translation—

"Das Ochsen und das Igel in
Erkannte Gott den Herren sein"

"The little ox, and the ass who slow,
Then God and Heavenly I did both know"

How I used to stare at the Latin words, which filled me with an indescribable awe, and at the plump cheeks and tiny hands of the waxen figures in the manger! And the little Krippe-grotto, which are shown to a child's maid and child, for the consideration of four gute Groschen, with an additional Groschen for every additional child, seemed to me the most splendid thing of all the most splendid things on the face of the earth. It was an illusion! But the reminiscence of that reverence and admiration is still vivid in my heart, as well as the recollection of the terrors which befell me when the Krippe receded, as if by magic, and, vanishing amidst the folds of a tattered blue curtain, made way for another set of decorations, representing a narrow valley, surrounded by a row of very steep and ominous looking rocks. For another great feature of interest in this Christmas show was the battle of Waterloo, which, as all the world knows, was fought in a narrow dale of the Alps of Pyrenees. How I used to shudder when the stage darkened, and a low threatening music announced the onward progress of the combatant armies! But, no, they were not armies which marched along, for the British forces, represented by four red-coated grenadiers and one brass gun, were stationary on the highest ledge of the rock, and as the French soldiers filed past below, the artillery opened upon them, and each shot made the nursery-maids scream and the children tremble, for so terrific was the effect of the discharge, that it swept the whole of the French army from the fore ground into the back ground, where they lay dead until the gun was reloaded. This done, they proceeded round the back of the stage, and reappeared, "to march again, and be again undone."

The glare of the powder, the stunning explosion, and the sulphurous smell which pervaded the narrow crowded room, filled me

with indescribable awe. It was all so grand, terrible, and mysterious!

But the haunted season is not yet over. Close after Nicolas comes the child Jesus, "das Christkindchen." It is a wonderful child in white robes, with a wreath of gold leaves round its head, riding on a white pony. The pony is laden with bags containing presents rich and rare for all the children in Christendom, and its mane and tail are heavy with snow and ice, for the "Christkindchen" travels over high snow-capped mountains, through the domains of "Frau Holle," the great fairy, who keeps all the snow in the mattresses and pillows of her bed. And the Christkindchen's pony has a silver bell tied to its neck that it may have music wherever it goes. Its ways are mysterious. A few weeks before Christmas, the best room in the house is devoted to its use and locked against the children, who must not be seen in its vicinity. As the time draws near, the visits of the grown members of the establishment to the sacred room become more frequent. Almost all their evenings are spent in it, while the children, confined to the nursery, sit with beating hearts, listening for every noise, and eager to catch the footfall of the Christkindchen's pony, or the faint tinkling of its silver bell, for in these long winter evenings, the Christkindchen collects its stores, and consults with the parents on the respective merits of the children, and the gifts which are to be awarded to each. Dark hints are sometimes thrown out as to the Christkindchen's opinion of such or such a transgression of the past year, questions are asked over and over again respecting its appearance and supply of fine things, and entreaties are made, and promises given, that certain very atrocious instances of disobedience and laziness shall be condoned from the heavenly guest.

Christmas Eve is an evening of the most anxious expectation. Another night, and the sun will rise upon the only glad day which a German child knows in the year. It is impossible to go to sleep with all the giddy hopes and bright anticipations of the morrow. There is a short slumber, perhaps, but it is broken at twelve o'clock, when the peal of bells, the "Bayern," from the old church steeple, announces the first hour of the great festival. From that hour until four in the morning each child is wide awake, for the bells go on ringing. At four o'clock, there is getting up by lamp-light, and dressing, and wiping off the snow and ice from the window-frames, to look out upon the cold winter landscape and the distant church, with its windows and steeple holes lighted up for the morning service. Candles are given to every child, to be lighted at the church-door, and at five precisely the church is filled with children and lights. Never, at any time of the year, did those old Saxon halls look so bright, festive, and radiant, as on such a Christmas morning, when they are filled with light, and

with a chorus of young, fresh voices. There is a somewhat lengthy sermon—too long, almost, for those that wait, and long to go home to watch the Christkindchen, which just now is giving the finishing touch to the gorgeous display it has been preparing these many weeks. The clergyman is in secret correspondence with the Christkindchen. His sermon must be long, for there are so many houses to provide for, and so many small things have been forgotten, which now must be put there in a hurry.

At length the sermon is over. Another hymn, and the schoolmaster, on his organ seat, 'plays the church out with an old Austrian Grenadier's March. There is a violent rush through the narrow porch into the cold morning air, and over the frozen snow, while the candles, left to the wind, flutter like so many willows the wisps as they are borne over the broad expanse of the Kirchhof, and the narrow lanes of the village. As each door is gained there is a violent shuffling and stamping off of the snow at the threshold, and the children muster in the hall with eager eyes and beating hearts then cast around for the signal of the bell. The Christkindchen has a very small bell, which it rings as it flies out of the houses.

There is the bell at last! A rush at that dark mysterious door! It flies open. A shout of joy passes from mouth to mouth, and the next moment all is still for the "Beseeching" the array of gifts, is so splendid so flooded with light and covered with gold tinsel, that it actually takes one's breath away to look at it. There is the "Christbaum," with its wax candles economically cut into very small pieces, with its gilt apples, and nuts and splendid gilt egg shells, and pieces of gingerbread with here and there a wooden horse of the smallest kind, or a lovely doll, with purple cheeks and coal black eyes, and real hair, suspended among its branches. And then there are plates all round, with a name to each plate, literally heaped with sweetmeats and apples; there are school books, and hobby horses and wooden swords, and—stop, what is that?

Even the Christkindchen cannot eschew discipline! There,—leaning against the tree, and sturdily glaring in the light, stands a thick gilt rod, the Christkindchen's gift to the parents, for the due correction of their children. Alas! that rod is to be stuck up behind the glass, as an ever-present monitor, the *ultima ratio parentum*, from which there is no appeal. But even the rod, and all its terrors, cannot prevail against the exultation of that morning, and for once in the year the voices of the children are heard in the tones which nature gave them, unmoved by terror, and unrestrained by the fear of admonition and rebuke from the heads of the family.

Next comes the quiet *ensue* of a Christmas-day. Expectation is at an end, and

hope lost in possession. Besides, this is a holy day, and in Germany it is kept very much like an English Sunday. But the second day of Christmas, especially if that second day happens to be a Sunday, is the great season of rejoicing for grown people of all classes. Games of forfeit and blind-man's buff are the order of the day, and in the evening there are balls everywhere. Balls in the Gesellschaft, or "Casino," and in the "local clubs for the Honoratioren."

And New Year's Eve the very night which sees me all lone and dreary on the pavement of Piccadilly, is a great 'ball night' with high and low young and old, in my country. People must dance from the old into the new year, and, consequently, there are balls in the great hotels of the towns, and balls in the second class rooms and balls in every village public house—in low smoky tap-rooms on the first floor, where the staves, which as it fashionable balls in London in this metropolis serve as 'salles de conversation' and flirting places, are so crowded that even the 'Herr Bürgermeister' and the 'Herr Pastor' find some difficulty in gaining the top and the entrance to the ball room. These two dignitaries of every village make it a point to visit all the dancing places, and to exhort to enjoyment and moderation. Then good advice is always followed to the letter while they are present, but when they are gone the tempo of the waltz becomes more rapid, brown sunburnt women rush violently onward in their giddy career, and stout blue brass buttoned coats are doffed and flung into the corner by peasant boys, curriers and stone masons, who, pipe in mouth and with their hats on, dance with a devotion which many countries emulate, but which none can surpass. And as the night wears on towards morning and the musicians drop off from sheer exhaustion the melody of the last waltz is taken up by the girls who sing, in articulate sounds, loud and low by turns, and alternately advancing and receding, as it swayed by the modulations of their primitive music. This is the merest ballad, the singing of snatches of verses to the tune, and here it is that I am curious in the history of poetry must look for the origin and the last remains of the ballad.

And, as I walk home, through the frost and the grey dawn of the morning, over the snow-clad mountains and "brinks," and down into the wooded 'dellen,' angelic dales, where the mountain torrent, but half icebound, roars amidst large smooth stones, and the gnarled roots of the alder, while the full deep tones of the matin bells come from all the villages around, and the baying dogs, and the shrill exulting cries of the women are answered by the report of firearms, muskets, and pistols, which the peasants bring to their festivities to fire them off as they walk home. But most zealous are they in firing their guns all through the night of the last and the morning of the new

year. It seems a dream to think that I, too, have startled the woods with my pistols, who now hurriedly and sadly tread the broad flagstones of the London pavement, that I, too, have reached my door, giddy and burning, not with drink, but with the excitement of the night's scene, and that I have started from my pillow, when in the first deep sleep, I was sung awake by the ghosts of last night's melodies, by the reproduction of the music in an excited brain the plaintive *ballading* notes of—

'Ich hab' erföhren dass zwey junge jungs I ut
Ich hab' erföhren dass zwey junge jungs I ut,
 Sich die Irene gebüchen

'Thy I tell me that two young young I vers
They tell me that two young young I vers
 Then faith have I k n

There is a charm in these sounds—I hear them now—I hear them through all the thundering noise of Piccadilly. This is not imagination—the sounds are real! The love and the sorrow of old days is upon me! You poor little shivering Hessian girls! I went out to forget my loneliness in the roar of excited London to take up from my heart some token of the love and sorrow of old days. I have found it in the sounds of home. You come from a cellar in some dismal court in Whitechapel! While you sing your native songs to those that understand them not, you think of your landlords' thirsts, and your mother's anxious looks, and of your father who earns a shilling a day, pent up in a cask curing hareskins! Your voices tremble with the cold and the thought of your helpless, superfluous New Year's Eve! What is your day's gathering? Two pence, three half pence, two farthings, in your little frost-bitten hands! It takes not much to do an excise's purse, but the little I have is yours, and welcome. No thanks! Sing that song again, and let me take it home with me as a cheer and a comfort to the German Trade's dark days in London.

THE TRUE TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

We all remember Tom Tiddler's Ground, upon which, in our childhood we used to perch, "picking up gold and silver." At page three hundred and fifty of our second, and at page five hundred and ninety-five of our third volume, it will be found that we have called attention to the wealth derivable from chemical products obtained out of peat. As a source of wealth, the Irish bogs are almost inexhaustible, and as a source of comment in the pages of Household Words they are by no means exhausted yet. It is pleasant to feel, as we have of late been feeling, that we have on hand quite a little glut of hopeful Irish subjects, of industrial efforts from within, for the regeneration of the country. There is the Small Proprietors' Society, which has been recently commenced

by Irish gentlemen, in a most temperate and able manner, with no reference to party politics, but with the most earnest reference to the well being of the people. That has a claim upon our space, which we by no means intend to put aside. Then, there is the Irish Amelioration Society, with its works at Derrymullen, county Kildare, and there are also other enterprises for the extraction of gold, in the shape of peat fuel and charcoal, out of Irish bogs. Ireland made really a respectable display of industrial efforts at the late Exhibition, and the Repeal agitation being defunct it is pleasant to see that industry and the employment of resources are being now regarded as the true solution of the Irish difficulty. No more have scattered cheques for very large amounts all over the Irish soil, the bogs are very handsome cheques—but until of late there have been few to suggest picking them up, and getting them converted into cash.

In that desert corner of the Exhibition, Class I. Mining and Mineral Products, behind an ornament of Irish peat and potatoes, the solitary wanderer might detect a little pigeon hole containing cakes. Not macaroons, but cakes of more importance to society, dark little compact cakes, clean and smooth as chocolate but not so good to eat, they were in fact bog bannocks. They were baked by the Great Peat working Company of Ireland, after the manner patented by Messrs Gwynne and Hays. According to this patent, the wet peat, by the application of centrifugal force is dried almost immediately after it is taken from the bog, and means are applied also for the destruction of its fibrous texture. It is then applied whereby it becomes developed in the peat its tarry constituent, it is then compressed, so that it shall acquire the density of coal, and the whole series of processes comes to an end so rapidly, that from the state of wet peat to the state of hard polished cake the period of transition is not more than half an hour. These cakes are peat fuel.

Peat fuel is said to produce what is so equally diffusible, as to beget more steam than coal, when used under a boiler. It is used by steamers plying on the Shannon, and for engines generally in sandy places, where, whatever may be the truth of the assertion that it produces more steam, it is quite certain that the boiler is fired by it, last twice as long as those fired in the usual way by coal. To distillers, brewers, soap boilers, sugar refiners, and others, as an advertisement might say, this fuel is highly to be recommended, while to families its cheapness, its prompt ignition, and the ready and agreeable diffusion of heat from it, make it really an advantageous substitute for coal. Let us hint, too, that Irish peat fuel may yet play an important part in the development of steam communication between Ireland and America.

Bog bannocks may be converted into char-

coal, or peat, in the first instance, may be manufactured on the bogs into peat charcoal, as is now being done in many places. As an article of commerce, peat charcoal is of much greater importance than pit fuel, and in this form, if in no other, the large cheques lying idle in the shape of Irish peat bogs may very conveniently be cashed. That fact it is just now our design to illustrate.

Iron is made in England with pit coal in the form of coke. Wood charcoal would be infinitely better, but is much too dear, peat charcoal, for the smelting and manufacture of metals is equal in every respect to charcoal, but is and can be supplied at a much smaller cost. For the finest kind of iron it is almost requisite that charcoal and not coke be employed in the manufacture, and the use in this way of peat charcoal is not novelty. At Lehn, in the department of the Landes, France, at Widenhammer and Wichter Neunhammer in Germany, at Ransko, in Bohemia, at Komshunn in Bavaria, and elsewhere, peat charcoal is commonly employed. The conversion of Irish bog into peat charcoal is not unlikely to develop in the sister country mineral resources to an extent not even at this moment anticipated. Formerly peat was used extensively in manufacturing the iron exported from Ireland into England. In England, wood had been used for iron work, as those in Sussex being located in the middle of our forests, but the exhaustion of our woods led to a demand for Irish metal. The discovery that coke would suit our purpose well enough checked suddenly the Irish trade, and about a hundred years ago the first charcoal furnace was extinguished in the county Kerry. It is after the lapse of a hundred years in this very county Kerry that the charcoal making is resumed by the Peat working Company.

Ireland still contains some of the richest iron ores in Europe, and copper is found in considerable quantities in Wicklow, Waterford, and the northern part of Cork. The lead and silver of county Clare and the Wicklow gold mines, have long had a fabulous reputation, and it is well known that in several parts of Ireland valuable mineral products have turned up under the superintendence of new proprietors of estates, formerly neglected by embarrassed men. To work the mineral resources of the country three millions of acres of the best kind of fuel are provided.

Our continental friends lately exhibited among us many specimens of charcoal iron in the form of guns and muskets, the Government factory of Wurtemberg, among others, Dandoy and Co., of Mulberg, in France, and some of the smaller German States. The Belgian Government exhibited, through the director of the Royal Cannon Foundry, some iron guns by which our Committee on Ordnance might be edified. An English iron gun, after three hundred rounds, requires

reventing, and with reventing, the entire machine will last through not more than a thousand rounds. The Belgians, however, let us look at a revented gun, out of which there had been fired six thousand rounds, and at another gun which had not yet needed reventing, and the vent of which was still but little altered, although they had fired it two thousand one hundred and eighteen times.

Three tons of coke make one ton of pig-iron, thirty hundred weight of charcoal make a ton of the finest charcoal iron. Iron-masters working for our Ordnance use pit-coal though it is well known that charcoal will produce three times the amount of carbonisation, and, therefore, of elasticity and tenacity, the properties required for the securing of a good metallic result. When Belgium separated from Holland in 1830, General Puxhaus of the French Artillery was sent

to assist the Belgians in the siege of Antwerp. In company with General Busen he reconnoitred the citadel, and found it to be a place of extraordinary strength. Every point was well sheltered from the effects of shells, and there was moreover a big ditch which could be filled with water from the sea. The French general proposed then to King Leopold to shorten the siege by means of a mortar, of which the shells would weigh a thousand pounds and contain each a hundred pounds of powder. This it was thought would with a few blows decide the struggle and cut short the pains and miseries of a protracted siege. The proposal was believed to be a humbug, and it was not until after fifty thousand cannon balls and shells had been spent in vain upon the city that the monster mortar (charcoal casting made at Liege)—was brought out. Nine shells were fired, huge flying mines, one of which burst in the air and eight descended in the citadel. Two days after the first shell was fired the Dutch surrendered.

A mortar capable of propelling with any accuracy a shell of such dimensions, or capable indeed of being fired with any safety to its owners must have been manufactured with the utmost nicety. Charcoal of wood or peat must necessarily have been used in the manufacture, not only because by that means a tougher and more elastic metal is obtained, but because from the absence of sulphur in charcoal flaws in the metal are avoided. From the use of pit coal iron, which creates a risk of flaws, lamentable accidents have sometimes resulted. Without the finer descriptions of steel and iron which we import from the north of Europe and the South of Asia, from the neighbourhoods of the Pole and the Equator, Sheffield cutlery would not so well sustain its reputation. French, Prussians, and Bavarians, employ peat charcoal and peat charcoal is offered to us now by A, B, C, and D, by sundry workers who already have begun to settle on the bogs of Ireland.

Peat-charcoal, which we thus find to be an article of no small prospective value to our manufactures, is, perhaps, still more valuable, certainly more universally to be appreciated, when employed as an agent for the promotion of the public health, and we shall have also to speak of it as a manure.

We have mentioned Mr Gwynne's patent for the manufacture of peat fuel, we will pause here to interpolate a brief notice of the different kind of operation for the manufacture of peat charcoal, as it may now be seen about twenty miles from Dublin, on the Bog of Allen, where the Irish Amputation Society have established works. First as to the cutting of the bog, the outfall of the drainage having been found to be as cut four feet wide and deep parallel to each other. The sides of these trenches as they deepen, are cut into steps or terraces, so that you go down stairs from each side as it were into each, this is to prevent the sides from falling in. When the soil bed in the bog is reached, the remnants of straw between the trenches are also removed, and the cleared soil is handed over to the farmer. The superabundant bog has been removed—the cheque has been picked up in cash!—and the virgin soil on which it lies is a witty writer has expressed it being tickled with the plough laughs with a harvest.

The process of cashing the cheque takes place as follows. The wet blocks are piled on wicker trays, dried partly by exposure to the air, and then carried on peculiar little wagons to the furnace. Then they are stacked against an air chamber and completely dried. The mass being finally ignited, burns in a few hours and the resulting charcoal can be either used as fuel or granulated like coarse lump water for sanitary or agricultural purposes. By Mr Rogers' compressing machine it can be made denser than wood charcoal and sold at one fourth of the cost. The processes are more fully described in a small pamphlet by Mr Yarrow.

A year or two ago, Prince Alb. suggested to the Royal Agricultural Society, in a paper on the treatment of sewage manure, that it should be made up and filtration through some absorbing medium, having also a deodorising power. At the head of his list of such substances was charcoal. Charcoal deodorises not by the destruction or change, but the absorption and the retention in its substance of the gases which annoy the nose and undermine the health, although able to make for us flesh and bone, if we can compel them to lie among the clods, and be the servants of our farmers. Sewage matter filtered through peat-charcoal, which is itself an excellent manure, leaves in the charcoal all its fertilising principles, and forms an odororous solid substance, fit to be carried off in sacks, annoying nobody, a manure infinitely cheaper, and decidedly better than guano, and placed to the credit of our English harvests.

Mr Yarrow has received from the town of Weston-super-Mare the premium for his plan of draining that town precisely on Prince Albert's principle. We have the authority of the chairman of the Dublin Board of Health in stating, that a huge and most offensive cess-pool, in a central part of Dublin has been emptied with the use of peat charcoal and its contents cut off in broad day, without the slightest suggestion to the eyes and noses in the neighbourhood of the nature of the operation that was going on. London air is being poisoned and London soil is being saturated with putrescent matter. The curse would be transformed into a blessing by the free employment of peat charcoal, and a large profit could be made out of the cleansing furnished in hospitals in alleys, in filthy streets, peat charcoal thrown about absorbs the gases that are in the air. It does not decompose these and substitute a coughing mixture, like chloride of lime, it simply absorbs and fixes them undisturbed in its substance where they can be carried off in a bag to fertilise our fields and gardens.

When grounded for sanitary purposes, according to Mr Rogers' patent process, peat charcoal will digest and hold, deodorised, a quantity of effluvia matter equal to itself in weight without allowing the loss of volatile gases or any element that gives it a commercial value. Peat charcoal would convert the London fumes into a comfortable mine of wealth. If it were possible, says Ladbroke, to husband all the filth of London it would form the most valuable manure in the world. Well we can husband it in stock in a form which turns no trace of its origin and is by no means filthy. This may be seen at Stanley Bridge, Fulham where sewerage in full possession of all its filthy characteristics, enters a tank containing peat charcoal, and leaves the tank in a clear stream, without taste or smell.

Charcoal itself we should remember, is the staff of vegetable life—used alone as a manure, it feeds the soil light and friable, and ever absorbent, sucks in abundantly the gases which plants require, other manures impoverish by keeping charcoal is always willing to its wealth, what others are too ready to give out charcoal is always eager to take in.

Not only in the cellars and the filthy haunts of our neglected neighbours, but in stables, pigsties, and places of that kind, charcoal upon the floor would keep the animals in health and save the loss of volatile manure. In the poultry a tray of peat-charcoal preserves the meat, taken from thence, when it requires renewing, it may be thrown over a stable-floor, into a privy, or sprinkled about a drain, to purify the atmosphere, and become in itself richer as a manure. Brewed over potatoes, when pitted, it has been found to prevent disease.

These are some of the uses of peat-charcoal,

which we could illustrate abundantly, if that were needful. The manufacture of this charcoal is commencing now upon some portions of the Irish bogs, and the product of the manufacture is supplied already at a very cheap rate. As the value of the bog products becomes more generally known, the stimulus to enterprise in Ireland will increase, and Nature's cheques will be converted into gold at last, and happily applied to the maintenance and clothing of a hungry family.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

At twenty-three years of age John became King of England. His pretty little nephew Arthur had the best claim to the throne, but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a more coward or a more detestable villain if the country had been searched from east to east to west.

The French King Philip claimed to know the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favour of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the King of England. So John and the French King went to war at Arthur.

He was a handsome boy at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament, and he had the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection; he had the additional misfortune to have a French mother (consequence by name) lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession to the French King, who pretended to be very much his friend and made him a knight and promised him his daughter in marriage—but who cared so little about him in reality that finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little Prince and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

Young Arthur, for two years afterwards, lived quietly, and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French King then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, Prince," said the French King, "and you would like to be a King. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a King." "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are Knights of mine and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping King of England, has taken pos-

session. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy." Poor Arthur was so flattered and so grateful, that he signed a treaty with the crafty French King, agreeing to consider him his superior Lord, and that the French King should keep for himself whatever he could take from King John.

Now King John was so bad in all ways, and King Philip was so perfidious that Arthur, between the two might as well have been a lamb between a fox and a wolf. But, being so young, he wasudent and flushed with hope—and, when the people of Brittany (which was his inheritance) sent him five hundred more knights and five thousand foot soldiers, he believed his fortune was made. The people of Brittany had been fond of him from his birth and had requested that he might be called Arthur in remembrance of that doubly famous English Arthur, of whom I told you early in this book when they believed to have been the brave friend and companion of an old King of their own. They had tales among them about a prophet called MERLIN (of the same old time), who had foretold that their own King should be restored to them after hundred years, and they believed that the prophecy would be fulfilled in Arthur, that the time would come when he would rule them with a crown of Brittany upon his head, and when neither King of France nor King of England would have any power over them. When Arthur found himself rising in a glittering suit of armour on a richly caparisoned horse at the head of his train of knights and soldiers he began to believe this too, and to consider old Merlin a very superior prophet.

He did not know—how could he, being so innocent and inexperienced?—that his little army was a mere nothing against the power of the King of England. The French King knew it—but the poor boy's fate was little to him, so that the King of England was worried and distressed. Therefore, King Philip went his way into Normandy and Prince Arthur went his way towards Mirebeau, a French town near Poitiers, both very well pleased.

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau because his grandmother Eleanor, who was so often made her appearance in this history (and who had always been his mother's enemy) was living there; and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the King your uncle to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty—but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue, with his army. So here was a strange family-

party! The boy Prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the Prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open cuts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle the King standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

"Arthur," said the King with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness of the friendship and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?"

"I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him come to me my kingdom of England, and ask me to let him ask the question."

The King looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle.

Then the King took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles how the Prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

King John, feeling that in any case what ever was done afterwards it would be satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out that had looked at him so proudly while his own roving eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourgo, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was an honourable tender man, that Hubert could not but do it. To his eternal honour he prevented the torture from being performed, and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed King bethought himself of the stabling suggestion next, and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain.

But it was not difficult for a King to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To

despatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

King John very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he courageously sent this reply to save the Prince or gain time, despatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.

Arthur was soon forced from the good Hubert—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine, rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch and put it out. Then, Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat. And in that boat, he found his uncle and one other man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Dead to his entreaties, they stabbed him and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke the tower door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

The news of this atrocious murder being spread in England, awakened a hatred of the King (thoroughly odious for his many vices, and for his having stolen away and married a noble lady while his own wife was living) that never slept again through his whole reign. In Brittany the indignation was intense. Arthur's own sister, Eleanor, was in the power of John and shut up in a convent at Bristol. But his half sister, Alice, was in Brittany. The people chose her, and the murdered prince's father-in-law, the last husband of Constance, to represent them, and carried their fiery complaints to King Philip. King Philip summoned King John (as the holder of territory in France) to come before him and defend himself. King John refusing to appear, King Philip declared him false, perjured, and guilty, and again made war. In a little time, by conquering the greater part of his French territory, King Philip deprived him of one third of his dominions. And, though all the fighting that took place, King John was always found, either to be eating and drinking, like a gluttonous fool, when the danger was at a distance, or to be running away, like a beaten cur, when it was near.

You might suppose that when he was losing his dominions at this rate, and when his own Nobles cared so little for him or his cause that they plainly refused to follow his banner

out of England, he had enemies enough. But he made another enemy of the Pope, which he did in this way.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the junior monks of that place wishing to get the start of the senior monks in the appointment of his successor met together at midnight, secretly elected a certain *REGINALD*, and sent him off to Rome to get the Pope's approval. The senior monks and the King soon finding this out, and being very angry about it, the junior monks gave way, and all the monks together elected the Bishop of Norway who was the King's favourite. The Pope, hearing the whole story, declared that neither election would do for him, and that he elected *STANIS LANSAROS*. The monks submitting to the Pope, the King turned them all out bodily, and banished them as traitors. The Pope sent three bishops to the King to threaten him with an interdict. The King told the bishops that if any interdict were laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out their eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of, and send them over to Rome in that undecorated state as a present for their master. The bishops nevertheless soon published the interdict, and fled.

After it had lasted a year, the Pope proceeded to his next step, which was excommunication. King John was declared excommunicated with all the usual ceremony. The King was so incensed at this, and was made so desperate by the disaffection of his Barons and the hatred of his people, that it is said that he even privately sent ambassadors to the Turks in Spain offering to renounce his religion and hold his kingdom of them if they would help him. It is related that the ambassadors were admitted to the presence of the Turkish Emir, through long lines of Moorish guards, and that they found the Emir with his eyes seriously fixed on the pages of a large book from which he never once looked up. That they gave him a letter from the King, containing his proposals, and were gravely dismissed. That presently the Emir sent for one of them, and conjured him by his faith in his religion to say what kind of man the King of England truly was. That the ambassador thus pressed replied that the King of England was a false tyrant against whom his own subjects would soon rise. And that this was quite enough for the Emir. Money being in his position the next best thing to men, King John spared no means of getting it. He set on foot another oppressing and torturing of the unhappy Jews (which was quite in his way) and invented a new punishment for one wealthy Jew of Bristol. Until such time as that Jew should produce a certain large sum of money, the King sentenced him to be imprisoned, and, every day, to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his head—beginning with the double teeth. For seven days, the oppressed man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth,

but, on the eighth, he paid the money. With the treasure raised in such ways, the King made an expedition into Ireland, where some English nobles had revolted. It was one of the very few places from which he did not run away; because no resistance was shown. He made another expedition into Wales—whence he *did* run away in the end, but not before he had got from the Welsh people, as hostages, twenty-seven young men of the best families, every one of whom he caused to be slain in the following year.

To interdict and excommunication, the Pope now added his last sentence, Deposition. He proclaimed John no longer King, dissolved all his subjects from their allegiance, and sent Stephen Langton and others to the King of France to tell him that if he would invade England he should be forgiven all his sins—at least, should be forgiven them by the Pope, if that would do.

As there was nothing that King Philip desired more than to invade England he collected a great army at Rouen and a fleet of seventeen hundred ships to bring them over. But the English people, however bitterly they hated the King, were not a people to suffer invasion quietly. They flocked to Dover where the English standard was, in such great numbers to enrol themselves as defenders of their native land that there were not provisions for them, and the King could only select and retain sixty thousand. But at this crisis the Pope, who had his own reasons for objecting to either King John or King Philip being too powerful, interfered. He entrusted a legate, whose name was *PANDOLF*, with the easy task of frightening King John. He sent him to the English Camp from France to terrify him with exaggerations of King Philip's power, and his own weakness in the discontent of the English Barons and people. Pandolf discharged his commission so well, that King John, in a wretched panic, consented to acknowledge Stephen Langton to resign his kingdom 'to God, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul'—which meant the Pope—and to hold it ever afterwards, by the Pope's leave on payment of an annual sum of money. To this shameful contract he publicly bound himself in the church of the Knights Templars at Dover, where he had at the legate's feet a part of the tribute which the legate haughtily trampled upon. But they do say, that this was merely a genteel flourish, and that he was afterwards seen to pick it up and pocket it.

There was an unfortunate prophet, of the name of Peter, who had greatly increased King John's terrors by predicting that he would be unknights (which the King supposed to signify that he would die) before the Feast of Ascension should be past. That was the day after this humiliation. When the next morning came, and the King, who had been trembling all night, found himself alive and safe, he ordered the prophet—and his son

too—to be dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then hanged, for having frightened him.

As King John had now submitted, the Pope, to King Philip's great astonishment, took him under his protection, and informed King Philip that he found he could not give him leave to invade England. The angry Philip resolved to do it without his leave, but, he gained nothing and lost much, for the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, went over, in five hundred ships to the French coast, before the French fleet had sailed away from it, and utterly defeated the whole.

The Pope then took off his three sentences one after another, and empowered Stephen Langton publicly to receive King John into the favour of the church again and to ask him to dinner. The King, who hated Langton with all his might and mind—and with reason too, for he was a great and a good man with whom such a King could have no sympathy—pretended to cry and to be very grateful. There was a little difficulty about sitting, how much the King should pay in recompense to the clergy for the losses he had caused them; but the end of it was that the superior clergy got a good deal, and the inferior clergy a little or nothing—which has always happened since King John's time, I believe.

When all these matters were arranged the King in his triumph became more haughty and false, and insolent to all around him than he had ever been. An alliance of sovereigns against King Philip, gave him an opportunity of landing an army in France, with which he even took a town! But, on the French King, gaining a great victory he ran away of course, and made a truce for five years.

And now the time approached when he was to be still further humbled, and had to feel if he could feel anything what a wretched creature he was. Of all men in the world Stephen Langton seemed to me used up by Heaven to oppose and subdue him. When he ruthlessly burnt and destroyed the property of his own subjects because their Lords the Barons would not serve him abroad, Stephen Langton fearlessly reprov'd and threatened him. When he swore to restore the laws of King Edward, or the laws of King Henry the First, Stephen Langton knew his falsehood, and pursued him through all his evasions. When the Barons met at the abbey of Saint Edmund's Bury to consider their wrongs and the King's oppressions, Stephen Langton roused them by his fervid words to demand a solemn charter of rights and liberties from their presumed master, and to swear, one by one, on the High Altar that they would have it, or would wage war against him to the death. When the King hid himself in London from the Barons and was at last obliged to receive them, they told him roundly they would not believe him unless Stephen Langton became a surety that he would keep his word. When he took the

Cross, to invest himself with some interest, and belong to something that was received with favour, Stephen Langton was still unmoveable. When he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope wrote to Stephen Langton in behalf of his new favorite, Stephen Langton was deaf, even to the Pope himself and saw before him nothing but the wretch of England and the crimes of the English King.

At Easter time, the Barons assembled at Stamford in Lincolnshire, in proud array, in a meadow near to Oxford where the King was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others, a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it for ourselves." When Stephen Langton told the King as much, and read the list to him, he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterwards trying to party the Barons with his. They called themselves and their followers, "The army of God and the Holy Church." Marching through the country with the people thronging to them everywhere (except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack upon the castle), they at last triumphantly set up their banner in London itself, whither the whole land fied of the tyrant, seemed to flock to join them. Seven knights alone, of all the knights in England, remained with the King who reduced to this strait, at last sent the Earl of Pembroke to the Barons to say that he approved of everything, and would meet them to sign their charter when they would. "Then," said the Barons, "let the day be the 15th of June, and the place, Runnymede."

On Monday, the fifteenth of June one thousand two hundred and fourteen, the King came from Windsor Castle, and the Barons came from the town of Staines, and they met on Runnymede, which is still a pleasant meadow by the Thames, where rushes grow in the clear waters of the winding river, and its banks are green with grass and trees. On the side of the Barons, came the General of their army, ROBERT FITZ WAITER, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the King, came, in all, some four and twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him and were merely his advisers in form. On that great day, and in that great company, the King signed MAGNA CHARTA—the great charter of England—by which he pledged himself to maintain the church in its rights, to relieve the Barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the Crown—of which the Barons in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve their vassals, the people, to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs, to protect foreign merchants who came to England, to imprison no man without a fair trial, and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none. As the Barons knew his falsehood well, they further required, as their securities, that he should send out of his kingdom all his foreign troops; that for

two months they should hold possession of the city of London, and Stephen Langton of the Tower; and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and, if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so, as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterwards.

He sent abroad for foreign soldiers, and sent to the Pope for help, and plotted to take London by surprise, while the Barons should be holding a great tournament at Stamford, which they had agreed to hold there as a celebration of the charter. The Barons, however, found him out and put it off. Then, when the Barons desired to see him and tax him with his treachery, he made numbers of appointments with them, and kept none, and shifted from place to place, and was constantly sneaking and skulking about. At last he appeared at Dover, to join his foreign soldiers of whom numbers came into his pay; and with them he besieged and took Rochester Castle, which was occupied by knights and soldiers of the Barons. He would have hanged them every one, but the leader of the foreign soldiers, fearful of what the English people might afterwards do to him, interfered to save the knights; therefore the King was fain to satisfy his vengeance with the death of all the common men. Then, he sent the Earl of Salisbury, with one portion of his army, to ravage the eastern part of his own dominions, while he carried fire and slaughter into the northern part; torturing, plundering, killing, and inflicting every possible cruelty upon the people; and, every morning, setting a worthy example to his men by setting fire, with his own monster-hands, to the house where he had slept last night. Nor was this all; for, the Pope, coming to the aid of his precious friend, laid the kingdom under an Interdict again, because the people took part with the Barons. It did not much matter, for the people had grown so used to it now, that they had begun to think about it. It occurred to them—perhaps to Stephen Langton too—that they could keep their churches open, and ring their bells, without the Pope's permission as well as with it. So, they tried the experiment—and found that it succeeded perfectly.

It being now impossible to bear the country, as a wilderness of cruelty, or longer to hold any terms with such a forsworn outlaw of a King, the Barons sent to Louis, son of the French monarch, to offer him the English crown. Caring as little for the Pope's excommunication of him if he accepted the offer, as it is possible his father may have cared for the Pope's forgiveness of his sins, he landed

at Sandwich (King John immediately running away from Dover, where he happened to be) and went on to London. The Scottish King, with whom many of the Northern English Lords had taken refuge; numbers of the foreign soldiers, numbers of the Barons, and numbers of the people; went over to him every day—King John, the while, continually running away in all directions. The career of Louis was checked, however, by the suspicions of the Barons, founded on the dying declaration of a French Lord, that when the kingdom was conquered he was sworn to banish them as traitors, and to give their estates to some of his own Nobles. Rather than suffer this, some of the Barons hesitated, others even went over to King John.

It seemed to be the turning point of King John's fortunes, for, in his savage and murderous course, he had now taken some towns and met with some successes. But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the Wash, not very far from Wisbech, the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped, but, looking back from the shore when he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in a torrent, overturn the wagons, horses, and men, that carried his treasure, and engulf them in a raging whirlpool from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing, and swearing, and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks act before him quantities of pears, and peaches, and new cider—some say poison too, but there is very little reason to suppose so—of which he ate and drunk in an immoderate and beastly way. All night, he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day, they put him in a horse-litter, and carried him to Sleaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day, they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark-upon-Trent; and there, on the eighteenth of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

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PEARLS FROM THE EAST.

Who knows anything of Hindû mythology or who, indeed, does not shudder at its very name? People will answer you, if you talk of Jupiter, they will blindly wonder if you speak of Zeus, but breathe the faintest suspicion of Brahma and Vishnû, and they will vote you a bore and a pedant, fit only for the dusty shelves of the British Museum. Beyond a confused notion of gods all legs and arms, like huge-bodied centipedes, no one in general society, certainly no one in good society, knows anything of the matter. People have a vague idea that the Hindû Pantheon contains a few millions of deities, all with more than their due proportion of limbs and some with less than their due proportion of humanity, that monkeys and monsters are the chief curiosities of the idylm, that no rational exposition of all these nightmaric fancies can, by any possibility, be given. Nevertheless, if we would take the trouble of learning them, we would find various tales spread through the divine books of Hindûsthan, which are perfect gems of poetry and beauty.

The Greek religion had all the accessories of a perfected art, and of a language which was the classical or court language in every country of the then known world, as was the Norman-French in after times, but, who studies the Ved as in the original tongue, or moulds his plaster of Paris into likenesses of the Hindû Triad? Who cares to master a literature, the very alphabet of which is a jiggler's mystery, more like, to uninitiated eyes, the scrawling traces of multitudinous spiders, than the rational strokes of human penmanship? Fewer still care to penetrate into the secret recesses of a temple, which sets up an elephant-headed aldermanic looking deity (Ganesa, God of Wisdom, and Hindû Janus) with, perhaps, a monkey god by his side as the porter. Which gives you, farther in, a woman creature, (Bhavani, a form of the female Siva,) astride on a black bull, with a necklace of human heads, a sacrificial knife, half-a-dozen arms, and various other unladylike accompaniments, as the Lady of the House. Which makes nothing of a four-headed master (Brahma), and talks lightly of a bright blue complexion—Siva or Mahadevi

being sometimes of a blue colour. A pretty legend is given for this translation of Vishnû's proper hue. Vishnû is also blue by right elemental identity. He is air. Which, the deeper you penetrate, offers you only a confused phantasmagoria of divinities, whom no one can make anything of, every one being somebody else besides himself, and all being each other—not one of the whole crew having the honest individual integrity of the Greek and Latin Sons of Saturn. Which finally leads you into a small dark cell, filled only with a Name—a Name which must be meditated on in silence and secrecy—and which is the greatest mystery of all. This sounds very uninviting, but this is what Hindû mythology is to the superficial observer. Pierce the husk, and you have your reward. The prospect clears before you. The horrid forms are mere physical enigmas answered, the confused phantasmagoria divides itself into matter of fact phenomena, plain and evident, the mystic Name comes home to your own heart with awe, and you acknowledge in the dark, silent cell, that, in the believer, be he Brahmin, or be he Jew,—be he the worshipper of Allah, or the caller upon Ormuzd,—the same thought is to be recognised, the same aspiration, the same cry from the wide human heart.

The Hindû mythology has some exquisite passages, as lovely as the loveliest of the Greek. If Aphrodite rose from the dark blue wave, the lotos-marked Rhemba (Rhumba is the Hindû Aphrodite, or Venus, and also the Pandora,) came blushing forth from the sea of milk which Vishnû churned. If the Hellenic nymphs of land and wood, hill, vale and water, were beautiful, the Apsaras are more beautiful still. They are ten million nymphs, who fill the office of the Mohammedan houris, who were created as attendants on Rhumba, and who disport themselves in heaven, and dance round their graceful mistresses. Although Cupid is acknowledged god of all, the mischievous Cama with his flower-tipped shafts might dispute his supremacy. Cama is the Hindû God of Love; he bears five arrows tipped with flowers, and has a banner marked with a fish.

Of Brahma there is not much to say. He, though the first of the great Triad, has neither peculiar temples nor private rites, but is included in the worship paid to Vishnû and

out of England, he had enemies enough. But he made another enemy of the Pope, which he did in this way.

The Archbishop of Canterbury dying, and the junior monks of that place wishing to get the start of the senior monks in the appointment of his successor, met together at midnight, secretly elected a certain RICHARD, and sent him off to Rome to get the Pope's approval. The senior monks and the King soon finding this out and being very angry about it the junior monks gave way and all the monks together elected the Bishop of Norwich who was the King's favorite. The Pope, having the whole story declared that neither election would do for him, and that he elected *SIRINUS LANCOT*. The monks submitting to the Pope, the King turned them all out bodily and banished them as traitors. The Pope sent three bishops to the King to threaten him with an Interdict. The King told the bishops that if any Interdict were laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out the eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of and send them over to Rome in that undecorated state as a present for their master. The bishop nevertheless soon published the Interdict, and fled.

After it had lasted a year, the Pope proceeded to his next step, which was Excommunication. King John was declared excommunicated with all the usual ceremonies. The King was so incensed at this and was made so desperate by the disaffection of his Barons and the hatred of his people that it is said that he even privately sent ambassadors to the Turks in Spain offering to renounce his religion and hold his kingdom of them if they would help him. He related that the ambassadors were admitted to the presence of the Turkish Emir through long lines of Moorish guards and that they found the Emir with his eyes seriously fixed on the pages of a large book from which he never once looked up. That they gave him letters from the King containing his proposals and were gravely dismissed. That presently the Emir sent for one of them, and captured him by his faith in his religion to say what kind of man the King of England truly was? That the ambassador thus pressed replied that the King of England was a false traitor against whom his own subjects would soon rise. And that this was quite enough for the Emir. Money being in his position, the next best thing to men, King John spared no means of getting it. He set on foot another oppressing and torturing of the unhappy Jews (which was quite in his way), and invented a new punishment for one wealthy Jew of Bristol. Until such time as that Jew should produce a certain large sum of money the King sentenced him to be imprisoned, and every day, to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his head—beginning with the double teeth. For seven days, the oppressed man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth,

but, on the eighth, he paid the money. With the treasure raised in such ways, the King made an expedition into Ireland, where some English nobles had revolted. It was one of the very few places from which he did not run away, because no resistance was shown. He made another expedition into Wales—whence he *did* run away in the end, but not before he had got from the Welsh people, as hostages, twenty-seven young men of the best families, every one of whom he caused to be slain in the following year.

To Interdict and Excommunication, the Pope now added his last sentence, Deposition. He proclaimed John no longer King, absolved all his subjects from their allegiance, and sent Stephen Langton and others to the King of France to tell him that, if he would invade England he should be forgiven all his sins—at least, should be forgiven them by the Pope, if that would do.

As there was nothing that King Philip feared more than to invade England he collected a great army at Rouen and a fleet of seventeen hundred ships to bring them over. But the English people however bitterly they hated the King, were not a people to suffer any man quietly. They flocked to Dover where the English standard was, in such great numbers to enrol themselves as defenders of their native land, that there were not provisions for them and the King could only select and retain sixty thousand. But, at this crisis, the Pope, who had his own reasons for objecting to either King John or King Philip being too powerful, interfered. He trusted Legate, who Pastorel with the easy task of frightening King John. He sent him to the English Camp from France to terrify him with exaggerations of King Philip's power, and his own weakness in the discontent of the English Barons and people. Philip discharged his commission so well that King John, in a wretched panic consented to acknowledge Stephen Langton to resign his kingdom to God, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul—which meant the Pope—and to hold it ever after wards, by the Pope's leave on payment of an annual sum of money. To this shameful contract he publicly bound himself in the church of the Knights Templars at Dover where he had at the legate's feet a part of the tribute which the legate braughtly trampled upon. But they *do* say that this was merely a genteel flourish, and that he was afterwards seen to pick it up and pocket it.

There was an unfortunate prophet, of the name of Peter, who had greatly increased King John's terrors by predicting that he would be unknighthood (which the King supposed to signify that he would die) before the Feast of Ascension should be past. That was the day after this humiliation. When the next morning came, and the King, who had been trembling all night, found himself alive and safe, he ordered the prophet—and his son

too—to be dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then hanged, for having frightened him.

As King John had now submitted, the Pope, to King Philip's great astonishment, took him under his protection and informed King Philip that he found he could not give him leave to invade England. The angry Philip resolved to do it without his leave, but, he gained nothing and lost much, for the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, went over in five hundred ships to the French coast, before the French fleet had sailed away from it, and utterly defeated the whole.

The Pope then took off his three sentences, one after another and empowered Stephen Langton publicly to receive King John into the favour of the church again and to ask him to dinner. The King, who hated Langton with all his might and in un—and with reason too, for he was a great and a good man with whom such a King could have no sympathy—pretended to cry out to be very careful. There was a little difficulty about settling how much the King should pay as a ransom to the clergy, for the losses he had caused them. But the end of it was that the superior clergy got a great deal and the inferior clergy a little or nothing—which is what happened since King John's time, I believe.

When all these matters were arranged the King in his triumph became more haughty and false, and insolent to all around him than he had ever been. An alliance of vassals against King Philip gave him an opportunity of landing an army in France with which he even took a town. But on the French King's sending a great victory he ran away of course and made a treaty for five years.

And now the time approached when he was to be still further humbled, and made to feel if he could feel anything, what a wretched creature he was. Of all men in the world Stephen Langton's name raised up Heaven to oppose and subdue him. When he ruthlessly burnt and destroyed the property of his own subjects because their Lord is the Pope would not serve him abroad, Stephen Langton fearlessly reproved and threatened him. When he swore to restore the laws of King Edward or the laws of King Henry the First Stephen Langton knew his falsehood, and pursued him through all his evasions. When the Barons met at the abbey of Saint Edmund'sbury to consider their wrongs and the King's oppressions Stephen Langton counsel them by his fervid words to demand a solemn charter of rights and liberties from their perjured master, and to swear, one by one on the High Altar, that they would have it, or would wage war against him to the death. When the King hid himself in London from the Barons and was at last obliged to receive them, they told him roundly they would not believe him unless Stephen Langton became a surety that he would keep his word. When he took the

Cross, to invest himself with some interest, and belong to something that was received with favour, Stephen Langton was still immovable. When he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope wrote to Stephen Langton in behalf of his new favorite, Stephen Langton was deaf, even to the Pope himself, and saw before him nothing but the welfare of England and the crimes of the English King.

At Easter time, the Barons assembled at Stamford in Lincolnshire, in proud array, and, marching on to Oxford where the King was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others, a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it for ourselves." When Stephen Langton told the King as much, and read the list to him he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterwards trying to pacify the Barons with lies. They called themselves and their followers 'The army of God and the Holy Church.' Marching through the country with the people threatening to turn everywhere (except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack upon the castle) they at last triumphantly set up their banner in London itself, whether the whole land tired of the tyrant seemed to fling it in them. Seven knights alone of all the knights in England remained with the King, who I doubt if this traitor had sent the Earl of Pembroke to the Barons to say that he approved of everything and would meet them to sign their charter when they would. "Then" said the Barons, "let the day be the 15th of June, and the place, Runnymede."

On Monday, the fifteenth of June, one thousand two hundred and fourteen the King came from Windsor Castle and the Barons came from the town of Staines and they met in Runnymede which is still a pleasant meadow by the Thames where rushes grow in the low waters of the winding river, and its banks are green with grass and trees. On the side of the Barons, came the General of their army, ROBERT FITZ WAIFER, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the King, came, in all some four-and-twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him and were merely his advisers in form. On that great day and in that great company the King signed MAGNA CHARTA—the great charter of England—by which he pledged himself to maintain the church in its rights, to relieve the Barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the Crown—of which the Barons in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve their vassals, the people, to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs, to protect foreign merchants who came to England, to imprison no man without a fair trial, and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none. As the Barons knew his falsehood well, they further required, as their securities, that he should send out of his kingdom all his foreign troops, that for

two months they should hold possession of the city of London, and Stephen Langton of the Tower, and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and, if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so, as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterwards.

He sent abroad for foreign soldiers, and sent to the Pope for help, and plotted to take London by surprise while the Barons should be holding a great tournament at Stamford, which they had agreed to hold there as a celebration of the charter. The Barons, however, found him out and put it off. Then, when the Barons desired to see him and tax him with his treachery, he made numbers of appointments with them, and kept none, and shifted from place to place, and was constantly sneaking and skulking about. At last he appeared at Dover, to join his foreign soldiers of whom numbers came into his pay, and with them he besieged and took Rochester Castle, which was occupied by knights and soldiers of the Barons. He would have hanged them every one, but the leader of the foreign soldiers, fearful of what the English people might afterwards do to him interred to save the knights, therefore the King was fain to satisfy his vengeance with the death of all the common men. Then, he sent the Earl of Salisbury with one portion of his army, to ravage the eastern part of his own dominions, while he carried fire and slaughter into the northern part, torturing, plundering, killing, and inflicting every possible cruelty upon the people, and, every morning, setting a worthy example to his men by sitting here, with his own monster hands, to the house where he had slept last night. Nor was this all, for, the Pope coming to the aid of his precious friend, laid the kingdom under an interdict again, because the people took part with the Barons. It did not much matter for the people had grown so used to it now, that they had begun to think about it. It occurred to them—perhaps to Stephen Langton too—that they could keep their churches open, and ring their bells, without the Pope's permission as well as with it. So, they tried the experiment—and found that it succeeded perfectly.

It being now impossible to bear the country, as a wilderness of cruelty, or longer to hold any terms with such a sworn outlaw of a King, the Barons sent to Louis, son of the French monarch, to offer him the English crown. Caring as little for the Pope's excommunication of him if he accepted the offer, as it is possible his father may have cared for the Pope's forgiveness of his sins, he landed

at Sandwich (King John immediately running away from Dover, where he happened to be) and went on to London. The Scottish King, with whom many of the Northern English Lords had taken refuge; numbers of the foreign soldiers, numbers of the Barons, and numbers of the people, went over to him every day—King John, the while, continually running away in all directions. The career of Louis was checked, however, by the suspicions of the Barons, founded on the dying declaration of a French Lord, that when the kingdom was conquered he was sworn to banish them as traitors, and to give their estates to some of his own Nobles. Rather than suffer this, some of the Barons hesitated: others even went over to King John.

It seemed to be the turning point of King John's fortunes, for, in his savage and murderous course he had now taken some towns and met with some successes. But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the Wash, not very far from Wisbeach, the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped, but, looking back from the shore when he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in a torrent, overturn the wagons, horses, and men that carried his treasure and engulf them in a raging whirlpool from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing and swearing and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks set before him quantities of pears, and peaches and new cider—some say poison too, but there is very little reason to suppose, of which he ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way. All night, he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day, they put him in a horse litter and carried him to Skaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day, they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark upon Trent, and there on the eighteenth of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

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PEARLS FROM THE EAST

Who knows anything of Hindû mythology, or who, in fact, does not shudder at its very name? People will answer you, if you talk of Jupiter, they will blindly wonder if you speak of Zeus; but in the faintest suspicion of Brahma and Vishnû, and they will vote you a bore and a pedant fit only for the dusty shelves of the British Museum. Beyond a confused notion of gods all legs and arms like huge bodied centipedes, no one in general society, certainly no one in *polite* society, knows anything of the matter. People have a vague idea that the Hindu Pantheon contains a few millions of deities, all with more than their due proportion of limbs, and some with less than their due proportion of humanity; that monks and masters are the chief custodians of the system; that no rational exposition of all these nightmare fancies can, by any possibility, be given. Nevertheless, if we would take the trouble of learning them, we would find various tales spread through the divine books of Hindûsthan, which a perfect gems of poetry and beauty.

The Greek religion had all the accessories of a perfected art, and of a language which was the classical or court language in every country of the then known world; as was the Norman French in after times, but, who studies the Vedas in the original tongue, or moulds his plaster of Paris into likenesses of the Hindû Hind? Who cares to master a literature, the very alphabet of which is a juggler's mystery, more like, to uninitiated eyes, the scrawling traces of multitudinous spiders, than the rational strokes of human penmanship? Fewer still care to penetrate into the secret recesses of a temple, which sets up an elephant-headed aldermanic-looking deity, (Ganes), God of Wisdom, and Hindû Janus) with, perhaps, a monkey god by his side as the porter. Which gives you farther in, a woman creature, (Bhavanî, a form of the female Siva), astride on a black bull, with a necklace of human heads, a sacrificial knife, half-a-dozen arms, and various other unladylike accompaniments, as the Lady of the House. Which makes nothing of a four-headed master (Brahma), and talks lightly of a lurid blue complexion—Siva or Mahadevi

being sometimes of a blue colour. A pretty legend is given for this translation of Vishnû's proper hue. Vishnû is also blue by right elemental identity. He is an "Which, the deeper you penetrate, offers you only a confused phantasmagoria of luminities whom no one can make anything of, every one being somebody else besides himself, and all being each other—and not one of the whole crew having the honest individual integrity of the Greek and Latin Sons of Saturn. Which finally leads you into a small dark cell, filled only with a Name—a Name which must be meditated on in silence and secrecy—and which is the greatest mystery of all. This sounds very uninviting, but this is what Hindû mythology is to the superficial observer. Pierce the husk, and you have your reward. The prospect clears before you. The horrible forms are mere physical enigmas answered, the confused phantasmagoria divides itself into matter of fact phenomena plain and evident, the mystic Name comes home to your own heart with awe, and you a knowledge in the dark, silent. All that, in the belief, be he Brahmin, or be he Jew—be he the worshipper of Allah, or the caller upon Ormuzd—the same thought is to be recognised, the same aspiration, the same cry from the wide human heart.

The Hindû mythology has some exquisite passages, to the full as lovely as the loveliest of the Greek. If Aphrodite rose from the dark blue wave, the lotos marked Rhemba (Rhombus is the Hindû Aphrodite, or Venus, and also the Pandora,) came blushing forth from the sea of milk which Vishnû churned. If the Hellenic nymphs of land and wood, hill, vale and water, were beautiful, the Apsaras are more beautiful still. They are ten million nymphs, who fill the office of the Mohammedan houris, who were created as attendants on Rhemba, and who disport themselves in heaven, and dance round their graceful mistresses. Although Cupid is acknowledged god of all, the mischievous Cama with his flower-tipped shafts might dispute his supremacy. Cama is the Hindû God of Love, he bears five arrows tipped with flowers, and has a banner marked with a fish.

Of Brahma there is not much to say. He, though the first of the great Triad, has neither peculiar temples nor private rites, but is included in the worship paid to Vishnû and

Siva. As the source of all created nature, the "greatest of the great gods and of the lesser ones," he is necessarily interwoven in the honours granted to the minor persons of the Trinity, for, without him, there were nothing. Brahma, he it observed, is different to Brahm. The last is the ineffable mystery, the spirit of the universe, the mystic name of the secret call, the unpronounceable Om. Brahma, on the contrary, is an impersonation, the creator of matter (himself the form of matter), but existing though unborn and uncreated at the morning of time, when the lotus sprang from Vishnu's body, and from him the five-faced red-faced God in its cup. Thus, Brahma had a beginning, while I, I am the spirit, without beginning, and without ending—the Om eternal uncreated, and all pervading.

We said that Brahma was five-faced. So he was when he was first called into existence, but he afterwards lost one of the capitals of his corporal column, and went about the world in all the lamentable poverty of only four heads. We will give the two different legends which account for this pauperising deficiency.

Mahadeva or Siva (Time) was the first of the gods, though he is the last of the Trinity. On his bosom lay Vishnu, the Preserver, asleep for many ages. (In some legends Vishnu lies under the canopy of the thousand-headed snake, Sysha, the endless.) A lotus sprang from the body of the slumbering divinity, and, as its flower reached the field which then covered the universe, Brahma rose up from its leaves. How no one can tell. Gods jumping out of lakes are not as easy to be understood as the multiplication table or the rule of three, but Chinese historians account for all. Looking round and seeing only a vast solitude, Brahma naturally concluded that he was the first of all things, entitled to precedence, honours, and superiority, the supreme monarch of the whole, perpetual oldest son of the universe. Yet disturbed at the silence and mystery he glided at the lotus stalk, like any other here in search of adventures—a prototype of our old friend John after his bean stalk had grown up. He found Vishnu still asleep, and in no wise disturbed by the floral germination of his person. He awoke the god roughly and uncourteously, and asked him 'who he was' in tones which savoured more of cudgels than of courts. Vishnu replied that he was the first-born of the gods, and begged his visitor to be seated. Brahma's indignation knew no bounds. He passionately denied the gentle god's title, insulted him again, and prepared to assert his own rights by the strongest argument of the King. Vishnu, though so mild and sweet-natured, could not stave off the quarrel. *Pedibus manibusque*, the gods went to work. And what would have been the result to gods, men, and mice, no one knows, had not Mahadevi stepped in and

separated them. "The blue-throated god" soon set the matter at rest. He called them both to his knee, like naughty children for chastisement, he read them a homily on their passions, and he said that whoever would reach to the soles of his feet or the crown of his head, should be esteemed sovereign, and lord of all the universe existing. He then sent them off on their pathless journey. After wandering endless miles and endless years, they both returned footsore and weary. When questioned as to their success, Brahma boasted and swaggered a great deal. Oh, yes! he had seen the crown of Mahadevi's head, of course! he had, and if his word were not sufficient, here was the first-born cow, who would bear witness for him. The first-born cow opened her mouth and bowed a gentle assent. Thou vainest maternity, shame on thy lying lips! Vishnu, ever good and true, confessed that he had not seen the soles of Mahadevi's feet. He was very sorry, he had been negligent and careless, but he had not been able to find them. In great wrath, Mahadevi then cursed Brahma, saying, he should have neither temples nor peculiar rites. He cut off his fifth head and cursed the mouth of his four-footed witness—which is the true and indubitable reason why the cow to this day 'chews the cud' and keeps her mouth in a perpetual state of belchment. He then explained that, being Immensity and Infinity, he could not be compassed by God or man, and therefore Brahma had told in unmistakable terms. Vishnu, he said, "was the first born of the gods and the superior." But he would not unto the decrees of fate. In spite of all, Brahma mutilated the head took his place as superior of the Trinity though to the present time no temple is useful to him and no rite performed to his honour. Mahadevi's curse is still on the consciences of men.

This is one story, the other is a love episode. Originally Brahma was born with the ordinary number of heads, and no more. Being neither an Irish twin nor a monster at birth, he had but one pupil, one pair of eyes, one nose, one mouth and so on. And we have every reason to believe that he was contented with his faceted countenance. However, he fell in love one day, with Satarupa, who was a beautiful woman born like mother Eve, from Brahma's own body. She to avoid his love, stepped on one side, but Brahma, unable to stir after the polype-like division of himself which had just taken place, caused another head to start up from his neck, so that he might still look on the thing he loved. This miracle was repeated four times in succession, and thus Brahma came to have four heads. The end of the legend is, that, ashamed of loving what he regarded as his own daughter, he made the remainder of himself into Swayambhuva, and, under this form and name, loved the beautiful Satarupa with a clear conscience. They were the parents of the first Menū, Adima or

Adam, and of his wife Iva or Eve. Of Swamybhava, the "father of all men," a mystical legend exists, similar in substance to the infanticides of Chronos; which legend is explained by astronomical facts. For, the Hindû mythology, though intensely metaphysical, is also eminently material, symbolising, in the most intimate union, the phenomena of physical nature with the mysterious operations of the mind, and the universal passions of humanity. At once metaphysical and scientific, it is also poetic to a wonderful degree; graceful and gracious, beautiful and varied, but profound and learned.

Brahma's court—the gorgeous picture of Merû—is a poem in itself. In the centre of the circle of the universe, or, rather, in the heart of the mythical lotos which sprang from Vishnu, and which is the germ of all things, stands Merû—"high, and of four colours, of four sides, is this golden mountain, the great east of all;" to the east white, yellow to the south, black to the westward, and to the north, red as the rising day. It is the largest of all mountains; "a form consisting of many-coloured jewels;" the abode of various tribes of righteous men, who have been persecuted off the face of the general earth by the violence of the wicked; "like gold, like the dawning morn, resplendent with a thousand petals, like a thousand water pots, with a thousand leaves." Within it are the "self-moving cars" of the gods, beautiful as things of heaven, belong to divinities, should be. In the petals are the abodes of all the gods, where they dwell with their wives in happiness and joy, under eternal sunlight, shaded by wondrous trees, such as grow only on Merû; and supreme above all, resides Brahma,—"he who knows the Vedas," (the Sacred Writings of Hindûsthan, originally transmitted from Brahma,) the greatest of all the great. In the East, is Indra, the Lord of Heaven, sitting on "self moving cars," as dazzling as a thousand suns. He gives music and nectar to the gods, and holds the merriest court of all filling in himself the divided functions of the Apollo and Ganymede of our youth. In the immediate presence of the four-headed God Brahma, dwell the seven glorious Rishis (the seven stars of the Great Bear,) about whose starry wives, the Pleiades, such naughty scandal was so long afloat; and by the Rishis, in their dazzling crowns and shining robes, sits the Lord of Wealth, with ten thousand eyes, like living gems, set over and about him. There also is the "self-moving car" of the God of Fire, variegated with a hundred sorts of metals, the like of which no mortal has ever dreamed of; there, too, is the court of Yama, surnamed the Beautiful; there, too, is the court of Varuna, the Lord of Ocean, the prototype of our old friend Neptune, with his sea-weed hair. The Lord of the Zodiac sits on his dark-blue lazuli throne, and Siva glooms heavily on a golden car, flashing with ten

thousand rays; crowds of the lesser gods, sons, brothers, and impersonations of the Triad; the celestial minstrels called Gandharvas; the nymphs, or Apsaras, with the beautiful Rhemba in the midst; the great snakes as attendants; the morning stars; the sons of God; and all things beautiful and pure are here, all singing praises to the Lord of Life and Matter—Brahma the uncreated! On every side, flow rivers of gold, dividing the great mountain into separate dales and portions. The buttresses or supports are also of gold, and are set all about with vimanas (or self-moving cars) for the gods, formed of black and red coral intermixed, buried in heaps of marvellous flowers. And on the mountain sides, are trees such as mortal eyes never saw; flowers "like great waterpots with leaves," whose fragrance strong a thousand miles off flowers with open calices pouring out scent, like living dew on the ground; trees, under whose shade are life and immortality, as blossoms or fruit falling from their boughs; rivers of honey, and of the gold from whence all the adornments of the gods are formed; last of all, the tree, of mysterious name and mystic virtue, which the gods and the Gandharvas worship—the venerable Tree of Immortality. Such are the wonders of this place—the home of the gods, and the throne of Brahma!

What truly Eastern picture it is!—gold in profusion, as if gold were a real virtue—"self-moving cars;" or the powers of Nature tricked out for a child's fairy tale flowers, trees, stars, snakes, gods—all that would most please the ardent, untaught imagination, piled up like countless ores within a mine! And yet, it is very beautiful. There is a child-like freshness and simplicity about its very gorgeousness which may not win our love, but which must command our regard, and, though it may not be the highest style of poetry, yet it is true poetry of its kind. "Olympus in Thessaly" was more noble in its conception, because more simple; but the mystic charm lingers most round Merû, the oldest form of heaven that we know.

The Paradise, called Kailasa, of Mahadevi and Parvati, is somewhat different. Parvati, we have observed before, is Mahadevi's wife—his sacti, or energy—the female representation of his powers. All the gods, in each of their impersonations, have their sactis; even Brahma possessing a Saraswati as his queen.

On a tiger-skin, spread over a crimson couch, sit Mahadevi and his bride—a glory round their heads, and a golden stream of light falling on them through the azure clouds above. A silver crescent is on his forehead; and round his wrists, and in his ears, are glancing snakes of gold, tinged with crimson. His rosary, and her broad bracelet bands, are all of gold; pearls, and emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and sapphires, blaze in the light from every part of their persons. A necklace round his throat, and a necklace on his breast; a pendant chaplet crossed on her blushing

bosom, and a gold-flowered net thrown back from her beautiful brow, showing the black eye tinged with a deeper blue than even that which the shade of the long lashes throw on her cheek—such are their earthly adornments. Their couch is embroidered in gold and gems, representing birds and trees, and flowers, with almost the vividness of Nature; her hands and feet are dyed rose red—the “crimson of consent,” the ‘*lotos muk*,’ so often sung by the poets, and met with in every description of Indian beauty, and they are covered with gems that glitter in the light. On his head, Seshinga, the thousand-headed snake, and now striped blue and white, is coiled into a beautiful turban round his yellow locks, the multiple heads make a pretty centre ornament, and, as the thousand eyes move restlessly about, they seem like strings of diamonds set over with pearls and sapphires. There, and thus, they sit Parvati leaning fondly on her Lord’s bosom, and every now and then giving him to drink of the amrita (the ambrosia of Hindustan)—the immortal and divine drink of the gods—from a cup of gold jewelled like all the rest. But they are not alone in their paradise. As their guests may be seen, Vishnu seated on his *vahan* or *vehik*—Garuda, the chariot-formed, with the body of an eagle, Chinese elephant and wise, and the Hindu god of crime, the young hero Kartikeya, the sons of Mahadevi, and they fan him with the long white *chhatras* used to this day in the courts of the dusky Indian princes. And before the divine pair, *Apsaras* sing to their lutes, and play ravishing music, more exquisite than even the unearthly strains of Orpheus, which charmed the very dead to life again. The *lotos* and the clustering blossoms of the voluble “*asoca*” wave under the fresh air, which others of the nymphs create by their *lure* peacock fans, and Parvati’s long hair flows adorned around, rippling into light curls, as the feathers brush past it, and she flings it back with her rosy fingers, dipping them for coolness in the fountains that plash up from the eternal source of waters. The *amra* flower which tips one of the five darts of love, grows in profusion round the crimson couch—birds sing in the blue clouds—waters dance in the golden light—music, beauty, youth, flowers—the luscious drops of the drink of the Gods—make up Mahadevi’s heaven. Was the island of Calypso more beautiful than the gardens of Kailasa?—were the fields of Asphodel more lovely than the home of Parvati? If the Elysian plains, foreshadowed in this paradise, had been translated into Hindi, and if Kailasa had been rhythmised in Greek, men would not have been long at a loss which to choose, the glowing, vivid, living forms of the one against the pale, calm statuesque, though so noble images of the other.

But to return to Brahma, the chief subject of this present mythological memoir.

The enmity between Brahma and Siva still continued, as when did not matter and spirit, creation and destruction, the beginning and time, war ever in this world! It was carried even into their mortal shapes, where it had disastrous consequences enough. Brahma was incorporated once in the form of Dachscha—sometimes called himself, sometimes his son. Dachscha partook of the original nature of boastfulness, swaggering about this world of men, as much as Brahma before him had swaggered over the illimitable body of Mahadevi. In full assembly, one day, he assumed that he was the supreme ruler of mankind, the god punishment rose up and did him honour on the strength of the assertion. Mahadevi who had had a taste of the Brahma characteristics before, was indignant at this continual lying, he kept his seat, bit his thumb-knits his brow, and looked in a general state of bile and discontent. Dachscha resented the flu-throated God’s contumacy, cursing him in his human shape and wishing that he might remain a vagabond for ever on the face of the earth. He ordered also, that he should be worlded by all well-disposed citizens and deprived of his share of the sacrifices and offerings. Mahadevi threw back the gracious sentence in a terrible fury took place. The gods were alarmed, and the “three worlds” (heaven, earth and hell) trembled at first, but the combatants were powerful, and a *Panic* faith established between them. To cement the truce, Dachscha gave his daughter Sati in marriage to Mahadevi, and for a time “things went merry as a wedding bell.”

Now Sridevi, the wife of Dachscha had no son. She had one hundred and one daughters, but never a male among them—all *lotus* bloomers, no warriors nor sages. Deeply lamenting she and her husband Dachscha convened a general assembly of the gods and men to make a solemn sacrifice and prayer. Mahadevi alone was left out of the invitation cards, in pursuance of the general system of spitting carried on between the two. Now Mahadevi was not small-minded, he cared nothing for the affront and would have let it pass by, quietly enough but for Sati. She, though Dachscha’s own daughter, was excessively angry, and in spite of all her husband’s remonstrances, persisted in her intention of going to the *lile* masked. Like a malignant fury, she sped through the air, gained the assembly just at the most important moment, and flung herself into the sacrificial fire at the very instant when the vow was to be fulfilled. Mahadevi had a dim sense of decorum, and a proper respect for his creed. To punish the sacrificial goddess, he cursed her to a transmigration of one thousand years. Poor Sati’s *ly* fell lifeless to the ground, while her soul flew upward, calling “cuckoo! cuckoo!” in the shape of a pretty little Pica. Mahadevi became a Pica to please her, and so they flew

away together to one of the trees on Meru. Mahadevi then went to Dachsha, and abused him soundly. At last he took to beating him. The assembly was in an uproar. The gods took the part of Dachsha, and led poor Mahadevi a sad life. He was almost conquered when he struck the ground with the locks of his hair, and instantly two heroes and a whole army of demons rose up from their mother's breast, cut off Dachsha's head in the twinkling of an eye, wounded the sun and moon, and left Mahadevi master of the field. On the prayer of the gods, sent up in a round robin, Dachsha was restored to life. But his head was missing nowhere to be found—a poor, foolish, straying head, sadly wanted by its trunk! At last after much fruitless search a goat's head was brought and set on Dachsha's shoulders. Dachsha came to life on the spot. He was very weak and sickly; however, and I did not recover him until a second incarnation. Mahadevi then took up the body of his darling Sati, and rushed seven times round the world howling horribly. And here we may remark that all the gods, under every misfortune do just the same thing—they rush frantically round the earth seven times, neither in nor less, and howl most frightfully all the time.

Thus ends his diary.

WHAT I CALL SENSIBLE LEGISLATION

I AM probably an older man than you, Mr. Conductor, I have watched the world for three score and ten years, and let me tell you that you have a good deal yet to learn. No doubt you think it very high minded to look upon that age of the world in which Henschell's Works is being published as superior to all past ages, and the race of men who put these Henschell Works is more enlightened than their ancestors. You may think it high minded, but I know it is little minded. I have seen the world and mankind of the world, and I know the selfish motives by which men are actuated. I have too much experience to be deceived. If my juniors don't blush under my observation, it is modesty they want not cause of shame.

And you sir, I have just been reading a back number of your journal. I always read back numbers of newspapers and journals, as a habit, in order that I may form an opinion on the topics debated in them, after all effervescence has gone off. So, I think, you should drink champagne after it has stood an hour, if you would know the substantial value of the wine.

Hearing the other day, for the first time, of your journal, I inquired its age, and, being told that it had reached the mature figure of ninety, I resolved to take it in. I therefore ordered my bookseller to supply me weekly with a number. Missing of course, the period of extreme youth and silliness, I determined

to begin with you at the age of twenty-one. I have now read your number twenty-one. Therein, after wading with many a cold shiver, through articles on Railways, Water-supply, Education, Lieutenant Waghorn, and such matters, which you seem to think extremely worthy of attention, I came at last, by way of climax, to an article in which you undertake to cast ridicule on legislative enactments emanating from our forefathers. It bears the bald title of "Comic Leaves from the Statute Book." You begin to talk of "manifest absurdities" in the first line. Sir, I will not condescend to bind words with you, but if you will allow me with becoming civility to lay before your readers some examples of the truly paternal character of the government which blessed our forefathers you will confer upon them a great favour. You will allow them, for one, to enjoy the counsels of experience, and be improved thereby.

Being a Scotchman I shall take my stand upon the laws of my own country. You chose to laugh at English statutes, let your conscience as a patriot judge you thereupon. It is upon the creditable parliamentary Acts of the northern part of the kingdom of Great Britain that I now take my stand, because it is with these that I am most familiar.

Let me ask any woman of experience, who is a housekeeper, whether it would not be convenient if she could know the best and worst of her expenditure, if there were no rise and fall of prices to plunge her into a weekly struggle with the pence table. Our contemned ancestor did not allow unprotected women to be put upon in this way. In the reign of James the Fourth of Scotland, the magistrates of towns were enjoined "to set prices upon bread, ale, and all other necessary things, wiccupit and bought." James the Fifth appointed a commissioner "for setting prices on craftsmen's work and stuff, victual and salt." Then the law told every man what price he was to set upon all goods in his shop; now, the tradesman is left to make for himself complex calculations, and to discover through much trouble what he ought to charge in order to insure an honest living. Queen Mary decreed that prices should be set also on wild and tame fowl. "The black cock" says her Majesty, per statute, "is to be six pence, and the tame hen eight pence."

How many wars have been occasioned by intermeddling with the affairs of foreign nations? How weak it is to look abroad for help—how manly to be self dependent! A penny earned is more wealth than a shilling borrowed. How well our ancestors were cared for in these matters by a wise government, which gathered up into one hard strong knot the resources of the country! Charles the Second prohibited the importation of gold and silver lace, buttons, thread, or ribbons whose gold or silver were to be found or counterfeited, linen, cambric, damask, calico, cotton,

wool, lint, carpets, silk beds, stockings, shoes, boots, gloves, &c. James the Sixth had interdicted the exportation of "linen cloath, lint seed, candles, tallow, butter, hides, shoes, cattle, coals, flesh, horres, wool, skins, her-rings," &c. Charles the Second added to the list, worsted, woollen yarn broken copper, brass, or pewter under pain of confiscation, one half to the king, one half to the apprehender. The British subject was evidently being taken care of: he felt every day of his life, as a child does, the paternal coercion for his good. As for navigation, it was very properly attended to. It was forbidden that any vessel should pass out of the realm without the king's consent (James the Sixth). It is well known what care a father takes to keep his children from uncontrolled rambling on the public highways. Nothing can be more scandalous to any family than the neglect of this precaution. The wise spirit of our ancestors perceived this, and James the Fourth enacted "that no man spiritual or temporal pass forth the realm without licence or being abroad, do any thing against their licence. They were ordered to be good boys, and were kept out of the templar's notion of strange pilgrims and pastycooks by the further provision of the statute, which goes on to say— And that they have out no money under pain of pro-scription and rebellion, and to be deemed as traitors. King James the Sixth enjoined that "youth going out of the kingdome should abide in the true religion. Every man of our ancestors knew what the true religion was, namely his own (or the general) old times every man was right and kings informed the consciences of those who went astray. King James the Sixth goes on to order that such as send their sons abroad have a special care that their stay may be where the true religion is professed, specially where they want pedagogue—at least where the Inquisition is not; and, in case any of these should haunt the exercise of contrary religion those that have the charge of them may be straitened to find occasion, to furnish them no more money except their reasonable expences to bring them home." In that way truth was properly protected.

Money was protected no less carefully. We all know how, in the present day, coin slips out of our fingers. Formerly, however, Britons were commanded by the law to hold it tight. Under Charles the Second, a strict Act was passed appointing merchants to swear before the Treasurer not to export coined money, nor suffer the same to be exported, nor to conceal the exporting thereof. And that no merchant or skipper trade or make voyage to any forraign place before they take the said oath." And there is only allowed to passengers sixty pounds (Scots pounds, twelfths of a pound sterling) for their charges, and all licences are discharged, except to such as should make faith, or give bond, that the money is to be bestowed for

timber in Norway, or "for victual in time of extream dearth, and that they shall return the superfluous."

Perhaps, next to a country's God and its gold, its game is the most important object of a wise king's care. (Guns having spoilt the sport of huntamen (who were limited to men having a certain amount of landed property), by an act of Queen Mary's Parliament the killing of game with fire arms was prohibited on pain of death. James the Sixth tempering justice with mercy, limited the punishment to forty days imprisonment for the first offence, and the cutting off of the right hand for a second. This law extended to pigeons—a protection which those powerful animals deserve. The 'gents' who disgrace our own days by pigeon shooting at the Red House, Battersea, would all have been brought to the scaffold in Queen Mary's reign. The stealing of these birds also—which could be done only by the noble or the rich—was made a capital offence.

The reading of your twenty first number has been enough to show me the necessity that exists in our own day for a judicious supervision of the press. A free press soon becomes mischievous and takes a pride in sitting up the present over the past and talking dramatically about the future. Our ancestors were saved by the care of their rulers from all this in this score. Their printing was selected for them by their Government as a child's books are chosen carefully by a judicious father. Queen Mary ordered that no print or printing attempt to take upon her life print any books, ballads, songs, Flemish rhymes or tragedies, either in Latin or English tongue in any times to come until the time the same be seen viewed and examined by some wise and discreet persons deputed thereto; and thereafter a license had and obtained from Our Sovereign I duly for imprinting of such books under the pain of confiscation of all the printers goods and banishing him of the realm for ever. We are afflicted now, I think by blasphemations, rhymes, and tragedies, and we deserve the affliction—you do. I disclaim participation in the follies of this vintage. You suffer the affliction—the plague of poets, which was spared even to Pharaoh, and it serves you right for laughing at your ancestors, and breaking down the barriers erected by their wisdom.

We Scotchmen were protected in the days I speak of against English cunning. Under James the First none of us were allowed to buy cloth of an Englishman in or out of Scotland. We were not sufficed to send our good salmon over our border, but English men might eat it in Scotland, if they paid for it in ready money with English coin (James the Second). Any Englishman entering Scotland without a safe-conduct might be made prisoner. Under James the Sixth, it was also "statute and ordained be our Sovereign

Lord and the three Estates of this Parliament, That none of his subjects presume to take upon hand to marry with any English woman dwelling in the opposite marches without his Highness's express license had and obtained to that effect, under the Great Seal, under the pain of death, and confiscation of all his goods moveable, and that this be a special point of duty *in all time coming*' King James knew nothing then of what you call the "good time coming" which would break down in a lawless manner all these wholesome institutions. People now scarcely condescend to know where the Scotch border is; they call it a geographical term; a practical nullity except in it concerns certain marriages, and other matters equally indifferent.

I believe it is in the present day a common thing to ridicule the Cockney sportsmen who discharge their guns through inexperience into offending bodies of donkeys, game-keepers and others. But how much more practical and sensible it would be if we put the Cockneys down! By the first of James the Sixth no man could shoot with or carry guns under the pain of cutting off the right hand! Pastime within one's own court was permitted, however, and mimmers at sea men of war in actual privacies going to or coming back from musters or in pursuit of thieves might bear arms and be exempt from penalty.

We grumble at the overcharge habitually made by coachmen, yet we go on paying. Ferry-men were the common necessity in many places to our forefathers, and they also took advantage of their power over fares. Did our ancestors content themselves with joking in squabbling on the subject? No, indeed they were practical men. Under an Act of Mary reign it was decreed that a single person could cross the Forth or Tay for burpene, a horse should cost a burpene extra, and so forth—overcharges being made there was no timid compromise—shilly shally. The offender was punished out of himself with death, and his heirs and assigns with confiscation of his property. Be assured, sir, that is the true law for cabmen. Kill them, and confiscate their property.

We make a common talk, and nothing more—a common care a common worry over negligence in servants. Under James the First in case of accidental fire servants were liable. Fine corporal punishment, and banishment for three or seven years, made it then interest to mind which they (or their masters and mistresses) put the candles.

Paternal oversight protected the amusements of our ancestors. Persons convicted of drunkenness, or haunting of taverns and alehouses after ten o'clock at night, or any time of day, except the time of travel or for refreshment, paid for the first offence three pounds, or were fastened to a wall for six hours, in an iron necklace, or had the six hours in gaol, for the second fault, five pounds, or double allowance of necklace or of gaol, for the next fault,

double the last punishment, and after that, confinement, till they gave security for good behaviour. Robin Hood, little John, Queens of the May, and Abbots of Unreason, were thundered against to good purpose, with a penalty of five years' gaol if they attempted any of their nonsense. As for those nuisances called Jack-in-the-Green, and such like, I will for once give you a bit of an Act in the fine old vernacular. 'And gif omie woman or others about Summer Trees sing and makis perturbation to the Queen's lieges in the passage through towns the women perterb the tooures for skulking of money or otherwise, shall be taken handled and put upon the cuck-stakes of every burgh. Oh, that we had our ancestors to legislate for organ-boys and Ethiopian scoundrels!

Under James the Sixth filial tenderness was promoted by an Act of Parliament, under which children beating or cursing parents, were to be put to death without mercy. But if the offender should be younger than sixteen his punishment should be left to the discretion of the judge.

To select the dresses of the children is of course a parent's duty, and in this respect the kings in the good time that is gone by, were not remiss. Minute details of the dress legal in each rank are converted into Acts of Parliament. Under James the Second it is at last ordained that the king make a pattern of each habit which shall be thereafter in each rank the standard dress. Just as an imperial quart is made to be a standard measure.

Parents know also how much it is good for little boys to eat, so a paternal government controlled the dinners of its subjects. Under Queen Mary it was ordained that "no bishop or earl have more than eight dishes at his table, a lord abbot, or dean, six, a baron, four, a burgess three. Only one kind of meat to be in each dish. Penalties considerable. Marriages and public banquets were excepted. James the Sixth prohibited the dishing up of foreign drugs or confections, forbade banquets after baptisms, and ordered that at all dinner parties doors be left open for the free ingress of spies. Spies are not unwelcome to a well-regulated people. Why should children shrink from encountering the ever-present eyes of an attentive father?

It evidently asks you that the Wisdom of our Ancestors should be a Household Word. That is the result of inexperience on your part. I have taken down simply one tolo of the Statutes which breaks off with Charles the Second, and with a few blows from that volume I have laid you prostrate. You perceive now clearly that you have not a leg to stand upon in prosecution of your course of argument. After the previous exposition of the care exercised over the comfort of the people by our forefathers, you may well lament with me the folly of the age. Lament also for me, drifting unwillingly on your wild sea of license,—liberty you call it,—compelled, while cherishing

my ancestors, to live among my children. Nothing can save the country now, it has fallen—I need not particularise, but it has fallen—

"Into what pit thou hast
From what height fallen!"

From such a height that certainly its neck is broken—Let me say no more.

GOING CIRCUIT AT THE ANTIPODES

Dawn-break is the morning when after a tedious voyage just as you begin to wonder where all the continents and islands in the world can be hidden, a lusty voice shouts "Land ho—from the mast-head! And there, as we see now from the deck, is a land wall of mist which appears suddenly to have stopped it off a cloud! And there too is the light house!"

The ship's nose is immediately put in the right direction, and in about half an hour we describe a boat bobbing up and down in the swell of the sea. She is rowed by about half a dozen athletic, copper-colored New Zealanders, and steered by a pleasant looking pilot seated in the stern sheets. We have scarcely time to wonder why we think this pilot worthy of being taken to our hearts and embraced before he jumps on land and asks for the news-shed hands with and deposes the captain who returns into staid command, whilst the New Zealanders having made fast their boat to our stern, sit and criticise us as they bask.

With the usual huffing and shouting of "backs and sheets, and the waves driving a boat of the sea is by the un-impudently deplorable pilot we find ourselves entering, between the huge heads of Port Jackson. In about a quarter of an hour more we are safely out of the vast Pacific and gliding along the serene and sparkling surface of Sydney harbour.

Picturesque and Claude-like as this scene is at all times it is strikingly so when you enter it for the first time after a four months voyage. You appear to be sailing up a beautiful lake delightfully variegated with islands dotted about upon its transparent blue water. On either side little prominent rocks jut out into the harbour crowned by mansions, cottages, and windmills all bright and glowing in the clear air, while the eye in vain endeavours to penetrate to the heads of all the pretty little bays which are formed by the irregularities of the shore. At all times in favourable weather the harbour is alive with boats which skim like sails on a round newly arrived London ship. The harbour being completely land-locked and protected from all weathers we sail out of a rough sea into water almost as smooth as a mill-dam. So sudden is the change from rough to smooth, that we seem to have reached a charmed and silent region, where some good Prospero works his tranquilising spells. We are very soon, how-

ever, reduced from Shakspearean faucies to matters of fact, by the sounds of "Want a boat, sir?" starting us in our revenue, like the ghost of a voice from the Thames.

We got—I and my wife—into the waterman's boat. The child-like and warm-hearted tars give us three hearty cheers as we are pulled away from the ship's side, and, after about ten minutes' passage up the harbour, and into Sydney Cove, among shipping from all parts of the world, we pull up at the Queen's Wharf. We pay the waterman a shilling, astonished to find the nature and use of it so distinctly understood at the Antipodes, and are once again on terra firma.

The early part of the day appeared to have been rainy in town, and the place was wet and puddle. The footpaths were merely paved in patches here and there, and three story houses of bad complexioned brick were huddled up with wretched heaps of weathered and accidentally exposed bricks and dust heaps. Here and there, a day or two of unusually looking superannuated gables behind an unattended house as dripping and defective as it he were saving out existence of his habitation, were almost all the vehicles we met. The singular frequency too of the children of Israel—at times unpleasantly economical of soap—was not in the whole more exhibiting than the prevalence of badly cut slop apparel in windows and it does. A good part of Marmouth Street had apparently got the sort of it and had their little led down, splendidly well off as at home.

Public houses were in general force addressing themselves to the colonial thirst by the usual eye-catching announcements in dingy black lettered on the fronts of various tenements that Guinness's XXX or All pps Ale, or London Particular might be had inside. The live part of the scene generally consisted of salaried clerks, clerks, draymen, New Zealanders one or two aboriginals and one or two sort of goats and dogs. Upon the whole we were very much astonished by our first impression, for we somewhat hastily adopted this quarter of the town as a fair sample of the whole. We concluded it was wisely and as justly as if we had been in London, if we were suddenly to judge of London from a hasty glance at Wapping. Every large port must have a Wapping, and here was the Sydney Wapping, the only difference being that it was a Wapping in its teens.

I taking our ease in our inn the first night—and what case, after such a voyage!—we sallied out, in the bright delicious freshness of the following morning, to investigate the field of our future operations. I qualify my sketch with the results of a subsequent nine years' experience.

The habits and fashions of a people stick to them wherever they go. Algiers would probably now remind us of Paris, as Sydney certainly reminds us of many a sea port town.

that we have seen in England. There is the same style of houses and shops, and plate glass fronts. On all sides you see a bustling throng of merchants, tradesmen, clerks, porters, sea-captains, operatives, farmers, and long-bearded squatters in tweeds. Men of business on horseback, and in every kind of carriage, from the most stylish phaeton, to the rustiest of primeval gigs, pour from the picturesque suburbs into town after breakfast. Drays pass to and fro with all sorts of merchandise from ships. Other drays, in the wool season, are bringing in their bales of wool, for shipment to London. Omnibuses rattle by. Rows of handsome hackney carriages—once private, but which insolvency of former owners has placed at the disposal of the public—occupy their respective stands; their drivers evincing the same taste for extortion as their English brethren. The butcher's boy calls for orders; the baker, enthroned on his cart, dispenses his bread with English punctuality. The "vegetable man" takes his rounds with his pony cart (donkeys being almost unknown), and cries carrots and turnips as execrably as in the old world. Fishmongers' shops there are none; supplies in this line being brought to the doors by men with barrows. One of these dealers well stocked with bream, snapper, whiting, flathead, &c., you may occasionally see (as you pass along the street,) chaffering with servant girls at the door-steps; and, upon the conclusion of the bargain, set about bleeding a lobster, as large—without any exaggeration—as a new-born baby.

In the after-part of the day, the town, of course, undergoes a change in the appearance of the wayfarers. Here, again, we tread closely upon the heels of the Londoners. Ladies in a colony by no means lose their taste for shopping. From three to five o'clock, you may see plenty of neat boots and sandalled insteps twinkling across the pavement, every few yards, between shops and carriages, and carriages and shops; and that abominable speech, "What is the next article, madam?" punishes husbands equally on both sides of the world. Gay officers, charming fellows, scatter fascination as they lounge along. In the evening you may go to the theatre and hear an opera—"Fra Diavolo," "Maritana," or the "Bohemian Girl"—performed as well as in any provincial theatre of the mother country. The Jews and the operatives, with a sprinkling of other classes, are the steadiest supporters of the drama. The aristocracy—don't smile! We have an aristocracy; how could Englishmen get on without one!—the aristocracy eschew the drama as vulgar, except when the Governor goes.

At midnight you leave the theatre. If intent upon devilled kidneys, native oysters, any other established form of post-theatrical supper, you can be accommodated at a variety of good taverns, and at moderate rates. If you are a sensible man, you wend your way homewards, astonished, perhaps, to

find that this great felonious city of the South (as depicted by the Earl of Shaftesbury) is actually as quiet as a Scotch town in church time. And yet, lighted by gas as you go, you are walking on ground which, little more than sixty years ago, was a mere bush—nursery of kangaroos and opossums.

From this city, after the discovery of California, until within the last few months, people of the middle and working classes poured by thousands into the great American Dorado. And although our population—that is to say, the population of the town alone—had attained, before this curious migration commenced, to something near sixty thousand souls; and although George Street, Sydney, was nearly as long as Oxford Street, London; the colonists generally began to have serious fears about so heavy a drain upon a country, which, at the best of times, is but ill-supplied with labour. In due time, however, news arrived of Californian fever, Californian ague, Californian revolting, and Californian potatoes at tenpence a pound; all which items of intelligence coming together, naturally abated the fever for moving. Again, however, it broke out, about twelve months ago; and, ship-load after ship-load of human beings, many of them far from poor, left Port Jackson for San Francisco—a two months' voyage. Now, New South Wales has opened a Dorado of her own, and the hungerers for wealth are running back from California to their old colony.

My own "diggings" were in the Supreme Court. I had therefore, for some years, little travel in this interesting country, other than such as an attendance on the circuits imposed. These circuits are held twice a year; at Maitland, Goulburn, Moreton Bay, and Bathurst, the new gold field. One trip to Maitland will put you fully in possession of the travelling means and appliances, and the common life, of the colony at large.

My first Maitland trip was made under auspices very favourable to my acquiring knowledge of the state of the country. A fellow-counsel had invited myself, my wife, and child, to spend a few days with him at his place on the Hunter, on our way to the assize town, and we all started together.

By train? No; towards that sort of thing we only turned the first turf a few months ago; and if you had only heard all the fine things said on that occasion, you would have been astonished at the modesty of Britons. At ten o'clock, P. M., the two counsel, each with a wife and child, left their houses for the Hunter River Steam Navigation Company's wharf, situate on that branch of the magnificent Port Jackson, called Darling Harbour.

Coaches, cabs, drays, trucks, and highly-excited porters were making an astounding din. The storm of goods, packages, and parcels of all kinds for the Hunter—Sydney being the heart through which all manufactured sup-

plies are passed into the Hunter River district—gave a very strong Thames Street expression to the scene. Through this Babel we gained the deck of the beautiful boat, the "Rose," the bell rang, we ran down the harbour, and in half an hour were pitching (as we passed through the heads) on the heavy ground swell of the great Pacific. I could not pass through that mighty gap in the iron-bound coast without a sort of admiring wonder at the vast strides which English men had made in this part of the world, since Cook in his good ship "Endeavour" first sighted some sixty years since, the strange land. Here we were quite at home in a first-rate English built steamer, her swift wheels grasping the great seas, and throwing them contemptuously behind her, as she flew onward upon her course. Here were London barristers going circuit on the South Pacific. I thought of man's triumphs over the deep until I distinctly felt the deep tripping over me—whereupon I went below.

The cabin was, and is (for the beautiful "Rose" still runs) large and well lighted, along two tiers of shelves on which the beds were made, reclined all the male passengers in layers, and one over the other, like bodies in a family vault. Here, we lay for the next five or six hours. No human sound mixed itself with the incessant creaking and thrashing of the ocean by our pillows, except an occasional faint and plaintive cry of "Steward!" Thus we all remained until dawn, when the mate cried down the stairs "Any one for Newcastle?"

We went up. We found we were near the great Breakwater being formed by convicts, a yellow and brown parti-coloured swarm of whom were watching us as we rounded "Nobby's," a high rock. This Breakwater, since finished, makes Newcastle a safe and excellent port, in which vessels of any tonnage may lie in any wind. In a few minutes we passed once again into smooth water (after a night run of eight hours along the coast), and presently were alongside the wharf at Newcastle, a dull, dingy, coal producing spot. Here, staying an hour, we took in fuel, and then steamed for the mouth of the Hunter, near which Newcastle is situated. The banks of this river were low, flat, and uninteresting. Between clumps of dwarf mangroves, I could just catch glimpses of what seemed yellow enough to be a bit of the Great Desert, and in this part small groups of cattle appeared to be engaged in a severe search for grass. I learned that this yellow-looking vegetation was a kind of marshy reed, of which cattle are passionately fond. In about an hour—the river being for the whole distance about as broad as the Thames at Westminster—we arrived at our destination, the vessel ran up to Walker's wharf, and we landed at once upon his property.

A long and winding road, cut through the

forest of gum-trees, conducted us to his then temporary house. Having breakfasted, we sallied forth to look at the property. Along the river-side, varying in depth inland, the soil is commonly very rich, as is usually the case on the banks of Australian rivers. Here, were settled some in slab huts, others in cottages of rather better description, about twenty or thirty tenants renting small portions of land on clearing leases, the little homesteads being visible from the steamer, as she passed up or down the river. I visited these cottages, inspected the little farms talked with the tenants (who were glad to find an attentive listener to their narratives of early difficulties conquered by perseverance) and found that all but one had been the very poorest bounty emigrants from England and Ireland. They did not disguise that they had flown from little better than starvation in their own country. Each tenant had small patches of Indian corn, wheat, barley, potatoes and tobacco, besides a very well stocked kitchen garden. Some few had a cow, most of them possessed pigs, and all were overrun with abundance of poultry of every kind. The virgin soil gave them two crops a year of everything for a mere scratching on the surface. All more usual wants were supplied in abundance, and some few had books. There was no school but no church nearer than Lymington, a distance some seven or eight miles. In the course of our long walk this day we stumbled across a king. Kings are by no means uncommon in this country. I have had a king, and two or three black princes all wringing themselves together upon a dust heap in my backyard in Sydney. Walker's present king was a black, as a coal limited in respect of apparel, and to the best of my recollection, not happy in the royal perfume. Round his neck, hanging by a string, was a brass plate (like a waterman's badge), with his name and rank, King Tookoono, engraved on it. This plate of which he was as proud (and why not?) as if it were a blue ribbon or a garter, had been originally given to him by some settler, and it was always worn as a badge of dignity among his tribe. The king was easy in his manners, lithe as a panther in his movements, and allowed no false delicacy to stand between him and his royal comfort. After obtaining Walker's leave to call upon his kitchen, he demanded of him (pointing deliberately at me), "Who dis swell, sah?" Now as I was dressed in plain black, I was a little disconcerted at this frank and sincere description of my personal appearance, and was at first inclined to think that our black friend thought every man a dandy who was effeminate enough to wear a pair of pantaloons. I afterwards learned that the blacks, in acquiring our language, have seldom had any other masters than the assigned convict-servants of the settlers, and that the word "swell" is used as seriously as we use the word "gentleman."

Thus king had left his subjects, or, rather, his companions (for they paid him neither respect nor taxes), a few miles up the river, at the Government township, called Raymond Terrace, and, upon hearing of the arrival of Mr and Mrs Walker, his majesty hastened down to pay his respects and establish himself comfortably about the premises.

The king, always, summer and winter, slept in the open air, and so far was right, for enough in his exemption from rent and taxes. Lords of the bed chamber were wanting; it is true, and what was perhaps of still more importance, blankets and sheets. I had a great desire to see his majesty in bed—if such an expression may be used—and at about nine o'clock in the evening I picked up Mr Walker to go forth with me from his own cheerful fire-side, to beat up the black king's quarters.

The night was dark and for New South Wales cold. We took a plate full of honey-comb with us as a present to His Majesty. About three or four hundred yards off in the forest, and within forty or fifty yards of one of the white men's huts, we saw and heard the black man's fire crackling and blazing, cheerily, and lighting up the sides of the trees and of the hut with a rich glare. Strung, and passing melancholy night, this startling contrast between civilised and savage life. Under that cottage it was reposing a snug family of whites tucked in amongst sheeting and British blankets, and there only a few yards off in the starlight night is a black brother, whose only lodging is on the cold ground. The white peasant it is to be hoped says his prayers, the black king, it is to be feared has no sense, or, at any, the most vague sense of religion or of Duty.

As we approached, I was a little surprised that no living figure could be seen near the fire. "Oh!" said Walker, "he is gone perhaps to try to get an opossum for his supper." We had approached within two or three yards of the fire, without discovering our friend, and I had concluded that he was away somewhere in the woods, when suddenly I started as I saw what at first looked like a huge black maggot wriggling about under a very rude structure of bows placed against the wind and on the other side of the fire. A second glance showed me the king. Completely unrobed, he was rolling about in castles of warmth. He looked like an animal toasting itself alive, and liking it. We presented our honey-comb which he ate (wax and all), and when done, he again abandoned himself to his repose, without thanking us, or bidding us good night, or asking us to take any thing—except the plate, after he had cleaned it carefully with his forefinger.

After a stay of seven or eight days, Walker and myself, leaving our wives behind, mounted a pair of his horses for the purpose of proceeding through the Bush to Maitland, where the causes were to be tried by the then Chief

Justice (since dead), and with the trifling colonial incident of passing a night in a slab hut, we arrived at Maitland, by ten o'clock next morning. We picked our steeds into the hotel, not unworthy of old England, and after a hearty breakfast at the bar mess, donned our wigs and gowns for action. Our Chief Justice had a charge prepared, and we were all expected to attend and hear it.

As soon as this preachment, and the proclamation against vice and profaneness had duly provoked the wit of the bystanders the Solicitor-General required two blacks to be put to the bar, charged with spearing cattle, the property of a settler. The names in which these sibilic offenders rejoiced, were Wellington and Fryngpin, playful appellatives, originally conferred upon them by some of the convicts—servants of neighbouring settlers. For some reason which I now forget, Fryngpin was not tried, but Wellington was duly brought up. He was a tall gaunt fellow apparently about thirty-five years old (but probably much younger, as these blacks soon age in appearance), with large flushing expressive, deep-set eyes. A dirty blanket was his only covering, a huge mop of coarse matted black hair, hung about his shoulders, and he had mouth enough for two faces. He walked in by the Chief Constable, and, as it was obviously his first appearance upon that stage, he was by no means perfect in the part of a prisoner. He required considerable shoving and pulling to get him into a sort of bin, called the dock, and probably if he had been left to himself, he would have selected a seat beside the judge.

When fairly confronted with Sir James, a violent grim broke out all round Wellington's head, evidently caused by his Honour's wig, bands, and red gown, on which the savage's eyes seemed to be fastened with a fascinated stare. Nor did he in his unsophisticated nature, attempt to conceal the emotion excited within him, for, notwithstanding the additional gravity laid on by the judge for the occasion, the joke appeared to improve so much in the black man's mind, that at last he laughed outright. Moreover he seemed to grin a kind of circular invitation to all the people in Court to join in the laugh with him. He grinned the rebukeful countenance of the Sheriff into such a state, that that solemn officer of justice was obliged abruptly to turn his face away, and discharge a short private laugh of his own. He grinned at the counsel and the crowd, until giggling became irrepressible, and even the countenance of the Chief Justice, who had a keen perception of the ludicrous, was becoming rapidly unmanageable.

As soon as this general break-out had been duly snubbed and got under, it became necessary to appoint an interpreter to act between the prisoner and the crown, as the prisoner was utterly ignorant of English. A white man who understood, or professed to understand,

Wellington's particular dialect, was in Court, and being sworn duly to interpret, the information (in England, the indictment) was read and translated to the prisoner. The Chief Justice, looking as unconscious as he could of the fact that Wellington was still half swooning with delight, called upon him, through the interpreter, to plead to the information. The interpreter having translated and apparently explained it, a short, voluble, and eager conversation of some minutes ensued, before the black appeared to comprehend what was required of him. At last he mastered it, and promptly delivering his answer, the interpreter proceeded with respectful gravity to communicate it to the Court. "May it please your honour, he only says it's all a pack of lies, and that he never speared the cattle at all; but he thinks he knows the black fellow that did spear them, and he will bring him down to the Court in a few days, if your honour will allow him to go and look for him." This is a style of defence as popular among the blacks as an *alibi* may be in England. Wellington, however, was contradicted by several witnesses who took him in the fact, and therefore he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for ten years to Van Diemen's Land. He was removed from the bar, looking as if he had got to the end of a pleasant entertainment, and as if the memory of the Chief Justice's wig would be a solace to him in his saddest hours.

Being at this time young to the country, I felt for this cheerful Wellington. What right have we, thought I, to seize this poor child of nature, haul him into an English court of justice, mock his ignorance with a jargon of law forms, and conclude by tearing him from his hunting grounds, his wife, and little children, for ten years? How complacently we look upon his savage ignorance! and for certain he is ignorant enough; but how far are we removed from the same charge, when, by elaborate forms, and upon assumptions of his moral and legal responsibility, we try a creature who has about as clear an understanding of the whole proceeding as a dog? Yet, what else is to be done? Must not property of colonists be protected? And how may this be, unless the blacks be made amenable to the law? To shoot them, would be plain unvarnished murder,—which, however, has been extensively committed before now,—and their aggressions, unresisted, would soon swamp the colony. The colonists, therefore, become reconciled to the prosecutions of the blacks. If they cannot understand law, they understand punishment.

Nothing of criminal interest, beyond the above-described trial, took place at these assizes. We wound up, of course, as usual, with a dinner given to the judge by the townspeople and settlers. About a hundred white waiters, and an almost infinite variety of badly-cut coats, sat down to a table as well covered, and in a room as well

furnished, as you could meet with in old England—always kept by colonists before them for a pattern. Toasts, compliments, speech-making, and all the usual dreariness, prevailed until ten o'clock, at which hour I withdrew to bed. I tried to be deaf to the jingling of the glasses, to the hammering of the table, to the cheers, and the comic songs, and the wild roars of laughter, which increased towards midnight amongst the diners; most of whom were farmers and gentlemen-settlers of unlimited powers of digestion, and incredulous of headaches. Once or twice, indeed, as the laughter became almost too exciting for my curiosity, I could almost have got out of bed, and returned to the table in my night-gown, to request that that last "good thing" might be repeated. Gradually, I fell asleep to this wild accompaniment; perhaps fancying myself wiser, and more temperate than the hearty revellers; whereas, I was only more dyspeptic.

A WASSAIL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BRING in the steaming bowl, my lads,
Bring in the piping bowl!
And apples in a shoal, my lads,
All hissing hot and whole!
The jolly vule log is flaming its last,
For the Year hath reach'd his goal.

The bright keen stars they gaze below,
All eager to see the ghostly show;
How the New Year will come and the Old Year go
O'er the world so white with the glimmering snow,
And there a need of wood and coal, my lads,
There a need of wood and coal!

O, the bright keen stars they throng so low!
And the winds are hush'd, and breathe with woe,
For they hear a Death bell knoll, my lads,
They hear a Death bell knoll!
O, the winds right soon with joy shall blow,
When the New Year peals, and the cock doth crow
The news from pole to pole, my lads,
The news from pole to pole!

The vanguard of advancing men—
We English patch our tents to-night!
And reach to all our brethren
A loving hand and a guiding light,
And a harbour free of toll, my lads,
A harbour free of toll!

A hand whose grasp makes all men free!
And a guiding light, that they may see
Our flag of care is furl'd!
And do as we, where'er they be,
And hear us drink, with three times three,
A wassail to the world!

Wassail!

Good barley-wine and honest brew,
Right worthy drink, I wot,
Aye! and the world shall hear us too,
In every silent spot:

Wassail!

Wassail to every soul, my lads,
Wassail to every soul!

Wassail to Her whose crown is now
The quiet star of hope and peace ;
The blessings on her royal brow
Are many ! may her joys increase !
Swiftly the moments roll, my lads,
Swiftly the moments roll !

Wassail to those whose household smiles
Have given the hearth a double glow !
Wassail to all the sister Isles,
For ever one in weal and woe !
Pass round the piping bowl, my lads,
Pass round the piping bowl.

Wassail to France ! and may she draw
This night a worthy King and Queen,
Or virgin pure Republic ; Law
The guardian of her spotless sheen.
I hear a Death-bell knoll, my lads,
I hear a Death-bell knoll !

High wassail to the Sultan ! he,
To whom we owe a nation's debt ;
Who dared to set the Patriot free,
And let the carrion eagles fret !
Pass round the piping bowl, my lads,
Pass round the piping bowl !

Wassail to Austria ?—No, good faith !
So little can our hopes agree,
But rather waft, with genial breath,
Wassail to noble Hungary !
I hear a funeral dole, my lads,
I hear a funeral dole.

Wassail to Prussia ? she, whose chance
It was to have been the German star :
But, on a Gorgon's countenance
She gazed, whom Europe calls the Czar—
Wassail to Polish hopes, my lads,
Pass round the foaming bowl.

Wassail to proud Italia ! hail
And wassail ! not in vain she clanks
Her cruel chains, and shrieks her wail
Above her children's shatter'd ranks ;
Swiftly the moments roll, my lads,
Swiftly the moments roll !

Wassail to those free men o' the West,
Whose land is by the setting sun ;
The yearning of a mother's breast
Unites us, and our hopes are one.
Wassail to every soul, my lads,
Wassail to every soul !

A LOVE AFFAIR AT CRANFORD.

I AM tempted to relate it, as having interested me in a quiet sort of way, and as being the latest intelligence of Our Society at Cranford.

I thought, after Miss Jenkyns's death, that probably my connexion with Cranford would cease ; at least, that it would have to be kept up by correspondence, which bears much the same relation to personal intercourse that the books of dried plants I sometimes see, (" *Herbarium Sicca*," I think they call the thing,) do to the living and fresh flowers in the lanes and meadows. I was pleasantly surprised,

therefore, by receiving a letter from Miss Pole, (who had always come in for a supplementary week after my annual visit to Miss Jenkyns) proposing that I should go and stay with her ; and then, in a couple of days after my acceptance, came a note from Miss Matey, in which, in a rather circuitous and very humble manner, she told me how much pleasure I should confer, if I could spend a week or two with her, either before or after I had been at Miss Pole's ; " for," she said, " since my dear sister's death, I am well aware I have no attractions to offer ; it is only to the kindness of my friends that I can owe their company."

Of course, I promised to come to dear Miss Matey, as soon as I had ended my visit to Miss Pole ; and the day after my arrival at Cranford, I went to see her, much wondering what the house would be like without Miss Jenkyns, and rather dreading the changed aspect of things. Miss Matey began to cry as soon as she saw me. She was evidently nervous from having anticipated my call. I comforted her as well as I could ; and I found the best consolation I could give, was the honest praise that came from my heart as I spoke of the deceased. Miss Matey slowly shook her head over each virtue as it was named, and attributed to her sister ; at last she could not restrain the tears which had long been silently flowing, but hid her face behind her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

" Dear Miss Matey ! " said I, taking her hand—for indeed I did not know in what way to tell her how sorry I was for her, left deserted in the world. She put down her handkerchief, and said—

" My dear, I'd rather you did not call me Matey. *She* did not like it ; but I did many a thing she did not like, I'm afraid—and now she's gone ! If you please, my love, will you call me Matilda ? "

I promised faithfully, and began to practise the new name with Miss Pole that very day ; and, by degrees, Miss Matilda's feeling on the subject was known through Cranford, and the appellation of Matey was dropped by all, except a very old woman, who had been nurse in the rector's family, and had persevered, through many long years, in calling the Miss Jenkynses " the girls ; " she said " Matey," to the day of her death.

My visit to Miss Pole was very quiet. Miss Jenkyns had so long taken the lead in Cranford, that, now she was gone, they hardly knew how to give a party. The Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, to whom Miss Jenkyns herself had always yielded the post of honour, was fat and inert, and very much at the mercy of her old servants. If they chose her to give a party, they reminded her of the necessity for so doing ; if not, she let it alone. There was all the more time for me to hear old-world stories from Miss Pole, while she sat knitting, and I making my father's shirts. I always took a quantity of plain sewing to

Cranford, for, as we did not read much, or walk much, I found it a capital time to get through my work. One of Miss Pole's stories related to the love affair I am coming to,—gradually, not in a hurry, for we are never in a hurry at Cranford.

Presently, the time arrived when I was to remove to Miss Matilda's house. I found her timid and anxious about the arrangements for my comfort. Many a time while I was unpacking, did she come backwards and forwards to stir the fire, which burned all the worse for being so frequently poked.

"Have you drawers enough, dear?" asked she. I don't know exactly how my sister used to arrange them. She had capital methods. I am sure she would have trained a servant in a week to make a better fire than this, and Fanny has been with me four months.

This subject of servants was a standing grievance, and I could not wonder much at it, for if gentlemen were scarce and almost unheard of in the "gentle society" of Cranford, they or their counterparts—handsome young men—abounded in the lower classes. The pretty neat servant maids had their choice of suitable "followers," and their mistresses, without having the sort of mysterious dread of men and matrimony that Miss Matilda had, might well feel a little anxious lest the heads of their comely maids should be turned by the joiner, or the butcher, or the gardener, who were obliged, by their duties, to come to the house, and who as all luck would have it, were generally handsome and unmarried. Fanny's lovers, if she had any—and Miss Matilda suspected her of so many flirtations that, if she had not been very pretty, I should have doubted her having one—were constant anxiety to her mistress. She was forbidden, by the articles of her engagement, to have "followers," and though she had answered innocently enough doubling up the hem of her apron as she spoke, "Please, ma'am, I never had more than one at a time," Miss Matiey prohibited that one. But a vision of a man seemed to haunt the kitchen. Fanny assured me that it was all fancy, or else I should have said myself that I had seen a man's coat tails whisk into the scullery once, when I went on an errand into the store-room at night, and another evening, when our watches having stopped, I went to look at the clock, there was a very odd appearance, singularly like a young man squeezed up between the clock and the back of the open kitchen door, and I thought Fanny snatched up the candle very hastily, so as to throw the shadow on the clock-face, while she very positively told me the time half-an-hour too early, as we found out afterwards by the church-clock. But I did not add to Miss Matiey's anxieties by naming my suspicions, especially as Fanny said to me, the next day, that it was such a queer kitchen for having odd shadows about it, she really

was almost afraid to stay, "for you know, Miss," she added, "I don't see a creature from six o'clock tea, till Missus rings the bell for prayers at ten."

However, it so fell out that Fanny had to leave, and Miss Matilda begged me to stay and "settle her" with the new maid, to which I consented after I had heard from my father that he did not want me at home. The new servant was a rough, honest looking country girl, who had only lived in a farm place before, but I liked her looks when she came to be hired, and I promised Miss Matilda to put her in the ways of the house. These railways were religiously such as Miss Matilda thought her sister would approve. Many a domestic rule and regulation had been a subject of plaintive whispering murmur to me during Miss Jenkins's life, but now that she was gone I do not think that even I who was a favourite, durst have suggested an addition. To give an instance: we constantly adhered to the forms which were observed at meal times in "my father the factor's house." Accordingly we had always wine and dessert, but the decanters

were only filled when there was a party, and what remained was seldom touched though we had two wine glasses apiece every day after dinner until the next festive occasion arrived, when the state of the remainder wine was examined in a family council. The glasses were often given to the poor, but occasionally when a good deal had been left at the last party (five months ago it might be) it was a delight to some of the fresh bottle brought up from the cellar. I fancy poor Captain Brown did not much like wine, for I noticed he never finished his first glass, and most military men take several. Then as to our dessert, Miss Jenkins used to gather currants and gooseberries for it herself, which I sometimes thought would have tasted better fresh from the trees, but then, as Miss Jenkins observed there would have been nothing for dessert in summer time. As it was, we felt very genteel with our two glasses apiece and a dish of gooseberries at the top of currants and biscuits at the sides, and two decanters at the bottom. When oranges came in a curious proceeding was gone through. Miss Jenkins did not like to cut the fruit, for as she observed the juice all ran out nobody knew where, sucking (only I think she used some more recondite word) was in fact the only way of enjoying oranges, but then there was the unpleasant association with a ceremony frequently gone through by little babies, and so after dessert, in orange season, Miss Jenkins and Miss Matiey used to rise up, possess themselves each of an orange in silence, and withdraw to the privacy of their own rooms, to indulge in sucking oranges.

I had once or twice tried, on such occasions, to prevail on Miss Matiey to stay, and had succeeded in her sister's life-time. I held up a screen, and did not look, and, as she

said, she tried not to make the noise very offensive, but now that she was left alone, she seemed quite horrified when I begged her to remain with me in the warm dining parlour, and enjoy her orange as she liked best. And so it was in everything. Miss Jenkyns's rules were made more stringent than ever, because the framer of them was gone where there could be no appeal. In everything else Miss Matilda was meek and undecided to a fault. I have heard I may turn her round twenty times in a morning about dinner just the little busy chouse, and I sometimes fancied she worked on Miss Matilda's weakness in order to bewilder her, and to make her feel more in the power of her clever servant. I determined that I would not leave her till I had seen what sort of a person Martha was, and if I found her trustworthy, I would tell her not to trouble her mistress with every little decision.

Martha was blunt and plain-spoken to a fault; otherwise she was a brisk well-meaning, but very ignorant, girl. She had not been with us a week before Miss Matilda and I were astounded one morning by the receipt of a letter from a cousin of hers who had been twenty or thirty years in India, and who had lately, as we had seen by the *Army List*, returned to England bringing with him an invalid wife who had never been introduced to her English relations. Major Jenkyns wrote to propose that he and his wife should spend a night at Cranford on his way to Scotland—at the inn, if it did not suit Miss Matilda to receive them into her house, in which case they should hope to be with her as much as possible during the day. Of course, it must suit her, as she said, for all Cranford knew that she had her sister's bed-room at liberty, but I am sure she wished the Major had stopped in India and forgotten his cousins out and out.

'Oh! how must I manage?' asked she helplessly. 'If Deborah had been alive, she would have known what to do with a gentleman visitor. Must I put razors in his dressing room? Dear! dear! and I've got none. Deborah would have had them. And slippers, and coat brushes?' I suggested that probably he would bring all these things with him. "And after dinner, how am I to know when to get up, and leave him to his wine? Deborah would have done it so well, she would have been quite in her element. Will he want coffee, do you think?" I undertook the management of the coffee, and told her I would instruct Martha in the art of waiting, in which it must be owned she was terribly deficient, and that I had no doubt Major and Mrs. Jenkyns would understand the quiet mode in which a lady lived by herself in a country town. But she was sadly fluttered. I made her empty her decanters, and bring up two fresh bottles of wine. I wished I could have prevented her from being present at my instructions to Martha; for she continually

cut in with some fresh direction, muddling the poor girl's mind, as she stood open-mouthed, listening to us both.

"Hand the vegetables round," said I (foolishly, I see now—for it was unning at more than we could accomplish with quietness and simplicity), and then, seeing her look bewildered, I added, "Take the vegetables round to people, and let them help themselves."

"And mind you go first to the ladies—put in Miss Matilda. Always go to the ladies before gentlemen, when you are waiting."

"...do it as you tell me, ma'am," said Martha—but I like her best.

We felt very uncomfortable and shocked at this speech of Martha's, yet I don't think she meant any harm, and on the whole she attended very well to our directions except that she mislaid the Major when he did not help himself as soon as she expected, to the potatoes while she was handing them round.

The Major and his wife were quiet unpretending people enough when they did come, languid, as all East Indians are, I suppose. We were rather dismayed at their bringing two servants with them, a Hindoo body-servant for the Major, and a steady elderly maid for his wife—but they slept at the inn, and took off a good deal of the responsibility by attending carefully to their masters and mistresses' comfort. Martha, to be sure, had never ended her stung at the East Indian's white turban and brown complexion, and I saw that Miss Matilda shrunk away from him a little as he waited at dinner. Indeed, she asked me, when they were gone, if he did not remind me of Blue-bird? On the whole, the visit was most satisfactory and is a subject of conversation even now with Miss Matilda, at the time it greatly excited Cranford, and even stirred up the apathetic and Honourable Mrs. Jamieson to some expression of interest when I went to call and thank her for the kind answers she had vouchsafed to Miss Matilda's inquiries as to the arrangement of a gentleman's dressing room—answers which I must confess she had given in the wearied manner of the Scandinavians in prophesies,—

'I leave me, leave me to repose!'

And now I come to the love affair.

It seems that Miss Pole had a cousin, once or twice removed, who had offered to Miss Matey long ago. Now, this cousin lived four or five miles from Cranford on his own estate, but his property was not large enough to entitle him to rank higher than a yeoman, or rather, with something of the "pride which apes humility," he had refused to push himself on, as so many of his class had done, into the ranks of the squire. He would not allow himself to be called Thomas Holbrook, Esq., he even sent back letters with this address, telling the postmistress at Cranford that his name was Mr. Thomas Holbrook, yeoman. He rejected all domestic innovations; he would have the house door stand open in

summer, and shut in winter, without knocker or bell to summon a servant. The closed fist or the knob of the stick did this office for him, if he found the door locked. He despised every refinement which had not its root deep down in humanity. If people were not ill, he saw no necessity for moderating his voice. He spoke the dialect of the country in perfection, and constantly used it in conversation; although Miss Pole (who gave me these particulars) added, that he read aloud more beautifully and with more feeling than any one she had ever heard, except the late Rector.

"And how came Miss Matilda not to marry him?" asked I.

"I don't know. She was willing enough, I think, but you know Cousin Thomas would not have been enough of a gentleman for the Rector, and Mrs and Miss Jenkyns."

"Well! but they were not to marry him," said I, impatiently.

"No; but they did not like Miss Matey to marry below her rank. You know she was the Rector's daughter, and somehow they are related to Sir Peter Arley. Miss Jenkyns thought a deal of that."

"Poor Miss Matey!" said I.

"Nay, now, I don't know anything more than that he offered and was refused. Miss Matey might not like him— and Miss Jenkyns might never have said a word—it is only a guess of mine."

"Has she never seen him since?" I inquired.

"No, I think not. You see, Woodley, Cousin Thomas's house, lies half-way between Cranford and Misselton; and I know he made Misselton his market-town very soon after he had offered to Miss Matey; and I don't think he has been into Cranford above once or twice since—once, when I was walking with Miss Matey in High Street; and suddenly she darted from me, and went up Shire Lane. A few minutes after I was startled by meeting Cousin Thomas."

"How old is he?" I asked, after a pause of castle-building.

"He must be about seventy, I think, my dear," said Miss Pole, blowing up my castle, as if by gunpowder, into small fragments.

Very soon after—at least during my long visit to Miss Matilda—I had the opportunity of seeing Mr Holbrook; seeing, too, his first encounter with his former love, after thirty or forty years' separation. I was helping to decide whether any of the new assortment of coloured silks which they had just received at the shop, would help to match a grey and black mousseline-de-laine that wanted a new breadth, when a tall, thin, Don Quixote-looking old man came into the shop for some woollen gloves. I had never seen the person, (who was rather striking) before, and I watched him rather attentively, while Miss Matey listened to the shopman. The stranger wore a blue coat with brass buttons, drab breeches,

and gaiters, and drummed with his fingers on the counter until he was attended to. When he answered the shop-boy's question, "What can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day, Sir?" I saw Miss Matilda start, and then suddenly sit down; and instantly I guessed who it was. She had made some inquiry which had to be carried round to the other shopman.

"Miss Jenkyns wants the black sarcenet two-and-twopence the yard;" and Mr. Holbrook had caught the name, and was across the shop in two strides.

"Matey—Miss Matilda—Miss Jenkyns! God bless my soul! I should not have known you. How are you? how are you?" He kept shaking her hand in a way which proved the warmth of his friendship; but he repeated so often, as if to himself, "I should not have known you!" that any sentimental romance which I might be inclined to build, was quite done away with by his manner.

However, he kept talking to us all the time we were in the shop, and then waving the shopman with the unpurchased gloves on one side, with "Another time, Sir! another time!" he walked home with us. I am happy to say my client, Miss Matilda, also left the shop in an equally bewildered state, not having purchased either green or red silk. Mr. Holbrook was evidently full with honest, loud-spoken joy at meeting his old love again; he touched on the changes that had taken place; he even spoke of Miss Jenkyns as "Your poor sister!" Well, well! we have all our faults;" and bade us good-bye with many a hope that he should soon see Miss Matey again. She went straight to her room; and never came back till our early tea-time, when I thought she looked as if she had been crying.

A few days after, a note came from Mr. Holbrook, asking us—impartially asking both of us—in a formal, old-fashioned style, to spend a day at his house—a long June day—for it was June now. He named that he had also invited his cousin, Miss Pole; so that we might join in a fly, which could be put up at his house.

I expected Miss Matey to jump at this invitation; but, no! Miss Pole and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to go. She thought it was improper; and was even half annoyed when we utterly ignored the idea of any impropriety in her going with two other ladies to see her old lover. Then came a more serious difficulty. She did not think Deborah would have liked her to go. This took us half a day's good hard talking to get over; but, at the first sentence of relenting, I seized the opportunity, and wrote and despatched an acceptance in her name—fixing day and hour, that all might be decided and done with.

The next morning she asked me if I would go down to the shop with her; and there, after much hesitation, we chose out three

cups to be sent home and tried on, that the most becoming might be selected to take with us on Thursday

She was in a state of silent agitation all the way to Woodley. She had evidently never been there before, and although she little dreamt I knew anything of her early story, I could perceive she was in a tremor at the thought of seeing the place which might have been her home, and round which it is probable that many of her innocent girlish imaginations had clustered. It was a long drive there through paved jolting lanes. Miss Matilda sat bolt upright, and looked wistfully out of the windows, as we drew near the end of our journey. The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral. Woodley stood among fields, and there was an old-fashioned garden, where roses and currant bushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty background to the pink and gilly flowers; there was no drive up to the door—we got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight box-edged path.

My cousin might make a drive I think, said Miss Pole, who was afraid of curules and had only her cap on.

"I think it is very pretty," said Miss Matilda, with a soft plaintiveness in her voice, and almost in a whisper, for just then Mr. Holbrook appeared at the door, rubbing his hands in very effervescence of hospitality. He looked more like my ideal of Don Quixote than ever, and yet the likeness was only external. His respectable housekeeper stood modestly at the door to bid us welcome, and, while she led the elder ladies upstairs to a bed room, I begged to look about the garden. My request evidently pleased the old gentleman, who took me all round the place, and showed me his six and twenty cows named after the different letters of the alphabet. As we went along, he surprised me occasionally by repeating apt and beautiful quotations from the poets, ranging easily from Shakspeare and George Herbert to those of our own day. He did this as naturally as if he were thinking aloud, that then true and beautiful words were the best expression he could find for what he was thinking or feeling. To be sure he called Byron "my lord Byron" and pronounced the name of Goethe strictly in accordance with the English sound of the letters—"As Goethe says, 'Ye ever verdant places,'" &c. Altogether, I never met with a man, before or since, who had spent so long a life in a secluded and not unimpressive country, with ever increasing delight in the daily and yearly change of season and beauty.

When he and I went in, we found that dinner was nearly ready in the kitchen,—for so I suppose the room ought to be called, as there were oak dressers and cupboards all round, all over by the side of the fire-place, and only a small Turkey carpet in the middle of the flag-floor. The room might have been easily made into a handsome dark-oak dining-parlour, by remov-

ing the oven, and a few other appurtenances of a kitchen, which were evidently never used; the real cooking-place being at some distance. The room in which we were expected to sit was a stiffly furnished, ugly apartment; but that in which we did sit was what Mr. Holbrook called the counting house, when he paid his labourers their weekly wages at a great desk near the door. The rest of the pretty sitting room—looking into the orchard, and all covered over with dancing tree shadows—was filled with books. They lay on the ground, they covered the walls, they strewed the table. He was evidently half ashamed and half proud of his extravagance in this respect. They were of all kinds,—poetry, and wild weird tales prevailing. He evidently chose his books in accordance with his own tastes, not because such and such were classical, or established favourites.

"Ah!" he said, "we farmers ought not to have much time for reading, yet somehow one can't help it."

"What a pretty room!" said Miss Mitey, *sotto voce*.

"What a pleasant place!" said I, aloud, almost simultaneously.

"Nay!" if you like it," replied he, "but can you sit on these great black leather three-cornered chairs? I like it better than the best parlour, but I thought ladies would take that for the summer place."

It was the summer place, but, like most things, not at all pretty, or pleasant, or homelike, so, while we were at dinner, the servant-girl dusted and scrubbed the counting-house chairs, and we sat there all the rest of the day.

We had pudding before meat, and I thought Mr. Holbrook was going to make some apology for his old-fashioned ways, for he began,

"I don't know whether you like new-fangled ways."

"Oh! not at all!" said Miss Mitey.

"No more do I," said he. "My housekeeper *will* have things in her new fashion, or else I tell her, that when I was a young man, we used to keep strictly to my father's rule, 'No broth, no ball, no ball, no beef,' and always began dinner with broth. Then we had sweet puddings, boiled in the broth with the beef, and then the meat itself. If we did not sup our broth, we had no ball, which we liked a deal better, and the beef came last of all, and only those had it who had done justice to the broth and the ball. Now folks begin with sweet things, and turn their dinners topsy-turvy."

When the ducks and green pease came, we looked at each other in dismay, we had only two pronged, black-handled forks. It is true, the steel was as bright as silver, but, what were we to do? Miss Mitey picked up her peas, one by one on the point of the prongs, much as Amn6 ate her gruns of me after her previous feast with the Ghoul. Miss

Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted, for they *would* drop between the prongs. I looked at my host: the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shovelled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungilded thing, and, if Mr. Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would probably have seen that the good peas went away almost untouched.

After dinner a clay pipe was brought in, and a spattoon, and asking us to retire to another room, where he would soon join us if we disliked tobacco smoke, he presented his pipe to Miss Matey, and requested her to fill the bowl. This was a compliment to a lady in his youth, but it was rather inappropriate to propose it in honour to Miss Matey, who had been trained by her sister to hold smoking of every kind in utter abhorrence. But it was a shock to her refinement (it was also a gratification to her feelings) to be thus selected, so she demurely stuffed the strong tobacco into the pipe, and then we withdrew.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matey, softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. "I only hope it is not improper, so many pleasant things are."

"What a number of books he has!" said Miss Pole, looking round the room. "And how dusty they are!"

"I think it must be like one of the great Dr. Johnson's rooms," said Miss Matey. "What a superior man; in a room must be."

"Yes!" said Miss Pole. "he is a great reader, but I am afraid he has got into very unclean habits with living alone."

"Oh! uncleanliness and a new id. I should call him eccentric—very clever people always are!" replied Miss Matey.

When Mr. Holbrook returned he proposed a walk in the fields, but the two elder ladies were afraid of damp and dirt, and had only very unbecoming caudles to put on over their caps, so they declined, and I was again his companion in a turn which he said he was obliged to take, to see after his niece. He strode along, either wholly forgetting my existence, or soothed into silence by his pipe—and yet it was not silence exactly. He walked before me, with a stooping gait, his hands clasped behind him, and, as some tree or cloud or glimp of distant upland pastures struck him, he quoted poetry to himself, saying it out loud in a grand sonorous voice with just the emphasis that true feeling and appreciation gave. We came upon an old cedar-tree, which stood at one end of the house,

"More black than ash-buds in the front of March.
A cedar spread his dark green layers of shade

"Capital term—'layers'! Wonderful man!" I did not know whether he was speaking to

me or not, but I put in an assenting "wonderful," although I knew nothing about it, just because I was tired of being forgotten, and of being consequently silent.

He turned sharp round. "Aye! you may say 'wonderful'! Why, when I saw the review of his poems in 'Blackwood,' I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way), and ordered them. Now, what colour are ash-buds in March?"

Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

"What colour are they, I say?" repeated he, vehemently.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

I knew you didn't. No more did I—an old fool that I am! till this young man comes and tells me Black as ash-buds in March. And I've lived all my life in the country, more shame for me not to know. Black, they are jet black muds. And he went off again swinging along to the music of some rhyme he had got hold of.

When we came home nothing would serve him but that he must read us the poems he had been speaking of, and Miss Pole encouraged him in his proposal. I thought, because she wished me to hear his beautiful reading of which she had boasted, but she afterwards said it was because she had got to a difficult part of her crochet, and wanted to count her stitches without having to tell. Whatever he had proposed would have been right to Miss Matey, although she did not sound asleep within five minutes after he began a long poem called 'Larksley Hall' and had a comfortable nap unobserved till he ended, when the cessation of his voice awakened her up, and she said, feeling that something was expected, and that Miss Pole was counting—

"What a pretty book!"

"Pretty! indeed! it's beautiful! Pretty, indeed!"

"Oh yes! I meant beautiful!" said she, fluttered at his disapproval of her word.

It is so like that beautiful poem of Dr. Johnson's my sister used to read—I forget the name of it, what was it, my dear? turning to me.

"Which do you mean, my dear? What was it about?"

"Oh, I don't remember what it was about, and I've quite forgotten what the name of it was, but it was written by Dr. Johnson, and was very beautiful, and very like what Mr. Holbrook has just been reading."

"I don't remember it," said he, reflectively, "but I don't know Dr. Johnson's poems well. I must read them."

As we were getting into the fly to return, I heard Mr. Holbrook say he should call on the ladies soon, and inquire how they got home, and thus evidently pleased and flattered Miss Matey at the time he said it; but

after we had lost sight of the old house among the trees, her sentiments towards the master of it, were gradually absorbed into a distressing wonder as to whether Martha had broken her word, and seized on the opportunity of her mistress's absence to have a "follower" Martha looked good, and steady, and composed enough, as she came to help us out, she was always careful of Miss Matsey, and tonight she made use of this unlucky speech—

'Eh! dear ma'am, to think of your going out in an evening in such a thin shawl! It is no better than mush! At your age, ma'am, you should be careful.'

"My age," said Miss Matsey almost speaking crossly, for her, for she was usually gentle. My age? Why, how old do you think I am that you talk about my age?

'Well, ma'am! I should say you were not far short of sixty, but folks looks is often against them—and I'm sure I meant no harm.'

'Martha, I'm not yet fifty-two!' said Miss Matsey, with grave emphasis, for probably the remembrance of her youth had come very vividly before her this day, and she was annoyed at finding that golden time so far away in the past.

But she never spoke of any former and more intimate acquaintance with Mr Holbrook. She had probably met with so little sympathy in her early love that she had shut it up close in her heart, and it was only by a sort of watching which I could hardly avoid, since Miss Pok's confidence that I saw how faithful her poor heart had been in its sorrow and its silence.

She gave me some good reason for wearing her best cap every day, and sat in the window, in spite of her rheumatism in order to see, without being seen, down into the street.

He came. He put his open palms upon his knees which were far apart, as he sat with his head bent down, whistling. After we had replied to his inquiries about our safe return. Suddenly, he jumped up.

'Well, madam! have you any commands for Paris? I'm going there in a week or two.'

'To Paris?' we both exclaimed.

'Yes, ma'am! I've never been there, and always had a wish to go, and I think if I don't go soon, I mayn't go at all, so as soon as the hay is got in I shall go, before harvest time.'

We were so much astonished, that we had no commissions.

Just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, with his favourite exclamation.

'God bless my soul, madam! but I nearly forgot half my errand. Here are the poems for you, you admired so much the other evening at my house.' He tugged away at a parcel in his coat pocket. 'Good-bye, miss,' said he, "good-bye, Matsey! take care of yourself." And he was gone. But he

had given her a book, and he had called her Matsey, just as he used to do thirty years ago.

'I wish he would not go to Paris,' said Miss Matilda, anxiously. 'I don't believe frogs will agree with him, he used to have to be very careful what he ate, which was curious in so strong looking a young man.'

Soon after this I took my leave giving many an injunction to Martha to look after her mistress, and to let me know if she thought that Miss Matilda was not so well, in which case I would volunteer a visit to my old friend, without noticing Martha's intelligence to her.

Accordingly I received a line or two from Martha every now and then, and, about November, I had a note to say her mistress was very low and sickly off her food, and the account made me so uneasy, that, although Martha did not decidedly summon me, I packed up my things and went.

I received a warm welcome, in spite of the little flurry produced by my impromptu visit, for I had only been able to give a day's notice. Miss Matilda looked miserably ill, and I prepared to comfort and console her.

I went down to have a private talk with Martha.

How long has your mistress been so poorly? I asked, as I stood by the kitchen fire.

'Well! I think it's better than a fortnight, it is, I know. It was on Tuesday after Miss Pok had been that she went into this moping way. I thought she was tired, and it would go off with a night's rest; but, no! she has gone on and on ever since, till I thought it my duty to write to you, ma'am.'

You did quite right, Martha. It is a comfort to think she has so faithful a servant about her. And I hope you find your place comfortable?

'Well, ma'm, missus is very kind, and there's plenty to eat and drink, and no more work but what I can do easily,—but'—Martha hesitated.

'But what, Martha?'

'Why, it seems so hard of missus not to let me have any followers, there's such lots of young fellows in the town, and many a one has as much as offered to keep company with me, and I may never be in such a likely place again and it's like wasting an opportunity. My nary a girl as I know would have em unbeknownst to missus, but I've given my word, and I'll stick to it, or else this is just the house for missus never to be the wiser if they did come and it's such a capable kitchen—there's such good dark corners in it—I'd be bound to hide any one I counted up last Sunday night—for I'll not deny I was crying because I had to shut the door in Jem Hean's face, and he's a steady young man, fit for any girl, only I had given missus my word.' Martha was all but crying again, and I had little comfort to give

her, for I knew, from old experience, of the horror with which both the Miss Jenkynses looked upon "followers," and in Miss Matey's present nervous state this dread was not likely to be lessened.

I went to see Miss Pole the next day and took her completely by surprise, for she had not been to see Mr. Matilla for two days.

"And now I must go back with you, my dear, for I promised to let her know how Thomas Holbrook went on, and I'm sorry to say his housekeeper has sent me word to-day that he hasn't long to live. Poor Thomas! That journey to Paris was quite too much for him. His housekeeper says he has hardly ever been round his fields since, but just sits with his hands on his knees in the counting-house, not reading or anything, but only saying, what a wonderful city Paris was! Paris has much to answer for, if it's killed my cousin Thomas, for a better man never lived."

"Does Miss Matilla know of his illness?" asked I—a new light as to the cause of her indisposition dawning upon me.—"Don't be sure, yes! Hasn't she called you? I let her know a fortnight ago or more, when first I heard of it. How odd, she should not have told you!"

Not at all, I thought, but I did not say anything. I felt almost guilty of having slipped so curiously into that tender heart, and I was not going to speak of its secrets,—hidden Miss Matey believed in all the world. I ushered Miss Pole into Miss Matilla's little drawing-room, and then left them alone. But I was not surprised when Martha came to my bedroom door to ask me to go down to dinner, for that mistress had one of her bad headaches. She came into the drawing-room at a time, but it was evidently an effort to her, and as it made up for some reputation falling against her late sister, Miss Jenkyns, which had been troubling her all afternoon, and for which she now felt penitent, she kept telling me how good and how clever Deborah was in her youth, how she used to settle what gowns they were to wear at all the parties (taut, ghostly ideas of dim parties far away in the distance, when Miss Matey and Miss Pole were young!) and how Deborah and her mother had started the benefit society for the poor, and taught girls cooking and plain sewing, and how Deborah had once danced with a lord, and how she used to visit at Sir Peter Arley's, and try to remodel the quiet rectory establishment on the plans of Arley Hall, where they kept thirty servants, and how she had nursed Miss Matey through a long, long illness, of which I had never heard before, but which I now dated in my own mind as following the dismissal of the suit of Mr. Holbrook. So we talked softly and quietly of old times, through the long

The next day Miss Pole brought us word that Mr. Holbrook was dead. Miss Matey heard the news in silence, in fact, from the account on the previous day, it was only what we had to expect. Miss Pole kept calling upon us for some expression of regret, by asking if it was not sad that he was gone, and saying,

"To think of that pleasant day last June, when he seemed so well! And he might have lived this dozen years if he had not gone to that wicked Paris, where they are always having Revolutions!"

She paused for some demonstration on our part. I saw Miss Matey could not speak, she was trembling so nervously, so I said what I really felt, and after a call of some duration—all the time of which I have no doubt Miss Pole thought Miss Matey received the news very calmly—our visitor took her leave. But the effort at self-control Miss Matey had made to conceal her feelings—a concealment she practised even with me, for she has never alluded to Mr. Holbrook again, although the book he gave her lies with her Bible on the little table by her bedside. She did not think I heard her when she asked the little milliner of Cranford to make her caps something like the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson's, or that I noticed the reply—

"But she wears wid' w's caps, ma'am?"
"Oh! I only meant something in that style, not widows' of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

This effort at concealment was the beginning of the tremendous strain of her mind, and hence which I have seen ever since in Miss Matey.

The evening of the day on which we heard of Mr. Holbrook's death, Miss Matilla was very silent and thoughtful, after prayers she called Martha back, and then she stood uncertain what to say.

"Martha!" she said at last, "you are young—and then she made so long a pause that Martha, to remind her of her half-finished sentence, dropped a courtesy, and said—

"Yes, please, ma'am, two and twenty last this 1st of October, please, ma'am."

"And perhaps, Martha, you may sometime meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers—but if you meet with such a young man, and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. 'Good for bid!' said she in a low voice, that I should grudge any young hearts." She spoke as if she were providing for some distant contingency, and was rather startled when Martha made her ready eager answer—

"Please ma'am, there's Jim Harn, and he's a joiner, making three-and-sixpence a-day, and six foot one in his stocking-feet, please ma'am, and if you'll ask about him to-morrow morning, every one will give him a character for steadiness, and he'll be glad

enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound."

Though Miss Matey was startled, she submitted to Fate and Love

CHIPS.

MY UNCLE AND MY AUNT

"SIR.—It is a curious fact, and one which I do not see mentioned in your recent paper upon that remarkable and excellent individual 'My Uncle, (in number eighty-nine of Household Words,) that it is the same person is familiarly known as My Aunt and that when a gentleman in Paris has picked his watch, in order to use a little ready cash for the expenses of the (annual) to the question—'Où est votre montre? (Where is your watch?) he will reply, 'Lle est chez ma tante. (It is at my Aunt's) I remain

"Un des Neveux de ma Tante
'et de Mon Oncle."

ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS

DURING a short stay in the Isequeibo, a little monkey of the Jackowai tribe, in return for some slight attention I had shown him, permitted me so far to gain his favour and confidence, that he was seldom away from my person; indeed, he treated me like one mentioned by a distinguished traveller which every morning seized on a pig belonging to a mission on the Orinoco, and rode on its back during the whole day, while it wandered about the savannahs in search of food. Nothing pleased him better than to perch on my shoulder, when he would encircle my neck with his long, hairy tail and accompany me in all my rambles. His tail formed a very agreeable neckcloth, with the thermometer above one hundred degrees—but he seemed so disappointed when I refused to carry him that it was impossible to leave him behind. In appearance he was particularly engaging—squirrel-like in form—with a light brown coat slightly tinged with yellow, and arms and legs of a reddish cast—pleasantly contrasting with a pale face, and small black muzzle, the expressive and merry twinkle of his sparkling black eye betokened fun, roquetry, and intelligence. The Jackowai tribe is a fierce race, and approach the *Caribora* in their habits and dispositions. One reason of our intimacy was the sameness of our pursuits—both being entomologists, but he was a far more indefatigable insect-hunter than myself. He would sit motionless for hours among the branches of a flowering shrub or tree, the resort of bees and butterflies, and suddenly seize them when they little expected danger. Timid in the presence of strangers, he would usually fly to the branches of a neighbouring tree at their approach, uttering a plaintive cry, more resembling a bird than an animal.

He was apt to be troublesome, even to me, unless I found him some amusement; thus fortunately was not difficult, for his whole attention was soon engrossed by a flower, or by a leaf from my note book, which he would industriously pull to pieces, and throw on the surface of the water, contentedly watching the fragments with his quick black eye, as they glided away.

At other times, when sitting on my shoulder, he was an incessant plague, twitching the hair from my head by twos and threes, filling my ears with fragments of plants and other rubbish, and taking malicious pleasure in holding on by those members when the boat lurched, and he was in danger of falling. I think it was one of the same family that Humboldt found capable of recognising as resemblances of their crinoids even uncoloured zoological drawings, and would stretch out its hand to endeavour to capture the bees and grasshoppers. I was unable to test the sagacity of my little creature's only accessible work with engravings was a copy of Schomburgk's *Fishes of Guiana*, and, when I showed him the plates, he manifested no signs of a knowledge of any of his funny companions never, perhaps, having seen them. He was dreadfully afraid of getting himself wet particularly his hands and feet, in this respect showing a very different disposition to a large hunched black monkey, belonging to a family settled a short distance from our residence.

This animal—an object of the greatest terror to the little Jackowinkis, from his having caught him one day and ducked him in the river—was one of the most tractable and docile I ever remember having met. He was in the habit of accompanying his master in all his fishing and shooting expeditions, taking his allotted seat in the canoe, and plugging his small paddle for hours together with the utmost gravity and composure, all the while keeping excellent time, and being never "out of stroke." Like his companions, he would now and then dip the huddle of his paddle in the water, to destroy the squaking grates of the dry surface, and again would lean over the side and wash his hands. His domestic habits were perfectly human. The first thing every morning he cleaned his teeth, by taking a mouthful of water, and using his finger as a tooth brush, like the other members of the family, whom he also imitated in their daily bath in the river. Perhaps one at least of these peculiarities was not entirely imitative, as a credible authority (Captain Stedman, in his *'Narrative of an Expedition to Surinam'*) assures us that he once saw a monkey at the water's edge, rinsing his mouth, and appearing to clean his teeth with his fingers.

As for my little friend, I intended to bring him home, but the day before my departure he suddenly decamped. We were taking our usual trip up the creek, and I was just thinking

of returning, when, on rounding a sharp bend in the tortuous channel, I perceived two jackwinkis sitting on a branch about twenty yards distant, as yet unaware of our vicinity, and from their chattering and grimaces seemingly engaged in some matrimonial squabble. Anxious to obtain a specimen for stuffing, I fired at one, which proved to be the male, who dropped to the ground.

When he saw his brother fall he seemed instantly to understand that I was a murderer. He took immediate revenge. He sprang to my shoulder, tore a handful of hair from my head, and swiftly clambered away among the overhanging branches. When I recovered from surprise at this unexpected attack he had paused in his flight, and with his face turned towards me was grinning, showing his sharp little teeth, and throwing down glances of derision and hate. In another instant he was pursuing the female whose plaintive twitterings were distinctly audible as she scampered away among the trees. In the course of time he no doubt managed to console the widow, and free from all shackles and restraints, is probably at this moment quietly enjoying a married life in his native woods.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

A MASKED BALL

It is a bitterly cold night, and the snow which has been for the last twenty hours down upon the roofs and pavements of Vienna tumbles down upon us. The theatres which get through their performance by half past nine are closed abruptly, and there is a lull now in the muffled streets. I go out as a muffled man and use the ticket I have bought for a Masked Ball at the palace. The sale of tickets for such balls which take place now and then during the winter runs a enormous sum, which is applied to charitable purposes, so that the luxury of the rich is made to minister in this case, also to the comfort of the poor.

Here I stand ankle deep in snow, and look up at the palace, all the windows on the first story are being lighted up, and cold gentle men converging towards the door from all parts are the members of Strauss's band. And now lights have begun to flash about the streets, and masks are beginning to arrive. Splendid carriages of the nobility and pompously some of the Imperial family do not disdain to be among the first arrivals. The beau from the suburbs, in a light fiacre. Actresses and officers in their broughams. Sledges from the country, drawn by merry little horses, frisking through the snow, and jingling bells over their harness. A chaos of lights, a coachman, and the long poles of sedan chairs in the way of a chaos of legs, hats, shoulders, coach tops, and everything else, powdered with snow that tumbles

silently and steadily upon the scene of riot. A crush of revellers upon the staircase. Half past eleven, all the most important people having now entered—except myself—it is quite time for me to follow to the ball-room.

A vast room. Think of the Great Exhibition, if you want a notion of it, and take off a discount for exaggeration. Walk to the end of this room, and a door opens into another ball room almost twice as large. In each of these great halls, there are raised orchestras in which the bands are stationed, and when one band ceases playing, another is prepared immediately to begin. Galleries, to which you ascend by flights of stairs at each end run round both the rooms, and into these galleries open innumerable side and supper rooms, passages, and out of the way cells wherein you may lose yourself but not your money. Masks are to be found sitting in every corner, wherever a mask is, there is mischief.

You see nothing but a motley costume, no monstrous spectacles, no pairs of spectacles, or waddy wigs. You hear no blustering shouts of mirth. Beautiful music reigns incessantly supreme over all other sounds. Only the ladies are disguised, their faces are hidden behind elegant little black silk masks, and they vie with each other in the costliness and beauty of their costumes and diamonds. The men are all in simple evening dress, they walk about defenceless, game and well sport in abundance to the dunes and dancels. Most of the numbers are here—grave steady gentlemen with bald heads or gray hair. Each of them is surrounded by a swarm of masks—pinceses, perhaps—milliners, perhaps—and if they are evidently making wry mouths at what they are obliged to hear. This is the time for home truths. The ladies at a masked ball make good use of their disguise and scatter about their wholesome mischief abundantly.

A vision in black and gold beckons to me. I place myself at her disposal. You are an Englishman, the vision says, 'I know you.' 'How madam?' By your awkwardness. 'Are Britons awkward?' 'Yes, and wearisome. Go you are not amusing. I take care of your gloves, they are so large that I fear they will fall off.' The vision laughs at me and vanishes. I have a secret or two which I don't mean to print. I did think that those mysteries were locked up in my bosom. If you ever happen to be at Vienna, with some secrets in your keeping, and desire to know whether you hold them safe, go to a Masked Ball. Mocking voices, behind black silk masks, will very much surprise you with some samples of the penetration proper to a sex which seems, in Vienna, to be made up of Blue Beard wives. Twenty ladies honour me with minute details of the contents of one apartment in my mind, which I had considered quite a patent safe, with a

fastening like that of the box in the talisman of Oromanes.

The night wears on, at three o'clock the instrumental music ceases, but the music of the mischievous and merry rattlers still continues to be ringing in all ears, and making them to tingle. Every man is destined to go home abundantly informed and criticised upon the subject of his foibles. Until six o'clock supping, and taking tea and coffee will continue, and the relish for amusement will be as keen as ever. Nobody is dining—nobody has danced, that is no part of the business. At length, the multitude has dwindled down to a few stragglers, the remainder of the cloaks and coats, and wippers are brought out and scattered, as so many hints to their possessors, in the middle of the great room. We immediately div and scramble for them. In another hour, the lights are put out, all is over, and I travel home over the snow.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Nothing in the world equals the quiet earnest unconscious manner in which a German commits an absurdity. An Englishman, when he makes himself ridiculous has generally some uneasy perception of the fact, a German never has. Solemn unsuspecting simplicity is the mark of his race. Even his vanity is grave, and a German curls his mustache, or twists himself into the shape of a Z to see how his coat sits behind, with a sober unsmiling look, hard to imagine. He makes love and leads tragedy both with the same face.

I saw it produced, in Household Words, a little while ago, some of the strange advertisements which our staid friends send by the hand to their newspapers. Let me send a few more, translated faithfully from papers that have passed through my hands here in Vienna. Advertisements for wives and husbands are very numerous and varied. Their nature is, however, tolerably well known. I shall content myself with dropping one or two, as we pass on to the more interesting details of the processes of courtship through the advertising columns. Here is one which, doubtless, was well calculated to touch the heart of *quizzles* not indisposed to wed a market gardener, who cultivated tobacco, for which he wanted a market.

"A THIRTY-FIVE YEAR-OLD young man of studious disposition, and a ministerial employe, wishes to meet with a person of ripe years, who has several thousand florins at her own disposal. She will live a life free from care in any other respect than keeping a Tobacconist's shop."

F N N, prompt to calm any apprehensions on the score of bigamy, advertises that he, "A SINGLE MAN, and an Imperial-Royal Hungarian Officer of State, wishes to marry a beautiful and accomplished lady with eight thousand florins."

Fearing, apparently, a heavy pull on his exchequer, he requests the beautiful heiresses, applying for his hand, to pay the postage of their letters.

"INVITATION TO WEDLOCK. A widower of sixty years old, of a firm yet pleasant disposition healthy and strong in body, who has served in the Imperial army and received a good service pension of four guineas yearly," (I translate also the money) "possessing, moreover, a small trade, and being the father of a little eleven year old daughter, wishes, without further hesitation, to marry. Hereupon well reflecting persons are to address * * * et cetera."

Reflection might suggest the imprudence of marrying an old man even with four guineas a year of independent property, but the advertiser, evidently looking for a rush of ladies after so desirable a husband, answers their impatience before hand by appending to the offer of himself "NB—1 *hardway all the way*."

I will pass over the angry advertisements in which each other by gentlemen who quarrel, and about all manner of other things with which we in England are not at all familiar in advertising columns. Here is an odd one—

"THAT THICK OLD GENTLEMAN, with the bald head and spectacles, who on Monday, the 27th inst made such a noise in the Court Theatre, by laughing loudly during the performance, and subsequently groaning and crying, to the great disturbance of other people, is begged to express his feelings more quietly for the future."

Little matter of this kind, too, let us pass over, and proceed to some specimens of courtship by advertisement. Young ladies, hereabouts must really be newspaper readers, if they would not miss knowing when an offer may be made, or a love letter addressed to them. In order to ensure a limit to the number of my specimens, I will judiciously change the initials, and give you neither more nor less than an *alphabet* of manifest affection.

A "TO EMILIE. Sad the heart! Worn out. A thousand thanks for relief. Much anxiety about Julia * * * Loves me?"

"MADEMOISELLE L'ÉTOIÉDINE CULOT D'ANGE is most humbly prayed to send a letter for her slave B to the post office."

It is would have been an oversight, if MISS D had not read her paper.

"TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY? That is the momentous question from C to D."

D, however—Deborah, doubtless—sees the question popped, and puts an advertisement into the next morning's paper.

"WHEN OR WHERE? From D. to C."

By a later advertisement we are told, that the answer to "When or where?" has been left for D, at the post office. D, doubtless, is changed to C. by this time.

E. says, "To Miss P von R I will do whatever you wish, if you will only issue your commands from a little nearer!"

He objects to letters and desires an interview. F, on the other hand, is thankful for a letter, as he ought to be.

"HIGH-BORN AND GRACIOUS DAME, I have just received your honoured letter of this month, and already fully considered your invitation. I was touched to the heart at the delay of your letter (rueful Fate, cruel post office! Well too well, do I understand such painful impediments to our bliss! Deep in my heart grow the thanks for your timely brain. I have the greatest anxiety to see you, till when, think of me sometimes."

"To G. I suffer much, both physically and morally. Why ever for the sun or the full moon? Did I not wait for you in the green wood and is not Sunday the only day of my freedom? H."

"To THE LADY who ought to be dressed in white or blue

I am, mine, plain
And innocently has in Very St

Thirteen Sundays have been days without a sun! Thirteen hopes in half past twelve have been lost! Still salt keeps the meat fresh, and dew keeps love young! Sheltered are my happy hopes, like flowers gathered by a child. The flow returns to lust. Put winter brings me the hope of spring. She therefore signs herself J.

J sportively asks for the address of his pet, who, perhaps, is on a visit to Vienna.

"To THE LITTLE PUSS, MIMI. Where do you mew now? Mion.

K, from Petrucchio's Katherine, perhaps, to a dependent advertiser.

"To L. As for your span I saw nothing of it and don't mean to write to you. It is all stuff K.

"REQUEST WORTHY OF REMARK. M would be satisfied to associate himself with a young maiden or widow, and thus commence an acquaintance which might ripen into matrimony. Also, he wants a partner in his business with from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds."

M is evidently getting a taste for society or else he is solitary, like N, "AN EDUCATED LADY," who bluntly advertises her "desire to buy a little business by means of marrying the proprietor."

"To O. I was there. Sorry I saw nobody. Look to the opposite window this afternoon P."

"Q. UNFORGIVEN, canst thou remain so long! Well, then, let it be mine to say the godlike word—I pardon, lest you should be—me. I got your two letters. Anything but aving me! My trust is in your truth. This

believe. Shall your maiden write without embarrassment? Thus say soon to R. To-morrow I return there, alas!"

"To S. Oh, your little silly thing! What am I to do with Johanna's reticule? T."

"To THE TWENTY YEAR OLD BLONDE young lady. I am arrived. Will come next week, at the same time to the same place. V."

V is assured by a lady signing herself "A Female Sign holder," that he need be under no uncertainty as to the success of his suit.

"BELOVED W. To-day is a terrible thought for me! Every gleam of sunshine falls on my heart like joys. Every cloud hangs over it like sorrow. Wilt thou come? If wet, scruple not to take a hickney coach. I will pay."

The lover who spontaneously offers to pay for a hickney coach, should be transformed into a husband with at loss of time. "Beloved W. has doubtless hurried to become beloved wife, that is to say if W. was wise."

"YOUNG WOMAN, I want your letter. X. X is extremely cross, one can perceive. Not so however Y."

To THE SMILING LADY who upon the last July in summer, and of my life, drove to Graz.

In the depths of my soul is your image given. Truth and I know each other. How lovely at thou. All the hopes of my life are broken down if I cannot see you at eleven o'clock on the 17th of September. You were the sunshine of my days. Oh! why are you clouded!

Be it still in flow meet just Y.

These are all literal translations of advertisements, and so is this concluding one from Z, that crooked dog, who being left to walk last, sneers at his company.

"NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED. When I wish to write cheaply to any one I just put in an advertisement. It only costs four florins—a mere nothing. Z."

No Ready, price 2d.,

AN EXTRA NUMBER

OF
HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
SHOWING

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS TO EVERYBODY

Also price 3d. 6d.,

THE FIRST VOLUME OF
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
BY CHARLES DICKENS

To be completed in three volumes, of the same size and price.
Collected and revised from 'Household Words,'
With a Table of Dates.

TRADE BY AND BYARS, 11, NEWMARKET STREET

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 94.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

[PRICE 2d.

IRISH BALLAD SINGERS AND IRISH STREET BALLADS.

THIS is Fair-day in our Irish market town. On every road, pour in flocks of sheep, droves of cattle (many of them of the old country breed, small and rough), and pigs; the latter for the most part coming singly, with hay-rope to jerking hind leg. At every convenient brook or hedge side, country girls don the shoes and stockings they have been carrying so far in a bundle—partly for economy's sake, partly because they can walk with more ease barefoot; mainly, in order that they may enter the fair with undimmed lustre of black, and spotless white or blue. At an out-skirt of the town spreads the "Fair-Green," bordered with hedges; its expanse of mire thickly trodden with hoof and brogue—men shouting, swearing, bargaining, where the moistened penny smites and re-smites the rugged palm; beasts lowing, bleating, bellowing, braying, neighing, and squeaking. Horses with ribbon on neck dash recklessly to and fro; multitudinous horns threaten, parried and punished by innumerable sticks. Who keep all those asses? Are they never curried? In good sooth they are ill-used. There are few whiskey-tents, but this is because people prefer to drink elsewhere; for many have "broke their medal"—in other words, forgotten Father Mathew—long ago.

Down the street, it is all a moving crush of carts, beasts, potatoes (not quite extinct yet), corn-sacks, and human beings. There are men in blue coats, flat cloth caps, old brown hats; matrons, in blue cloaks, red shawls, a cloak or two of the old-fashioned red cloth, white caps, white kerchiefs on head, red kerchiefs; maidens, with hair of brown or sable Spanish gloss, or, more ambitious, in bonnets with fluttering ribbons and flowered shawls. Yet these, too, found their last mirror, perhaps in Pie's Pool there above; coming thence no longer barefoot.

At all corners and points of vantage, apples are offered energetically to the public; at a few, cakes and "sweet-rock." Elevated on carts without horses, the auctioneers of old clothes, and the Cheap Johns of new apparel, make their appeals to the crowd, and their apparently ferocious verbal attacks upon each other. Auctioneer, who is licensed and sells in regu-

lar mode to the highest bidder, alludes, somewhat haughtily, to the flimsiness of slop goods; (Cheap John, a stentorian and brazen outlaw, declares that none of *his* customers can say, "Be merciful to the man that wore this last! —I wonder what he died of!" and kindling with the sympathy of his audience, shoots forth a quite surprising volley of humour and wit; rich, ready, genuine, and making advantage of passing occurrences. Then, of a sudden, he slides into business again—"I'll not have even one-and-eight, one-and-seven —(Don't stop me, ma'am), one-and-six, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen!"—and at last sells the new fancy vest, which he has tried on himself ever so often, at ninnepence; or, perhaps, cannot sell it after all, and, flinging it by, once more unfolds the three yards and a half and a bit of suspiciously-measured linen, which he whacks with well-managed wand to prove its soundness.

A more quiet company of merchants—amongst whom, years ago, (Cheap John the first arose like a red revolutionist—continue to pitch their tents hard by. The *Stannens* (standings) are conveniently ranged over the gutter on each side of the street, with roofs of patched canvas, sack-cloth, or motley counterpane, stretched on rickety poles, or rounded with osiers; whereunder are spread the dazzling treasures of cheap cutlery and jewellery; distorting mirrors in red frames; round pewter-cased ditto capable of being propped up and folded artfully; *gallowases* (i. e. suspenders), and broad belts of coloured web—deemed wholesome wear by country youths; little blue and yellow covered song-books; Lives of Saints, mixed with spelling-books and *Read-a-ma-daines* (Reading-made-easy); and, in a corner, three or four second-hand volumes—perhaps one of Urquhart's "Habelais," Dublin edition, and two of "The Justice of the Peace, published in 1823; which latter the stannen'-keeper recommends to your attention as "an entertaining romance;" and, on being, with some trouble, undeceived on this point, says he's no scholar (meaning that he can't read), but that's what he bought it for.

At our elbow, a ballad-singer, a young woman in old plaid cloak and very old straw bonnet, strikes up, with a sweet Connaught lisp, and slightly nasal twang, "The Sorrowful

Lamentation of Patrick Donohue"—with the words "Come all you tender Christians!"—and soon summons around her a ring of listeners. She will sing *de capo* as long as the ballad appears to draw attention and custom, and then she will change it or move off to another part of the fair.

The hour of melody seems to have struck; for, not far away we discover a second circle united by Orphic attraction. And here our curiosity is raised by the comment of a man who seems to be tearing himself away from the influence. The best ballad-singer this, he declares, that he has heard these twenty years! To which another, assenting, says, "In troth, it's worth a ha'penny to hear him go over it, let alone the paper." The minstrel is found to be a tall, sad, stooping man, about thirty-five; his song, to the very favourite tune of "Youghall Harbour," is about two faithful lovers; his vocal excellence consists in that he twirls every word several times round his tongue, wrapt in the notes of a soft, husky, tremulous voice. In this style of gracing—which is considered highly artistic, and for which, I believe, "humouring" is the country phrase—the words are delivered somewhat as follows:

This pay ar dyoon ooeyoor erred with sich for
ooey-oootee o' rry-ayzm,

Ther may ayun they ay apye-ayx esprays'd so
ho o-o eleeerrr,

That fau-hor to lae—seen too oo ther caw aw he
on-vayray ay ashin,

My che ee in chiny aheery ashin was for too oo
hoo-hoo draw aw-haw-ii aw a merrrrr.

That is to say:

This pair discours'd with such force of reasoning,
Their meaning they expressed so clear,
That for to listen to their conversation,
My inclination was for to draw near.

Urging our slow way through the crowd, we come within earshot of a shriller strain, which proceeds from two female vocalists, standing face to face, and yelling down one another's throats. Agrarian politics, this time, and not of the most wholesome sort! That country lout—who tenders his copper with swaggering bushfulness, and, for careful preservation of the ballad, rolls it up into a wisp between his hands, and so thrusts it into his pocket—lout as he is, has, not improbably, enough of musical ear and voice to enable him to revive the symphony and song of those strange damsels, by his winter fire-side, and at subsequent wakes and gatherings; sprinkling into wild hearts the ignorance and foolishness—if it be no worse—of some poor conceited creature who perhaps bribed the printer with a few pence to exalt his trash into type.

Does that fine *gendarmerie* of ours, the constabulary, never intermeddle with crime in its rarefied or gaseous form of song? Seldom; scarcely ever, beyond desiring the offender to "move on," which the offender does—as far as

round the corner of the next lane. Notwithstanding all we hear about penal laws, the liberty of the subject is sacredly, almost superstitiously, respected in Ireland. Listen for a moment to that vender of china-cement and polishing paste, who, rubbing his whitening and quicksilver with his palm on the edges of a roll of pence, invites the crowd to turn their iron spoons into silver, and their saucepans into shaving-mirrors: adding, that the composition is admirable for cleaning up a fire-lock—"and if yiz wuz only to take it out wanst a year to shoot an agent wid, yiz oughtn't to grudge the price I'm axin';—ha'pence a-piece, still on, or six for tuppence!" Of course this is mere fun; but we must confess, too, that it is freedom of speech.*

The muster of ballad-singers, to-day, is above the average; for, see, here is another! A little elderly man, wearing a very large and extremely elderly hat—his warehouse. He accompanies his comic song with a fiddle, upon which he leans one of his red weazen cheeks, watching with twinkling black eyes the movements of his left hand on the strings. His fiddle is cheap-looking and cracked, and his bow is mended with packthread. When the harsh chords cease, and he lowers the instrument slowly from his chin, you observe that what seemed to be a continuous self-satisfied smile is, in reality, the effect of a dint or muscular contraction near his mouth; and that his expression of countenance is most doleful. He stands helplessly with the fiddle under one arm, and the sheaf of papers in his hands. Let us buy one of him; and then go home, and look over a certain sheaf of our own gathering, of publications in the same humble, but not all unimportant, department of literature.

Here is our bundle—some ten dozen of the ordinary street ballads of Ireland; comprising, we have reason to think, specimens of almost every sort at present in vogue in the rural districts; that is to say, all Ireland, except two or three of the largest towns with their immediate neighbourhoods, which have local and *tonny* ballads of their own. They are, of course, "printed on gray paper with coarse type," headed with most incompatible woodcuts, and filled with instances of every kind of typographical error; from mis-stopping and mis-spelling to omissions of words, lines, and half-stanzas; so that, while intended for the perusal of the humblest, they often require (as I once heard a girl complain) "a very good scholar to make thim out."

Nearly one-half of the whole number owe their inspiration to Cupid—a personage not unfrequently mentioned therein by name, and conducting about eighty per cent. of his followers to the happiest conclusion. In this class of songs, two things are observable, as truly reflecting the character of the people:

* Heard by the writer as stated.

first, lawful wedlock is uniformly the aim and end second, elopements are very usual, and are considered not in the least objectionable Parents are habitually described as the natural enemies of true lovers, and, as such, it is held not only allowable, but highly praiseworthy, to revile, deceive, and even directly to rob them Yet the romantic or love in a cottage principle which prevails among the Romeos and Juliets of polite fiction has no parallel here, for care is always taken to provide one or other of the amorous couple with "ample means," and oftentimes the exact amount of the dowry is impressively mentioned Instances of ladies of fortune falling in love with young men of the humblest rank, are (in the ballad world) extremely frequent, sailors and servants, or '*labouring boys*,' appearing to be the most liable to such good fortune On the other hand it sometimes happens, but not nearly so often that a gentleman is found laying his affection and property at the feet of a lowly maiden The ladies, in truth, are by much the bolder wooers, witness the oldest and most popular ballad in our collection, which, in the present copy, commences thus

Rise up William O'Reilly, and come along with me
I mean for to go with you and leave this country *
I'll leave my father's dwelling his money at my time
I'll leave it
So away goes William O'Reilly, and his dear Mour
neen Bawn

This ballad had its rise in an affair that happened in the north-west of Ireland about sixty-five years ago William O'Reilly, or Willy Reilly, a young Catholic farmer, was tried at Sligo for the abduction of Miss Folliot, daughter of a gentleman of property, but the young lady deposed that she had eloped with Willy of her own free will, and he was thereupon triumphantly acquitted The fact of the Folliot's being aristocrats and of high Orange politics, invested the occurrence with a strong party interest, which, combined with the romantic circumstances of the case gave the ballad an extensive popularity, which it still retains All over Ulster, at least, Willy Reilly is a household word, and the name—sometimes in the form of Reilly, sometimes of O'Reilly—has become a stock name of the heroes of the ballad makers

For another instance less authorised by history, of this leap year style of courtship, take "The Admired Love Song of William and Eliza, of Lough-Erin Shore" William becomes servant to "a lady of honour," who falls in love with him, and brings him, first to Dublin, and thence to London

For three months in great consolation [says
William]

This lady she did me adore,
Saying, my Willy, do not be uneasy
For leaving Lough-Erin shore.

* A misprint for "land," which is pronounced *lawn* in the North.

Dear Willie, you'll roll in great splendour,
With lords, dukes, and earls of fame,
You'll correspond with these nobles,
And you shall be equal the same

In conclusion, William, who at first really did appear somewhat uneasy, despite the splendour promised him,

Is wed to a great English lady,
The truth unto you I'll explain
He hopes to roll in great splendour
Once more on Iough Erin shore

William by the way, is, out of sight, the most popular, lyrically, of Christian names. The following dancel is no less demonstrative than the one just disposed of

It is of a nobleman's daughter,
So comely and handsome to hear,
Her father possessed of great fortune,
I tell thirty five thousand a year,
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline is her name, we are told
One day in her drawing room window,
She admired a young sailor so bold
His cheeks they appeared like two roses,
His hair was as black as the jet,
Young Caroline watch'd his departure
Walked round and young William she met,
She said 'I'm a nobleman's daughter,
Possessed of ten thousand a year,
I'll forsake both my father and mother,
And wed my young sailor so bold

Young Caroline—an interested Bloomer—assumes male attire, and

I two years and a half on the ocean,
She sail'd with her young sailor bold

On her return, the effect of her novel style of dress on her father's nerves, is described with commendable simplicity

Caroline went straightway to her father,
In her jacket and trowsers of blue,
He received her, and that moment fainted,
When last she appeared in his view

He recovers, however, from the shock communicated by the blue trowsers, and

They are married and Caroline's portion
Is twenty five thousand in gold,
So now they are happy and cheerful
Caroline and her young sailor bold

Observe, that by a not uncommon rhythmic license, the accent of this lady's name is shifted between the first syllable and the third, according to convenience

Our next heroine has set her heart upon her parents' "Bonny Labouring Boy," and proceeds thus

I courted him for twelve long months, but little did I know

My cruel parents thought to prove our overthrow
Being coerced—

Eight hundred pounds and all my clothes I took
That very night,
And with the lad that I ador'd to Belfast I did take flight,

Has love it has entangled me, and that I can't deny,
So to America I'll go with my bonny labouring boy.

Two ladies with military tastes, and no less than five with ungovernable nautical propensities—in other words, female soldiers and sailors—are commemorated in our bundle. The narrative of "The Undaunted Female" describes how young Mary, who was a damsel fair, so virtuous and so kind, enlisted in the regiment with her lover, and how

They fought them on the battle till the Indians did give o'er,
Did Mary and her William in the late Indian war.

We may here take an opportunity of quoting from another ballad, a singularly condensed and simple statement of the tender feelings of a young lady whose lover is a military gentleman:—

When I do awake in the morning,
My breast it does tremble with woe;
To think that a youth who's so charming,
Has such dangerous places to go.

The last verse of "The Handsome Cabin Boy" contains a remarkable passage:

Then each man took a bumper, and drank "Success to Troy,"
And likewise to the cabin boy, was neither man nor boy.

The sailors drinking Success to Troy, would be indeed profoundly unintelligible; were not the hypothesis open to us that the poet thought reason an unimportant matter, compared with rhyme.

In "The Lady and the Sailor," occurs one of the very few bits which can be said to possess, accidentally or otherwise, any merit in thought or expression. It is this:

As the lady and [the] sailor was crossing the deep,
Says the lady to the sailor, "You sigh in your sleep."
"I once had a sweet heart," the sailor did say,
"And by her cruel parents I was sent away."

The two following lines of "Erin's Lovely Home" are a better yet; the speaker is a convict:—

Thy ke is seven links upon my chain, and every link
a year
Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

Some of the comic and satirical pieces are not without spirit; but, as a general rule, the style of this class of ballads is even more wretched than their typography. In one amorous ditty, the lover says:

I drew up near this lovely maid,
All with a complaisant smile,
My heart being captivated quite,
I stood and viewed her for awhile.

In another, he avers:

Her slender waist and carriage has fractured my
poor brain.

A third song commences in language which the poet or the printer, or both, have contrived with great success to invest with the

not uncommon poetical merit of impenetrable obscurity:

Being in the month of May, when all vestiges
was gay,
A young shepherdess came viewing on her flock.

And in a fourth the swain inquires of his Mary:

Ah, lovely creature, the pride of Nature!
Did Cupid send you to the Shannon side?

where to, properly enough,

She then made answer, it's all [romance, Sir],
For you to flatter a simple dame;
I'm not so stupid or duped by Cupid,
So I defy you on me to scheme.

On the whole, mythology has gone much out of esteem. Our present collection furnishes only one thorough specimen of the old classical-allusion ballad style; namely, "The Maid of Slievebawn," which opens with "Cupid and Morpheus, and prefers its own heroine to Venus with her peacocks, to the Nine Muses, and likewise to Juno, "when drawn in her chariot by swans." The writer, to get himself into a proper frame of mind for inspiration, proposes to "range to and fro,"

reflecting on Cupid, who on me did promise to
lawn;

adding—

'm trepanned in love's chains, and in pain for the
maid of Slievebawn.

He proceeds as follows, in a state of mind sublimely distracted.

The grand king of England, this beautiful maid he
had seen,
He would not let Paris deprive that fair maid of his
queen;
To Old Ireland he'd sul to O'Neill at that fair one's
demand,
His grand Trojan troops he'd encamp at the foot of
Slievebawn.

Let us now turn to the Party Ballads. Of these we have fourteen; some poetical, some on Church polemics.

In Ireland, the mass of the people recognise but two great parties; the one, composed of Catholics, patriots, would-be rebels—these being interchangeable ideas; the other, of Protestants, Orangemen, wrongful holders of estates, and oppressors in general—these also being interchangeable ideas. It is true, there are Protestants who rank on the popular side, and who, on occasion, receive tumultuous applause from the common cry. Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell were of these; and the Young Irelanders exerted themselves to build an Irish party, on other than the old ground of priestly Catholicism; but herein lay one cause of their failure. THE PEOPLE, in the confused brains of its many heads, could



not, would not, and will not understand more than two parties. The exceptions are too few to affect their general habit of mind, if, indeed, the many-headed (when they came to think of it) would really trust a Protestant patriot, save in the belief of his readiness to join the true Church, when the proper time should arrive. Such of their own clergy as profess "loyalty," are considered to *know what they are about*.

"The Brave Defenders of the Church of Rome," is in celebration of one of the boys of the '98, who was sent to "Vandimond's land"

Because he was a bad leader
Of Father Murphy's Shalmon's is

The Reverend General Murphy, one of the most renowned of the cluicks of '98, who used to boast of catching the heretic bulls in his fingers, is often alluded to in these ballads. This ballad and some of the others were, no doubt, written many years ago, but their sentiments are by no means out of date, and Father Murphy's time vividly survives in some of the most recent effusions. The fourth verse of *The Brave Defenders* presents a curious junction of the theologian with the insurgent

I or being a Roman Cath'lic I was temple'd on by
Hav'g been bred

[meaning Henry VIII.]

And for fighting in defence of my (and my country,
and my creed

Transubstantiation is the faith that we depend upon
Look and you will find it in the sixth chap of St
John

As Moses and Elias, they told us of our heavenly
church,

That we in future ages should suffer persecuti-
on much

Four songs resound the praises of "brave Dr Cahill, who appears to have sprung into sudden popularity on the strength of some amiable remarks of the brave Doctor, to the effect, that there was not a man, woman, or child in France, who would not dance with joy at the prospect of a favourable opportunity of plunging a knife into the body of an Englishman. The first, is called "The Penal Law," and says

Brave Dr Cahill he does not despair,
He wrote some fine letters our spirits to cheer
(Chorus)

Be sober and steady, and mind what you're at,
It's not like '98,—there is something in that

The chorus to verse three, is varied thus

It's not like Ballingarry, so mind what you're at,
Nor the days of John Mitchell,—there is something
in that.

"It's not like" is a common idiom, implying that the business will be better managed next time.

The "New Song on the great Dr Cahill's Visit to England," is addressed to "you

Romans throughout England's nation," and declares the Doctor's object to be to.

Join us in true combination
Against a vile heretic traitor

After several rather truculent lines, it ends thus

We have noble fine brave men in England,
We have them in France and in Spain,
We have them across the Atlantic,
Preparing to come over the main
We have noble brave Cahill, our leader,
And millions of heroes at home,
Then why should we longer be craving? [craven]
But fearlessly fight for our own

In the next lay, another doctor divides the honours with the great Cahill. The Poem is called "Doctors Betagh and Cahill," and commences significantly

Come all you loose young fellows, you know well
what I mean,
Prepare yourselves in time my boys, I'd have you
mind the green
The weather it looks gloomy, I think we're near a
change,
And little John, the Lepreghann, he is nearly quite
danged

Chorus

So get your hooks in order, boys, be ready for your
work,
Now is your time or never, boys, before we are all
lurked

"Little John," means the Prime Minister, who is constantly satirised in the same crushing manner. The nature of the expected reaping for which the hooks are to be kept in order, is made plain enough a few lines farther down

Father Murphy was a reaper the best I ever seen,
He reaped away without delay—he loved the sham
rock green

Here is a caution against traitors in the camp

So if you hire a reaper, take care of who you chose,
Don't be like me, Master Edward, or your coin you
will lose
The traitor's name was Reynolds—attend to what I
say,
Before the work it was commenced he did us all
betray

In conclusion, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-two, the year of hope and dread, is thus alluded to

That holy prophet as I call, Dr Betagh was his
name,
The last sermon he preached was in Rosemary lane,
Many signs, he said, and tokens through the seasons
we would see,
Large hail with heavy lightnings after '47 it would
be

In Eighteen Hundred and Ten, he prophesied, it's
true,
That Ireland would flourish in the year fifty two,

He prophesied America for us our rights would gain,
In spite of England's perfidy they'll burst our galling chain

The "New Hunting Song" is an allegory brought to the bar of zoological science, it is rather faulty, for it represents the "Scorpion" in the character of a beast of the chase pursued with horn and hound. Neither can the geographical details of this ballad escape criticism. The scorpion is hunted to Athlone, Killahee, Hanover, Dover, the rocks of Gibraltar, and a few other localities, until finally run down into the Red Sea.

And to join the chase from every place
The sportsmen they will gather
From America, both France and Spain
In spite of wind or weather
The bravest hunters that can be,
Brave as hils has them selected,
&c., &c.

"The Heroes of '98" announces its subject in its title and is more happy in a tolerably relevant illustration than most of its fellow lyrics. It is headed with a woodcut representing a man running a sword through the body of another man. 'Lion's Hill, or Tim's Glory,' is of similar import, referring with opprobrium to Strongbow, Oliver Cromwell, Dutch Hill, and other historical characters by whom "we were wrecked with tormentation." The noticeable part of this ballad is the *patch* at the end of it, glaringly different from the rest of the stuff.

Now, to conclude and bid long life to Queen
Victoria,
And that we may see our nation free from all Whig
or Tory,
May plenty smile round Irishmen in peace and
freedom flourish
May all agree in unity, and frolic and quarrel Irish.

This exemplifies the trick of mouth honour made inveterate in the Irish 'million,' by long contact with superiors to whom they feel no true submission.

In truth, the masses of the Irish people, politically considered, have not one clear or even semi-transparent notion about their grievances, or wishes, or aims, or means, or loves, or hates, beyond this that they recognise in a way, two parties, looming in misty antagonism, and would (if excited to the proper pitch) do anything they could think of, or that any one could put into their heads, to get the better of THE OTHER PARTY. Their agitators have crammed them with unscrupulous rhetoric, and have found ignorance the best digester of that sort of food. They are a people of units cohering externally by the mouldings of habit, destitute of a vital bond, or common purpose. If, at times, this people assume the shape and motion of a community, the force is still external, and, as it were, galvanic; for the immediate consequence of its withdrawal is a relapse into fragmentary feebleness.

"The Irish Emigrant's Address to his Irish Landlord," exults in the turning of the tables, by which their "honours," the landlords, are to be reduced to the poor-house and *India Buck* (Indian-corn porridge). It is sung to the tune of "O Susanna, don't you cry for me," and opens thus

I'm now going to a country where
From Poor rates I'll be free,
For poor Ireland's going to the dogs
As fast as fast can be,
You know you'd like to stop me,
So I'll do it on the sly
With me I'll take a half year's rent,
Your Honour—won't you cry

This ballad, treating, not without sarcastic force, of passing events and sharp actualities, must sink fast into the ears of its audiences, and somewhat deeply too. The copy we quote was purchased from two women, singing it loud and shrill through a town on a fair or market day. They seemed to have plenty of eager customers and more attentive listeners. It appears worth while to add some further extracts.

I don't believe I'll d the rent
Within the last three years,
And s few y in Honour
Some trifle of arrears
I mention this, because I think
You'd like to say good bye!
I r the s arrears I have them snug
Yur Honour and duty cry
(Chorus)

O your Honour—the t or house is your duty,
Before hke those ty famine died, your chlder breaks
your heart.

"Your duty," is vernacular for "your resource." Verse five, relates how his Honour sent his bill.

I or fear I'd stir the corn,
But his efforts they did fail,
For I tied him in the barn,
And that night I took leg bail.

Verse seven, proceeds—

I hope your Honour may have luck
When all the country's poor,
And when they give out waste relief,
May your Honour get a taste
But if they build a union
For the landlords there to fly,
And you get in—why, then I think
Your Honour need not cry

And, in concluding, this Irish emigrant (who is a very different character from the sentimental one who sits upon the stile) sings sarcastically.

Now, when I'm landed in New York,
That moment I will get
A gallon of rum, and drink your health,
With what I'm in your debt.

It would appear that the parallel which has become stereotyped in the newspaper phrase of "Irish Exodus," is not to be left

imperfect in the point of spoliation of the Egyptians

"The Poor Irish Bard" also descants on distress, emigration, Dives and Lazarus, but in a moralising and mendicant key. His explanation of one of the misfortunes of the country, asks quotation—

To kill your potato crop—rent them asunder
By the nocturnal clap of the clouds' roaring thunder.

which, perhaps, enables us to realise some amount of prophetic meaning in Nat Lee's line,

A mad potato on the whirlwind flies

This has taken us out of the domain of Party. Of songs of general Patriotism, we have five, or six voyages, wicks, and pirates eight, including "A Lamentation on the Loss of the Barque Edmond, with the names of the passengers lost, given at foot Of regular "Farewells to Ireland (besides numberless ballads that refer to or conclude in America) we have three. "Patrick Fitzpatrick's Farewell" presents a rude picture of misery, which is unexaggerated and touching.

The three long years I've laboured here, as any
on I'm a le

And I still was scarcely able my family to keep
My tender wife and children three, under the lash
of misery,

Unknown to friends and I might ours I've often seen
to weep

Sad grief it seized her tender heart, when forced
her only cow to part,

And I can't be was before her face, the P. rates
left to pay

Cut down in all his youthful bloom, she's gone into
her silent tomb

I mourn I will mourn her loss when in America

The popular hopes of emigrants are thus expressed—

Let him's sons and daught'rs find new life in the
promised land prepare,

America, that beautiful soil, will soon your toils
repay,

I'm employed in it as plenty there, on beef and mutton
you can fare,

From five to six dollars is your wages every day
Now see what money has come over these three years
from Columbia's shore,

But for it numbers now was laid all in their silent
clay

California's golden mines [my boys] are open now
to crown our joys,

So all our hardships we'll dispute when in
America

We have five *Criminal* ballads, the usual characteristics of which class are, that the judge is cruel, the counsel for the prisoner "noble" and "bold," and the prisoner himself an object of deep sympathy.

The glories of the great French Emperor, once a favourite theme, linger in two effu-

sions. The "Grand Conversation on the Remains of Napoleon" is immensely absurd, but "Bonaparte's Farewell to Paris" demands our last spare moments for its opening stanza

I'll visit that splendid citadel metropolis called Paris,
Situating every morning by Sol's resplendent beams,

Conjoined by bright Aurora advancing from the
orient,

With radiant light adorning in pure shining rays,
Commanding Cynthia to retire where the windows
glance like fire,

The universe admire their merchandize and store,
With Flora's spreading fragrance the fertile plains
to decurate,

I'll illustrate the royal Corsican again to the
French shore

What follows is not unworthy of this commencement, but we can do no more than advert to the affecting antithesis, wherein "Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of nations," who "trampled Dukes and Earls, and splendid congregations" complains of being "Now in a desert isle annoyed with rats."

About a dozen miscellaneous, and half-a-dozen intentionally comic ballads—sung with eccentric choruses—go high to exhaust our collection. The comic ballads have, perhaps, more nature and smartness than those of any other class, and are remarkably free from improprieties which, in some cases, their subjects and general downrightness might seem to foreshadow.

Any didactic essay on ballads might fairly be expected to commence with the remark that a wise old writer has said, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, and who will any make the laws.' This saw (which is somewhat rhetorical in form and exceedingly misty) is at least as applicable to melodious, credulous impulsive Ireland, as to any other country in the world. And, certainly, in the matter of ballads—let the laws be what they may—Ireland is far enough from having justice done to her. The humble dwellings of the land are pervaded by the national melodies, many of which have become the darlings of the world and of fame, whilst many others, perhaps some as beautiful, have never been noted down, and are perishing yearly, by twos and threes, or lingering only with an old nurse, and an old piper, here and there. Moore's words flew high above these humble dwellings, nor have any of the Young-Ireland lyrics in the least succeeded in becoming in the true sense, popular. The sphere of Moore's songs was the drawing room, of Young-Ireland's, the Repeal Meeting-room and the Club room. Songs for a people must find their natural element beside the cottage hearth. Such simple and pathetic ditties, in the old Irish tongue, are still sometimes heard.

In the English tongue, the national songs of Ireland—perhaps comprising three-fourths of the national literature—are such as are sung

about the streets and country towns, and sold by wandering pedlars; just such ballads, in short, as we have quoted and described

A TASTE OF AUSTRIAN JAILS

AT the "Fête de Dieu," in Vienna (the *Frohnleichnamsfest*), religious rites are not confined to the places of worship,—the whole city becomes a church. Altars rise in every street, and high mass is performed in the open air, amid clouds of incense and showers of holy water. The Emperor himself and his family swell the procession.

I am an English workman, and, having taken a cheering glass of Kronenwetter with the worthy landlord of my lodgings, I sauntered forth to observe the day's proceedings. I crossed the Platz of St. Ulrich, and thence proceeded to the high street of Mariahilf,—an important suburb of Vienna. I passed two stately altars on my way, and duly raised my hat, in obedience to the custom of the country. A little crowd was collected round the parish church of Mariahilf, and anticipating that a procession would pass, I took my stand among the rest of the expectant populace. A few assistant police, in light blue grey uniforms with green facings, kept the road.

A bustle about the church door, and a band of priests, attendants, and—what pleased me most—a troop of pretty little girls came, two and two, down the steps and into the road. I remember nothing of the procession but these beautiful and innocent children, adorned with wreaths and ribbons for the occasion. I was thinking of the roses I had left at home, when my reflections were interrupted by a peremptory voice, exclaiming, "Take off your hat!" I should have obeyed with alacrity at any other moment, but there was something in the manner and tone of the *Polizeidiener's* address which touched my pride, and made me obstinate. I drew back a little. The order was repeated, the crowd murmured. I half turned to go, but, the next moment my hat was struck off my head by the police assistant.

What followed was mere confusion. I struck the "*Polizeidiener*," and, in return, received several blows on the head from behind with a heavy stick. In less than ten minutes I was lodged in the police-office of the district, my hat broken and my clothes bespattered with the blood which had dropped, and was still dripping, from the wounds in my head.

I had full time to reflect upon the obstinate folly which had produced this result, nor were my reflections enlivened by the manners of the police-agents attached to the office. They threatened me with heavy puns and punishments; and the *Polizeidiener* whom I had struck assured me, while stanching his

still-bleeding nose, that I should at least "three months for this."

After several hours' waiting in the dreary office, I was abruptly called into the commissioner's room. The commissioner was seated at a table with writing materials before him, and commenced immediately, in a sharp offensive tone, a species of examination. After my name and country had been demanded, he asked

"Of what religion are you?"

"I am a Protestant."

"So! Leave the room!"

I had made no complaint of my bruises, because I did not think this the proper place to do so, although the man who dealt them was present. He had assisted, stick in hand, in taking me to the police office. He was in earnest conversation with the *Polizeidiener*, but soon left the office. From that instant I never saw him again, nor in spite of repeated demands could I ever obtain redress for, or even recognition of, the violence I had suffered.

Another weary hour, and I was consigned to the care of a police soldier, who, armed with sabre and stick, conducted me through the crowded city to prison. It was then two o'clock.

The prison situated in the Spanzler Gasse, is called the "*Polizei-Haupt Direction*." We descended a narrow gut which had no outlet, except through the prison gates. They were slowly opened at the summons of my conductor. I was beckoned into a long gloomy apartment, lighted from one side only, and having a long counter running down its centre, chains and handcuffs hung upon the walls.

An official was standing behind the counter. He asked me abruptly

"Whence come you?"

"From England," I answered.

"Where's that?"

"In Great Britain, close to France."

The questioner behind the counter cast a inquiring look at my escort—

"Is it?" he asked.

The subordinate answered him in a pleasant way, that I had spoken the truth. Happily an Englishman, it seems, is a rarity within those prison walls.

I was passed into an adjoining room, which reminded me of the back parlour of a Holywell Street clothes shop, only that it was rather lighter. Its sides consisted entirely of sets of great pigeon-holes, each occupied by the habiliments or effects of some prisoner.

"Have you any valuables?"

"Few enough." My purse, watch, and pin were rendered up, ticketed, and deposited in one of the compartments. I was then beckoned into a long paved passage or corridor down some twenty stone steps, into the densest gloom. Presently I discerned before me a massive door studded with bosses, and crossed with bars and bolts. A police-soldier, armed

with a drawn sabre, guarded the entrance to Punishment-Room, No 1. The bolts gave way, and, in a few moments, I was a prisoner within.

Punishment Room, No 1, is a chamber some fifteen paces long by six broad, with a tolerably high ceiling and whitened walls. It has but two windows, and they are placed at each end of one side of the chamber. They are of good height, and look out upon an enclosed gravelled space variegated with a few patches of verdure. The room is tolerably light. On each side are shelves, as in barracks, for sleeping. In one corner, by the window, is a stone sink, in another, a good supply of water.

Such is the prison, but the prisoners! There were forty-eight—grey-haired men and puny boys—all ragged, and stinking with slippery feet from end to end with listless eyes. Some, all eagerness, some crushed and motionless, some, scared and stupid, now singing, now weeping, now rushing about playing at some mad game, now hushed or whispering, as the loud voice of the Vater (or father of the ward) is heard above the uproar, calling out "Ruhe!" ("Order!")

On my entrance I was instantly surrounded by a dozen of the younger, jollier birds, and a shout of "I'm Zuwachs! I'm Zuwachs!" which I was not long in understanding to be the name given to the last comer. "Was haben sie?" (What has he done?) was the next eager cry. "Struck a Polizeidiener!" "Ein das ist gut!" was the hearty exclamation, and I was favoured immediately. One dirty villainous-looking fellow with but one eye, and very little light in that took to handling my clothes, then inquired if I had any money "up above?" Upon my answering in the affirmative my popularity immediately increased. They soon made me understand that I could draw upon the pigeon-hole bank to indulge in any such luxuries as beer or tobacco.

People breakfast early in Vienna, and as I had tasted nothing since that meal, I was very hungry, but I was not to starve, for soon we heard the groaning of bolts and locks, and the police soldier who guarded the door, appeared, bearing in his hand a red earthen pot, surmounted by a round flat loaf of bread "for the Englishman." I took my portion with thanks, and found that the pipkin contained a thick porridge made of lentils, prepared with meal and fat, in the midst of which was a piece of fresh boiled beef. The cake was of a darkish colour, but good wholesome bread. Altogether, the meal was not unsavoury. Many a greedy eye watched me as I sat on the end of the hard couch, eating my dinner. One wretched man seeing that I did not eat all, whispered a proposal to baiter his dirty neckerchief—which he took off in my presence—for half of my loaf. I satisfied his desires, but declined the recompense. My half-emptied pipkin was thankfully

taken by another man, under the pretence of "cleaning it."

One of my fellow prisoners approached me. "It is getting late," said he, "do you know what you have got to do?"

"No."

"You are the 'Zuwachs' (latest accession), and it is your business to empty and clean out the Kuchel" (the sink, &c.)

"The devil!"

"But I don't say," he added, carelessly, "if you pay the Vater a 'mass beer,' (something less than a quart of beer) 'he will make some of the boys do it for you.'"

"With all my heart!"

"Have you a rug?"

"No."

"You must ask the Corporal, at seven o'clock, but I don't say the Vater will find you one—for a 'mass beer'—if you ask him."

I saw that a mass-beer would do a great deal in an Austrian prison.

The Vater, who was a prisoner like the rest, was appealed to. He was a tall, burly-looking young man with a fine countenance. He had quitted his honest calling of butcher, and had taken to smuggling tobacco into the city. This is a heavy crime for the growth, manufacture and sale of tobacco, is a strict Imperial monopoly. A cordigly, his punishment had been proportionately severe—two years' imprisonment. The sentence was now approaching completion, and, on account of good conduct he had received the appointment of Vater to Punishment Room No 1. The benches were enumerated to me with open eyes by one of the prisoners—"Double benches two rows, and a mass-beer a-day!"

The result of my application to the Vater was the instant calling out of several young lads, who crouched all day in the darkest end of the room—a condemned corner, abounding in vermin, and I heard no more of the sink and soap. The next day a new New-comer occupied my position.

At about seven o'clock the bolts were again withdrawn, the ponderous door opened, and the Corporal—who seemed to fill the office of ward-inspector—marched into the chamber. He was provided with a small note-book and a pencil, and made a general inquiry into the wants and complaints of the prisoners. Several of them asked for little indulgences. All these were duly noted down to be complied with the next day—always supposing that the prisoner possessed a small capital "up above." I stepped forward and humbly made my request for a rug. "You!" exclaimed the Corporal, eyeing me sharply. "Oh! you are the Englishman!"

"No!"

I heard some one near me mutter: "So, struck a policeman! No mercy for him from the other policeman—any of them!"

The Vater did not help me; but two of his most intimate friends made me lie down

between them, and, swaddled in their rugs, I passed the night miserably. The hard boards, and the vermin, effectually broke my slumbers.

The morning came. The rule of the prison required that we should all rise at six, roll up the rugs, lay them at the heads of our beds and sweep out the room. Weary and sore I paced the prison while these things were done. Even the morning ablution was comfortless and distressing—a pocket handkerchief serving but indifferently for a towel.

Restless activity now took full possession of the prisoners. There was not the combined shouting or singing of the previous day, but there was independent action, which broke out in various ways. Hunger had roused them; the prison allowance is one meal a day, and although, by husbanding the supply, some few might eke it out into several repasts, the majority had no such control over their appetite. Half-past eight just starting into men, went roaming about with wild eyes, purposeless pipkin in hand, although hours must elapse before the meal would come. Caged beasts put their narrow prisons with the same uniform and unvarying motion.

At last eleven o'clock came. The barred door opened, and swiftly yet with a terrible restraint—knowing that the least disorder would cost them a day's dinner—the prisoners mounted the stone steps and passed slowly, in single file, before two enormous cauldrons. A cook provided with a long handle, stood by the side of each, and with a dexterous pluck and a twist a portion of porridge and a small flock of beef were fished up and dashed into the pipkin extended by each prisoner. Another official stood ready with the flat hoover. In a very short time, the whole of the prisoners were served.

Hunger seasoned the morsel, and I was sitting on the bedstead and enjoying it when the police soldier appeared on the threshold, calling me by name.

"You must leave—instantly."

"I am ready, I am, starting up."

"Have you a rug?"

"No."

I hurried out into the dark passage. I was conducted to the left, another heavy door was loosened and I was thrust into a gloomy cell, bewildered, and almost speechless with alarm. I was not alone. Some half-dozen melancholy wretches crouching in one corner were disturbed by my entrance, but half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when the police soldier again appeared, and I was hurried out. We proceeded through the passage by which I had first entered. In my way past the nest of pigeon holes 'up above'—only a few—of my valuables were restored to me. Presently a single police soldier led me into the open street.

The beautiful air and sunshine! how I enjoyed them as we passed through the heart of the city. Beim Magistrat at the corner of the Kohlmarkt, was our destination. We

entered its porticoed door, ascended the stone stairs, and went into a small office, where the most repulsive-looking official I have anywhere seen, noted my arrival in a book. Thence we passed into another pigeon-holed chamber, where I delivered up my little property, as before, "for its security." A few minutes more, and I was safely locked in a small chamber, having one window darkened by a wooden blind. My companions were a few boys, a courier—who, to my surprise, addressed me in English—and a man with blazing red hair.

In this place, I passed four days, occupied by what I suppose I may designate 'my trial.' The first day was enlivened by a violent attack which the jailer made upon the red-headed man for looking out of window. He seized the heavy locks and beat their owners' head against the wall. I had to submit that day to a degrading medical examination.

On the second day I was called to appear before the *Rath* or council. The process of examination is curious. It is considered necessary to the complete elucidation of a case that the whole life and parentage of the accused should be made known, and I was thus exposed to a series of questions which I had never anticipated—The names and countries of both my parents, their station, the ages, names, and birthplaces of my brothers and sisters, my own babyhood, education, subsequent behaviour and adventures, my own account, with the minutest details of the offence I had committed. It was more like a private conference than an examination. The *Rath* was alone—with the exception of his secretary who diligently recorded my answers. While being thus peraciously catechised, the *Rath* snorted up and down, putting his interminable questions in a friendly chatty way as though he were taking a kindly interest in my history, rather than pursuing a judicial investigation. When the examination was concluded, the secretary read over every word to me, and I confirmed the report with my signature.

The *Rath* promised to do what he could for me, and I was then surprised and pleased by the entrance of my employer. The *Rath* recommended him to write to the English Embassy in my behalf and allowed him to send me outer clothing better suited to the interior of a prison than the best clothes I had donned to spend the holiday in.

I went back to my cell with a lightened heart. I was however, a little disconcerted on my return by the courier, who related an anecdote of a groom, of his acquaintance, who had persisted in smoking a cigar while passing a sentinel, and who, in punishment therefor, had been beaten by a number of soldiers, with willow rods, and whose yells of pain had been heard far beyond the prison walls. What an anticipation! Was I to be similarly served? I thought it rather a suspicious circumstance

that my new friend appeared to be thoroughly conversant with all the details (I suspect from personal experience) of the police and prison system of Vienna. He told me (but I had no means of testing the correctness of his information) that there were twenty Rathernn, or Counsellors; that each had his private chamber, and was assisted by a confidential secretary; and that every offender underwent a private examination by the Rath appointed to investigate his case—the Rath having the power to call all witnesses, and to examine them, singly, or otherwise, as he thought proper; that on every Thursday the "Rathsherrn" met in conclave; that each Rath brought forward the particular cases which he had investigated, explained all its bearings, attested his report by documentary evidence prepared by his secretary, and pronounced his opinion as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted. The question was then decided by a majority.

On the third day, I was suddenly summoned before the Rath, and found myself side by side with my accuser. He was in private clothes.

"Herr Tuci," exclaimed the Rath, trying to pronounce my name, but utterly disguising it, "you have misinformed me. The constable says he did not *knock* your hat off—he only *pulled* it off."

I adhered to my statement. The Polizerdiener nudged my elbow, and whispered, "Don't be alarmed—it will not go hard with you."

"Now, constable," said the Rath; "what harm have you suffered in this affair?"

"My uniform is stained with blood."

"From my head!" I exclaimed.

"From my nose," interposed the Polizerdiener.

"In any case it will wash out," said the Rath.

"And you," he added, turning to me,—
"are you willing to indemnify this man for damage done?"

I assented; and was then removed.

On the following morning I was again summoned to the Rath's chamber. His secretary—who was alone—met me with smiles and congratulations: he announced to me the sentence—four days' imprisonment. I am afraid I did not evince that degree of pleasure which was expected from me; but I thanked him; was removed; and, in another hour, was reconducted to Punishment Room, No. 1.

The four days of sentence formed the lightest part of the adventure. My mind was at ease: I knew the worst. Additions to my old companions had arrived in the interval. We had an artist among us, who was allowed, in consideration of his talents, to retain a sharp cutting implement fashioned by himself from a flat piece of steel—knives and books being, as the most dangerous objects in prison, rigidly abstracted from us. He manufactured landscapes in straw, gummed

upon pieces of blackened wood. Straw was obtained, in a natural state, of green, yellow, and brown; and these, when required, were converted into differently-tinted reds, by a few hours' immersion in the Kiesel. He also kneaded bread in the hand, until it became as hard and as plastic as clay. This he modelled into snuff-boxes, (with strips of rag for hinges, and a piece of whalebone for a spring,) draughts, chess-men, pipe-bowls, and other articles. When dry, they became hard and serviceable; and he sold them among the prisoners and the prison officials. He obtained thus a number of comforts not afforded by the prison regulations.

On Sunday, I attended the Catholic chapel attached to the prison—a damp unwholesome cell. I stood among a knot of prisoners, enveloped in a nauseous vapour; whence arose musty, mouldy, rotten, effluvia which gradually overpowered my senses. I felt them leaving me, and tottered towards the door. I was promptly met by a man who seemed provided for emergencies of the kind; for, he held a vessel of cold water; poured some of it into my hands, and directed me to bathe my temples. I partly recovered; and, faint and dispirited, staggered back to the prison. I had not, however, lain long upon my bed (polished and slippery from constant use), when the prison guard came to my side, holding in his hand a smoking basin of egg soup "for the Englishman." It was sent by the mistress of the kitchen. I received the offering of a kind heart to a foreigner in trouble, with a blessing on the donor.

On the following Tuesday, after an imprisonment of, in all, nine days, during which I had never slept without my clothes, I was discharged from the prison. In remembrance of the place, I brought away with me a straw landscape and a broad snuff-box, the works of the prison artist.

On reaching my lodging I looked into my box. It was empty.

"Where are my books and papers?" I asked my landlord.

The police had taken them on the day after my arrest.

"And my bank-notes?"

"Here they are!" exclaimed my landlord, triumphantly. "I expected the police; I knew you had money somewhere, so I took the liberty of searching until I found it. The police made particular inquiries about your cash, and went away disappointed, taking the other things with them."

"Would they have appropriated it?"

"Hem! Very likely,—under pretence of paying your expenses."

On application to the police of the district, I received the whole of my effects back. One of my books was detained for about a week; a member of the police having taken it home to read, and being, as I apprehend, a slow reader.

It was matter of great astonishment, both

to my friends and to the police, that I escaped with so slight a punishment

THE LINNET-HAWKER

I was, in a close City square,
A Linnet hawker hawking loud
And, though small melody was there
To draw a member from the crowd
A mournful thought went with his song
That so creely attracted me
So, fix'd I stood and brooded long,
While thus he clanged in rudest key
' Linnets, linnets, full song, linnets, ()

The fledgling bliss, the wavy fit fit
The feathered ecstasies that flew
From freedom in the airy light,
The little captive may not know
Of their own bathos till robb'd alas
What voice of anguish might they list
In music for the time that was
Betrayed by so divine a gift
Linnets, linnets full song, linnets, ()

Far from their woodland joys are they
Far far from the freshen nest
And from their parents far away
Who sat and brood with vacant list
Amid the sunlight on the leaves,
Where now a fitful song they sing
Of sorrow that more truly proves
And will not be pen and ink
Linnets, linnets full song, linnets, ()

But now, since evil has its gift
A latent truth the soul knows well
What mission have the still birds
In this great City's depths to dwell
It is to cheer the sick at heart
With linden songs of country days
Of grass, and balm for every smart
Of freshness, flowers, and woodland ways
Linnets, linnets full song, linnets, ()

And, through their little throats a strain
Of sweet impulsiveness will flow
To some—a yearning and a dream
To all—a sweet relief from wear
Heart, spirit like, the tide to stem
Of toiling men, who muse and mope
To breathe the woods again—for them
Old Linnet hawker still sang on
Linnets, linnets full song, linnets, ()

A DUTCH FAMILY PICTURE

THERE is a class of our fellow subjects in the East which appears to have been somewhat unfairly dealt with by writers of Indian books and Colonial historians, inasmuch as no notice has been taken of them, save in some of the official returns of the population issued by the Colonial Office, in which, by the way, they figure rather prominently as regards number. I allude to the burgher inhabitants of our large colonial towns within the tropics.

In Europe, the term "Burgher" was applied in olden days, to all citizens, or dwellers in principal towns, carrying on trades or professions thereon. In the East, or, rather,

within the tropics, it is used to designate the descendants of old Portuguese and Dutch colonists—a class at once numerous and respectable. At the Cape colony they form the majority of settlers, but, in the tropical settlements of Ceylon, Singapore, &c., they are greatly outnumbered by other races. When the former island was taken possession of by the British forces, many of the Dutch civil servants returned to Holland or went on to Java, but very many were too poor to travel, or preferred remaining where they had been born. Their descendants have continued to fill many leading posts in the colonial establishments, and nearly all the minor appointments in the Judicial and Revenue Departments are bestowed upon these and the Portuguese burghers. The Dutch have been, and are to this day, very careful not to intermarry with any (ingalese), thus their habits and their characters have undergone but little change. The Portuguese, on the other hand, have been far less scrupulous on this point, and their descendants of the present day are to be seen of every shade and grad—from the well-dressed medical student, to the half-starved half-naked street sweeper, or the bazaar keeper.

Until very recently, there was little, if any, social intercourse between the European and burgher classes. A line of demarcation had been drawn between the two races, which very few dared to pass. This extended to such of the proscribed colonists as held important posts under Government, who, while their abilities and characters were owned and respected by their European fellow-citizens, found no admittance within the threshold of their homes.

If, however, the English colonists contrive to monopolise the best berths in the service, the burghers have managed to secure to themselves the most comfortable dwellings, with the best gardens. The same jealous exclusiveness which has so completely separated these two classes, impels the European to take up his residence in a quarter as far removed as possible from the suburbs usually occupied by the burghers. The English mer-hunts and civil servants will be found located along the edge of some high road within a very small patch of burnt-up paddock, once green. Their tenements are of no particular order, being mostly long rambling white washed places, very like huge rabbit-hutches. A few palms occasionally make an attempt at shading the dusty hot verandah in front, while small tufts of cinnamon bushes are to be seen withering away in the parched sand, evidently disgusted with their circumstances. How different the dwellings of the burghers! Some of these, it is true, are in the midst of the *pratah*, or native town, but most of them will be found scattered about in quiet shady lanes. Many are quite hidden from the passer-by, amidst a dense little forest of fruit-trees, rose-bushes,

and evergreens—concealed amidst leaves and flowers as snugly as though they were so many huge red-bricked birds' nests.

It is seldom, indeed, that anything occurs to break the dull monotony of life in the East. With no public amusements, no public promenades, colonists seldom meet each other save at the churches. There are, however, a few days in the year when a little change in this clock-work existence takes place amongst the burgher population, when grim looking Dutchmen relax the stern rigidity of their bronzed features, and assume some gay suit of many colours. When portly sleepy dames rouse up for the emergency, stifle the quiet family halls with their busy tongues, and scare the old witch dog with the vivid brilliancy of new ribands and clock lace. One of these very few and much prized occasions is New Year's Day.

In the afternoon of the first day in January 1850, I strolled out from the old, rambling, crumbling fort of Colombo over a very shabby wooden drawbridge through the broad grim looking streets of the native town. The weather was fine, that is to say parchingly hot, the sky was undimmed by a single cloud. The blind sea breeze played coyly with the feathery fringe of the tall palms and nickes, and waved against the azure sky many a top of broad leaved bright green fan palms. The native bazaar at the corner of the town, and jutting out upon the sea, was, for once, clean and gay. The dealers in fish, fruit, and curry stuffs, appeared to have put on new clothes with the New Year. The huge white turbans, and gilded, lustrous scarfs, glistened in the noonday sun, and gorgeous, many coloured vests and wrappers, vivid in the brilliancy of their tints, with the many hued piles of fruits and bany flowers. The very fish and vegetables appeared cleaner than usual, whilst spices, condiments, and sweetmeats looked down from many a loaded shelf to tempt the passer by.

Leaving this motley scene, where the song of the Hindoo dancers blended in wild harmony with the Gungalese tom tom, or drum, I passed on to the heart of the dwelling place of the middle class of Burghers.

Before every house was an ample verandah, partly veiled by an open bamboo curtain. In these lofty cool retreats, were seated the many families of the place, receiving or paying the good wishes of the season. Once upon a time, the streets were graced by rows, on either side, of shady spreading *souriya* trees, bending over the footways, and peeping in at the verandahs, to see how the inmates were getting on, winking the large eyes of their yellow tulip flowers at the daughters, and enticing pretty birds to come and sing amongst the leafy branches. But this was in the good old days of sleepy Holland. Now, all are gone—green boughs winking flowers, and singing-birds. More's the pity!

As I passed along, I met many groups

of old, young, and middle-aged, evidently families, in full burgher holiday costume. They were, in each case, followed by two or more turbaned hence looking domestics, bearing enormous trays, piled up with something hidden from vulgar gaze by flowing veils of muslin. I could not help calling to mind the processions of slaves, in the Arabian Nights, which we are informed followed the steps of eulphs and sorcerers, bearing with them huge presents of precious things from subterranean worlds. I watched some of these domestic embassies, and perceived that they entered the houses of some of the neighbours, there was a great flutter and bustle, and no end to the talking and laughing in the great verandahs. I entered the dwelling of a Dutchman to whom I was known, and found one of these family groups within.

A merry scene it was. The deputation had just arrived, friends were shaking hands, the great black slave of the "Arabian Nights" unobscured the hidden treasures on the tray, and lo! there were discovered—not piles of glittering sequins, and emeralds, and rubies, as I had expected, but a few bunches of yellow plantains, some green oranges, a handful of limes, half a dozen pine-apples, and a homely looking cake frosted with sugar. These were the universal New Year offerings amongst that simple community given as tokens of good fellowship and neighbourly feeling, and, as such, well one I and cheerfully responded to. Little capricious glances of cordials, or schiedmarr, were handed round amongst all, and rich or poor, good wishes were exchanged, a few jests were cracked, inquiries were made for the grandmother who was too infirm to join the party, and away went the neighbours with another slave and another heap of hidden gifts, to the next acquaintance. These presents are not offered among equals, the most humble menial scrapes a few *challies* together for the occasion, and lays at his master's feet in oblation of fruits and flowers. A very "grass cutter," the miserable hanger on of stables, contrives, somehow, to get a few pines and plantains on a blue and white dish, and, poverty stricken though he be, pours out her simple gifts before her master with gentle dignity.

Group after group went through the town. Gay parties continued to amuse themselves in many a dusty verandah. Scores of meek-whims sent forth encircling clouds of fragrant white smoke, while many a dreamy Dutchman nodded in his high-backed, richly carved chair of ebony. The hour of vespers approached. There were heard dozens of little tinkling bells, and forth came scores of damsels clad in pure white. Again the dusty streets were busy and alive, and many of the good Catholic verandahs lost their chief charm.

Straying onward from this bustling neighbourhood, I reached the outskirts of the town, where are to be seen some of the prettiest and

most retired of the burghers' dwellings. These are mostly fine old mansions of red brick, with solid, grim-looking gable-ends frowning down upon the old rusty gates, and the great round well by the forest of platanus trees. I found myself standing before one of these, in a sweet green lawn lined with lofty palms, spreading gorkhas and huge India-rubber trees. The heavy wall in front hid the sturdy mansion from my view, but, the gates being open I obtained a peep of the Oriental paradise within. Rare old fruit-trees on the grass-plot were well laden with clustering many-coloured fruit. They must have been in bearing when the Englishman in the easy chair and the pink cotton trousers and black skull cap was a new child. How cool the place looked amidst all that dense green foliage! One might almost have caught a cold in the head by merely looking in at the gate. The sun evidently never troubled the little children playing in the grass under the thick clusters of mango, sour-boys and plantains, except perhaps for a few minutes at noon. What a jolly old house it was to be sure, with verandahs as large as the Burlington Arcade in London and such windows! They looked like many roofs of hot-houses let always into the walls, and, as to the doors on might have fancied from their size that the family were in the habit of keeping their carriage in the back parlour or sitting out the dinner-table in the doorway, there would have been abundance of room in either case and a little to spare too!

There were great beds of flowers on each side of the large grass-plot and cranberry-trees and the passers-by peeping in far enough as I did might have caught a glimpse of one or two pairs of small pretty feet and faces to match hidden away comely among the roses and oleanders. Well, those are nice quiet enjoyable places and much better than the hot dusty dignified rabbit-hutches of the English on the other side of the fort!

I passed on as my fancy led me until I came to another stout Dutch residence, which pleased me though not so much as the other one had done. It was altogether another description of house though doubtless pleasant enough in its way. It stood close upon the road, with all the garden behind it so that one saw nothing but red bricks and little Dutch tiles. There was no peeping in, there through any open gates, no catching the daughters quickly among the flowers.

The owner of the house chanced to be enjoying his evening pipe in the capacious doorway, and, seeing me surveying the premises, he at once rose from his quiet seat and bade me welcome. When he learnt my desire to examine his mansion, he gladly conducted me through the great rooms to the garden. The principal room or hall was of enormous magnitude. I believe you might have driven a stage-coach, with very frisky leaders, round

the dinner-table without fear of touching the army of chairs ranged along the walls. I could almost fancy the builder had made a mistake, and roofed in a good part of the road. I looked up, and thought I should never get a sight of the roofing, and wondered whether the sparrows building their nests so high there ever felt giddy and fell down upon the dinner-table. The other rooms were smaller, but all spacious enough, and well filled with ebony and calamander furniture. On the whole, the mansion was elegant and refined. There was a degree of polish about the windows and a sort of rakishness in the couch covers and ottoman drapery which struck me, while the very screen in the doorway had a jaunty air which there was no resisting.

Right and left from the large house, extended backward two ranges of sleeping quarters and stores with long stone terraces filled with flowering shrubs in gigantic pots. At the farther end were rows of huge suspiciously shaped jars looking as though they belonged to Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. At the termination of this pottery, were wide flights of steps leading to a neatly laid-out garden full of the richest flowers and great shrubs and most tempting fruit-trees the eye ever saw or fancy pictured. There was a small fountain in the midst with a seat by the side and round it lay scattered children's toys.

On the whole this was a pretty place but not so natural and home-like as the other, besides the stiff terrace and the jars of the Forty Thieves rather marred its beauty.

Such houses are mostly the dwelling places of old Dutch families the heads of which may be lawyers or deputy registrars or chief clerks in a government office and are none the worse for that. But, when I mention Dutchmen, by the bye do not let any one for a moment picture to himself the burly bright-visaged, many-breasted gentry of friend Knickerbocker—that race has died out long since, with the tropics. Nankeen trousers a white jacket and waistcoat—all fitting pretty closely on a rather slim built figure—with a modern London beaver make up the externals of the Dutch burghers of the East.

Determined to see all that related to the day among the burghers I had accepted an invitation from a Dutchman, a worthy book-keeper grown grey in the service of one of the leading merchants to join an evening party at his house. I arrived there between eight and nine o'clock and found old Samuel Kugger at the door anxiously awaiting me. I was at once introduced to Mrs. Kugger a portly dame, whom I found seated in solemn silence, on a huge ottoman, at one end of the long room. In vain I uttered innumerable speeches, full of compliment, equally useless were my inquiries after her family. The lady, I found, understood not one word of English, and this is the case with most of the female members of these families.

The room we were assembled in, was one of the huge warehouse-looking places I have already described. There were acres of glass in the walls. You could see all that was going on in the supper room, everything in the garden, and not a little in the bed rooms. In front of these fields of windows, were long rows of seats neatly all occupied by Dutch and Portuguese ladies of every age. They presented a strange contrast to the merry parties I had beheld in the day time. All the fun and jollity were gone. It was not etiquette to laugh or to speak aloud before the dancing began, and so all sat stiff and silent, like so many mummies. Had our assembling been for a funeral, or for reading a will, the solemnity of the company could scarcely have been greater. It was painful. Our host, however, possessed good humour enough for half the party, he was all smiles, from the heel of his shoe to the tips of his grey hair. More than once, I caught him rushing out into the garden to have a laugh all to himself. The wife was quite another sort of person: happy enough, no doubt, if she could but have felt quite sure about the supper; but I could see the creases of fifty years of mulligatawny written on her brow. Half a century of obstinate *ajappa* had cooks, and impatient *ayahs*, to say nothing of two generations of hoopings, coughs, small pox, and measles, is surely trial enough for any ordinary woman. It had had its effects upon Mrs. Kupper.

The young men grouped themselves about as we did soldiers on parade ground, and were forming into squares, a few into single line, others again, were lining off in columns. A few of the knowing shots were thrown out in advance as sharpshooters, and made it clear on the final forces entrenched on the sofas and ottomans, but without any visible effect.

The monotony of this curious scene was at length broken by the entrance of a swarm of fierce looking domestics, swathed and turbaned in rich profusion bearing before them little square stands—a sort of card tables in reduced circumstances—which they placed with all due solemnity before the dumb ladies on the sofas.

Other gay looking servants followed, with—What would the reader imagine? Nectar or sherbet? No, with huge tureens of reeking hot soup! The gentlemen proceeded to pour out libations of mulligatawny into divers soup-plates on the little card tables. It was curious to see how animated the ladies became, and how very kindly they took to the smoking beverage, evidently as hot as capucins and a good fire could make it. I could but wonder of what material their tarotars were constructed, and, when I perceived that the soup was followed by hecatombs of cake and goblets of hot-spiced wine, I felt as if on fire. The thermometer in the large open verandah outside, stood at somewhere about ninety degrees, yet these scalding potatoes were swal-

lowed as though freezing from an ice house. The honest, warm hearted burghers, feeling, no doubt, the soothing influence of the feast, prepared to add to their enjoyments by a dance.

The squeaking notes of an old violin, accompanied by a brace of tom-toms, diffused activity into the hitherto dull assembly. The dance was led off by—I perceive freely as I think of it—the hostess and myself. It was none of your leapy, walking dances, such as may be met with in English society, but a regular hard working quadrille, such a one as you might fancy Laplanders would enjoy during one of their severe winters. I need not relate my sufferings during that time of trial. Suffice it to say that when I staggered out into the cool shubbery, I found myself in a condition which I could scarcely have been worse if I had spent a morning with the Fire-king, in one of his favourite ovens.

Dancing was followed by some very indifferent native dances, performed on the lawn behind the house, of which dancing gals, snakes and a concert of tom-toms, formed a portion, much to the enjoyment of the guests who seemed not difficult to please. And what a good thing that is!

I felt no inclination for more dancing or to partake of the enormous supper which I perceived to be in course of preparation, and, accordingly, felt unperceived, flung myself into my palanquin carriage, and bade the driver go home. The night was then magnificent. A bright and lovely moon flung many a new charm among the gorgeous foliage that waved and lightly landed in the cool sea-breeze. The vast Indian Ocean broke peacefully in phosphorescent curling waves along a pebbly shore. The air was soft and still, broken only by fitful echoes from some merry mocking party in the distance.

My drive to home by the sea shore and, as I lay gazing out upon the far ocean, I noticed a little black shadow on the horizon, like a ship, or like the shadow of some monstrous winged thing. I was tired of looking, and sleepy withal, so, I lay back and dozed. I looked out again, and started to find how dark it had become. The horse-keeper, too, was urging the animal to its utmost speed. The little black speck on the horizon had swollen to a mighty, hideous mass of thunder-cloud. Already half the heavens were shrouded in pitchy dullness. I opened my carriage windows and looked out. The storm was coming up with giant strides, some distance out at sea, a wall of smoking, hissing, bubbling rain joined the clouds and waters, and shut out all beyond. I could hear that mighty cataract of tempest fall with a roaring sound, nearer and nearer. Before me, all was dark and stormy behind, the many groves of waving palms still slept in moonlit beauty. The distant hills were clear and bold, and seemed so near as though my voice could reach them.

It was in vain my horse was urged onward.

the storm was swifter than any living thing. The great black smoking wall came hissing on, and, from its darkened crest, loud peals of thunder burst. I have been in many a storm in my day, but this was the most magnificent I ever saw. To go onward became absolutely impossible, so fierce was the tempest. The driver, therefore, turned the horse's head away from the sea, and patiently sat it out. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air. It seemed as though all the powder magazines in the world were being blown up. First there was a cracking and splitting, as of gigantic sheets of metal torn asunder, then a heavy rumbling like ten thousand loaded wagons being galled across an iron bridge. The air was no longer darkened, every foot of atmosphere seemed alive with lightning life. By the glare, I could see some of the noble palms—it felt seventy feet high—bending to the gale like willow wands, and literally sweeping the ground with their feathery leaves. More than one upon that terrible night, was shivered into splinters by the lightning, and many a stubborn one that would not bend lay crushed and helpless on its sandy grave.

The howling of the wind, the thunder peals, the heavy pattering of the hurricane drops, had well nigh stunned me. In nature, however, as with man, the fiercest outbreaks are the soonest quelled. In half an hour the moon shone out again in unobscured beauty. The air was calm and hush, and the parched earth and herbs grateful for so long a copious draught, sent many a fragrant bill to the breeze, to tell their thanks.

mile, but as only one or two hackney proprietors have combined for that object, it has had no success. Not only must the fares be reduced, but the vehicles must be improved. It would be advisable if carriages, similar to the Munich droschys, were started for the accommodation of the public, at even a higher tariff than that applicable to ordinary cabs.

On this point we fully concur with a writer in the "Daily News," who says, "We would recommend that at least two classes of fares should be established. At present one pays as much for a ride in a dilapidated night cab, as for dashing along in the best appointed Hansom. It may happen that a lady, daintily dressed for a ball, is put into a vehicle whose last occupant was an adipose butcher from Newgate Market, or a broker with an unsound feather bed. Superior carriages must be set up in imitation of the *coitures en sens* of Paris at a higher or even a shilling per mile.

The same writer also recommends that, to prevent disputes, an official list of distances should be compiled and stuck up in each vehicle. It is a failure if the Commissioners refuse to construct such a table is no proof that the task is impossible, although it will be both tedious and difficult. A committee composed of Mr. Kelly, of the 'Post Office' Directory, Captain Ince, and Mr. P. Cunningham could construct the list without, which would be satisfactory to all."

MY FIRST PLACE.

My father died before I can remember anything. My mother had a third lot, and it was all that she could do to keep herself and me. We lived in Birmingham in a house where there were many other lodgers. We had only one room of our own, and when my mother went out to work, she locked the door and left me there by myself. Those were dreary days. When it was summer, and the bright sunshine in at the window, I thought of the green fields that I used to see sometimes on Sundays and I longed to be sitting under a shady tree, watching the little lambs, and all young things that could play about. When it was winter, I used to sit looking at the empty grate, and wishing to see the bright blaze which never came. When mother went away in the winter mornings, she told me to run about to warm myself, and, when I was tired and began to feel cold, to get into the blankets on the bed. Many long and wearisome hours I passed in those blankets, listening and listening to every step upon the stairs, expecting to hear mother's step. At times I felt very lonely, and fancied, as it began to grow darker and darker, that I could see large strange shapes rising before me, and, though I might know that it

CABS.

SIRIUS CABLEFORM.

A LITTLE common sense on which * has travelled to us lately from Munich. A lady gives us a description of a new hackney coach which has been recently set up in that city—"The new droschy," she says, "is a beautiful little carriage which holds two persons, and has altogether a very elegant appearance. You pay, for two persons twelve *Kreutzers*, or fourpence per hour. There is a printed tariff fastened up in each vehicle, and, the drivers are so civil, that it is quite a pleasure to pay them. They give you change so naturally, that I cannot get over my astonishment. I only wish our cabmen were ever likely to become such respectable individuals. There are various rules attached to the tariff. One is, that each droschy, after dark, must have a couple of lamps for the use of which the passenger must pay two *Kreutzers* (hardly more than a halfpenny) per quarter of an hour. After midnight the fare is doubled."

A feeble attempt has lately been made in London to reduce cab-fares to sixpence per

was only my bonnet that I looked at, or a gown of mother's hanging up behind the door, or something at the top of the old cupboard, the things seemed to grow larger and larger, and I looked and looked till I became so frightened, that I covered my head with the blanket and went on listening for mother's return. What a joyful sound to me was the sound of the key put into the door lock! It gave me courage in an instant: then I would throw away the blanket, and, raising my head with a feeling of defiance, would look round for the things that had frightened me, as if to say, "I don't care for you now." Mother would light the fire, bring something from the basket, and cook our supper. She would then sit and talk to me, and I felt so happy that I soon forgot all that had gone before.

Mother could not always get work. I was glad then, for those days were the Sundays of my life,—she was at home all day, and although we often had nothing to eat but bread and potatoes she had her tea, and the potatoes always tasted to me at those times better than they did on other days. Mother was not a scholar, so she could not teach me much in that way, but she taught me how to keep our room clean and free from dust. I did not know much of other children, but I had a little cousin about my own age who came sometimes on Sundays with my aunt, and sometimes we went to see them.

At last mother was taken ill—so very ill that she could not go out to work, and as I could not do for her all that was wanted to be done, my aunt came to be with us. Mother became worse and worse, and the doctor said he did not think she would ever get better. I heard him say this to aunt, and he said it in such a way as if he thought I could not feel, and I do think there are some people who think that children cannot feel, but I *did* feel it very much. Aunt used to sit up at nights. I had a little bed made in a corner of the room on the floor. One night after I had cried myself to sleep, I started up from a bad dream about dear mother. At first I could not remember where I was, not being used to my strange bed, but, when I did remember, I saw that the rush light was just burning out. All was very quiet. The quietness frightened me. The light flared for an instant, and then it was gone, but it showed me my aunt lying on the floor with her head leaning on the bed, she was fast asleep. I thought mother was asleep too, and I did not dare to speak. Softly creeping out of bed, I groped my way as well as I could to mother's side. I listened, but I heard no sound, I got nearer to her, I could not hear her breathe, I put out my hand to feel her face, the face was clammy and almost cold. "Mother! dear mother!" I cried. The cry awoke my aunt, she got a light. Mother was dead.

I cannot remember what happened for a long time afterwards, for I was very ill, and was taken to my aunt's house. I was very miserable when I got better again. I felt quite alone in the world, for though aunt was kind, her kindness was not like mother's kindness. Whenever I could get to be by myself, I used to think of poor mother, and often in the long long nights I would lie awake thinking about her, fancying that she was near, saying things to comfort me. Poor mother!

Time passed on, and by degrees I began to feel happier, for through the interest of a kind lady—Mrs Jones—I was got into a school, where I was kept entirely, and taught not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and to do needle work, but was also taught how to do every branch of household work, so as to qualify me to be a servant. At the age of sixteen, suitable places were provided for the girls.

I pass over my school days. They were very happy ones, but, when I was selected to be the servant of a lady in London, I was very miserable at parting from everybody that I knew in the world, and at going among strangers who would not love me one bit.

It rained heavily on the day I left, and everything to be seen out of the window of the railway train looked dismal and dripping. When I got to the station, in London, I went into the waiting room. I waited a long time, one after another went away, till at last I was left alone to watch the pouring rain as it fell faster and faster. I was beginning to feel very dismal indeed when a smartly dressed young woman came into the waiting room. At first I thought she was a lady, she came towards me. Are you the young person from Birmingham? she said. I was up in a moment saying, "Yes, ma'am," curtseying as I spoke. But the minute afterwards I was sorry that I had curtseyed, for I was sure she was not my mistress.

We were soon in the cab. "Well," said my companion, who I soon knew to be Maria Wile, the housemaid, "and so you took me to be your mistress, did you?" and she laughed in a disagreeable way, "I shan't forget your humble curtsy, and I'll try to keep you up to it." The house at which we stopped was a pretty stone house, standing at a little distance from the road, surrounded by a nice garden. I was glad it was in the country, for the sight of trees and green fields always called to mind those happy Sundays when dear mother was alive. But the country looked very gloomy just then, everything seemed as dull as I was.

I was chilly and shivering, and glad to creep to the fire, no one was in the kitchen. The kettle was boiling it sounded cheerily, like the voice of friends I had often heard. The tea-things were set ready, and everything around looked comfortable. By-and-bye in

came Maria and another servant,—the cook. She was so smart! I looked at her timidly. "Well!" she said, "now for your curtsy." I knew at once that Maria had been telling her about my mistake. I looked grave, and felt very uncomfortable, but I did not curtsy. "Come, come," said she, "I'll excuse you to-night, you shall have some tea to cheer you up, but don't look so down-hearted, girl, this'll never do, you must pluck up."

Then we sat down. She asked me a great many questions, all about the place I had come from, the relations that I had, everything about the school, what I had done there, till at last I was quite tired of answering. Then I asked some questions in my turn.

The family consisted of a master and mistress, three children (all young) and four servants. My business, I heard, was the care of the second drawing-room, to help the nurse till two o'clock, and after that time to help the cook. I wished that it had fallen to my chance to have had a place more decidedly a *one place* than this seemed to be, but I did not dare to say a word. I was very much tired, and the cook told me that I might go to bed, for mistress (who was out) would not return till too late to speak to me that night. Very glad I was to go. I was to sleep in the room with the cook and house-maid, but had a small bed to myself. Tired as I was, I could not sleep. When they came into the room, they believed me to be asleep, and they went on talking for a long time. I wished not to hear what they said, for though I could not understand half of it, I was sure that what they talked about was very wrong. With such companions I felt that I could never be happy. I longed in the morning that I might write it once to the master of my school and tell her so.

But what would the nation say? I knew well that she would chide me for in the very best advice she gave me she said that I must expect when I went into the world, to meet with evil speakers and with evil doers, and that it must be my constant care to keep myself unspotted from bad example. I thought of this over and over again, and determined that whatever might happen I would try to do right. Besides, I had not seen the nurse yet, she might be a person that I could like, and in this hope I went to sleep.

When I awoke, the bright sunlight was shining in through the window, I was alone in the room, and I was sure that it was very late. I was dressing hurriedly when the door softly opened. It was Maria Wild. "How soundly you have slept!" she said, "I had not the heart to awake you, but you must make haste now, for mistress is down, and has asked for you, and we have finished breakfast." I was not long in following her. The cook had kept some tea warm for me; her manner seemed kinder, and I wished that I could forget what had passed. By-and-bye the parlour bell rang.

It was for me, and, with a beating heart, I prepared to go into the presence of my first mistress.

What a pretty, sweet, gentle lady! and so very young that I could scarcely believe she could be my mistress. She spoke to me most gently, hoped I should prove a good girl, and, without entering into the nature of my duties, merely said that the cook and the nurse would put me in the right way. Dear lady! she was like many other ladies who marry as soon as they leave school, and who, without knowing anything at all about the management of a house, rush into housekeeping.

I wish I could have had all my instructions from my mistress. As it was, I had three distinct mistresses, my real one knowing less about what I did, than either of the others. I was often very much tempted to peep into the beautiful books which were lying about the drawing-room. I had the care of. As I dusted them with my brush, once or twice I could not resist, and one morning I opened the prettiest in which there were such beautiful engravings that I turned them all over till I came to the end. One engraving seemed so very interesting that I could not resist reading a little of the story which told about it. I was standing with the book in one hand, the dusting brush in the other, forgetting everything else when I was startled by the sound of my own name. I turned round and saw my mistress. "Fanny!" repeated my mistress, this is very wrong, I do not allow this. I could not speak, but I felt myself turn very red, and I put the book hastily on the table. I did not try to make any excuse for what I had done. I was touched by the gentleness with which my mistress had reproved me.

Several weeks passed. I was very miserable, but I struggled hard to bear all as well as I could. I was sure that both the nurse and the cook gave me a great many things to do that they ought to have done themselves, so that I had very little rest, and was very tired when night came. I was certain that I was a restraint on what they had to say to each other, they were by no means sure of me, and, when I entered the kitchen unexpectedly, I knew by their altered tone and manners that they spoke of something different to what they had been speaking about before. I saw many signs pass between them, which they did not think I saw. Sometimes I knew they were trying to see how far they might trust me, and I had a strong wish that they would find out they never would be able to trust me.

One day I was cleaning the children's shoes in a little out-house near the kitchen, when my mistress came down to give orders for dinner. The cook did not know I was there. Most of what was said I could hear very distinctly, for the kitchen-door was open. "Oh! indeed, ma'am," said the cook, "these young girls eat a great deal; you'd be astonished to

see how she makes away with the puddings"—"Change of air has given her an appetite, I suppose," said my mistress—"Yes, indeed, ma'am; but if it was an appetite in moderation, I should say nothing about it; but to see her eat in the way she does—why, ma'am, yesterday, besides the pudding left from the nursery, I had made another for our dinner, and though Mary and I took only the least morsel, there was not a bit left"—"Indeed!" said my mistress, and left the kitchen.

It was hard work for me to keep quiet. Twice I went towards the kitchen-door. I felt myself burn all over with anger, but I was struck dumb by the falsehoods I had heard. There had been no pudding for dinner the day before, and having had a headache, I had eaten no meat, nor could I have been tempted even by the savoury-looking veal cutlets that the cook had prepared for herself and Mary. For some time after my mistress had left the kitchen I remained quite still, indeed, I was scarcely able to move, then I made a rush towards the kitchen-door, intending to upbraid the cook with her wickedness, but again I checked myself. I waited till I could leave the out-house and pass up the back stairs without being seen, then I went into the room where I slept, threw myself upon my little bed, and cried bitterly.

I was roused by the nurse, who had been seeking the children's shoes to take the children out to walk. I washed my eyes, and went out with them. The baby was a nice chubby little thing, about seven months old, but he was what the nurse called "lumpish, and had no spring," so that he was very heavy to carry. When we went out to walk, the nurse always carried only till we got out of sight of the house, then she gave him to me, and when we returned she always took him again at the same place. After taking one turn on the heath "promenadi," we went down by the sand pits, and walking on till we came to a retired place, the nurse seated herself near a heathy bush, and took a book. My arms ached so very much that I should have been glad to sit down too, but she told me to go on, the other children following me. After I had walked some distance, baby awoke, and began to cry. I could not comfort him. The more I tried, the louder he screamed, and the two little children, frightened at his screams, began to cry too. I turned to go back, but we had gone further than I thought, and the road being irregular, we had picked our way round many tall bushes of heather, all looking so much alike—that I did not know which way to take. In great trouble what to do, and scarcely being able to hold the baby any longer, I shouted "Nurse! nurse!" as loud as I could shout, but so great was the noise made by the screaming of the children, that my voice could not be heard. Presently, however, to my great relief, the nurse suddenly appeared from behind the bush, near which we were sitting.

What a face of rage she had! "How dare you," she said, "how dare you go so far?" Then snatching the child from my arms, she would not hear a word, but as soon as she had made him and the rest of the children quiet, she went on abusing me very much indeed.

We were still some way from home when the church clock chimed a quarter to two. Suddenly the nurse stopped, put her hand into her pocket, and looked very much frightened. "I've left the book," she said, "left it on the bunk, run—run directly—make haste—don't lose a moment, or it may be gone!"—I stood still, for I felt angry at having been scolded so undeservingly. "Go! go this instant!" I was too late, the book was gone! I scarcely dared to go back. "Not find it!" said the nurse, when I came up to her, "it must be there, you've done this on purpose." When we had reached home, she flung the baby hurriedly into my arms. "I'll go myself," she said.

The book I had seen her take out of her pocket, looked very much like one placed on a side table in the room of which I had charge, and so great was my curiosity to know if it really were the same, that I could not resist going down to see; so putting the baby (who had begun to cry again) upon the bed, and telling the little ones to sit still for a minute, down I went. The book was not on the table. I was sure that I had dusted and placed it there that very morning, and I now felt certain that that book was the lost one. The nurse returned, but without the book. She seemed very much hurried, and was very cross. She could not have been more so if the book had been lost by any fault of mine. She asked me if I knew the name of it. I told her that I did not, taking care not to mention my suspicion—may, my certainty—that it was the very book I had dusted and placed on the table that morning. The next day a great change seemed to have come over both the nurse and the cook, their manner was much kinder than ever it had been before. Neither of them said a cross word, yet I was almost certain that the nurse had been telling the cook that I had overheard what she had said to my mistress. The cause of this change puzzled me at first, but I soon suspected that they each wanted to coax me, the one to say nothing about "the large appetite," the other about the lost book.

Since the loss of the book, every time the bell had rung, my heart leaped as though it would burst through my body, and I looked anxiously at Mary Wild when she came into the kitchen again, but nothing came of all this. One day, Mary, having a bad fit of toothache, I had to wait at table. That very afternoon mistress sent to speak to me, she was sitting in the inner drawing-room. Strange to say, that much as I had thought about the book, at that very moment I had forgotten all about it, and almost

started when mistress said, "Fanny, I want to know if you have misplaced a book that was on that table—it is nearly a week since I missed it, but not daring to want it till now, I forgot to make inquiry about it." I turned very red. I could not speak. My mistress looked questioningly into my face. "Do you know where it is, Fanny?"—"No—yes—no—indeed I am, no—"—"Fanny, Fanny! I am sure you are not speaking the truth, there is something wrong—you do know something about it." And she looked fixedly on my face. I became redder still, but did not answer. "Where is it? what is become of it?"—"Indeed, I have had no thing to do with the loss of that book—"—"To do with the loss?" Then you allow that you do know that it is lost? How can you know this without having something to do with it?"—"Oh! pray, ma'am, pray, pray ask the nurse—"The nurse! what can she possibly have to do with the loss of that book?" Again I was silent. The bell was rung, and the nurse cried to come down. A glance at her face told me that she knew what was going on. "Nurse said my mistress, 'Fanny asks me to go to you to account for the loss of a book which has been missing for some days out of this room. Do you know anything about it?'"—"I, ma'am!" said the nurse, pretending to be very much surprised. Yet I can't say that I know nothing about a book that is in this room." Then turning to me—"Did you not put it back again? you know very well that I threatened to tell mistress about it, and I am very sorry, now, that I did not tell her."

The only word I could say was, "Nurse!" "I am sure, ma'am," said the nurse, "I should have been very sorry to say anything against her—and if you had not found her out, I should not have told about it." She is but young ma'am, and may improve—but indeed, ma'am, never in my life did I see a young girl tell a lie with such a face of innocence. I was bursting with shame and vexation. "May I speak, ma'am? Oh! pray hear me—it was not I; it was she who lost the book. Do let me speak, ma'am, pray let me tell you—"—"No, you shall have no inducement to tell more falsehoods. I fear I shall be obliged to send you home again; I cannot have any one with my children who tells untruths." And she pointed to the nurse to open the door for me. As she was doing so, nurse said, "She told me, ma'am, how you had caught her reading one morning, when—" Here she shut me out and herself in.

If I had had money enough to take me to Birmingham, I believe I should not have stayed in the house an hour longer; but, how often have I been thankful that I had not, for, if I had gone away then, nothing could ever have cleared me in the eyes of my mistress, and I should have been disgraced for ever.

Though I had been five months in my place, I had written but two letters, one to my aunt, the other to the matron. I was never allowed a light to take up stairs, so that I had no opportunity of writing there. It was late when the servants came to bed that night, and, after having cried a great deal, I was just dropping to sleep when they came into the room. I did not sleep long. When I awoke, there was darkness in the room again, and the servants were snoring. Then all at once the thought came into my head that I would get up and write a letter to my aunt. I slipped on a few things. It was too dark for me to be able to see anything in the room, and I did not know where the candle had been put. Very much disappointed I was preparing to get into bed again, when I remembered the lamp standing on the centre table in the inner drawing room, that room of which I had the charge. I opened the door softly, and found my way into the drawing room. I flamed up a match, which gave light enough for me to find the lamp; then I flamed up another, and lighted it. The lamp gave but a dull light, all in the house was so quiet and everything looked so dusky, that I was frightened, and went on trembling more than before. There was paper in the case before me, and there were pens in the ink-stand; but I never thought of using those. My own paper and pens were under the tray of my work box, and that was in the kitchen. The lamp was not too large to be easily carried, so taking it up with care I went into the kitchen. The two cats on the hearth roused up when I opened the door. One rushed out and began to mew loudly. How frightened I was! I waited, hoping the cats might settle again, but they began mewling louder than ever looking up to my face, and then rubbing themselves against the meat screen. I was sure that they smelt something that they wanted me to give them, so I went towards the meat screen to see what it was. There I saw a hand-basket, and something wrapped up in a cloth. Pushing the meat screen cautiously aside, I lifted the basket out. Within I found a medley of things that it would have puzzled wiser heads than mine to know how they could come together. There was a thick slice of uncooked veal, two sausages, a slice of raw salmon, some green peas, and seven new potatoes, half a pot of raspberry jam, a nutmeg, and half a cucumber. I did not dare to untie the bundle—which was folded up very carefully—but I could feel bits of candles, and a basin among the oddments it seemed to contain. I put the basket quickly down again. The cats had been mewling about me all this time. At length I contrived to escape. I had reached the drawing-room, placed the lamp on the table, when I saw the two bits of burnt matches which I had forgotten to pick up, and which might have left traces of my wanderings. There was another bit somewhere. In my gladness to

have remembered this, I moved the lamp quickly, and in carrying it towards the floor, I knocked the glass against the edge of the table; it fell to shivers, and the light was extinguished. What was to be done? Nothing: there was nothing to be done but to leave things just as they were, and to creep into bed again.

In the morning I hurried down, fearful lest any of the servants should chance to go into the drawing-room before I had picked up the broken glass. I opened the shutters, and soon found that the shattered glass was not all the injury that had been done. There was lamp-oil on the beautiful carpet! There seemed no end to my troubles.

"Broken the lamp-glass!" said the cook, as I passed through the kitchen with the broken bits of glass; "what ever will you do?"—"I can do nothing but tell mistress."—"Then I'll tell you what to do; take my advice, and deny it."—"Deny what?"—"Why, that you've broken the lamp-glass."—"What! tell my mistress a lie? how can you give me such wicked advice?"—"Well; it's no business of mine," said the Cook; "if you won't tell her a lie, I'll tell her the truth." I determined, however, to speak first. I could not go about my usual work till I had spoken to my mistress; and yet, when I heard the dining-room door open, and knew that she would be coming up, I ran out of the room, and went up stairs; my courage failed me, and I hardly dared to go down again. From the top of the stairs I saw her go into the room, and I saw the cook following her. I expected every moment to be called. Soon the door opened, and the cook came out. I heard her say, distinctly, "Indeed, ma'am, I'm afraid she'll turn out badly; but I've done what I can to make her confess." At the sound of the opening of the door, with a sudden determination, I had rushed down stairs, and was within a few steps of the room as the cook came out. On seeing me, she shut the door quickly, and turned quite red; then, speaking in a voice on purpose for my mistress to hear, she said, "What! have you been listening?" I made no answer; but went into the room.

There was an expression of displeasure on the face of my mistress as she looked at me. She asked, "How did you break the lamp-glass? Tell me the truth—for though I may pardon the accident, I will not pardon any falsehood about it."

I begged that I might tell her everything, and that I might begin from the day when I came to my place. I did so. I told her all, and very much in the same way that I have just been writing it now. She listened to me with great attention, and at parts of what I told her, I could see her countenance change very much indeed. When I had done, she said, "Fanny, you have told me that which has shocked me very much. I can say nothing further to you till I have spoken to Mr. Mor-

gan; meantime you must be silent, and go on as usual."

Mr. Morgan was at that time from home, and not expected for some days. Meanwhile, Mrs. Morgan had missed several bottles or wine from the cellar. She had a distinct knowledge of three bottles that were not in their places.

The morning after his arrival he did not go to London as usual. He and my mistress were talking together in the study for a long time. I knew well what they were talking about, and so flurried did I feel, that I could hardly get on with my work. At length I met mistress as she was going up stairs. She said she was coming to bid me go into the study; and her manner was so kind that I obeyed her without fear. My master, too, spoke very kindly to me. I found that my mistress had written to tell him what had been passing at home in his absence, and that he, chancing to be at Dudley, which is only a short distance from Birmingham, had gone there to make further inquiry about me; that he had been at the school, had seen the matron, and had also seen my aunt. All that he had heard about me had satisfied him, and convinced him that what I had told my mistress was nothing but the truth. "Is this your handkerchief, Fanny?" said my master, taking up one from a side table. "Yes, sir, it is," I said, unfolding it, "and here is my name marked; it was given to me by a favourite little schoolfellow, and I feared I had lost it."—"Where do you think I found this handkerchief, Fanny?"—"Indeed, sir, I can't tell; but, thank you, sir, for I am so glad it is found."—"I found it in the wine-cellar." I must have looked very much alarmed, for my mistress said kindly,—"Don't look so frightened, Fanny." My master rang the bell. It was answered by Mary Wild. "Stay here," he said; "and, Fanny, go and tell the nurse to come down." When the nurse entered, he rang the bell again. No one came. Indeed, there was no one to come but the cook; and that not being *her* bell, she did not think of answering it. "Shall I tell her, sir?" said Mary Wild, who, as well as the nurse, now beginning to suspect something was wrong, turned very pale. "No!" said my master, angrily, "no one shall leave the room." Just then the door opened, and the cook entered. The plausible smooth face she had put on was gone in an instant, on seeing what was the state of things. After a moment's silence, he began: "This handkerchief," he said, "though marked with Fanny's name, was not put in the wine-cellar by her." He looked sternly at the cook—"Silence!" he said, to the cook, when she tried to speak. He then went on: "If the three bottles of wine stolen out of the cellar are still in the house, they *shall* be found—here is a search warrant, and at the door is a policeman, ready to enforce its execution. There is no escape, and in confession is the best chance of mercy."

Mary Wild looked at the cook. I shall never forget that woman's face at that moment. She seemed choking with feelings that she tried to hide, and uncertain what it would be the best for her to do she went at last towards the door, and suddenly opening it, was rushing out of the room and up stairs. "Stop!" cried my master, following her.—"I must go," she said, I shall. This sudden shock—to think that I—that it should come to this—to be suspected!—And then she screamed, and tried to throw herself into a fit, but the fit would not come. Mr. Morgan said, "You had better be quiet, and submit quietly to what you cannot escape from.—I will," she screamed out, "I have nothing to fear—I am innocent, only let me go up stairs, only let me have a few minutes to— Not an instant," said my master. He then opened the window, and called to the policeman who had been waiting in the garden. The boxes of each of the servants were examined. In the cook's box was found two of the bottles besides many things belonging to my mistress—cambric pocket handkerchiefs, chamber towels, silk stockings, and in another tin box, marked with the names of visitors who had been staying in the house. Folded up in some crumpled bits of paper, and put into the sleeve of an old gown, was a silver fork, that had been lost more than a year ago, and that mistress had supposed to have been stolen by the housemaid who had lived there before Mary Wild came. In the nurse's box were several things that looked very unlikely to be her own, but they did not belong to mistress. In a corner of the nurse's cupboard was the third bottle of wine, that also had been opened. In Mary Wild's box there was nothing to excite suspicion.

When the examination was over, master gave the cook in charge to the policeman. The nurse was told to leave the house within an hour. She would have had much to say, but master would not hear her.

A month's notice was given to Mary Wild. I was glad of it, for though I knew that she had entered into many of the wicked cook's deceptions, there was something about her that made me think she would have been good, if she had not been under such evil influence. All had been so sudden, that I almost fancied it had been a dream. For a few days we went on without other servants, and I thought things had never been so comfortable as they were during this time, but Mary Wild was taken so very ill, that a doctor was sent for. She became worse and worse, and I scarcely ever left her. In her delirium she would talk about things that had passed between the cook and herself, and though she did not know what she was saying, I felt sure that what she said *had been*. A very long time she was ill, then a sudden change took place, and she was out of danger. Poor thing! how quiet, and patient, and sorrowful she was, and how

grateful for everything that was done for her! Mistress was so much touched by the many signs of sorrow Mary had shown, that she allowed her to remain in her place. Though I was so young, only just seventeen, my mistress, knowing that I was fond of the children, trusted them to my care. She engaged another nurse for three months to "put me in the way." At the end of that time she sent to the school for another girl to fill the place which had been mine. Very great was my delight to find that she was the one who had been my most favourite schoolfellow; the very girl who had given me the handkerchief.

The cook was committed for trial, her sentence was six months' imprisonment. What became of the nurse I never knew.

THE GREAT CONVOCATION OF POULTRY

"DEAR ME!" said a lady, journeying by railway towards the capital of cocks and hens, "what a number of fowls they must keep in this small village!" And yet, although I never heard such a crowing, she continued, peering out of the carriage window, "I do not see any of the crows!"

At the next station, another small place, the gallinaceous chorus increased, and a horde of wild chattering, yelling the war-hoop of their tribe, had surrounded the train, with the fierce determination of putting every passenger to the spur.

"What a country for poultry!" broke from a bundle of green coat and scarlet comforter, which was huddled up in a corner of the carriage.

"Pretty well. But the cackling and crowing we hear are from Norfolk and Suffolk birds," remarked a gentleman of strong agricultural aspect. "Why, I've got a miter of sixty of the Cochon-Chinese breed for the Show, beauties!—some of 'em up to twelve or thirteen pound apiece."

A clerical-looking gentleman eagerly inquired, "Indeed! How heavy!"

A dozen pound full weight!"

The clergyman ground, "Then I shall

lose the medal."

The glass roof of Bingley Hall Birmingham, covers an area of an acre and a quarter. The hall is divided into five compartments, the largest being in the centre. To the separate space on the left, the Cochon-China and other cocks (to the number of nine hundred and sixty-six), together with countless heads of poultry from all parts of England, had converged by the day following that on which we arrived by the train. The remainder of the hall was allotted to a show of cattle, sheep, and pigs.

A little before nine, three or four knots of gentlemen, not exactly *being* Birmingham faces, and evidently having something on their minds, knocked at the front entrance.

The door was cautiously set ajar by a determined policeman; the strangers slipped in, and the official instantly bolted the door after them. Despite the policeman's strongest precautions, however, your reporter slipped in with the last member of this secret society; whose secretary, the moment they entered, delivered to each a small purple-covered manuscript, inscribed with the words, "Judges' List." This was filled principally with numbers and dates up and down the pages. Each then drew his pocket-pencil and a loose piece of paper, and all walked, attended by the secretary, to the compartment where a number of large black fowls were ranged in pens, each pen having a neat wire netting in front.

"Now for the Spanish," said the brownest of the judges; "let us make an end of them." This harsh determination was almost literally fulfilled; for the whole party kept walking up and down before the terrified black fowls—sometimes separately, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes altogether—making marks upon paper, looking into their little books, poking the fowls with their pencils, making them start by thumps on the netting, and teasing the poor things to such an extent that the Animals' Friend Society might have asked what they meant by it. After a while, they seemed to make up their minds to some conclusion. Each entered a note or two in his own little book; the secretary took it down in his big book; and they all turned their backs at once on the specimens with which they had just been so completely absorbed.

"Here are the next, gentlemen; we've no time to lose. A thousand and fifty-six lots to pass judgment on." More walking before cases; more "marking off"; more poking with fingers and pencils; more pinching of backs and peering at feathers; more fluttering of birds; constant retiring of judges into small groups, and mysterious whisperings about red, blue, and white ribbons, medals, and "honourable mentions;" the mysterious gentlemen passing from class to class, from pen to pen, from bird to bird, until their eyes were so bleared, and their ears so pierced with the barn-door chromatics of one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one hens, besides countless cocks, that it is only wonderful how they could distinguish ducks from geese, or fowls from feathers. As a diversion, for variety's sake, they now and then called for a man with a weighing-machine, ordered a triumphant cock to be taken from his pen, and to be laid, with his legs tied, in the scale. Huge geese were precipitated into a pillow-case, and suspended from steelyards: select parties, of a drake and three ducks, were huddled without apology into one sack, and, after remaining there a few minutes, as unceremoniously turned out again. All day long these varied sports were continued; at the end of about eleven hours, the judges simultaneously shut

up their little books, and the secretary ran away with his big book, exclaiming, "To press!" The mysterious conclaves then turned to each other, raised their hats, bowed, as if they had accomplished some great feat, and departed.

They were not, however, allowed to depart in peace. Although the evening had far advanced, a crowd of eager inquirers besieged the door of Bingley Hall. These were Exhibitors, whose anxiety would not keep until the next morning. Their chorus was nearly as loud and quite as varied as that of their own poultry.

"Would you be so kind to tell me what Number Nine hundred and ninety-nine, Class X., has got?" The good-natured arbiter turns over the leaves of his book, and is obliged to answer, "Nothing!" "And what Five hundred and one?" "A blank." "Then, Number Eighty two?" "Again a blank." "And, if you please," (in despair) "Number Thousand and four?" "I am sorry to tell you, still blank." The querist nearly takes the skin off the nose of the judge with the sharpness of the tone in which he says "Thank'ee, sir!"

Another catechist comes into play. "May I take the liberty to ask about Number Fifty-seven, (Class D.)?" "First prize, and extra medal." Catechist bolts away instantaneously. A faint cry of "hooray!" is wafted over the heads of the crowd.

Another still succeeds. "Anything for Three hundred, Class V.?" "Blank." "And Number Eleven hundred and twenty?" "Extra third prize. Are you content?" "Ye-es! yes! I think I ought to be content; but still—" Objection drowned in the clamour of a hundred voices, asking twice five hundred questions.

On Tuesday the aspect of affairs was different: no need, then, to tap at a locked door, and slip past the policeman sidewise. Open, Sesame! The feathered recluses visitable on the small payment of half a-crown, this being the "private view," consisting of a select private party of a few thousands.

The mammalia have their attractions; but the tide of the throng decidedly sets in towards the oviparous department. Admiration of various degrees is expressed in every variety of exclamation. "Exquisite!" "Slap-up!" "Wonderful!" "Stunning!" "Be-a-utiful!" But the most intelligible commendation was that in the Report of the "Midland Counties Herald:"—"The game fowls, as heretofore, were in wonderful variety. Every one knows how handsome are the males of these breeds; but the excellent arrangements of the Exhibition Committee permitted a close inspection of the peculiar elegance of the hen-birds. There they stood ranged, in many-tinted plumage, a troop of lovely vixens, petulant and furious, not merely *looking* as if each one would eat up a rival, but in not a few cases actually beginning to do so, to the annoyance of the

attendants, who have to act as poultry police, and keep the Queen's peace among the fowls. One scarcely knew which most to admire in this department, whether the dainty Worcester-shire Piles, the gorgeous Black-breasted Reds, the harmonious Duck-winged Greys, or the swarthy Birchen Greys and Blacks, looking very like imps disguised in half or entire mourning. It needed little imagination to supply the demonic fire to flash from out their eyes and nostrils."

The competing lots of Cochín-China fowls, one hundred and fifty-four in number, were the grand objects of attraction and discussion. The excitement they caused among persons who attend to such things is barely credible. The political convulsions of France, the future of Europe, the downfall or the established empire of Louis Napoleon, were trifling matters, not worth speculating upon—"How much do the best Cochín-Chinas weigh?"—"I will tell you, sir, on authority which you may trust implicitly. There are, you see, two first prizes given for a cock and three hens, running each other neck and neck; but Mr. Andrews's are young birds, not so substantial as they will be. Mr. Sturgeon's pen are more mature, and weigh thus: cock, eleven pound two ounces; hen, nine pound; ditto, eight pound ten ounces; ... eight pound five ounces. He has several cockerels here weighing more than ten pound apiece. I am told they make magnificent capons. Indeed, that gentleman, and Mr. Punched, of Haverhill in Suffolk, seem to be doing for Cochín-China fowls what Bakewell did for the Leicester sheep, and Ellman for the south-downs—make them perfect in their way. The latter gentleman, in the course of 1851, has obtained from thirty-five hens and their progeny something like six thousand eggs! These creatures are adapted to make most prolific colonizers. There are some chickens of the second generation *this season*. They certainly look a little like subjects for the Foundling Hospital in their semi-nudity—a friend of mine knits polka jackets for hers—fact!—but the circumstance is curious, and I could show you even more strange, yet authentic, statements."

A glance at the Catalogue shows the value set upon these treasures. By the rules of the Society, every pen must have a price put upon it. The amount is unlimited; and what is thought a prohibitory valuation can of course be made. But, if the price be offered, the sale must take place. Last year, a gentleman ticketed a cock and hen that he wished should return home, after the Show, five pounds. To his surprise, they were bought. After this, it is not surprising to see lots of choice stock birds estimated at the figures of sixty, or even one hundred pounds. It was believed at Birmingham, that the actual saleable value of the poultry would buy all the cattle, sheep, and pigs in the Show.

On the market-day, Thursday, the popu-

larity of the pursuit was manifest. And it has the advantage of being open to all classes of society. Any one raised above poverty can rear a few fowls; the choicest specimens are not more expensive to keep, than the ugliest mongrels; so the cottager may here enter the lists with the consort of his sovereign, and perhaps carry away the prize. During the four exhibition days, the aristocrat and the plebeian seemed equally delighted with the display, and equally anxious to take the lead another year. Ladies of high degree, ladies of low degree, and ladies of no degree at all, were astonished and pleased. Such a sight they had never seen before.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the intense symptoms which show the *rapid increase* of the poultry-mania. For many years it has been the leisure amusement of the humbler classes in the north and west of England; it now is become a fashionable hobby. Squires and ladies, lords and a prince, send flocks of feathered claimants, with powers of attorney, to get a silver medal, if they can. Perhaps the most aristocratic poultry classes at Birmingham were the geese and the turkeys; in which, however, they were headed by the Reverend John Robinson, and Mr. E. W. Wilmot, respectively. They will try to succeed better another year. Lady Calthorpe sent the best pair of Guinea fowls of the good old-fashioned sort. It follows, that prices hitherto unheard-of are given for choice specimens. Mr. Sturgeon cheerfully paid ten pounds for a white China cock and hen. Two gentlemen from a southern county bought, to share between them, a pen of six chickens for twenty pounds. What will their ladies say to it when they get home? A fancier, of the medical profession, purchased a broken-winged pullet for four pounds, on the chance of curing her.

Poultry associations are starting up suddenly in various and distant parts of the country; no doubt on the principle, "Light your fire at both ends, and the middle will take care of itself." Thus, Penzance shoots out a ray reflected from Birmingham; and, to the spark which (it is whispered) is smouldering at Salisbury, Halifax already responds by a steady blaze; though as *this* is to be a peripatetic school, annually wandering to and fro throughout Yorkshire, envious associations may style it a Will o' the Wisp. We watch the progress of poultry with great curiosity. It almost looks as if the old tulipomania were about to have a modern rival.

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A CURIOUS DANCE ROUND A CURIOUS TREE.

On the 13th day of January, 1750—when the corn that grew near Moorfields was ground on the top of Windmill Hill, "Fensbury;" when Bethlehem Hospital was "a dry walk for lotterers," and a show; when lunatics were chained, naked, in rows of cages that flanked a promenade, and were wondered and jeered at through iron bars by London loungers—Sir Thomas Ladbroke the banker, Bonnel Thornton the wit, and half-a-dozen other gentlemen, met together to found a new asylum for the insane. Towards this object they put down, before separating, one guinea each. In a year from that time the windmill had been given to the winds, and on its ancient site, there stood a hospital for the gratuitous treatment of the insane poor.

With the benevolence which thus originated an additional madhouse, was mixed, as was usual in that age, a curious degree of unconscious cruelty. Coercion for the outward man, and rabid physicking for the inward man, were then the specifics for lunacy. Chains, straw, filthy solitude, darkness, and starvation; jalap, syrup of buckthorn, tartarised antimony, and ipecacuanha administered every spring and fall in fabulous doses to every patient, whether well or ill; spinning in whirligigs, corporal punishment, gagging, "continued intoxication;" nothing was too wildly extravagant, nothing too monstrously cruel to be prescribed by mad-doctors. It was their monomania; and, under their influence, the directors of Lunatic Asylums acted. In other respects these physicians were grave men, of mild dispositions, and—in their ample-flapped, ample-cuffed coats, with a certain gravity and air of state in the skirts; with their large buttons and gold-headed canes, their hair-powder and ruffles—were men of benevolent aspects. Imagine one of them turning back his lace and tightening his wig to supply a maniac who *would* keep his mouth shut, with food or physic. He employed a flat oval ring, with a handle to it. "The head being placed between the knees of the operator, the patient, blinded and properly secured, an opportunity is watched. When he opens his mouth to speak, the instrument is thrust in and allows the food or medicine to be introduced without

difficulty. A sternutatory of any kind" (say a pepper-castor of cayenne, or half an ounce of rappee) "always forces the mouth open, in spite of the patient's determination to keep it shut." "In cases of great fury and violence," says the amiable practitioner from whom I quote, "the patient should be kept in a dark room, confined by one leg, with metallic manacles on the wrist; the skin being less liable to be injured,"—here the Good Doctor becomes especially considerate and mild,—the skin being less liable to be injured by the friction of polished metal than by that of linen or cotton."

These practitioners of old, would seem to have been, without knowing it, early homœopaths; their motto must have been, *Similia similibus curantur*; they believed that the most violent and certain means of driving a man mad, were the only hopeful means of restoring him to reason. The inside of the new hospital, therefore, even when, in 1782, it was removed, under the name of "Saint Luke's," from Windmill Hill to its present site in the Old Street Road, must have appeared, to the least irrational new patient, like a collection of chambers of horrors. What sane person indeed, seeing, on his entrance into any place, gyves and manacles (however highly polished) yawning for his ankles and wrists; swings dangling in the air, to spin him round like an impaled cockchafer; gags and strait-waist-coats ready at a moment's notice to muzzle and bind him; would be likely to retain the perfect command of his senses? Even now, an outside view of Saint Luke's Hospital is gloomy enough; and, when on that cold, misty, cheerless afternoon which followed Christmas Day, I looked up at the high walls, and saw, grimly peering over them, its upper stories and dismal little iron bound windows, I did not ring the porter's bell (albeit I was only a visitor, and free to go, if I would, without ringing it at all) in the most cheerful frame of mind.

How came I, it may be asked, on the day after Christmas Day, of all days in the year, to be hovering outside Saint Luke's, after dark, when I might have betaken myself to that jocund world of Pantomime, where there is no affliction or calamity that leaves the least impression; where a man may tumble into the broken ice, or dive into the kitchen

fire, and only be the drollery for the accident, where babies may be knocked about and sat upon, or choked with gravy spoons, in the process of feeding, and yet no (briber be wanted, nor anybody made uncomfortable, where workmen may fall from the top of a house to the bottom, or even from the bottom of a house to the top, and sustain no injury to the brain need no hospital, leave no young children where every one, in short, is so superior to all the accidents of life, though occurring to them at every turn, that I suspect this to be the secret (though many persons may not present it to themselves) of the general enjoyment which an audience of vulnerable spectators, liable to pain and sorrow, find in this class of entertainment.

Not long before the Christmas Night in question, I had been told of a patient in Saint Luke's, a woman of great strength and energy, who had been driven madly an infuriated ox in the streets—in many instances not in itself worth mentioning, for which the inhabitants of London are frequently indebted to their inextinguishable Corporation. She seized the creature literally by the horns and so as long as limb and life were in peril, vigorously held him, but, the danger over, she lost her senses, and became one of the most ungovernable of the inmates of the asylum. Why was I there to see this poor creature when I might have seen a Pantomime woman goaded to any extent by a Pantomime ox, at any height of ferocity and have gone home to bed with the comforting assurance that she had rather enjoyed it than otherwise?

The reason of my choice was this. I had received a notification that on that night there would be, in Saint Luke's, a Christmas Tree for the Patients. And further, that the "usual fortnightly dancing" would take place before the distribution of the gifts upon the tree. So there I was in the street looking about for a knocker and finding none.

There was a line of hackney cabriolets by the dewy wall, some of the drivers asleep, some, vigilant, some, with their legs not in expressive of 'Boxing', sticking out of the open doors of their vehicles, while their bodies were reposing on the straw within. There were flaming gas lights, oranges, oysters, paper lanterns, butchers and grocers, bakers and public-houses, over the way there were omnibuses rattling by, there were ballad singers, street cries, street passengers, street beggars and street music: there were cheap theatres within call which you would do better to be at some pains to improve, my worthy friends than to shut up—for, if you will not have them with your own consent at their best, you may be sure that you *must* have them, without it, at their worst, there were wretched little chapels too, where the officiating prophets certainly were not unassured with grammar, there were homes, great and small, by the hundred thousand, east, west, north, and south, all the busy

ripple of sane life (or of life, as sane as it ever is) came murmuring on from far away, and broke against the blank walls of the Madhouse, like a sea upon a desert shore.

Abandoning further search for the non-existent knocker, I discovered and rang the bell, and gained admission into Saint Luke's—through a stone courtyard and a hall, adorned with wreaths of holly and like reasonable furniture. I felt disposed to wonder how it looked to patients when they were first received, and whether they distorted it to their own wild fancies, or left it a matter of fact. But, as there was time for a walk through the building before the festivities began I discarded idle speculation and followed my leader.

Into a long, long gallery on one side a few windows, on the other, a great many doors leading to sleeping cells. Dead silence—not utter solitude, for, outside the iron cage enclosing the fire place between two of the windows stood a motionless woman. The fire cast a red glare upon the walls upon the ceiling, and up in the floor polished by the daily friction of many feet. At the end of the gallery, the common sitting room. Seated on benches around another caged fire place, several women all silent, except one. She, sewing a mad sort of seam, and scolding some imaginary person (inactivity is a symptom of nearly every kind of mania unless under pressure of excitement. Although the whole lives of some patients are passed together in the same apartment, they are passed in solitude: there is no solitude more complete.) Forms and tables, the only furniture. Nothing in the rooms to remind their inmates of the world outside. No domestic articles to occupy its interest, or to entice the mind away from its malady. Utter vacancy. Except the scolding woman sewing a purposeless seam every patient in the room either silently looking at the fire, or silently looking on the ground—or rather through the ground, and at Heaven knows what beyond.

It was a relief to come to a work room, with coloured prints over the mantel shelf and china shepherdesses upon it furnished also with tables, a carpet, stuffed chairs, and an open fire. I observed a great difference between the demeanour of the occupants of this apartment and that of the inmates of the other room. They were neither so listless nor so sad. Although they did not, while I was present, speak much, they worked with earnestness and diligence. A few noticed my going away, and returned my parting salutation. In a niche—not in a room—but at one end of a cheerless gallery—stood a pianoforte, with a few ragged music leaves upon the desk. Of course, the music was turned upside down.

Several such galleries on the "female side," all exactly alike. One, set apart for "boarders" who are incurable, and, towards whose maintenance their friends are required

to pay a small weekly sum. The experience of this asylum did not differ, I found, from that of similar establishments, in proving that insanity is more prevalent among women than among men. Of the eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine inmates, Saint Luke's Hospital has received in the century of its existence, eleven thousand one hundred and sixty-two have been women, and seven thousand five hundred and eighty-seven, men. Female servants are, as is well known, more frequently afflicted with lunacy than any other class of persons. The table, published in the Directors' Report, of the condition in life of the one hundred and seven female inmates admitted in 1850, sets forth that while, under the vague description of "wife of labourer" there were only nine admissions, and under the equally indefinite term "housekeeper," no more than six; there were of women servants, twenty-four.

I passed into one of the galleries on the male side. Three men, engaged at a game of bagatelle; another patient kneeling against the wall apparently in deep prayer; two, walking rapidly up and down the long gallery arm-in-arm, but, as usual, without speaking together; a handsome young man deriving intense gratification from the motion of his fingers as he played with them in the air; two men standing like pillars before the fire-grate; one man, with a newspaper under his arm, walking with great rapidity from one end of the corridor to the other, as if engaged in some important mission which admitted of not a moment's delay. The only furniture in the common sitting-room not peculiar to a prison or a lunatic asylum of the old school, was a newspaper, which was being read by a demented publican. The same oppressive silence—except when the publican complained, in tones of the bitterest satire, against one of the keepers, or (said the publican) "attend-ant, as I suppose I must call him." The same listless vacuity here, as in the room occupied by the female patients. Despite the large amount of cures effected in the hospital, (upwards of sixty-nine per cent. during the past year,) testifying to the general efficacy of the treatment pursued in it, I think that, if the system of finding the inmates employment, so successful in other hospitals, were introduced into Saint Luke's, the proportion of cures would be much greater. Appended to the latest report of the charity is a table of the weights of the new-comers, compared with the weights of the same individuals when discharged. From this, it appears that their inactivity occasions a rapid accumulation of flesh. Of thirty patients, whose average residence in the hospital extended over eleven weeks, twenty-nine had gained at the average rate of more than one pound per week, each. This can hardly be a gain of health.

On the walls of some of the sleeping cells were the marks of what looked like small alcoves, that had been removed. These indi-

cated the places to which the chairs, which patients were made to sit in for indefinite periods, were, in the good old times, nailed. A couple of these chairs have been preserved in a lumber-room, and are hideous curiosities indeed. As high as the seat, are boxes to enclose the legs, which used to be shut in with spring bolts. The thighs were locked down by a strong cross-board, which also served as a table. The back of this cramping prison is so constructed that the victim could only use his arms and hands in a forward direction; not backward or sideways.

Each sleeping cell has two articles of furniture—a bed and a stool; the latter serving instead of a wardrobe. Many of the patients sleep in single-bedded rooms; but the larger cells are occupied by four inmates. The bedding is comfortable, and the clothing ample. On one bed-place the clothes were folded up, and the bedding had been removed. In its stead, was a small bundle, made up of a pair of boots, a waistcoat, and some stockings. "That poor fellow," said my conductor, "died last night—in a fit."

As I was looking at the marks in the walls of the galleries, of the posts to which the patients were formerly chained, sounds of music were heard from a distance. The ball had begun, and we hurried off in the direction of the music.

It was playing in another gallery—a brown sombre place, not brilliantly illuminated by a light at either end, adorned with holly. The staircase by which this gallery was approached, was curtained off at the top, and near the curtain the musicians were cheerfully engaged in getting all the vivacity that could be got, out of their two instruments. At one end were a number of mad men, at the other, a number of mad women, seated on forms. Two or three sets of quadrille dancers were arranged down the centre, and the ball was proceeding with great spirit, but with great decorum.

There were the patients usually to be found in all such asylums, among the dancers. There was the brisk, vain, pippin-faced little old lady, in a fantastic cap—proud of her foot and ankle; there was the old-young woman, with the dishevelled long light hair, spare figure, and weird gentility; there was the vacantly-laughing girl, requiring now and then a warning finger to admonish her; there was the quiet young woman, almost well, and soon going out. For partners, there were the sturdy bull-necked thick-set little fellow who had tried to get away last week; the wry-faced tailor, formerly suicidal, but much improved; the suspicious patient with a countenance of gloom, wandering round and round strangers, furtively eyeing them behind from head to foot, and not indisposed to resent their intrusion. There was the man of happy silliness, pleased with everything. But the only chain that made any clatter was Ladies' Chain, and there was no straiter waistcoat in company than the polka-garment

of the old-young woman with the weird gentility, which was of a faded black satin, and languished through the dance with a love-lorn affability and condescension to the force of circumstances, in itself a faint reflection of all Bedlam.

Among those seated on the forms, the usual loss of social habits and the usual solitude in society, were again to be observed. It was very remarkable to see how they huddled together without communicating; how some watched the dancing with lack-lustre eyes, scarcely seeming to know what they watched; how others rested weary heads on hands, and moped; how others had the air of eternally expecting some miraculous visitor who never came, and looking out for some deliverances that never happened. The last figure of the set danced out, the women-dancers instantly returned to their station at one end of the gallery, the men-dancers repaired to *their* station at the other; and all were shut up within themselves in a moment.

The dancers were not all patients. Among them, and dancing with right good will, were attendants, male and female—pleasant-looking men, not at all realising the conventional idea of “keepers”—and pretty women, gracefully though not at all inappropriately dressed, and with looks and smiles as sparkling as one might hope to see in any dance in any place. Also, there were sundry bright young ladies who had helped to make the Christmas tree; and a few members of the resident-officer's family; and, shining above them all, and shining everywhere, his wife; whose clear head and strong heart Heaven inspired to have no Christmas wish beyond this place, but to look upon it as her home, and on its inmates as her afflicted children. And may I see as reasonable a sight as that gentle Christian lady every Christmas that I live, and leave its counterpart in as fair a form in many a nook and corner of the world, to shine, like a star in a dark spot, through all the Christmases to come!

The tree was in a bye room by itself, not lighted yet, but presently to be displayed in all its glory. The porter of the Institution, a brisk young fellow with no end of dancing in him, now proclaimed a song. The announcement being received with loud applause, one of the dancing sisterhood of attendants sang the song, which the musicians accompanied. It was very pretty, and we all applauded to the echo, and seemed (the mad part of us I mean) to like our share in the applause prodigiously, and to take it as a capital point, that we were led by the popular porter. It was so great a success that we very soon called for another song, and then we danced a country-dance, (Porter perpetually going down the middle and up again with Weird-gentility) until the quaint pictures of the Founders, hanging in the adjacent committee-chamber, might have trembled in their frames.

The moment the dance was over, away the

porter ran, not in the least out of breath, to help light up the tree. Presently it stood in the centre of its room, growing out of the floor, a blaze of light and glitter; blossoming in that place (as the story goes of the American aloe) for the first time in a hundred years. O shades of Mad Doctors with laced ruffles and powdered wigs, O shades of patients who went mad in the only good old times to be mad or sane in, and who were therefore physicked, whirled, chained, handcuffed, cramped, and tortured, look from

Wherever in your sightless substances,
You wait—

on this outlandish weed in the degenerate garden of Saint Luke's!

To one coming freshly from outer life, unused to such scenes, it was a very sad and touching spectacle, when the patients were admitted in a line, to pass round the lighted tree, and admire. I could not but remember with what happy, hopefully-flushed faces, the brilliant toy was associated in my usual knowledge of it, and compare them with the worn cheek, the listless stare, the dull eye raised for a moment and then confusedly dropped, the restless eagerness, the moody surprise, so different from the sweet expectancy and astonishment of children, that came in melancholy array before me. And when the sorrowful procession was closed by “Tommy,” the favourite of the house, the harmless old man, with a giggle and a chuckle and a nod for every one, I think I would have rather that Tommy had charged at the tree like a Bull, than that Tommy had been, at once so childish and so dreadfully un-childlike.

We all went out into the gallery again after this survey, and the dazzling fruits of the tree were taken from their boughs, and distributed. The porter, an undeveloped genius in stage-management and mastership of ceremonies, was very active in the distribution, blew all the whistles, played all the trumpets, and nursed all the dolls. That done, we had a wonderful concluding dance, compounded of a country dance and galopade, during which all the popular couples were honored with a general clapping of hands, as they galoped down the middle; and the porter in particular was overwhelmed with plaudits. Finally, we had (God Save the Queen, with the whole force of the company; solo parts by the female attendant with the pretty voice who had sung before; chorus led, with loyal animation, by the porter. When I came away, the porter, surrounded by bearers of trays, and busy in the midst of the forms, was delivering out mugs and cake, like a banker dealing at a colossal round game. I dare say he was asleep before I got home; but I left him in that stage of social brikeness which is usually described among people who are at large, as “beginning to spend the evening.”

Now, there is doubtless a great deal that is

mournfully affecting in such a sight. I close this little record of my visit with the statement that the fact is so, because I am not sure but that many people expect far too much. I have known some, after visiting the noblest of our Institutions for this terrible calamity, express their disappointment at the many deplorable cases they had observed with pain, and hint that, after all, the better system could do little. Something of what it can do, and daily does, has been faintly shadowed forth, even in this paper. Wonderful things have been done for the Blind, and for the Deaf and Dumb, but, the utmost is necessarily far inferior to the restoration of the senses of which they are deprived. To lighten the affliction of insanity by all human means, is not to restore the greatest of the Divine gifts, and those who devote themselves to the task do not pretend that it is. They find their sustenance and reward in the substitution of humanity for brutality, kindness for mal treatment, peace for raging fury, in the acquisition of love instead of hatred, and in the knowledge that, from such treatment, improvement, and hope of final restoration will come, if such hope be possible. It may be little to have abolished from mad houses all that is abhorred, and to have substituted all that is substituted. Nevertheless, reader, if you can do a little in any good direction—do it. It will be much, some day.

THE PEASANTS OF BRITISH INDIA.

The annals of our kingdom in this respect have been written in blood with a pen of gold. They read very like stories from the Arabian Nights Entertainments in this many people indulge in the belief that in India the population is exclusively composed of caliphs, nabobs, jugglers, and fakirs, nautch girls, Bramin priests, leautes, and magicians. The name of India is intimately connected with all sorts of wealth and luxury. There are very few, indeed, in this country who do not link the name of Indian merchant or banker with unlimited riches. An old East Indian civil servant is usually termed a "Nabob," and as to "John Company of Lendenhall Street"—that mysterious, grey-headed old gentleman, who makes and un makes rajahs and sultans as coolly and rapidly as children make dirt pies in our streets—he is looked upon as a sort of English Vishnu—a concentration of the Prime Minister, the Bank of England, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty. The streets and alleys in that wonderful land are currently reported to be paved with real philosophers' stones, transmitting everything they touch into the best gumea gold. Perhaps, of late, the auriferous reputation of India Proper has been somewhat periled by the diggings in California and Australia, but then folks shake their heads, and tell you, that in the "Oriental East Indies" there are neither Yankees

nor convicts, neither Lynch law nor bush law.

It is, perhaps, an ungracious task to dispel this glorious vision. But the truth must be told. Our Indian empire can only be likened to the famed "apple of the desert,"—beauty and promise to the eye, but littleness and ashes to the taste.

Travellers have found Sheffield knives selling in Bokhara, grey tweeds from Scotland in the Cabool bazaars, and Birmingham wares in Cashmere villages. I have stumbled upon an empty blacking bottle of Day and Martin, in a miserable Indian mud hut. I have found, adorning the walls of a Buddhist temple, printed cotton handkerchiefs covered with political caricatures, from Manchester. I have seen the reception hall of a Kandian chief graced by one of Rowland's picturesque Macassar labels, with a dark lady combing uncommonly long black hair. But it by no means follows that because all these knives, and cottons and wares, are exchanged for rich spices, costly silks, and precious gums that the country is prosperous, or that its trade is progressively remunerative. Neither is it a matter of course that "John Company" is a solvent old gentleman, in spite of his armies, his fleets and his captive rajahs.

The fact is that the present yearly income of the Honourable East India Company falls far short of its annual expenditure. * that the trade between this country and its Indian possessions is not greater than it was ten years since, that the inhabitants of those countries consume, per head not more than one eighth of the quantity of British goods taken by the population of the South American states, and moreover, that for some years past, the trade between Great Britain and India has not been a profitable affair to shippers or to importers. During no period of the history of the world has commerce made such rapid strides as it has within the past ten years. It is a fact so well known as to require no proof. Even the antiquated empire of the Celestials has added vastly to its external traffic. Nevertheless the trade between Great Britain and India has remained, as nearly as possible, stationary. How is it that whilst British India, with a population of one hundred and twenty millions, takes our goods to the value of no more than six millions, two hundred and sixty five thousand pounds, South America (Mexico excepted) and the foreign West India Islands, having but fifteen millions of inhabitants, consume British merchandise to the extent of six millions, three hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds?

When I was sojourning in the land of Indigo, and beheld the gorgeous Indian metropolis—the vast city of palaces—the luxurious style of living of its many merchant princes and its nabob-officials,—when I saw other

* The balance of expenditure over income in the year 1849 amounted to nearly a million and a half sterling.

cities as wealthy, if not as large—when I reckoned up the fleets of richly laden ships which day by day cast anchor in their noble ports, the piles of rare and costly merchandise with which their many wharves flowed over,—I felt incredulous of the reputed state of that most gorgeous whole. If the people, I thought, be not rich and thriving here, where then can prosperity be found? If wealth and happiness flow not from all these things, what else can make a nation great? But I had not then seen more than the outer shell of that *lustrous* world—the mere crust of our Indian empire.

I had occasion to journey on business affairs through the Northern provinces of Lower Bengal, and made that visit a means of judging for myself as to the real condition of the people. I had for companion a most intelligent man, one of the *unconquered* servants of the Company and a first rate linguist, so that I possessed no common advantage. The country we passed through appeared to be as fertile as it was beautiful. Few very few miles of waste land, were visible. Every field seemed to be made to do its duty to the uttermost blade of rice, or cane of sugar, and I felt convinced that here, at any rate, prosperity smiled upon the labouring population. As we journeyed along in our slothful palanquins, side by side, or lounged out the oppressive heat of the noonday in the verandah of some friendly road-side bungalow, my companion enlightened me as to the nature and condition of the various agricultural classes of that part of Hindostan.

The Indian peasantry are termed *ryots*, and between them and the *zemindars*, the great landed proprietors or renters who are directly accountable to the Government for the land-tax, are a variety of middlemen or sub-farmers of this portion of the revenue. They are known as *talukdars*, *durghatindars*, *mostagars*, &c. all of whom derive a luxurious living from the oppression of the class immediately below them, and thus by the time the pressure of the tax has reached the unfortunate ryot, it has attained a weight which effectually crushes beneath it the last feeble efforts of his hopeless, heart-breaking struggles. In 1793 Lord Cornwallis completed what is known as the permanent settlement,* extending over upwards of one hundred thousand square miles of country. By this enactment the ownership of the land was vested in the zemindars or native chiefs who were in future to pay to government a fixed tax on the land, and be empowered in their turn to levy upon the ryots. But whilst the rate of taxation was thus fixed upon the zemindar, and most stringent and summary powers given to them to proceed against their renters, nothing was said as to the amount they might levy upon the ignorant and friendless ryots, who were thus given up, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of a sordid race of men. Under such a system, it is not

wonderful that the Indian labourer finds himself, at the end of a year, not quite so well off as he was at the commencement. We read that when Alexander invaded India, Porus, pressed by the emergency, raised a heavy war-tax of one fourth of the produce of the land. Britain, in a time of profound peace, exacts from her Indian subjects a tax of *one half* their produce, and which to the poor ryot, with the addition of extra levies at the zemindar's will, too often amounts to seventy or eighty per cent of the fruits of his toil!

Always oppressed, ever in poverty, the ryot is compelled to seek the aid of the mahajan or native money lender. Thus will frequently be the talukdhar or sub-renter who exacts from the needy borrower whatever interest he thinks the unfortunate may be able to pay him, often at the rate of one per cent per week. The accounts of these loans are kept by the mahajans, who, aware of the deep ignorance of their clients, falsify their books without fear of detection. In this way, no matter how favourable the season, how large the crop the grasping mahajan is sure to make it up to him that the *whole* is due to him; for he takes it at his own value. So far from Mr Burke having overstated the case of the oppression of the ryots, on the trial of Warren Hastings when he said that the tax-payers took from them eighteen shillings in every pound, he was really within the mark. At the conclusion of each crop time, the grower of rice or cotton is made to appear before the mahajan, who thereupon re-provided the ryot appears able to toil on like another season—advances more seed for sowing, and a little more rice to keep the labourer and his family from absolute starvation. But should there be any deficiencies to the health and strength of the tattle-labourer he is mercilessly turned from his land and his mud hut, and left to die on the high way.

In addition to the multiplied taxation and usurious interest to which the Indian peasantry are subjected they are liable to *abwabs*, irregular exactions, made upon them by every grade of middleman, up to the zemindar, and amounting not infrequently, to as much as the land tax. These extortions date back to the time of the Hindu dynasty when, however, they were comparatively light. They existed also during the Mahomedan rule. It remained for the paternal government of Englishmen to permit this evil to spread like a fatal infection through the land, eating into the very body and smews of native industry. It is true, the enactments of 1793 declare these *abwabs* to be illegal, and punishable by laws, but no one seems to heed the injunction, nor is it likely that many persons are aware of its existence. Every feast, festival, or ceremony which takes place in the land, is made an excuse for the levy of an *abwab* for the great man—the milkman has to contribute milk, the oil-maker furnishes

oil, and so on through the whole population. The zemindar employs a *nauk*, or accountant, who is assisted by *gomastahs*, and under these latter are the *patiks*, or collecting peons, each of these worthies exacts abwab or, as it is sometimes called, *haabarna*, from those below them, and all grind down the miserable ryot to his utmost ability. So long as the toiling wretch possesses a measure of rice, a bundle of tobacco or a yard of cloth he is fair game for the human vultures hovering about his hut. When we know that a Bengal ryot can subsist in tolerable comfort on five or six shillings a month, and that with all his toil and care he seldom secures enough to do more than half feed him, and frequently goes foodless for days together,—when this is known, some idea may be formed of the extent of degradation and hopeless want and misery to which a hundred millions of our fellow creatures are exposed.

Such was the information gleaned, on various days' journeys, from my travelling companion. It sounded strangely enough to my ear after the dazzling view I had taken of things Oriental, and although I did not soon to doubt the accuracy of what was now told me, I felt deeply anxious to look more closely into the actual state of the Indian peasantry.

It was very shortly after the above facts had been detailed to me that we paused in our usual morning progress to survey a very beautiful tract of wide and fertile country. We sprang from our palanquins and mounting a small hillock, topped with luxuriant jungle trees, indulged in admiration of the lovely scenery before and below us. Valleys of rich waving rice fields stretched as far as the eye could reach like a vast sea of green. On either side of those fertile tracts rose gently undulating hills on which grew many crops of motley tinted green, and over those waved to the morning breeze the sparkling leaves of nobly timbered trees, whilst high above the lovely azure of the sky sat all in harmony, and nothing was wanting for painter or for poet. We gazed, and gazed again. What sound was that, away under the bamboo yonder? Was it some lonely bird bewailing its mate? It was so gentle, so plaintive that it brought the tears to my eyes. It was no bird! That was a sound of human woe or my heart would not have leapt into my throat as it did! The next moment we were both rapidly descending the little hill to trace out the sound. At the brow of the hillock, on the side opposite to that by which we had arrived, and adjoining the low rice fields, was a grove of thickly planted bamboo and mango trees. It seemed as cool and retired as any grotto of sylvan nymph, but, alas! not so happy within. Before us sat a little child, a Hindu girl, of slight and graceful figure, whose long jet hair curled gracefully, as though it kindly strove to hide the famine in her face. In her tiny lap there lay the head of a wan and bony corpse! As we approached

the spectre, the child ceased her low cry of sorrow, but did not stir.

My companion addressed a few words to the girl, who flattered something in reply. I caught the word "father," then hastened to our palanquins, and summoned the bearers to our aid. The body was laid quietly and silently aside, amongst a heap of moss and leaves, and then the poor weeping orphan—too faint and ill, poor child—to say or do much, shed tears upon my hand as I placed her softly on an open mat and pillow. A few of our coolies were sent off for the chief of the nearest village, and some of the peasantry to remove the body. Whilst they were gone, we gazed on the child that her father had not tasted food for some days, but that he had saved a little rice for her, which he made her swallow in his sight—that the last handful of food was then wrapped up in her little girdle, having received it from him just as he breathed his last. She had no mother, no brothers, no sisters, famine and sickness had swept them all away. She was alone! I thought the little creature would have fainted in my arms, as she dwelt so sorrowfully upon that word—alone! We told her she was not, and should not be alone, that we would find a mother for her, and sisters too, but the child did not comprehend our meaning and only closed her rich black eyes, and wept.

Assistance having been procured from the village adjoining we caused the body to be removed, and having had a litter of sticks and mats for the child, we took her with us to the next halting place at no great distance. Our chief bearer had gleaned from some of the peasantry around the brief but sad history of the child and her lost parent. He had been a Khodkhoot ryot or resident land holder, cultivating a rather large tract of soil under a 'bamuli pottah,' or lease, for unlimited period, at a fixed jumma, or rent. By industry, the poor man had contrived to get his ground into good condition, plentiful crops were the result and all seemed right. But the talukdar of that zemindari was a man of subtle devices—he knew well that the regulation, No. 8 of 1793 gave him power to set aside the pottah in the local courts, if he could prove that the rate defined in it was below the general average of the district, and as to proof, witnesses could be had at all times for one rupee each, in any number. Witnesses were hired, the native amilak of the court was bribed, and the pottah set aside. From that day forward the ryot was a lost man, his rent was heavily increased, the improvements he had made were all taxed to the utmost *pice*, and he was soon forced into the unrelaxing grasp of the mahajan. Heavy interest on loans, a bad crop or two, the death of the mother of his family, and then of his two sons, all from the low fever of starvation, made him a miserable and a desperate man. At last his strength failed, and when the

mahajun found him unequal to cultivate his land as he was wont, he demanded a speedy settlement of his claims. Of course this could not be done, and the usual result followed. The ryot was expelled, sick and broken-hearted, to seek a chance home and a little charity from neighbours. He had wandered from village to village with his remaining child, and at last, finding himself at the point of death, had crawled back to die within sight of his once happy, though humble, home. He had died where he hoped, by his own rice fields, he had breathed his last under the shade of trees which his own hand had planted, there we had found him, his bony fingers still grasping a few remaining grains of the precious store of rice, which he held even in death for his poor child's meal—the last he could give her. I need hardly say the orphan was not uncared for.

The day following, I gathered equally unmistakable proof of the misery prevailing amongst the ryots, of wretchedness and poverty, which is a bar to any attempt at improvement amongst them, and hinders every bud of hope for the future. We had halted in a cool and shady dell, near which stood a small mud hut, such as one meets by scores through the cultivated districts of Bengal. I wanted a draught of water, and preferring to take it from a rippling stream close by, I left my palanquin, as did my companion. When nearer the little cabin, we perceived the owner seated by the door, staring vacantly upon the wide green fields before him. He was clad as miserably as ryots usually are, if indeed, a narrow slip of dirty cotton round round their loins, can be called clothing. He was emaciated in the extreme, and his grim gaunt visage was rendered even more ghastly by a profusion of thickly matted beard and hair. A few sickly, rickety-looking children were amusing themselves under the shade of some trees near the patch of rice. To our inquiry as to why he was not at work at that hour of the day he replied that it was useless for him to work, the more he toiled the poorer he became. How so? we asked. He looked around as if fearful of being overheard, and then said in a low voice, 'Mahajun takes all.' We inquired why that was allowed, to which he answered, 'He is rich, I am poor, what can I do?' Our conversation drew from him, by the aid most potent of some copper coins, that he had his jumma raised several times on various pretences, to say nothing of abwabs once, when the zemindar was at a loss for an excuse, he pretended to sell his zemindari to another, who, in such a case, is always supposed and allowed to have a right to reassess the rents of the holdings, and so the occasion was made. Yet, it is expressly stated in a Government minute, dated February 3rd, 1790, that, "whoever cultivates the land, the zemindar can receive no more than the established rent."

Native landholders, and such gentry, are much wiser in their generation than Governors-General, and they have for the last fifty years agreed that the aforesaid "minute" is sheer waste paper, and treat it as such accordingly. The miserable-looking ryot need not have protested as he did, that he ate but barely enough to keep him alive—his looks told the tale of starvation. Wild roots, seeds, and fruits, were their wonted meal. Rice they seldom got, save during the ripening of their crops, and even then their mahajun forbade them to touch it, lest his claims should suffer, and so the miserable man crawled out at night, on hands and knees, and stole a scanty meal for his famished children. The mahajun, he knew falsified all the accounts—but what could he do? Go to the courts? Poor men could do nothing there. All evidence is taken down by the *amlahs*, or native registrars; the English magistrate decides the case upon the evidence taken in writing by these men, who are notoriously bribed—and so money amasses everything there. It seemed a hopeless case, indeed, for that poor ryot, and, as we left him, could but call to mind the sad fate of the Khodkhoot ryot of the previous day, and I wondered whether the Honourable Court of Directors had ever seen one of these then subjects and fellow men, and whether they should not have one preserved for their museum in Leadenhall Street. It would form a striking and instructive object, if placed beside the mummy of a sleek, only skinned zemindar!

It is quite true that the above evils, in that particular shape, extend only over certain portions of India. But misery is great prevails even where "the permanent settlement" does not extend to. In the Bombay Presidency, for instance, the Government assess the lands for taxation annually. For a district of about seventy six thousand square miles, there are twelve English collectors, who, with their assistants, are expected to value the crop on every separate plot of ground belonging to some eight millions and a half of inhabitants. Nearly all this work is at the mercy of the native assistants, who fleece the small cultivators to a fearful extent. The domination of the corrupt *amlahs* of small courts are alike everywhere in every part of the country the ryot is a miserable, an ignorant, and a degraded being, a helpless tool for the zemindars to use, and when worn out, to be flung aside into the nearest jungle, and there die like a wild beast!

Not many days ago at a public distribution of prizes to young students of the Honourable Company's College, at Haileybury, about to embark for India, the deputy chairman addressed the future rulers of our Indian empire in an eloquent and sensible speech. He told them, truly enough, of the importance of the duties they were about to enter upon, of how many million destinies they were shortly to rule over, and how much

it behoved them, as good stewards, to see to the administration of strict justice to all classes of their Indian fellow-men, down to the most humble. There have been good deputy chairmen delivering the very same sort of well meant, properly punctuated orations, for the last half century, yet Indian ryots have been all the time starving and dying, and rotting on dunghills, like so many slaughtered jackals.

Whilst the bulk of the Indian population remain thus degraded and helpless, it is worse than idle to expect them to undertake new agricultural projects. Why should those poor wretches grow cotton for our factories? What would they gain? It is a mockery to talk of giving them railways to Bombay and Calcutta, when they have no foothold to common justice. What is steam to them who dare not eat the very food they grow, lest the great zemindar should find out, and seize it within his ample store? What need have they of cotton cloths from Manchester, or wares from Birmingham? And yet these millions, if they took but half the goods from us which South Americans consume, would wantch you not less than forty millions sterling worth beyond their present purchases.

THREE AND SIXPENCE

NOUGHTENBOROUGH is a promising city on the banks of the Salmon, surrounded by a goodly neighbourhood of fruitful lands and pleasant walks, and open in all directions to the sun and air. It is half commercial, half fashionable. There is a sprinkling of good families, who live respectably and give pleasant parties without seeking to make a dash above their neighbours. Hence there is sufficient demand for blineman, and crack-n-bonnons to enable a pastrycook to pick up a snug fortune in twenty years or so. Alderman Cricknell was that fortune-hunting pastrycook. He had amassed a very pretty property, in so much that nobody was surprised when he became the Mayor of Noughtenborough.

But Cricknell was not merely a pastrycook and a mayor; he was a conscientious and kind-hearted man. He had several children and those who saw him heading the family procession to the old parish church on a Sunday, or reading the Bible to the same little assembly every evening before bed time, could not but respect the steady industry that had surrounded his children with every comfort, and the still higher sentiment that directed their feelings of gratitude to its proper object—"Only a pastrycook," or "Risen from nothing," were expressions of envy he did not care a bun about.

Our Mayor gave away much that people knew of, and a great deal more that no one but the receiver ever heard of. He was liberal, also, in matters connected with church repairs, although he had not the smallest

anxiety about mediæval revivals. The one great wish he had at heart was the education of the poor. He had already built one or two schools, almost at his own expense, and he looked sharply after everybody connected with them. Every poor boy or girl in the place knew the Mayor, we might almost say, personally—a knowledge which neither the livery of an alderman nor the title of mayor had ever tended to distance.

Nor was this taste for education a mere joining in a popular cry, or the result of a desire to deprecate the higher classes by elevating the low, for Mr Cricknell, in his culture and humble capacity of assistant to the old firm of Gun & Co, Belgrave, London, had always been a seeker after a better class of knowledge than two years at a day school could have furnished. Because his time and opportunities had been small, his employment of them had been more earnest, and as his position gradually bettered, when he embarked after much struggling and hard economy, in business on his own account, he kept increasing his application with his leisure. Hence at the age of fifty one the Mayor of Noughtenborough was a man of vast and useful information, as well digested as required, and with powers of thought and intelligence which while they had never raised him above his business, had made him the right companion of many men moving in a superior class. His retirement from business had now broken down every prejudice, even on the part of many families, who had only associated the name of Cricknell with wadding, breakfasts, lent plate, and pound cake and bignons.

The Mayor was not a deep linguist. The smallest smattering of Latin which he had picked up at Park House "Commercial and Classical" Academy, had not been suffered to dwindle away, and he had scrambled together some French and an evening class, and had subsequently learnt to write, read, and speak that language thoroughly well. But he was an encyclopædia of general social knowledge and anecdote. Furthermore, he understood the law more perfectly than a great many of its practitioners, but in "Church Antiquities" he was tremendous. It was his pet subject, and his knowledge of the law was rather sought with reference thereto. He was pathetic on the desecration of old cathedrals, and indignant that places destined for the worship of God should be degraded into show places for the emolument of the lay or clerical propitiators. He could not conceive why a few dozen people crammed into a narrow, ill-ventilated, ill-ventilated "choir," formed a fitting congregation in a building constructed to hold thousands. He could not help wondering why there were grand organs in many of the London churches, which were confined and ill-adapted to display the power of the instruments, while those in many of the cathedrals were small, out of repair, and

ineffective. But, like most men of business, who have made money, his grand doubts and difficulties settled upon financial points.

Although the acquirements of our Mayor had never been distinguished for

$$\sqrt[3]{3a\beta + x} - \sqrt{1 + \sqrt{3y}} \div 2' + \sqrt{-2},$$

or any other of the ingenious tortuosities into which the innuaginations of budding Cantabs are expanded, although the remotest idea of squaring the circle never entered his head, and even the *pons asinorum* would probably have proved as treacherous to his mental footstools as the bridge in the Vision of Mirza, still he was a terribly skilful man at figures. At home he knew where every farthing went, and how, and to whom, and what for, and with what loss or profit. At a vestry he was equally useful. He could tell what money had been voted for such and such a purpose; and woe betide any mistakes on the part of the recipients or administrators. Hapless was the board of guardians upon whom his sarcasm, and, worse still, his minute knowledge of facts, once opened itself. Woe betide the butcher or baker whose "contract" was broken! As for luxurious parish dinners out of the funds properly belonging to the poor, Mr Cracknell, like Mohore's Mock Doctor, had changed all that.

But when Mr Cracknell sat down to his Church history studies, the "figures" bothered him completely. Do what he would, he could not understand Church arithmetic. When Jack Miller, the collector of poor's rates, absconded, taking with him the wife of his "security," who but Cracknell first discovered, and then adjusted, the delinquent money? When the Goodman's Fields charity had lain dormant, who had called upon the trustees to refund, and who had calculated the sum to be refunded, but Cracknell? No; whatever might be the matter with other people's heads, Mr Cracknell felt that his own head, like his heart, was in the right place. Let us see what was the arithmetical difficulty that could puzzle a man whose arithmetic was the terror even of work-house contractors and county court attorneys.

As you look from a little terrace in front of the "Jane and Twine," Traddler's Hill, you see the whole city of Noughtenborough spread out before you, like a raised map, and looking very active, cheerful, populous, and well-built. There are plenty of old-fashioned houses within the town, but you cannot discriminate at this distance. The cathedral is the chief object. The spire is a grand one, and tops everything for miles and miles around, while its celestary, or long range of upper windows, relieved by light buttresses, and crowned with still lighter turrets, forms a favourite resting-place for the eye, as it raises itself above the quiet stream of the Salmon Row, that winds round below the terrace on which we are lounging. The grey stone stands in pleasant contrast to the delicate blue of the

sky, and the spire seems to direct all men's thoughts to the heaven towards which it rears its own head.

On just such a calm summer's day as is most likely to make men thankful for what they have, without grumbling about what they have not, the Mayor might be seen walking along the terrace aforesaid. It was a rare thing to see the Mayor walking alone; for although Mrs. Cracknell was rather an invalid, and seldom left home for any distance, he generally had a pretty daughter, married or unmarried, as the case might be, hanging on his arm, or else some old friend and companion in parochial or civil combats. But, on the present occasion, the Mayor was alone, and, we are sorry to say, had no companion but the uncomfortable words "THREE AND SIXPENCE."

Strange company, no doubt; and too little to harass the mind of our steady-going Mayor. Had it been an overcharge for calftare, he would have settled it easily enough, simply by not paying it, or by "committing" the extortioner. Had it been for a doll's bonnet, or a bottle of *bouquet de la rose*, he would only have kissed the extravagant little daughter, and thanked Heaven that he had wealth enough to purchase many more such little luxuries for the "whole lot," as he familiarly called his family. But this "THREE AND SIXPENCE" sat heavy on his soul. It was an incubus of other men's evils; it was an indigestion arising from dinners eaten by his neighbours; it was a silver imprint, in letters of current coin, telling a tale of other men's dishonesty, misappropriation, and imposture.

Just at that moment, the Very Reverend the Dean of Noughtenborough chanced to pass by, looking unexceptionably respectable, black, and sleek, with a hat and cassock that even Wildgoose must have revered. He moved politely, and said "Good morning" to the Mayor, who returned both the salutation and the wish. But, as he turned away from the Dean, he mentally, yet almost aloud, repeated the mysterious words "THREE AND SIXPENCE."

Anon, he met the Reverend Whittgift Grypnell, Canon of Noughtenborough, also out for his morning's walk, and looking quite as respectable, black, and sleek, as the Dean. Again polite salutations were exchanged, and again the Mayor muttered the words "THREE AND SIXPENCE."

What could there be in the presence of the Dean and Canon of Noughtenborough so painfully suggestive of "THREE AND SIXPENCE?" Was the poor Mayor degenerating into *monomania*, and were clergymen the especial irritants that developed it?

No; the solution of this enigma lay deep in the volumes of Church history, over which our worthy Mayor had been poring; and it is from those volumes only that we can draw an explanation of his deep and solemn musings on this important financial subject.

Centuries ago, when scarcely a street-full of wooden houses formed a village where now stands the city of Noughtenborough when the river used to flood the country *ad libitum*, and when monasteries were in their flourishing state, there lived a certain widow, who had long since lost her husband in one battle somewhere, and all her sons in other battles elsewhere. Bowed down with grief her only solace was the society of her daughter, the fairest flower of the whole neighbourhood for miles around, but whose youthful countenance bore sad marks of early sorrow. Many had wooed her but she clung to her mother, and daughter and mother lived on their life of mourning till age and grief began to make them more like. They might have been thought sisters in years as well as in sadness.

Wealth, abundant wealth, was theirs and charity, the truest the noblest, and the most unlimited, proclaimed the fact. Religion deepened by grief, but not degraded into abject superstition had adorned the monastery of Noughtenborough with a hundred testimonies of taste and liberality, while poverty of every kind found relief proportionate to its wants and its exigencies.

But in all their deeds of charity, the ladies of St. Bridget's Mount had nothing so much at heart as the education of the most promising boys in their neighbourhood. Perhaps in the mind of the mother there arose some recollection of the noble youths whom she had seen speed forth in full steel never to return but to breathe out a last longing for a mother's blessing, while the horses of their retreating foes trod their courses on the battle-field. Perhaps the daughter, bright heir of the return of her last remaining brother, pale and wounded, how she had held the water to his lips, bathed his parched forehead with her tears, and how he had laid his heavy head in her arms, and slept for ever. Perhaps it was such sad such lively recollections, that made both the friends of every blooming boy they met that wiped the tears of weeping and delinquent urchins, and that founded the school of St. Laura in Noughtenborough.

Attached to the monastery the school was of limited extent and endowment, but suited to the wants of the times. When ploughing was more fashionable than reading and fighting more popular than either, no one would have expected a London University or King's College in a place like Noughtenborough. But, as the magnificent cathedral rose out of the humble monastery, as fighting gave place to human pursuits, and as refinement proportionately increased the number of the "to be educated" had increased in a correspondingly extensive ratio.

Such was, briefly, the history of the school now attached to the cathedral church of St. Laura, Noughtenborough. The Dean and Canons, who had stepped into the enjoyment of plenty of the old property of the monastery, were quiet, inoffensive people, dropped into

good berths out of close fellowships, lucky tutorships to "nobs" or the happy chance of being related to a Bishop. They lived well, died highly respected, and their places were gladly taken by new comers like themselves. In fact, they were all alike. No one ever missed one of them for if prosperity and port took him suddenly away the new comer was so like that no one found any difference. They paid their stated guinea, or five pounds, to particular charities, put a sovereign instead of a shilling into the offertory, preached drowsy sermons on Sunday, and had large families of children, all with exemplary and methodical regularity. In fact they were all copies of the last—all rubbings of the same brass, all equally black, grotesque, and imperturbable.

Among other regularities of this worthy order, their visit to the school house twice a year was an important event. The Dean appeared in his full canonicals, the Canons in theirs, the boys conjugated and parsed, and all was perfectly satisfactory. But there were still only the same number of boys on the foundation and "twelve poorer boys" alone received the benefit of the education provided by the pious ladies of St. Bridget's Mount. The master was permitted to receive other boys as day scholars at an extra charge, and as the original salary was only forty pounds a year and he got much more by the day scholars, he neglected the others in proportion. In fact, the day scholars looked upon the foundation scholars as a respectable kind of "charity boys."

Often his own kind-hearted Mayor lamented the unimproved and neglected condition of the school, and sadly had he contrasted its present state with the intentions contemplated by its pious and kindly founders. Clearly did he calculate how great ought to have been the means of education now at the command of the townspeople, had the money, left for that purpose increased in the same manner as the incomes of the Bishop, the Dean, and the Chapter. But, with all his careful investigation of documents his anxious searching into history nothing satisfactory rewarded his labours. History appeared to be conveniently deficient just where a connecting link was most wanting, abuses seemed to have grown up and vegetated in hearty freshness, with a kind of tacit consent, and certainly without any visible opposition. One office suddenly disappeared, and the incomes of other offices suddenly became larger, buildings were removed, and private residences enlarged. Minor canons subsided into paltry chaplaincies, and in a word, the history of cathedrals seemed to be like that of the ocean, in which the large fish were continually swallowing up the small.

Nor was the question of law much better. In the face of enactments against pluralities, our Mayor could not discover a single Dean or Canon who did not hold at least one other

living, while the chaplains got nothing but what had been first refused by the whole chapter. The statutes were either unsatisfactory, or not forthcoming. But among all the black index of perjury, misappropriation, and inconsistency, to which this melancholy study of a noble subject gave rise, one little, but distinct fact was destined to make more impression on the mind of the Mayor, and, subsequently, of all England, than even a sanguine imagination would have ventured to prognosticate.

In the ancient statutes of the School, which had fortunately been so mixed up with other interests that it would have been impolitic to have let them it was ordered that the sum of "THREE POUNDS SIXTEEN SHILLINGS" should be paid to each of the twelve poor boys above said, upon their leaving the school always providing that due report were made of their good conduct.

Now it did so happen, that of late years, the Three Pounds Sixteen Shillings instead of, like the other monies similarly bequeathed augmenting an already existing three hundred fold or more, had unaccountably dwindled away to the amazingly insignificant sum of 'THREE AND SIXPENCE.'

O most worthy Dean and Canons! Well might our Mayor pronounce these emphatic words as you passed in all your pride of black silk and velvetability!

Was there some curse upon the funds left to these poor boys that made them grow less instead of growing greater? Was there some destroying angel that smote the fields that gave forth the corn whence these funds were raised?

Or did they think that it was a good thing that boys should go forth into the wide world with a little learning, and with three and sixpence to assist them to get more? Had they made a minute calculation of their own college expenses from personal experience, and arrived at the belief that 'THREE AND SIXPENCE' was the magical sum which should set a youth on his career, whether in the scholastic or the commercial world? Even supposing so, what had become of the remainder of the money?

The Mayor was a quiet but a determined man. Not being in holy orders, he had not the slightest fear of being called an 'atheist' for declaiming against imposition, and being perfectly independent of the Church, he could not be robbed of any emoluments. He accordingly held an assembly of the corporation and other chief citizens, and sent in a quiet, but firm and strictly legal, remonstrance touching the present state of the school of St. Laura, Noughtonborough.

The Dean and Chapter, who had been very uncomfortable about certain similar disclosures which appeared to be going the round of all the similar institutions in the county, felt that their turn was come. If there had been the smallest opportunity for escape, they would have fought lustily. But they, like

some of their predecessors in innovation, had the wrong sort of man to deal with.

The character of the Mayor, and his influence upon the citizens generally, were so well known, that the Dean and Chapter wisely gave up all hopes of bringing intimidation, flattery, or sophistry to bear on the present occasion. Accordingly, they sent a polite, but distant reply, avowing their intention of 'considering' the subject, and at the very next examination three of the boys were dismissed with the sum of Three Pounds Sixteen Shillings.

They had, however, relied too much on one act of honesty, and had calculated too fondly on its value in wiping out a multitude of old grievances. The memorial sent by the Mayor and Corporation was more general in its demands. Not only was the dilapidated state of the school house pointed out in strong terms, but the inefficiency of the master, the growing educational wants of the population of Noughton, the rough the want of a corresponding increase of educational resources, and other similar evils were dwelt upon in a tone and manner that showed a determination to go on with the work already begun. In fact the tacit admission that they had done wrong implied in the immediate restoration of the Three Pounds Sixteen Shillings in lieu of the 'THREE AND SIXPENCE' which had dwelt so painfully on the Mayor's mind was a fine snare for the opposing party and the public press and the public thought seized, and acted accordingly.

The Mayor proposes to establish twelve scholarships of thirty pounds a year each, to be of three or four years duration and to be furnished out of the misappropriated funds of the last two or three hundred years asked out by voluntary subscribers in which he will bear no inconsiderable share. About he believes, that, were anything like the original will of the foundress fully carried out, still larger provisions might be made even without extraordinary funds. He also proposes that a proper staff of masters, at proper salaries, be engaged, and that the foundation scholarships instead of being looked upon as 'charity-school' affairs, and the boys snubbed by the master be made matters of competition to the rest and that parents be led to send their children in the hopes of gaining one of the substantial prizes so established instead of being taught to pride themselves on the nobility of their parents, which enables them to pay two guineas a quarter to enable their children to laugh at those for whose use the school was originally and properly established.

Whether these bright prospects and excellent ideas will be fully realised, we cannot tell, but perhaps the fact that the most clever boy of St. Laura is just going up to college at the expense of the Mayor, and a few other friends of like disposition with himself, will probably shame the "authorities" into studying arithmetic a little, and reforming the corrupt and lazy system which clings as firmly

and unflinchingly to the cathedral of St. Laura, Noughtenborough, as the ivy to the old stone-wall around its meadows.

The Mayor is as hearty as ever, and will probably be returned to Parliament next year. If so, we will merely say a few words of caution to Deans and Chapters.

A wiser man than any of us once said, "Take care of the shillings, and the pounds will take care of themselves." In like manner we say, "If you would not provoke too much inquiry, that may end in your destruction, beware of seeking to pay Three Pounds Sixteen with

THREE AND SIXPENCE.

THE SOURCE OF JOY.

Joy springs in the heart that is tender and kind,
Like a fountain that kisses and tosses with the wind,
When its rills trickle softly to blend with the ground,
Spreading freshness and verdure and beauty around

O! seek not for joy in the depths of the bowl,
Nor quench in its poison the fire of the soul,
Each draught leaves a seed that will quicken and burn
An 't'pas to wither with grief and despair

No! revelling yields not the bliss we desire,
Though poets have sung in its praise to the lyre,
True happiness flows in a still silent stream,
Not whirling in eddies, as some fondly deem

It is found in the peace and the comforts of home,
It is lost to the heart when in exile we roam,
It is glimpsed in the smiles of the faces we love,
Like a star beaming forth from its station above.

But it blesses not those who are branded with guilt
For the victim betray'd, or for blood idly spilt,
It flies from the miser, the selfish, the proud,
And eludes their pursuit till they lie in the shroud

Be kind to thy neighbour, but stern to thyself,
Grant freely to wretches the aid of thy self,
Press hopefully forward—the treasure is thine,
A treasure more precious than lurks in the mine

THINGS DEPARTED.

I use the parlour, I am not ashamed to say it, of the Blue Pigeon. There was an attempt, some months since, headed, I believe, by that self-educated young jackanapes Squirrel, to prevail on the landlord to change the appellation of "parlour" into coffee room, to substitute horsehair-covered benches for the Windsor chairs; to take the sand off the floor, and the tobacco-stoppers off the table. I opposed it. Another person had the impudence to propose the introduction of a horrible seditious publication, which he called a liberal newspaper. I opposed it. So I did the anarchical proposition to rescind our standing order, that any gentleman smoking a cigar instead of a pipe, on club nights, should be fined a crown bowl of punch. From this you will, perhaps, Sir, infer that I am a Conservative. Perhaps I am. I have my own

opinions about Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the Corn Laws.

I have nothing to do with politics, nor politics with me, just now; but I will tell you what object I have in addressing you. I can't help thinking, coming home from the club, how curiously we adapt ourselves to the changes that are daily taking place around us; how, one by one, old habits and old customs die away, and we go about our business as unconcernedly as though they never had been. Almost the youngest of us—if he choose to observe, and can remember what he observes—must have a catalogue of "things departed;" of customs, ceremonies, institutions, to which people were used, and which fell gradually into disuse; which seemed, while they existed, to be almost necessities of life, and for which now they don't cure the value of a Spanish bond. There was a friend of mine, a man of genius, whose only fault was his continuous drunkenness, who used to say, that the pith of the whole matter lay in the "doctrine of averages." I was never a dab at science and that sort of thing, but I suppose he meant that there was an average in the number of his tumblerfuls of brandy and water, in the comings up of new fashions, and in the goings down of old ones; then of the old ones coming up again, and so *vice versa*, till I began to get muddled (morally muddled, of course), and gave up the doctrine of averages in despair.

I have a copious collection in my memory of things departed. I am no chicken (though not the gray-headed old foggy that insulting Squirrel presumes to call me), but if I were to tell you a tithe of what I can remember in the way of departed fashions, manners, and customs, the very margins of this paper would be flooded with type. Let me endeavour to recall a few—a very few only—of what I call things departed.

Hackney coaches, for instance. Why, a boy of twelve years of age can remember them; and yet, where are they now? Who thinks of them? Grand, imposing, musty-smelling, unclean old institutions they were. Elaborate heraldic devices covered their panels; his legends used to be current amongst us children, that they had all been noblemen's carriages once upon a time, but falling—with the princely houses they appertained to—into decay, had so come to grief and hackney-coach-hood. They had wonderful coachmen, too—imposing individuals, in coats with capes infinite in number. How they drove! How they cheated! How they swore! The keenest of your railway cabbies, the most extortionate of your crack Hansoms, would have paled before the unequalled Billingsgate of those old-world men, at the comprehensive manner in which you, your person, costume, morals, family, and connections, were cursed. As all boatmen at Portsmouth have (or say they have) been Nelson's coxswain, so used I to believe every hackney-coachman I saw to

be the identical Jarvey who had been put in side his own vehicle by the Prince of Wales, and driven about the metropolis by that frolicsome and royal personage, in company with Beau Brummell, Colonel Hanger, and Philippe Egalité. But the hackney-coach is now one of the things departed. There is one—one still, I believe—stationed in the environs of North Audley Street, Oxford Street. I have seen it—a ghostly unsubstantial pageant—flit before me among cabs and omnibuses like a vichitular phantom in sleep. The coachman is not the rubicund, many-caped Jehu of yore. He is a thin, wretched thing in a *jaquet* (Hear it!) and Wellington boots. The animal bearings on the coach panels are defaced, the springs creak, the wheels stumple as they roll. I should like to know the man who has the courage to call that hacking coach off the road, and to ride in it. He *must* be a Conservative.

What have they done with the old hackney-coaches? Have they sent them to Paris as raw materials for harnesses? Are their bodies yet mouldering, as in a vale of dry bones, in some Long Acre coach-builder's back shop? And some day mounted on fresh springs, fresh painted and fresh glazed, newly emblazoned with heraldic lies with flaunting hammercloths and luxurious squabs, are they to roll once more to courtly levees, or civil feasts, to stop the way at all opera, to rattle in blithely the portals of St. George's Hanover Square, to be married or fill wit creaking and with windows up to be buried?

What have they done with the old cabriolets, too—the bouncing rattling, garishly painted cabs with a hood over the passenger and a little perch on one side for the driver? They upset apple-stalls often—then have they frequently? Their drivers were good whips and their horses skittish. Where are they now? Do they ply in the streets of Sydney or San Francisco, or have their bodies been cut up years ago for firewood and lucifer matches?

Intimately connected in association and in appearance, with the Jarveys were the Charleys or watchmen. They went out with oil lamps, the Duke of Wellington's ministry, and the Bourbon family. Like the coachmen they wore many-caped coats, like them they wore low-crowned hats and were rubicund in the countenance, like them they were abusive. In the days of our youth we used to beat these Charleys to appropriate their rattles, to suspend them in mid air like Mahomet's coffin, in their watch boxes. Now—a days there be stern men. Policemen in oil-skin hats with terrible truncheons and who "stand no nonsense," they do all the beating themselves and lock us up, when we would strive to knock them down. There is yet to this day, a watch-box—a real monumental watch-box standing, a relic of days gone by—somewhere near Orchard Street, Portman Square. It has been locked up for years,

and great-coated policemen pass it nightly, on their beat, and cast an anxious glance towards it, lest night prowlers should be concealed behind its worm-eaten walls.

And, touching great coats, are not great coats themselves among the things departed? We have Paletôts (the name of which many have assumed), Ponchos, Burnouses, Sylphides, Zephyr wrappers, Chesterfields, Thomas, Pilot wrappers, Wrap-rascals, Bis-uniques and a host of other garments, more or less answering the purpose of an over-coat. But where is the great coat—the long, voluminous wide-skirted garment of brown or drab broad-cloth, reaching to the ankle, possessing unnumbered pockets, pockets for bottles, pockets for sandwiches, secret pouches for cash, and side pockets for bank-notes? This venerable garment had a cape, which, in wet or snowy weather when travelling outside the Highflyer coach you turned over your head. Your father wore it before you, and you hoped to leave it to your eldest son. Solemn repairs—careful renovation of buttons and braiding were done to it, from time to time. A new great coat was an event—a thing to be remembered as happening once or so in a lifetime.

There are more coaches and coats that are things departed, besides hackney coachmen and long great coats. Where are the short stages? Where are the days when we went spying in real stage coaches from the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate Street to Epping Forest or to Kensington, to the inaccessible Hampstead? The time occupied in those memorable journeys now suffices for our transportation to Brighton—fifty two good English miles. Where is the Brighton coach itself? its fine blood horses, the real, live baronet, who coached it for a livelihood, and for all the bloody hand in his scutcheon, sent round his servant to collect the gratuitous half-crowns from the passengers.

Things departed are the pleasant view of London from Shooter's Hill, the houses on the river, and over all, the great dome of St. Paul's looming through the smoke. What is the great North Road now? One of the Queen's highways, and nothing more, but, in those days, it was the great coaching thoroughfare of the kingdom. Highgate flourished, but, where is Highgate now? I was there the other day. The horses were gone, and the horse-troughs, and the horse-keepers. Yet, from the window of the gate-house I could descry in one *coup d'œil*, looking northwards *thirteen public-houses*. The street itself was deserted, save by a ragged child, struggling with a pig for the battered remnant of a kettle. I wondered who supported those public houses now, whether the taps were rusty, and the pots dull, or, whether, in sheer desperation at the paucity of custom, the publicans had their beer from one another's houses, and, at night, smoked their pipes and drank their grog in one

another's bar-parlours. So, yet wondering and undecided, I passed through Highgate Archway—where no man offered to swear me—and came to the turnpike, where I saw a lamentable illustration of the hardness of the times, in the turnpike-man being obliged to take toll in kind; letting a coster-monger, and a donkey-cart through for vegetables; and a small boy, going Islington-waids, for an almost bladeless knife.

Where is Cranbourn Alley? where that delightful maze of dirty, narrow, little thoroughfares, leading from Leicester Square to St. Martin's Lane? There was an alley of bonnet shops—behind whose dusty windows faded Tuscan and Leghorns were visible, and at the doors of which stood women, slatternly in appearance, but desperate and accomplished touters. Man, woman, or child, it was all the same to them; if they had made up their minds that you were to buy a bonnet, buy one you were obliged to do, unless gifted with rare powers for withstanding passionate persuasion and awful menace. Piteous stories were told of feeble-minded old gentlemen emerging from the "courts," half-fainting, laden with bonnet-boxes, and minus their cash, watches and jewellery, which they had left behind them, in part payment for merchandise which they had bought, or had been compelled to buy. The Lowther Arcade was not built in those days; and, in Cranbourn Alley, there were toy-shops, and cheap jewellery warehouses, and magazines for gimcracks of every description. Moreover, in Cranbourn Alley was there not Hamlet's—not Hamlet the Dane, but Hamlet, the silversmith! How many times have I stood, wondering, by those dirty windows, when I ought to have been wending my way to Mr. Wackerbarth's seminary for young gentlemen! Peering into the dim obscurity, dimly making out stores of gigantic silver dish-covers, hecatombs of silver spoons and forks—Pelions upon Ossas of race-cups and church services,—Hamlet was, to me, a synonyme with boundless wealth, inexhaustible credit, the payment of Consols—the grandeur of commercial Britain, in fact. Hamlet, Cranbourn Alley, and the Constitution! Yet Cranbourn Alley and Hamlet are both things departed.

In the shops in this neighbourhood they sold things which have long since floated down the sewer of Lethe into the river of Limbo. What has become of the tinder-box?—the box we never could find when we wanted it; the tinder that wouldn't light; the flint and steel that wouldn't agree to strike a light till we had exhausted our patience, and chipped numerous small pieces of skin and flesh from our fingers? Yet, Bacon wrote his "Novum Organum," and Blackstone his "Commentaries," by tinder-box-lighted lamps: and Guy Faux was very nearly blowing up the Legislature with a tinder-box-lighted train. The tinder-box is

gone now; and, in its place, we have sinister-looking splints, made from chopped-up coffins; which, being rubbed on sand paper, send forth a diabolical glare, and a suffocating smoke. But they do not fail, like the flint and steel, and light with magical rapidity; so, as everybody uses them, I am obliged to do so too.

And, while I speak of lights and smoke, another thing departed comes before me. There is no such a thing as a pipe of tobacco now a-days, sir. I see English gentlemen go about smoking black abominations like Irish apple-women. I hear of Milo's, Burns' cutty pipes, Narghiles, Chiboucks, meerschauks, hookahs, water pipes, straw pipes, and a host of other inventions for emitting the fumes of tobacco. But where, sir, is the old original alderman pipe, the churchwarden's pipe, the unadulterated "yard of clay?" A man was wont to moisten the stem carefully with beer ere he put it to his lips; when once it was alight, it kept alight; a man could sit behind that pipe, but can a man sit behind the ridiculous figments they call pipes now? The yard of clay is departed. A dim shadow of it lingers sometimes in the parlours of old city taverns; I met with it once in the Bull Ring at Birmingham. I have heard of it in Chester; but in its entirety, as a popular, acknowledged pipe, it must be numbered with the things that were.

Where are the franks? I do not allude to the warlike race of Northmen, who, under the sway of Pharamond, first gave France its name; neither do I mean those individuals who, rejoicing in the appellation of Francis, are willing to accept the diminutive of Frank. I mean those folded sheets of letter-paper, which, being endorsed with the signature of a peer, or of a Member of Parliament, went thenceforward post-free. There were regular frank-hunters—men who could nose a Member who had not yet given all his franks away, with a scent as keen as ever Cuban blood-hound had for negro flesh. He would give chase in the lobby; run down the doomed legislator within the very shadow of the Sergeant-at-Arms' bag-wig; and, after a brief contest, unfrank him on the spot. They were something to look at, and something worth having, those franks, when the postage to Edinburgh was thirteen-pence. But the franks are gone—gone with the procession of the mail-coaches on the first of May; they have fallen before little effigies of the sovereign, printed in red, and gummed at the back. English Members of Parliament have no franks now; and the twenty-five (though of a metallic nature) allowed, till very lately, to the Members of the French Legislature, have even been abolished.

I never think of franks without a regretful remembrance of another thing departed—a man who, in old times, stood on the steps of the Post-office in St. Martin's le Grand, with a sheet of cartridge-paper, and whom I knew by the appellation of "it forms." "It forms,"

he was continually saying, "now it forms a jockey-cap, now a church-door, a fan a mat, the paddie-boxes of a steamer, a cocked hat," and, as he spoke, he twisted the paper into something bearing a resemblance to the articles he named. He is gone, so is the sheet of fools cap we used to twist into the semblance of cocked hats, silkworm boxes and boats, when boys at school. The very secret of the art is lost in these degenerate days, I verily believe, like that of making Venetian bezors, staining glass for windows.

Whole hosts of street arts and street artists are among the things departed. Where is the dancing bear with his pitious brown muzzle and unorthogyrations? Where is the camel? Where the tight rope dancers? the performers on stilts? Where are these gone? Say not that the New Police Act has abolished them for though that sweeping piece of legislation has silenced the dustman's bell, and bade the muffin boy cry muffins no more, we have still the organ-grinder with, it without, monkeys the Highland bag pipes and the acrobats. The fantoccini are almost extinct, and I suppose Punch will go next. It is all very well, and right, and proper of course. Dancing bears and camels, monkeys and fantoccini are all highly immoral no doubt. But I should just like to see what the British Constitution would be with out Punch and Judy.

The smallest man is gone the saloop stall, the blind man and his dog are becoming *rara avis*, the grizzled Turk with a dirty turban and a box of shubub before him, is scarcely ever to be met with. In his stead we have a liver coloured Lascar slaving in white cotton robes selling tracts of the inflammatory order of Pety, and occasionally offering them in exchange for gin. And, caprice the encouragement of new favourites, are driving these old established ornaments of the streets away.

I do not quarrel so much with the ever changing fashions in dress. I can give up without a sigh the leg of mutton sleeves, those dreadful pear shaped monsters of silk and muslin, they wore about the year 30. I will not clamour for the revival of the bishop's sleeves—unwinkly articles that were always either getting squashed flat as a pancake in a crowd, or dipping into the gravy at dinner. I will resign the monstrous Lachoin hats—the short waisted pelisses, the Cossack trousers and flaming stocks in which we arrayed our selves, when George the Fourth was king but let me drop one tear, heave one sigh, to the memories of pig tails and Hessian boots.

Both are things departed. One solitary pig-tail, I believe, yet feebly flourishes in some remote corner of the agricultural districts of England. It comes up to town during the season, and I have seen it in New Burlington Street. The Hessians, though gone from the lower extremities of a nation, yet had abiding place on the calves of the Stranger in Mr Kotzebue's play of that time, and over the

portals of some bootmakers of the old school. The Hessians of our youth are gone. The mirror polished, gracefully outlined, silken tasselled Hessians exist no more—those famous boots, the soles of which Mr. Brummell caused to be blacked, and in the refulgent lustre of which the gentleman of fashion immortalised by Mr Warren was wont to shave himself.

Of the buildings, the monuments, the streets, which are gone, I will not complain. I can spare that howling desert in the area of Lancaster Fields, with its battered railings, its cat haunted parterres, its gravel walks, usurped by snails and overgrown with weeds. I like Mr Wild's Great Globe better. I can dispense with the old Mews of Charing Cross, and the believed boarding surrounding them, though I loved the latter for the first announcement of the first play I ever saw was pasted there. I like Trafalgar Square (barring the fountain) better. I can surrender the horrible collection of mangy sheds, decomposed vegetation and lashing baskets which used to block up Downing Street, and which they called Fleet Market. I can renounce, though with a sigh, the Fleet Prison, a specimen of the superiority of New Oxford Street over St. Giles and the Holy Land, and of Victoria Street as compared with the dirt and squalor and crime of Westminster. Yet let me have one sigh for Kings Cross that anomalous little area where many roads converge and many monuments have stood. There was a stone monument to an admiral, a fine Guy Fawkes which was traditionally supposed to represent George the good the magnificent the great, his curly wig, his portly men his affable countenance. Little boys used to chalk their political opinion freely on the pedestal accompanied by rough cartoons of their parents, and guardians their pastors and masters, omnibus drivers and conductors pointed the finger of hilarity at it, as they passed by, it was a great statue. They have taken it away, with the Small pox Hospital into the bargain, and though they have set up another George, stirrupless hatless and shoeless in Trafalgar Square and the Hospital is removed elsewhere, the terminus of the Great Northern Railway and the pedestal with three big lamps now standing in their stead, are a dis sight to mine eyes, and make me long for the old glories of Kings Cross and Battle Bridge.

Smithfield is going. Tyburn is gone (I am not such an old fogey Mr Squirrel is to be able to remember that nor so staunch a Conservative as to regret it, now that it is gone). Bartholomew Fair is gone. Greenwich Fair going. Chalk Farm Fair a melancholy mockery of monument. Let me ask a few more interrogations, and let me go too.

Where are the fogs? Light brumous vapours I see hanging over London, in December, but not the fogs of my youth. They were orange-coloured, substantial, pal-

pable fogs, that you could cut with a knife, or bottle up for future inspection. In those foggy vessels ran each other down on the river, link-boys were in immense request, carriages and four drove into chemists shops and over bridges, and in the counting house of Messrs Bungo, Maudingo, and Flamingo, where I was a small boy, copying letters, we burnt candles in the rusty old sconces all day long. I saw a fog, a real fog, the other day, travelling per rail from Southampton, but it was a white one, and gave me more the idea of a balloon voyage, than of the fog *de facto*.

Gone with the fogs are the link boys, the sturdy, impudent varlets, who beset you on murky nights with their flaming torches and the steady going, respectable, almost aristocratic link bearers, with silver badges often, who had the monopoly of the doors of the opera, and of great men's houses when bills or parties were given. I knew a man once who was in the habit of attending the nobilities' entertainments, not by the virtue of an invitation but by the grace of his own indomitable impudence, and by the link boys' favour. An evening costume an unblushing man, and a crown to the link boy would be sufficient to make that worthy bawl out his name and style to the hall porter, the hall porter would shout it to the footman, the footman yell it to the groom of the chambers, while the latter muttering it for the benefit of the lady or gentleman of the house, these estimable persons would take it for granted that they *must* have invited him, and so bowing and complimenting, as a matter of course, leave him without restriction to his abominable devices, in the way of dancing, flirting, *coquette* playing, and supper eating. I was and far between are the link boys in this present 1852. The running footmen with the flambeaux have vanished these many years and the only remnants surviving of their existence are the blackened extinguishers attached to the iron railings of some old fashioned houses about Newmarket Square. With the flambeaux, the sedan chairs have also disappeared the drunken Irish chairmen who carried them, the whisk loving oil spinners, who delighted to ride inside them. I have seen *disjecta membra*—venerable ruins, here and there, of the sedan chairs at Bath at Cheltenham, at Brighton, but the bones thereof are marrowless, and its eyes without speculation.

The old articles of furniture that I loved, are things departed. The mirror, with its knobby gilt frame, and stunted little branches for candles, the polky eagle above it, and its convex surface reflecting your face in an eccentric and distorted manner, the dumb waiter, ugly and useful, the dear old spinnet, on which aunt Sophy used to play those lamentable pieces of music, the "Battle of Prague" and the "Caliph of Bagdad," the old chiffonier, the "whatnot," and the "Canterbury," the work-box, with a view of

the Pavilion at Brighton on the lid, the Funbridge ware, (supplanted now by vile, beautifully painted, artistic things of papier-maché, from Birmingham, forsooth,)—gone, and for ever.

Even while I talk, whole crowds of "things departed" flit before me, of which I have neither time to tell, nor you patience to hear. Post-boys, "wax ends from the palace," Dutch-pugs, black footmen, the window-tax, the Palace Court, Gatton, and Old Sarum! What will go next, I wonder? Temple Bar, Lord Mayor's Day, or the "Gentleman's Magazine!"

Well, well, it is all for the best, I presume. These trivial things that I have babbled of, have but departed with the leaves and the melting snow—with the hopes that are extinguished, and the ambition that is crushed—with dear old friends dead and dearer friendships severed. I will be content to sit on the milestone by the great road, and smoking my pipe, watch the chariot of life, with Youth on the box and Pleasure in the dicky, tear by till the dust thrown up by its wheels has whitened my hair, and it shall be my time to be numbered among the things departed.

HOW CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, NEAR HAMBURG

ABOUT three miles from Hamburg there is an institution called the Rauhe Haus (the Rough House), which consists in substance of certain detached huts and buildings prettily scattered among trees and flower-plots all tenanted by men and boys. Once upon a time—and that no very distant time—there was here but a single cottage, which, having no resemblance to a marble hall, was styled the Rauhe Haus. There dwelt in it, with his mother, a certain Pastor Wichern, who having nothing like a marble heart, received into his home three outcast boys, that he might train and save them. The energy of goodness made this first act of benevolence a living seed. The Rauhe Haus is now a famous institution, which includes, upon its small domain of thirty acres, Pastor Wichern and his wife, seven young clergymen not yet in orders, thirty-five artisans or "Brothers," and some master workmen, five deaconesses and a hundred children, about seventy of these being boys, and thirty girls.

The children are of a class somewhat similar to that which forms the congregation at our Ragged schools. Quite similar we cannot say, because anything quite like, or nearly like the misery of English pauper children, does not exist in any other Protestant community in the whole round of the world. Children are not often taken to the Rauhe Haus out of a prison, though they are sent thither when convicted of small offences, instead of being sent to gaol. The object at the Rauhe Haus is not only, by a pure and Christian discipline, to save these outcast children, and create them into ministers of good, but also to

provide Protestant missionaries — not for Timbuctoo, but for the fallen or the falling souls in Fatherland.

The brothers at the Rauhe Haus receive nothing notable as pay, they have board, lodging, clothing, and pocket-money to the extent of about three shillings a month. Thus they receive not as their hire, but as the supply of necessities while they labour for the love of God to educate the little children. These brothers are at liberty to leave the institution when they please, upon a quarter's notice, and for their admission no conditions are necessary except that they have knowledge of some trade, a healthy mind and body, that they be twenty years old, unmarried and unmarried. They have also to pass through a certain probation for the purpose of ascertaining whether they have sufficient self-denial for the due fulfilment of their duties. At the Rauhe Haus, the brothers have, beside the sense that they are labouring for good other inducements to remain. They teach trades to the children, and in turn receive instruction from the young clergymen who are at ordination at the Rauhe Haus after having concluded their university career. By these young ministers the brothers are instructed in theology, philosophy, geography, grammar, &c., so that they are prepared for their future labours as home missionaries. What do these higher teachers learn? Is there no one from whom they also receive instruction? Certainly there is. Aristotle and Euclid are not the only preparation for a Christian ministry, and these young Germans who spend years at the Rauhe Haus before their ordination without any salary have there a prison, a hospital and a school where they may learn among the helpless and the sick and the imprisoned to discharge the duties of their future calling. We should here state that the Rauhe Haus has not only grown itself, but has sent up from its vigorous roots many an offshoot. Among others, there is at Dunsburg a similar institution of which the director is a minister, who studied unordained under the good Pastor Wichern.

The little estate at Rauhe Haus is entirely cultivated by spare labour. It seems for the field, other occupations being laid aside, the entire population of a hundred and fifty, men and boys, turn out to work. There are nine houses now. Six of these are family houses for the boys and their attendants, these houses are rough enough, for the boys themselves built them, but they, and all that they contain, rough beds and rough linen, are completely clean. There are also six houses out of the nine, and then there is also a house to contain the workshops, with rooms on the upper floor for brothers not actually engaged about the boys. There is also the house of Pastor Wichern and his wife, with room for the thirty girls and the five deaconesses, who cook, wash, and perform all the humble duties of a woman. The boys have a printing-press,

and some are trained as printers, some learn bookbinding, some study the whole art of tailoring, others make shoes, others bake, there are carpenters, there are boys learning to make lithographs and woodcuts. Gardening and agriculture is learned by them all. Half of the boys are at work always, while the others are at school. Each, when he leaves the institution, is bound apprentice to the trade that he has studied.

What is the discipline among these children? Not very British, certainly. Britannia's fingers are too hard and clumsy when she stretches out her hand to touch or lend a child. It is hard to say so of a lady, but she is a horny-handed woman. At Rauhe Haus as has been said already the houses and shops are scattered pleasantly among the trees and flowers. The flowers are the children's property. Every boy has his plot of ground, but he is allowed only to grow flowers in it, for it is designed to make the outcast learn to love the beautiful. The children are not marshalled about, and set down like a regiment before a mile of dinner. They are separated into families of twelve, and in each family the true method of nature is consulted by the blending, into one group of children differently aged, that by mutual help and love in each, of companions both stronger and weaker than himself the child's mind may develop itself as early as it does at home. The 'Brother' seeks to be the father to his household. On the chapel table you would see some little books, in one of which are set down the birthdays of the little members of the household and the elders too. At daily prayer a child may rise and say 'To-day is William Ritter's birth day' and in the chapel William Ritter is congratulated then and prayed for in the simple way that touches William Ritter's heart and presents tumble in upon the little fellow. To the brothers too or the young clergymen the birth day is a day of loving words and loving little gifts.

The boys have in allowance of just so much pocket-money as enables them to stir each other's hearts in this way and to pay for anything they spoil or break, so they acquire a sense of property. Their chapel is decked out by their own hands pleasantly with flowers and green boughs, on Christmas day, or other important Christian festivals they go into the lanes and bring the blind the lame, the poor, into their house of worship, where they make them little gifts out of their pocket money.

The Brothers, teaching in the workshops, or presiding in rotation as the heads of families, are trained for one of four vocations, they either go abroad to plant new institutions similar to that at Rauhe Haus, or to be gaolers in prisons, where they may put themselves in kindly communion with the wretched, who are never lost while they are within sound of the voice of true humanity; or they become pedlars—Pilgrim Brothers they are

called—and travel over Germany, seeking to carry good from house to house among the poor, or they become preachers and teachers in the colonies. To go abroad they seldom wish, although invited often, their chief desire is to obtain admission as gaolers into the prisons, and win over the criminals to virtue.

Of course, at the Rauhe Haus, there is a great deal of teaching to sing. There is a good deal of happy playing too. The staff of Brothers being large, their labour is divided and shifted, so that each has a various experience. At the same time one brother preaches over the playhouse, another over each of the several trades, another over each little family. There is a brother for the novitiates or newly admitted boys. There are four brothers whose work it is to preserve the home affection in such children as have parents out of doors. They take them often to their families and foster to the utmost every young thought that can be brought to shape itself into a kiss. The brothers who go thus among the most desolate of the poor acquire knowledge of their future duties: they also visit the poor generally and already commence labour in adjacent prisons. There is a "Child's Hospital" in which they teach—and learn, and there are also model lodging-houses, in which they hold services three times a week. Besides all regular duties the good brothers are perpetually in request throughout a large circle of neighbours who require often the aid and comfort of a kindly heart and ready sympathy.

The institution at the Rauhe Haus is of course, self-supporting and the fund is able to accommodate an increasing number of children. Two brothers watch at all times to prevent the escape of children who are not yet fairly settled, but there is no wall there are no locked gates to frown down at the home among the flowers.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN GHOSTS

ECCLÉSIALS have been ascribed sometimes to the hunger of a great dragon, who eats the sun, and lives in the dark until the blazing orb has been mended. Numerous instances are ready to the memory of any one of us, in illustration of the tendency existing among men to ascribe to supernatural, fantastic causes events wonderful only by their rarity. All that we daily see differs from these things no more than inasmuch as it is at the same time marvellous and common. We know very well that the moon, seen once by all, would be regarded as an awful spectre open only to the occasional vision of a few men, no doubt she would be scouted by a large party as a creation of their fancy altogether.

The list of facts that have been scouted in this way, corresponds pretty exactly to the list of human discoveries, down to the recent improvements in street lighting and steam

locomotion. The knowledge of the best of us is but a little light which shines in a great deal of darkness. We are all of us more ignorant than wise. The proportion of knowledge yet lying beyond the realm of our explorations is as a continent against a cabbage garden. Yet many thousands are contented to believe that in this little bit of garden lies out all and to laugh at every report made to the world by people who have ventured just to peep over the paling. It is urged against inquiries into matters yet mysterious—mysterious as all things look under the light of the first dawn of knowledge—why should we pry into them until we know that we shall be limited by the information we have? All information is a limit. All knowledge is a goal. Is it for man to say,

What is the use of seeing?

We are in the present day upon the trace of a great many important facts relating to the immaterial agencies of human nature. Light, heat, and electricity are no longer the simple matters or effects of matter that they have hitherto seemed to be. New wonders point to more beyond. In modernism the research of Euclid and others are beginning to open in our own day the book of Nature at a page of the very first importance to the naturalist, but the contents of which until this time have lain wholly unsuspected. Behind a cloudy mass of fraud and folly while the clouds shift we perceive a few dim stars, to guide us towards the discovery of wondrous truths. There are such truths which will hereafter illustrate the connexion in many ways still mysterious between the body of man and the surrounding world. Wonderful things have yet to be revealed on subjects of a delicate and subtle texture. It is even in the present day that before we learn how we may keep our impressions from perishing, and not discredit statements simply because they are new and strange, nor on the other hand, accept them hastily without sufficient proof.

On questionable points which are decided by the touch and weight of evidence it would be well if it were widely understood that it is by no means requisite for every man to form an *Ayer's* opinion. Let those who have no leisure for a fan inquiry play a neutral part. There are hundreds of subjects which we have never examined nor ever could or can examine upon which we are all, nevertheless, expressing every day stubborn opinions. We all have to acquire some measure of the philosophic mind, and be content to retain a large army of thoughts equipped each thought with its crooked bayonet, a note of interrogation. In reasoning, also when we do reason, we have to remember fairly that "not proven" does not always mean untrue. And in accepting matters on testimony, we must rigidly preserve in view the fact, that, except upon gross objects of sense, very few of us are qualified by training as observers. In drawing delicate conclusions from the complex and

most dimly comprehended operations of the human frame observed in men and women, the sources of fallacy are very numerous. To detect and acknowledge these to get rid of them experimentally, is very difficult, even to the most candid and enlightened mind.

I have no faith in ghosts, according to the old sense of the word and I could grope with comfort through any amount of dark old rooms, or midnight walks, or over church yards, between sunset and cock crow. I can face a spectre. Being at one time troubled with illusions, I have myself crushed a hobgoblin by sitting on its lap. Nevertheless, I do believe that the great mass of "ghost stories," of which the world is full, has not been built entirely upon the inventions of the ignorant and superstitious. In plain words while I of course, throw aside a million of idle fictions, or exaggerated facts, I do believe in ghosts—or, rather, spectres—only I do not believe them to be supernatural.

That, in certain states of the body, many of us in our waking hours picture as vividly as we habitually do in dreams, and seem to see or hear in fair reality that which is in our minds as an old fact, and requires no confirmation. An ignorant or superstitious man fallen into this state may find good reason to tell ghost stories to his neighbours. Disease, and the delirium preceding death make people on their death beds very liable to plays of this kind on their failing faculties, and one solemnity or cause of dread, thus being added to another, seems to give the strength of reason to a superstitious feeling.

Concerning my own experience, which comes under the class of natural ghost seeing above mentioned, I may mention in good faith that, if such phantoms were worth recalling, I could fill up in hours with the narration of those spectral sights and sounds which were most prominent among the illusions of my childhood. Sights and sounds were equally distinct and lifelike. I have run up stairs obedient to a spectral call. Every successive night for a fortnight my childish breath was stifled by the proceedings of a spectral rat audible nevertheless. It nightly, at the same hour, burst open a cupboard door, scampered across the floor and shook the chain by my bedside. Wide awake and alone in the broad daylight I have heard the voices of two nobodies gravely conversing, after the absurd dream fashion, in my room. Then as for spectral sights—During the cholera of 1832, I, then a boy, walking in Holborn saw in the sky the veritable flaming sword which I had learnt by heart out of a picture in an old folio of "Paradise Lost." And round the fiery sword there was a regular oval of blue sky to be seen through parted clouds. It was a fact not unimportant, that this phantom sword did not move with my eye, but remained for some time, apparently, only in one part of the heavens. I looked aside and lost it. When

I looked back, there was the image still. These are hallucinations which arise from a disordered condition of the nervous system; they are the seeing or the hearing of what is not, and they are not by any means uncommon. Out of these there must, undoubtedly, arise a large number of well attested stories of ghosts, seen by one person only. Such ghosts ought to excite no more terror than a twinge of rheumatism, or a nervous headache.

There can be no doubt, however, that, in our minds or bodies, there are powers latent, or nearly latent, in the ordinary healthy man, which, in some peculiar constitutions, or under the influence of certain agents, or certain classes of disease, become active, and develop themselves in an extraordinary way. It is not very uncommon to find people who have acquired intuitive perception of each others' current thoughts, beyond what can be ascribed to community of interests, or comprehension of character.

Z-chokke the German writer and teacher, is a particularly honourable and unimpeachable witness. What he affirms, as of his own knowledge, we have no right to disbelieve. Many of us have read the marvellous account given by him of his sudden discovery, that he possessed the power in regard to a few people—by no means in regard to all—of knowing, when he came near to them, not only their present thoughts, but much of what was in their memories. The details will be found in his Autobiography, which, being translated, has become a common book among us. When, for the first time while conversing with some person, he acquired access of power over the secrets of that person's past life, he gave, of course, but little heed to his sensation. Afterwards, as from time to time the sense recurred, he tested the accuracy of his impressions, and was alarmed to find that, at certain times, and in regard to certain persons, the mysterious knowledge was undoubtedly acquired. Once when a young man at the table with him was dismissing very flippantly all manner of unexplained phenomena as the gross food of ignorance and credulity, Zachokke requested to know what he would say if he, distinguished, by aid of an unexplained power, should be able to tell him secrets out of his past life. Zachokke was deterred to do that, but he did it. Among other things he described a certain upper room, in which there was a certain strong box, and from which certain moneys, the property of his master, had been abstracted by that young man, who, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed the theft.

Many glimmerings of intuition, which at certain times occur in the experience of all of us, and seem to be something more than shrewd or lucky guesses, may be referred to the same power which we find, in the case just quoted, more perfectly developed. Nothing supernatural, but a natural gift, imper-

ceptible to us in its familiar, moderate, and healthy exercise, brought first under our notice when some deranged adjustment of the mind has suffered it to grow into excess—to be, if we may call it so, a mental tumour.

We may now come to a new class of mysteries—which are receiving for the first time in our own day, a rational solution.

The blind poet, Pfeffel, had engaged, as amanuensis, a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing. When the blind poet walked abroad, Billing also acted as his guide. One day, as they were walking in the garden, which was situated at a distance from the town, Pfeffel observed a trembling of his guide's arm whenever they passed over a certain spot. He asked the cause of this, and extracted from his companion the unwilling confession, that over that spot he was attacked by certain uncontrollable sensations, which he always felt where human bodies had been buried. At night, he added, over such spots he saw uncanny things. "This is great folly," Pfeffel thought, "and I will cure him of it." The poet went therefore that very night into the garden. When they approached the place of dread, Billing perceived a feeble light, which hovered over it. When they came nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery, ghost-like form. He described it as the figure of a female with one arm across her body, and the other hanging down, hovering upright and motionless over the spot, her feet being a few hand breadths above the soil. The young man would not approach the vision, but the poet, at about it with his stick, walked through it, and seemed to the eyes of Billing, like a man who beats about a light flame which always returns to its old shape. For months, experiments were continued, company was brought to the spot, the spectre remained visible always in the dark, but to the young man only, who adhered firmly to his statement, and to his conviction that a body lay beneath. Pfeffel at last had the place dug up, and at a considerable depth, covered with lime, there was a skeleton discovered. The bones and the lime were dispersed, the hole was filled up, Billing was again brought to the spot by night, but never again saw the spectre.

This ghost story, being well attested, created a great sensation. In the curious book, by Baron Reichenbach, translated by Dr Gregory, it is quoted as an example of a large class of ghost stories which admit of explanation upon principles developed by his own experiments.

The experiments of Baron Reichenbach do not, indeed, establish a new science, though it is quite certain that they go far to point out a new line of investigation, which promises to yield valuable results. So much of them as concerns our subject may be very briefly stated. It would appear that certain persons, with disordered nervous systems, liable to catalepsy, or to such affections, and also some healthy

persons who are of a peculiar nervous temperament, are more sensitive to magnetism than their neighbours. They are peculiarly acted upon by the magnet, and are, moreover, very much under the influence of the great magnetic currents of the earth. Such people sleep tranquilly when they are reposing with their bodies in the earth's magnetic line, and are restless, in some cases seriously afflicted, if they lie across that line, on beds with the head and foot turned east and west, mutters of complete indifference to the healthy animal. These "sensitives" are not only affected by the magnet, but they are able to detect, by their sharpened sense, what we may reasonably suppose to exist a faint magnetic light they see it streaming from the poles of a magnet shown to them in a room absolutely dark, and if the sensibility be great and the darkness perfect, they see it streaming also from the points of fingers, and bathing in a faint halo the whole magnet or the whole hand. Furthermore it would appear that the action by the magnet of these sensitives does not depend upon that quality by which non-sensitives are attracted, that, perfectly independent of the attractive force, that streams from magnets, from the poles of crystals, from the sun and moon, another influence to which the discoverer assigns the name of *Odyle*. This manifestation of *Odyle* is accompanied by a light so faint in healthy vision, but perceptible at night by "sensitives." *Odyle* is generated among other things by heat, and by chemical action. It is generated, therefore, in the decomposition of the human body. I may now quote from Reichenbach, who having given a scientific explanation upon his own principles, of the phenomena perceived by Billing thus continues:—

"The desire to inflict a mortal wound on the monster, Superstition, which, from a similar origin, a few centuries ago, inflicted on European society so vast an amount of misery, and by whose influence not hundreds, but thousands, of innocent persons died in tortures, on the rack and at the stake,—this desire made me wish to make the experiment, if possible, of bringing a highly sensitive person by night, to a churchyard. I thought it possible that they might see, over graves where mouldering bodies lay, something like that which Billing had seen. Mademoiselle Reichel had the courage, unusual in her sex, to agree to my request. She allowed me, on two very dark nights, to take her from the Castle of Reichenberg, where she was residing with my family, to the cemetery of the neighbouring village of Grünzing.

"The result justified my expectation in the fullest measure. She saw, very soon, a light, and perceived, on one of the grave mounds, along its whole extent, a delicate, fiery, as it were a breathing flame. The same thing was seen on another grave, in a less degree. But she met neither witches nor ghosts. She described the flame as playing over the graves

in the form of a luminous vapour, from one to two spans in height.

"Some time afterwards I took her to two great cemeteries, near Vienna, where several interments occur daily, and the grave mounds lie all about in thousands. Here she saw numerous graves, which exhibited the lights above described. Wherever she looked, she saw masses of fire lying about; but it was chiefly seen over all new graves, while there was no appearance of it over very old ones. She described it less as a clear flame than as a dense, vaporous mass of fire, holding a middle place between mist and flame. On many graves this light was about four feet high, so that when she stood on the grave, it reached to her neck. When she thrust her hand into it, it was as if putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed not the slightest uneasiness, as she was, from her childhood, accustomed to such emanations, and had seen, in my experiments, similar lights produced by natural means, and made to assume endless varieties of form. I am convinced that all who are, to a certain degree, sensitive, will see the same phenomena in cemeteries, and very abundantly in the crowded cemeteries of large cities; and that my observations may be easily repeated and confirmed." These experiments were tried in 1844. A postscript was added in 1847. Reichenbach had taken five other sensitive persons, in the dark, to cemeteries. Of these, two were sickly, three quite healthy. All of them confirmed the statements of Mademoiselle Reichel, and saw the lights over all new graves more or less distinctly; "so that," says the philosopher, "the fact can no longer admit of the slightest doubt, and may be everywhere controlled."

"Thousands of ghost stories," he continues, "will now receive a natural explanation, and will thus cease to be marvellous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as everyone knows they did, that not everyone was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the imponderable emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. And thus I have, I trust, succeeded in tearing down one of the densest veils of darkened ignorance and human error."

So far speaks Reichenbach; and for myself, reverting to the few comments with which we set out, I would suggest, that Reichenbach's book, though it is very likely to push things too far—to fancy the tree by looking at the seed—is yet not such a book as men of sense are justified in scouting. The repetition of his experiments is very easy if they be correct. There are plenty of "sensitives" to be found in our London hospitals and streets and lanes. Unluckily, however, though we live in an age which produces, every day, new

marvels, the old spirit of bigotry, which used to make inquiry dangerous in science and religion, still prevails in the minds of too many scientific men. To be incredulous of what is new and strange, until it has been rigidly examined and proved true, is one essential element of a mind seeking enlightenment. But, to test and try new things is equally essential. Because of doubting, to refuse inquiry, is because of hunger to refuse our food. For my own part, I put these matters into the livery of that large body of thoughts already mentioned, which walk about the human mind, armed each with a note of interrogation. This only I see, that, in addition to the well-known explanations of phenomena, which produce some among the many stories of ghosts and of mysterious forebodings, new explanations are at hand which will reduce into a natural and credible position many other tales by which we have till recently been puzzled.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

IN PRAISE OF SALAD.

You do not know in England the importance of the salad question. You have traditions of gentlemen who have driven in their carriage from dinner-party to dinner-party, receiving fees, and practising with all the respectability attached to a grave doctor of physic, the profession of a salad-maker. Such traditions move you to a little wonder, but you are not moved thereby to much inquiry into the true principles of salad-dressing; you exercise the craft empirically; you are quacks. Now, I having travelled through eminently salad-eating countries, with a proper reverence for salad as a part of my constitution, which at all times inclines to venerate whatever is mysterious,—I having thus travelled, and respectfully eaten, in Germany, in Italy, and, above all, in France, salads of many kinds, am qualified now, also, by bookish study, and by every preparation which an earnest mind should bring to the treatment of an important subject, to inform my countrymen. I request that which I now write may be read not frivolously, but in a serious and sober frame of mind, and, if aloud, that it be read with a dignified tone, and listened to with a majestic countenance. Salad is a subject of too much importance to be lightly handled. A French writer of the sixteenth century, falling into raptures about eggs, tells us, that he could vary his dinner every day for an entire twelvemonth, and yet dine always only upon eggs. In other words, he was acquainted with three hundred and sixty-five ways in which it was possible to prepare an egg for eating. By how much more is salad to be venerated, which admits not only of being dressed in three hundred and sixty-five different ways, but of which there are upwards of three hundred and

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A German writer goes into the etymology of salad, and informs us that it is a word derived from salt. He finds this derivation very satisfactory, until he is brought to a full stop by those sweet varieties, like the sliced apples and oranges, which in his country are eaten with roast pig. There he is puzzled. The fact is, salad was in existence before man. Our boys take pleasure in a salad dressed by nature, a salad in which piquant flavours are exquisitely blended. This is served up in your English meadows, under the well-known name of sorrel. The lower animals eat salad. Beasts and birds of prey are said to console their stomachs with grape-lusk and salad-herbs. We see our dogs occasionally seeking for a salad on the grass-plot. In discussing the geographical distribution of salad among men—to say nothing of Nebuchadnezzar who was condemned to browse on cold salad, we shall find that in southern Europe whole nations make salad, all the year round, their chief article of diet. In Germany and countries with a German climate, salad, by most people, is eaten only during half the year, and in Russia, perhaps, only a tenth part of the population eat it during a fourth part of the year. Perhaps it is in France that salad is most eaten. Napoleon, during his wars, used to say, that his army wanted nothing to subsist upon but soup and salad. As for the extreme North, where vinegar cannot be fermented, it is a land that knows not salad. The people there, however, do not feel their loss, for they eat fish, and with fish a salad is not wanted. Let me make solemn exception in the case of soles, which are to be eaten with sliced lemon by enlightened people. Brillat Savarin teaches also that baked pike is not to be thought of without salad. Cold salmon, moreover, is sent up in France with a coquettish little salad, which, in this place, it would be ungrateful to forget.

In a salad, as in the Nature of the ancients, the number of the elements, is four—the herb, the oil, the vinegar, the salt. Eggs, anchovies, herrings, shreds of dried meat, gherkins, capers, olives, Parmesan cheese, slices of lemon, of apple, and of cold potatoes, bacon, cream, and other things, are added in various countries, either to conceal a want of freshness in the herb, or to satisfy a vitiated palate. Hermes gave but four strings to the lyre, and the Ætoliæ banished Anaximander for wishing to add a fifth. In France and Italy, and Austria, people are banished or imprisoned for much smaller enormities than the unprincipled innovation which would add a fifth ingredient to salad. A misfortune only equal to the infliction of too many ingredients in a salad, is the possession of too few. Job accounted want of oil among the chief trials of his patience. Salad has a history and a literature of its own, not to be sur-

passed by any article whatever—not even the Greek article. Josephus simply records that the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar consisted in his being condemned to live on salad; but the Baron Von Vaerst, a German writer on the subject, adds in a shrewd annotation, that the punishment lay in the wicked king's salads being unsavoury with oil, vinegar, and salt.

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The subject of salad sauce has occupied the attention of various learned men, especially in France. Not only have the specific properties of salt, and oil, and vinegar, been properly inquired into, but also their properties and influences as bearing directly upon herb. The famous chemists, Fourcroy and Chaptal, wrote, each of them, a treatise on the subject. Chaptal wears, in the presence of posterity, a sweet chaplet of salad leaves. The salad à la Chaptal must be sprinkled freely with the oil and vinegar, carefully and discreetly mixed; finally lightly shaken between two sieves, in order that all superfluity of oil or vinegar be suffered to run off. "This done," says the discoverer, "there will remain upon the leaves much oil and little vinegar, enough of each, however, to communicate the true excellency and delicacy of flavour." This is all very well, as far as oil and vinegar may go, but Chaptal has said nothing about salt. The sculptor of King Charles's statue at Charing Cross is said to have forgotten the saddle-girths, and to have put an end to his life in consequence. Chaptal never discovered his omission, perhaps; at any rate he did not commit suicide. The due proportion of salt, however, in a

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salad, is a matter of grave importance. Upon this depends no less a matter than whether the salad shall be short and crisp, or flabby and greasy. The great Gaudet dropped pearls of doctrine, but we do not retain a jewel-syllable by which we can be aided on this subject of salt. Concerning the herb, our treatment of it varies with the kind; all, of course, demand an intensity of cleanliness; all should, when clean, be dried affectionately and patted pleasantly between two napkins. Some salads must be handled tenderly, some pulled and pinched about like men's limbs in a Russian bath, some must be cut, some broken, some torn like the Roman salad. Frederic Schlegel says, of Roman salad, that it should be torn to very small shreds, so that it may look like the cumuli, the woolly "female clouds" of Pliny. The hearts of some salads must be taken out and dressed on separate dishes. Rousseau tells us, that for a salad to have the true flavour, it should be dressed by a maiden between fifteen and eighteen years of age.

Rabelais affirms that the best oil to a salad is good humour. The sauce used in the salad of Pope Sixtus the Fifth would please the English better. When this Pope was an obscure monk, he had a great friend in a certain lawyer, who sank into poverty as steadily as the monk rose into popedom. So the poor lawyer, journeying to seek compassion from his old friend the Pope, fell sick by the wayside, and commissioned his doctor to plead for him with his Holiness. "I will send him a salad," said the Pope, and sent to the sick man, accordingly, a basketful of lettuces. When the lettuces were opened, money was found in their hearts. Therefore the proverb says in Italy, to this day, of a man in need of money from some helping friend, "He wants one of Sixtus the Fifth's salads."

The great Gaudet, whom we have mentioned incidentally, was one of the first victims of that French Revolution which has now lasted more than sixty years, and promises to last for sixty more. Towards the close of the last century, this wonderful man found himself an exile in England without friends or money. Ere long, the most beautiful ladies of the land hung with bright, watchful eyes over his labours; and mouths, accustomed to command the destinies of armies and of nations, watered when he came near. In the houses of the old-fashioned nobility—as that of the late Marquis of Abercorn—the music would play, "See the Conquering Hero comes," when the great Gaudet entered. The talk of a dinner table lulled into repose before him. Wonder succeeded silence. What an expensive salad dressing-case! What delicacy of touch over the light green leaves! What charming little stories to beguile the moments of suspense! How gracefully and pleasantly he magnified the noble art of salad-making! The great Gaudet

concentrated the entire force of his powerful mind on salad; great, therefore, was his success. Gaudet, like joy, was sought at every feast. He drove in his own cabriolet from dinner to dinner. To secure his services, the high and mighty left cards at his house some weeks before they were required. Have we not seen with our eyes a letter addressed by him to a noble duke, recommending that person to postpone his dinner until nine o'clock, because he, the great Gaudet, was pledged to another noble lord at eight? The fee of the great Gaudet rose to ten guineas; and none who ate his salad grudged the money it cost them.

Near the city of Rome there lived, about the same time, a certain Madam Drake, who also illustrated by her own renown the delightful salad science. With German solemnity she accepted her mission. It was her belief, that salad to be truly fresh, should not be exposed to light until the moment of its being eaten; she, therefore, in a dark room mysteriously performed her office.

Thus much I have written, and have not yet told you how a salad should be made. It cannot be made by telling. You must be born a salad-maker. Salad is a production of taste; it belongs to the Fine Arts, and can no more be acquired by rule than poetry, or sculpture, or painting. You may, indeed, measure, or hew out, or daub off a salad. You may know that lettuce requires very little oil, and endive very much; that rape needs beetroot and celery; that cold cauliflower is the basis of a delicious salad used very much in Italy, but almost unknown in England; you may know that four table-spoonful of oil should go generally to one of vinegar; that the salt is a matter to be nervous with; that, above all things, it is necessary to dissolve thoroughly the salt in the vinegar before you add the oil. All this you may know; and you may know how to collect at the right season the right herbs; yet, nevertheless, you must be born a salad-maker, with the full measure of native tact, if you would shine in the profession. It has even been doubted, in the face of the great Gaudet, whether one man can combine in himself all the qualities which go to make a perfect salad-maker; because, to complete a salad properly, is said, in fact, to require the united efforts of four different men: a spendthrift for the oil, a miser for the vinegar, a sage for the salt, and a maniac for the mixing.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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No. 96.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852. \

[PAGE 2d.

A RAINY DAY ON "THE EUPHRATES."

THE 13th of January, 1852, was a decidedly wet day. You, reader, as a shadow, not affected by the weather; I, as a motionless, damp substance, under the porch of the Blackwall Railway station, looking up at the immense wet slate in the sky, and down at the few human sponges whom fate urged, for some motive or other, to a run across the puddles on the pier. The river before us had a languid, sickly look, as if it had just come from swallowing a sewer. As for the opposite shore, utterly flat, it seemed to be depressed entirely, on account of the uncomfortable aspect of the morning.

It was our fancy to come down to Blackwall half-an-hour before the time appointed for embarkation on board the steamer which was to carry us alongside an emigrant ship, "The Euphrates," ready to sail this afternoon, weather permitting. Let us employ the spare half-hour out of the weather's reach, by the fire in the adjacent waiting-room; and over that fire I will tell you for what reason we propose to visit The Euphrates.

Do not believe any one who remarks that they are unlucky in their day, when I tell you that at this moment sixty poor girls out of the wilderness of London, who have scrubbed hard, and stitched hard, trying hard to be honest, but almost in vain, are, under able kindly guidance, quitting the great city. They will arrive here soon, when we will join them. For half-an-hour more they tread English soil. Every day, nearly, has hitherto oppressed their hearts with damp and gloom, like that which is on this day oppressive to our senses. In half-an-hour they lift their feet for ever from a soil that has yielded for them a too scanty measure of its cheer; and the sails of the good ship Euphrates are to carry them to mended fortune. These poor girls form, in fact, the twentieth and largest party of the needing needlewomen and unprosperous domestic servants sent out by the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert's Female Emigration Fund. The whole number of emigrants despatched by this Fund, on the nineteen previous occasions, has been six hundred and thirty-seven; so, including the present set, about seven hundred poor girls will have been freighted away from

poverty and destitution to a land where they are certain of a livelihood.

I now "hold in my hand" (because I have just pulled out of my pocket) an Occasional Paper, published by the Committee of the Female Emigration Fund, containing specimens of letters recently received from emigrants sent out by them. While we await the arrival of the train which is to bring our young friends of to-day, we may profitably spend the little time we have in gossiping about the Home Talk of their predecessors. As for the Fund itself, to be sure there are some wise people who complain of the small scale on which an operation of this kind has to be conducted; who complain that it can exert no influence upon the aspect of our social system, and that by favouring a few women who are sent away in peace, it becomes unjust to those equally deserving objects of compassion who are left behind in trouble. For my own part—it may be eccentricity—I think that if a man can bake but a few batches of bread during a time of famine, it is much better that he should do so, and distribute his few loaves as he is able, than that he should leave his flour in bags unmoistened, because he is unable to make bread enough to feed a people. Let us all do good as we can, and strive on to do ever more; and let those who grumble at the limited means of the Female Emigration Fund prove their sincerity by sending their subscriptions in, so that its means may be less limited in future.

From the emigrants' letters now before us, let me read to you here and there a passage: for the glimpse they give into the "short and simple annals of the poor" is of a kind which will gladden us, and serve, as well as brandy, to keep out the weather.

E. M. had been a needlewoman earning five shillings a week. We may wonder how she lived upon it, until we remember that in many districts of this country able-bodied men receive seven, or sometimes even six shillings a week for the support of themselves, their wives, and families. I lately visited an English parish in which the land is extremely poor, where the whole income of some men, who had families to support, was four shillings a week from daily labour, and eighteen-pence in parish aid. Happy are they who can find means of escaping to a

colony where bread is sure, and plenty follows steadiness in toil! E. M., the needle-woman, writes from Port Philip to her mother thus:—"I take this opportunity to write these few lines to you, hoping they will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God; and to inform you that I arrived safe in Melbourne, and that I was three months in service, and that I left to get married, and at the time of writing I am married about six weeks. I am happy to say I am married to a foreigner belonging to America, and I am very happy in my married state." E. M., one perceives, is of a straightforward turn, and wastes no words in her narration. M. A. W., however, finds a little room for the emotions, though she also writes "these few lines to you, hoping to find you," &c. She had been a poor servant, on the scanty wages of fifteen-pence a week. Oppressed by the happiness of an improved condition, she soon breaks out—"Dear mother, I have been so happy, you don't know; I have had the best of everything since I left London; I have had plum-pudding three times a week, and fresh meat very often." Presently again comes the burden, "Dear mother, I have been so happy, you don't know; I have been waiting on the captain's lady all the passage." Presently it is, "Dear mother, I have oft-times thought of you when I have been sitting down at a good dinner, and my poor sisters and brothers too. Sydney is such a beautiful place I can't say; it's such a delightful place; mother, I am so delighted!"

From this artless effusion of pleasure, we turn to a letter written from Cape Town by another girl who had been a servant in England upon miserable earnings. Full of delicate fondling, it is a letter to her mother: "My Dear, Dear, Dear, Darling Mother, I now take my pen, &c. Darling Mother, I cannot tell you how uneasy I am at not having heard from you all this long time. For the last six days I have gone to the post-office daily, and to-day the steamer came in, and I went again, fully expecting a letter: I do not remember ever feeling envious before, but when I saw people of all colours, black, white, and grey, with letters in their hands, I certainly did feel as if I should have liked to knock them all down. Dear mother, this is now the fourth letter I have sent you, and I have not heard a word from you, which makes me very uneasy indeed. Darling mother, there are steamers come to England every month," &c. Then she tells her mother of the good place she is in, and of the satisfaction which she gives her master, who has, in consequence, made interest to send to England for her mother and her brother. "Darling mother," writes the girl, "I know the dangers of the sea will not frighten you, for the same God that brought me safe will, I hope, bring you and my brother also. Darling, in this packet you will find a letter for Mrs. Herbert,

and I wish you could take it yourself to her, and then you will hear all about it, darling. Mother, I hope you will come, for we shall all live together, and you will get good wages, and my brother will be well clothed, and be taken care of, and you will not have to work hard here like you do at home. Darling mother, I am always dreaming of you at night, and thinking of you by day, and wondering how you are, and how you look, and whether you have fretted for your little Phoebe; and I shall be sure to know whether you have, and then I shall try to give you a scolding if you have, though I am afraid I shall not be able. Darling mother, don't give my brother any more kisses, for I shall want them all to myself; I am sure I shall be greedy of them." This brother Richard is a child, and Phoebe now goes on to send him playful messages of her affection. The little Phoebe seems to have won for herself, even in England, a good many friends. "I hope you will get ready and come to me soon. O! how I do long for the time when I shall see your dear face! I am sure that I shall want a strait jacket when I do see you again. You know, dear mother, when you come you will not have to seek a home; there is one already for you, and kind hearts to welcome you. Give my love to Martha R., and to Mary and Mrs. C. Darling mother, give my duty to Mrs. W., and ask her to excuse the liberty I have taken in having your letters directed to her house, but I thought it was the most likely place to find you. Remember me to Mrs. C. Darling mother, remember me to Mrs. M. and Mrs. S.; and if ever you see Mrs. B., give my love to her; and perhaps Mary C. has seen Miriam H.; if she has, give my love to her;" with more of the same kind.

After a little more of this tender home talk, thus the letter ends: "Darling mother, I have plaited a piece of my own hair, knowing you will keep it for my sake; and when you come you will see if it is any longer. I remain your affectionate, loving, and dutiful little daughter, P. H.

"Accept a thousand kisses from me, and give some to my brother—so good-bye; God bless you both."

By aid of Mr. Herbert's committee, the mother really was sent out, and Phoebe had her joy fulfilled.

C. S., another of the seven hundred, writing from Adelaide, says to her mother, "Now you would not know me—I am so fat, red-faced, bright-eyed, and care for no one. This is the place for independent spirits: the labourer is as much thought of as his master; things just as they should be; the country most beautiful; but the country much colder than I expected. How I wish you and the dear children were here! but you would have to rough it sadly for a time, and the boys would have to work very hard. All the work here is very hard, none soft—soft people are no use here. I have got hardened to it, like the rest;

but then for the labour there is good pay, and those who would keep sober might soon get houses and land of their own; but the men drink and gamble, and the women dress, and away goes all the profit." Elsewhere she says, "Many who came out nine or ten years ago are now living independent; and then, again, many do not. But none are poor, and that is one great comfort." C. S., from whom we have been quoting, writes on a grander scale than usual, and asks, in return, for "the latest news—theatrical, political, and so on." From another long letter by her, containing her efforts at a description of the new country, we extract a passage; the manner in which she introduces the name of poor Mr. Malthus is amusing:—"The natives are poor, miserable-looking creatures, going about almost naked, and eating all sorts of offal, and are harmless hereabouts, though not so when wild. They are the most hideous sort of folks you can imagine, and much like very old monkeys, and, when wild, go quite naked, which they like best. Government has had houses built for them, but they will not stay in them, and schools for their children, but they will not let them attend. . . . They are almost black, but have long silky hair, of which they are very proud. Altogether, one cannot but pity them. There would be a wide field for Mr. Malthus's philanthropy, here, in trying to civilise them—the young ones, I mean." Poor Mr. Malthus. Here is a touch of sentiment—"Another shop I went in, in the tin-ware line: two men were sitting in the shop, and on the counter was a bottle and three glasses; they had been taking wine with the master, and these seem like drovers do at home. The thunder-storms here are very grand—it echoes from hill to hill—and the lightning is splendid; so is the moonlight." One might be curious to know what train of ideas caused two men, a bottle, and three glasses to suggest a thunder-storm. The letter concludes—"Dear mother, that you may soon come to this land of plenty, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate daughter, CAROLINE."

"P.S. I wish I could write a better description of the place, it is so lovely."

F. A. H., who had been in England a poor servant out of place, writes of Port Philip, "It is a good place for all maids to come to, for they are sure to get a husband. I am not married yet, but I shall be before long,—before you get this,—to a young man who came out in the same ship. There was a mother and four sons and four daughters, and this is one of the sons that I am to have, and — is to have another, and — is to have a third. If you can, prevail on my sisters to come to me, and all shall be done both by me and Richard that can be done to make them

situations, the last of which I left to be married. I was married on the 5th of January last, to Mr. Charles S—, brother to little Jane, as you call her. I have been very comfortable since, and am very contented." Of the said little Jane, the same writer says, that she "has a comfortable good place, and twenty pounds a-year wages."

S. G., (who had been a poor servant-of-all-work) writing by deputy from Bathunga, near Macklesfield, South Australia, about her comfortable place, with kindest love to "My dear Mother and Father," finds some delight in saying, "We burn nothing but wood; there are no grates to clean; no coals are found here." Having described this essential part of the Elysium of a maid-of-all-work, she says: "There are no beggars in the country, and there are no workhouses. Servants need never be out of place, they are much wanted here. I have grown very much; you would not know me, I am so tall and fat. I am very sorry I cannot read or write; be sure and tell my sisters and brothers to make good use of their learning; they do not know what a loss it is. I often think of you day and night."

Here we have but a glimpse into the hearts of a few out of the seven hundred recipients of the blessing offered by Mr. Herbert's Emigration Fund. The glimpse reveals what every true eye may see in any drawing-room, or any alley, if it will but look and learn; that there is a beauty in the human character which never can be quite suppressed. There is not a rascal in the world who has not in him some point loveable. But these poor girls are anything but rascals. Before they can receive aid from the Fund, their character must undergo a searching scrutiny. Beyond the sixty who are coming hither now, there were twenty-five who were found wanting after the strongest recommendation, and there are still five left behind at "the Home," in Hatton Garden, who cannot be sent out until their characters have been more thoroughly determined. The emigrants are girls, who, through privation and temptation, have opposed an honest and comparatively blameless life against the troubles of the world. I hear the whistle of the train. Let us go out; but let me give you notice that you will not find the aspect of these girls so gaunt as it might be, if they came hither directly from their wretched garrets. Each one, as she was accepted, was admitted into "the Home" established by the Fund, where she has been watched and tended by a matron admirably fitted for her office. Here, each has remained, under a gentle discipline, for some weeks. Regular lives, and hearts set more at ease, soon show a good effect upon the bodies of young women, aged, as all these must be, between eighteen and thirty-five. A pleasant strain upon the line of hooks and eyes down many an expanding back, becomes, among the girls, while in "the Home," a theme of

"S. A. R., who had been a servant in London at very low wages, begins her letter from Port Philip thus: "We have been here now about ten months, and I have had very good

comment. In food, the transition from too little to enough, very soon works a change in youthful bodies.

But they are pale still. Let us leave the fire, for, cloaked and hooded, there they all are, hurrying through the rain to stand under that roof, which four posts lift up, in the centre of the pier, to make exposure of its craziness! Either the roof is wretched, or the day is wretched, or they are both wretched together; for the roof is wet through, and can do no more than give a flavour to the rain which soaks through, on the sixty girls, packed, while they wait until the steamer shall arrive, under that clumsy bit of shelter. In the slate of the sky no crack is to be seen; it is high water in the puddles, and low water in the Thames; we must go down stairs to the floating barge before we can embark. There she is—a Gravesend boat. "Now, girls!" Who speaks to them? A clergyman, by his white neckcloth; a Christian, by his kindly face, which looks like a small piece of fine weather under that umbrella, which defends it from the rain.

A man of years, not without winter on his head, and with a pleasant summer in his heart. It is the same clergyman, some recognition of whose labours in an Eastern parish has become part of our Household Words.* We had not been prepared to meet him here; but here he is, brimful of work, just now field marshal, and about to board the steamer with his troop. We have been looking at his soldiers. The emotion natural to such a crisis in their lives, has spread an uniform expression of much gentleness over the faces of these women. Though, to be sure, while huddled thus beneath the bit of roof, they have been variously occupied; some, talking to their friends who come to bid good-bye; one, smiling at the ridiculous behaviour of a sandwich, which insists on yielding all its meat at the first bite, emigrating from the mustardy embrace of the remaining bread; and many fingers, as all fingers that are feminine will do however rough with labour, are adjusting faded shawls, perking up neat woollen cloaks, part of the outfit given in the Home to those who may be destitute; protecting necks against the weather, or twiddling with mutual care, one over the outline of another's bonnet. Yet, however slight, or to outward seeming frivolous, may be the occupation of these girls, the deep importance of this hour to all of them, has put an under-tone of seriousness and a sign of concealed feeling into every face; we look on, and forget the rain. The women, too, are thinking, and they forget the rain; and we are all aroused by the kind wrath of the good field marshal, who is expostulating with members of his troop as they pass down towards the steamer, for getting their feet wet by thoughtlessly—or rather out of

excess of thoughtfulness—neglecting to beware of puddles.

We are on board; boxes are coming after us, and long mysterious packages belonging to some emigrants; of which, in a hundred years, we never could, by guessing, find out the contents. "Now, then, don't stand about. Out of the rain, girls; get down out of the rain!" The kindly marshal has no peace till he has seen the last bonnet cleared away from deck. Here we perceive that he is aided by a woman who is not young; and who, going out as emigrant herself, is appointed to be matron on the voyage. Now, all is ready, and through pertinacious rain the "Meteor" proceeds to Gravesend.

On the way we may make acquaintance with our friends. There are the ordinary passengers of the Gravesend boats, and there are certain earnest gentlemen who come as working members of the charity. You will find Mr. Sidney Herbert at a table in the cabin, busily engaged with fellow-labourers in folding copies of a letter that is to be given to each girl on her departure. Perhaps it will occur to you, that English gentlemen, who leave the luxuries of home to travel down the cheerless river on this miserable day—who work so eagerly and steadily, with mind and body—are almost as well employed as they might be if they behaved like proper squires, and bent their energies on the provision of a hare for dinner. Perhaps you think there are more manly sports than one, or half-a-dozen, and that it is not the least manly occupation in which an English gentleman can be engaged, to be the helper of weak girls, who are battling, in an overcrowded city, against the temptations brought by helpless poverty; to be their helper, not with a purse only, but in person; and, while removing them from danger, to speak human words into their ears. You may think it not the least advantage of this kind of manly sport, that it is one which, not the man only, but his wife with him, can enjoy; and you will call to mind the names of English ladies, through whose sympathy—in this one charity alone, drop, as it is, in the great sum of good—many a weary heart has left off aching. Now, we have had a little talk, moreover, with the matron of the Home in Hatton Garden, and we are not surprised to find some of the girls fitting tenderly about her. She does not talk philanthropy; but we feel that she is active as a bird, and full of tact and woman's feeling. She was at work until four this morning, full of preparation, and, after two hours' sleep, she got up, and, among other little odd jobs, cut sandwiches for sixty.

We hear, too, over other talk, from one of the committee, how, yesterday, when the matron had gone out, he called at the Home, found the women locked up, and knocked some time before they let him in upon a scene of tears. They were enjoying a good

* "What a London Curate can do if he tries."—*"Household Words,"* vol. II., page 173.

cry on the eve of their departure. And we hear how Mary B——, who had arrived six weeks ago a wretched object, had now almost forfeited her identity by getting such a mask of fat. We are told how Letitia D—— had been with a bad mother in a miserable home; but was a tender-hearted girl, and, when she went out, used to return to the new Home and the new mother, flushed and out of breath with hurrying, lest she should overstay, for one minute, her leave of absence. We pick up the history of Rose F——, from whose face the thinness and the haggard look have not been yet expunged; that she writes rather elegantly, and is a first-rate embroideress, and that her business was to embroider, elaborately, dress waistcoats at eighteen-pence a piece. We learn, also, that of such embroiderers and fine-workers the trade is greatly spoilt by the large number of young ladies of the middle class—prosperous tradesmen's daughters—who take such work from the tailors, for the sake—not of food, but pocket-money. We find, that besides a surgeon and his wife, who go out with the emigrants, and intend settling at Sydney, they have a chaplain, a married man. The chaplain is sent out to be a missionary at the diggings. Now let us dive into the cabin where the poor girls are. How closely those who have relations here are nesting by their side! How quiet they all are! So quiet, in a room which contains more than sixty women. Some of the Gravesend male passengers are smoking, and as I happen to be nice about the flavour of tobacco, which I take at second hand, we will, if you please, go up into the rain again.

Yonder is the Euphrates, a fine vessel, just now swinging at her anchor, so we do not go alongside, until we have filled up a little time beside the coal hulk, while the steamer takes in coals. The feminine cloud rises and gathers about us. Their friend, the field marshal, understands their hearts, and resigns his staff, permitting his army, without one word of expostulation, to forget the rain. The weather-beaten stubby captain, catching us in a corner, privately communicates to us his own opinion. "Them gals would be much better down out of the rain, but they *will* be after looking at the ship that is to carry 'em." And the old fellow speaks as if he understood it all, and talks, after his own fashion of gentleness, as if the entire army of sixty were his single sweetheart, and he loved her even for her wilfulness.

But now we are at last alongside the Euphrates. Now for the climbing up the precipice of a paddle-box, and the bold march, or hesitating tread, or pretty mince, across the mountain bridge of a plank into the ship. Into the ship the poor girls troop, and out of it may Heaven guide their feet to peace, when they step forth upon a land more able than this over-crowded London, to appreciate their merits and reward their toil!

Again, there is wild work with the packages.

That is the chaplain upon yonder coil of rope, busily making acquaintance with his fellow labourer, the emigrating matron. The field marshal resumes his staff, and orders his army out of the rain again, into the cabin prepared for their permanent reception. The field marshal's staff is a carpenter's rule now, if you please. Where happiness is to be spread, and good is to be done, our friend is as busy as a newly-awakened child at play. He breaks upon us from all sides. He is the author and contriver of all the carpentering that has been done to increase the comfort of the girls. To keep out the rain there is a structure over the hatchels, which very much reminds us, as to its entrance, of the entrances to negro huts—described by a Niger traveller, "high in the threshold, and low in the roof, contrived so as to break both the head and the shins together." Those of us who are tall, enter by a worm-like motion through this temporary burrow; and, once below, are agreeably surprised at noticing how very ample—as ships go—is the space allotted to this little colony.

A spacious cabin is contrived exclusively for the occupation of the sixty girls; whose berths are around the walls. Tiny rooms are manufactured in it, cabins for the surgeon and his wife, the chaplain and his wife, and one for somebody's wife's sister. There are also other conveniences for these female emigrants upon their own domain. Within this great cabin, our amateur carpenter, upholsterer, factotum, has poured out a whole cornucopia of thoughtful notions. From the beams down to the pepper-casters, he has been at the bottom of every detail. All round the room a curtain-rod is run before the berths, and curtains are now being unpacked and suspended. These will separate, upon the voyage, the sleepers from the wakers. Then, there are rows of tables and forms, and there are sly tables up near the ceiling, which are shelves at night, and which slide down over the pillars and make writing-tables in the day. And there are hooks everywhere, and there is a miraculous cupboard system; and there are the lamps to unpack. But where are the knives and forks? for the girls presently will want their dinner.

Those two casks are full of water, a supply in addition to the ship's allowance for the comfort of the women under the equator; those big jars contain also an extra supply of lemon-juice. That great box is full of stationery. Those of the emigrants who cannot write or read, will be taught during the leisure of the voyage, and all will be encouraged to write letters. The other huge box is crammed with materials for stitch-work. As much of that as the girls please to do, they will be paid for when they get to Sydney. For each common striped shirt that is made, its maker will have threepence to receive. Needles, thread, thimbles—yes, there is everything on board.

Since it is too wet for the deck, the women have their friends and relations down in the cabin with them. We pass through, and at the other end await Mr. Herbert—the bishop of the business, as the missionary (after his clerical way of being funny) just now called him. Then the emigrants sent out by the Fund are summoned in their order, and to each, as she comes, is given one of those circular letters which were folded in the cabin, and which is presently to be read aloud to all of them. Each is asked whether she can read or write. Many cannot write, or write imperfectly; these are advised to use the opportunity they have of being taught on the voyage out; and to each emigrant a directed envelope is given, in which she is to put a letter containing information to Mrs. Stuart Wortley or Mrs. Herbert, of her progress and prospects in the colony. We look at the girls as they come up one by one, and fancying the bit of colour that will come after a four-months' voyage, and looking forward to the time when, with healthy work and ample food, they will become "so fat and bright-eyed, you don't know"—we prophesy husbands for more than half of them, if men in Australia have at all an eye to what they are about. This business being done, Mr. Herbert rises, and, with head uncovered, reads to them the letter that has been addressed to each. Having read this, he proceeds to enlarge upon its contents in language plain and earnest; all are very still, and the old wrinkled head of one girl's father, thrust from behind a beam, looks with the fixedness of a Dutch picture at the speaker.

The object of the speech and of the circular is to request each girl to write an account of herself soon after her arrival. To urge upon all, cheerfulness and forbearance towards one another, and obedience to rules during the voyage. To point out to them the great boon of four months' leisure, which it is in their power to improve, by acquiring, where they need it, knowledge of reading or of writing, most important aids to their prosperity. To advise them strongly, to be guided on their arrival by the counsel of the Government Inspector, who will be made acquainted with their names and qualities, and can, from his local knowledge, warn them against the invitations of improper masters; reminding them, that, if by chance any of them do not get immediate situations, they will be duly cared for by the Fund until they were properly provided. Mr. Herbert reminds them that, while a free passage is given to each of them, in order that they may not in a new colony be burdened with a debt, yet that they owe a debt of gratitude to God; and if they prosper, they will do well, out of their prosperity, to assist the Fund which has blessed them, by such offerings as they may choose to make, for the purpose of promoting the welfare of others who remain here in distress. At this point, do you observe how yonder pretty-looking girl compresses her lips in a determined way, and

looks intelligently at her neighbour? The emigrants are then informed that any one of them upon saving so much money as will pay half the passage, will be entitled to claim of the Fund all else that is necessary to bring over any relative who is a fit person, and for whom she feels that she can find a place. And at this point the pretty little girl beams out, and whispers to her neighbour a few happy syllables. *She* means to save, as any mole might see. The speaker finally having given other useful information and advice, now concludes, with cordial and emphatic good wishes. As his frank voice ceases, there is not a round of applause, after your public dinner-table fashion, but a sound like the loosening of many suspended breaths, and faint—because they come from deep down in the heart—faint whispers of "Thank you, sir!"

And now our venerable and child-hearted factotum is told that he must say a few words to his troop. He goes straight to their hearts, and their looks show that he has been that way before. A very Martha, full of cares, he has a great deal to tell them about their house-keeping, and about what they must do to make a comfortable, and, to minds and bodies, profitable voyage. He, too, ends with his blessing on their exodus, and to him, too, the reply is a gentle breath of "Thank you, sir!" And then the girls begin to whisper to each other, and you see by their looks of whom they talk, and how they talk of him. They seem to dwell with a half-playful, half-patronising love upon the old man's child-like heart, while they look up with trust and reverence to its pure earnestness of manly labour.

Now comes the Government Inspector on the scene, and the relations have to go on deck; but he must wait awhile, for after the two speeches, there is a strong tendency to cry, scattered abroad—tears to be honoured and respected. Here is the doctor, who has found the chaplain, and they are deep in talk, establishing good-fellowship. The doctor, a fine, stout, handsome fellow; the chaplain, pale and thin, must trust to his spiritual force when he shall come hereafter to "the diggings." Then the chaplain is busy with the steward, dropping a sovereign over the agitation of bill-settling; and, when he is gone, his wife comes to the steward, and talks, and in five minutes she has cheapened something, and communicates to her husband, who approaches, the salvation of eighteen-pence. Next to salvation of souls, it is to be feared that even a missionary to the gold country will have time to feel that to save pence is important.

Now the girls pass in review before the Government Inspector as their names are called. And after this, our working clergyman, who has among these emigrants some of his flock out of the poor Eastern parish, is hauling pots and pans about, diving among the emigrants, and repeating all manner of last words and instructions; and we wander quietly among the crowd, overhearing, as we

pass, true words of appreciation which were not meant to flatter his own ear. There is a lunch in the cabin, but our friend is too busy to be dragged away to it; we stay with him. At last, as he is waited for, he is compelled to go. The emigrants' friends are all again down stairs, and we go up into the rain, and into the cabin on deck, and there is lunch. The steamer is to carry us away at half-past three. We, too, if you please, will slip away quietly from this lunch, and fill up the remainder of our time below, where we shall see the girls at dinner. They are all seated, now, in order at their tables, and have wiped away their tears. They make room for fathers and sisters by their sides; their platters are before them, and they wait patiently. It was well that the good matron foresaw the advantages of her sixty sandwich papers. She is here among her charge now, hard at work. She will sleep well to-night. There is a pathos in the pervading gentleness occasioned by the feelings of the hour. The old clergyman is down again. He, too, has slipped away, and come to his poor friends. Now for the dinner. Here is a man with three watering-pots, who declares that "they will never be the things to hold ship's soup. You can't pour carrots out of them narrow spouts." The general manager looks grieved at the notion that he should ever have imagined such a thing. "Those cans," he says, "are for tea, or hot water. What is it you want for soup?"—"Flat dishes," says the cook.—"Well, I have provided plenty of flat dishes," says the store-master, appealing to the matron. "I cannot find them, sir, and I've tried very hard," the matron says. "Come, come, let me try; where is the key?" Accordingly, the indefatigable old gentleman plunges into the doctor's cabin, which is at present half full of tin utensils; and a tremendous disturbance becomes audible among the pots and pans. The flat dishes are soon produced out of the bottom of the pyramid. And now for dinner!

Roast beef, potatoes, soup—more beef; a polite, and heartily kind voice of a great sailor from above us, as he hands his dish down with a cry of "More soup, ladies!" We walk among them, eavesdroppers again. A wonderful production of salt-cellars, metal tea-cups, and all kinds of unexpected things, by their thoughtful friend, the clergyman, causes that person to be watched with pleasant curious eyes, as though he were a conjuror, extracting wonders out of nothing. Here, a voice cries, "Look, look; do look at the little pepper-boxes!" There, a voice is murmuring, "It will be our fault if we are not contented;" and, throughout, there is evident a very lively sense of this minute thoughtfulness, which is, by no means, so little a matter in its influences as to some it may appear. Here, is a girl who glances at a thin creature, sitting at another table, and calls the attention of a neighbour to her. "There is poor Annie helping the potatoes;"

and, by the tone and looks of these two girls, you see that they regard poor Annie, for some reason, with peculiar sympathy, and seem to be of opinion that, after all she may have suffered, they would like, if possible, to spare her even the fatigue of lading out the potatoes while she is at dinner.

But, after all, there is not much eaten at this dinner; the hearts are all too full. And, before it is over, the steamer is alongside, and the unfinished food is left, and all the girls, heedless of rain and unbonneted, are upon deck for the last accents of farewell. Pleasant it is to see the matron made a prisoner of love, unable to get free of the fingers which fond girls put out to her, who had given them perhaps the first sense of home comfort. A stout girl, clinging resolutely to a sister who must go on board the steamer, is standing on the plank and blocks the way; she is warned off—not gruffly, far from it. And, though she holds her place, and clings about her sister, caring most for the few minutes left for that embrace, and little for all the world else just then, (though she tries to make way for the other passengers,) nobody warns her off again. We all contrive to pass without disturbing her. At length the steamer has put off, the emigrant girls climb to where they can get the last look of the friends whom they may see no more. There are attempts at parting cheers, in which they seem to choke; there is a mutual waving of handkerchiefs and hats: a mutual and complete good-will. The sailors, who have all gathered in the bow of the ship, give three cheers of a louder sort to the departing steamer, and to-morrow morning early the Euphrates will set sail.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

HALF a century ago affairs were in a dismal state for bread-eaters. Some people thought it was a question whether, in a little while, there would be any bread to eat at all. The landlords were everywhere obtaining Inclosure Bills, and this afforded some hope of a better supply hereafter; and the excessive dearth of bread inclined a good many land-owners, and some few farmers, to attend to what such men as Sir H. Davy had to set about improving the productiveness of land, by putting into it the ingredients required for the composition of wheat and other grains. Manuring the land is so familiar a matter to us now, that we are apt to forget how new a thing it is. Or, if it be true that the old monks, centuries ago, taught the art of manuring, to make orchards and kitchen-gardens productive, the farmers of England did not carry out the practice in their fields, or dream of the connexion between the stuff they spread over the ground and the plant that was to come out of it. These farmers laughed when, in 1800, they saw a few land-owners putting horse manure upon

their land, at the instigation of philosophers. They were well off, and did not want any change. Wheat was at one hundred and fifteen shillings and eleven-pence per quarter: why should they want any change? There was the tradesman in the town, however, who was beginning to wonder what would become of his children, if some change did not come. He was paying one shilling and tenpence each for quartern loaves; and ninepence per pound for meat; and every great article of his expenditure was two, three, four, or five times as high as when he married. Then, there was the housewife, trying to make good bread with only half the quantity of flour, and the rest potatoes, or other vegetable matter, which may be very good under their own names, but are disagreeable when they make our bread clammy or heavy. The flour itself was often very bad. There was not enough wheat brought in from distant countries to mix with our own; and in such bad seasons as had followed each other from 1795 to 1800, our own wheat was wretched stuff. It was so desperately wanted that it was ground and eaten damp and new. We never see such bread now as even the upper classes had to eat then. Some of the work-people gave up bread, and made into porridge such flour as they could still get. Many got none at all. Many went out into the lanes, and along the ditches for nettles, and any roots, and berries, and herbs, that they could eat. But what are herbs—the best herbs—without salt! and upon salt there was a duty of fifteen shillings per bushel. What would the people of Birmingham have said, at that time, if they had been told that in half a century the population of their town would have more than trebled, while the price of wheat would have fallen to one-third of what they were paying then?

We pick out Birmingham from among the suffering towns, and that period from the mournful course of years of the war, because there and then arose an establishment suited to the popular need, which is sufficiently remarkable to be put upon record. This establishment has been imitated at Birmingham; but, at this day, there is (as far as we can learn) nothing like it in any other town in England. In 1795, when wheat was damp and mouldy, and flour was sour, and the inside of the loaf was a loathsome mess of grey sticky paste, a company was formed at Birmingham, for the purpose of supplying the town with good flour and good bread. The millers and bakers did not like the scheme, of course; but the inhabitants did; at least during the years of scarcity which followed the opening of the Union Mills. We are told that it was a pleasant sight,—in those days before we were born,—the vans laden with wholesome bread, going through the streets in the morning, and dropping the loaves as they went. The establishment was hated, was persecuted, was mobbed, was reduced to a very

low point of adversity; and, in 1809, it was prosecuted in the name of the king, on the plea that it was illegal, and injurious to the interests of the millers and bakers of Birmingham. The finding of the jury was looked to with great and wide-spread curiosity; the whole affair was such a novelty. The jury found that the object of the company was laudable, that the town had been much the better for the good flour and bread which they had provided, and which had often been really out of the reach of single millers and bakers, or small firms; and, finally, that the interests of the millers and bakers had suffered in the competition with the aggregate capitalists of the company.

The company fell so low at one time that its one pound shares were to be had in abundance for half-a-crown each. They wisely bought up most of the depreciated shares, knowing their town well enough to be sure that their concern must, sooner or later, answer well there, though no one could say as much of any other place. Their confidence was justified. As their profits increased—slowly and quietly—they were allowed to lay them by; for the shares were so small that the profits were hardly worth looking after by the scattered holders. Last year, their capital (exclusive of their mills and apparatus) amounted to twenty-four thousand pounds; and a division of profits has recommenced. In the course of their ascent to prosperity, they sold more and more flour, as well as bread; and their spreading trade began to invade that of millers within a considerable range of country. Among others, the Lucys of Stratford-upon-Avon (a name and place for ever associated in men's minds) found their business injured by this great Birmingham company. Instead of grumbling and growling, and going to law, the Messrs. Lucy, father and sons, bravely stepped into Birmingham, and set up mills of their own—fairly trying to divide the custom of the growing town with the original association. In this they succeeded. Others have followed their example; and there are now four mill establishments in Birmingham belonging to private firms, besides two which are the property of companies. There are peculiarities about Mr. Lucy's establishment, and his methods, which mark it out for observation, in preference to others. We have surveyed the whole of it, and have found some curious things there which are to be seen nowhere else.

Before we tell what we have seen, however, we must explain why it is that these establishments are confined to Birmingham—why the same reasons which maintain them there, do not call up similar works in other towns.

The fact is, the working-classes of Birmingham have a remarkable fancy for buying what they want at the small hucksters' shops, of which there are an infinity in the town. One would like to know how many of these hucksters' shops there are in

the midst of this population of two hundred and thirty-two thousand people. Whichever way one turns in the streets, one sees a shop in which the housewife may buy bread and thread, bacon and shoes, cheese and knitting needles, or whatsoever it may be that she wants. In such a shop it was that a little child once made its demand—unintelligible to a stranger's ear. Laying down a penny on the counter, the little creature sang out, "Farden tate, farden teed, fuden lang tunnen, farden aden," and she received a cake, a skein of thread, a long candle, and a farthing of change—"I am!" The purchasers at these shops seem to be always forgetting that they must pay for the prodigious waste of time that they require from the seller, and for the paper and string used up in an infinity of small parcels, for in short all the waste of the ultimate degree of retailing. Easy and careless, and usually well employed large numbers of the people despise the higher and better class which would be secured by sensible economy—and buy their sugar and butter, and tea by the ounce, then by the shilling, and then by the pound, then by the pennyworth, seduced by the convenience of such ways to the thoughtless, and yet more by the credit given at these hucksters' shops. The one thing that the workmen of Birmingham (so clever in so many ways) seem wholly unable to do, is to keep their purses well in hand. Whatever they may be earning, they are always anticipating. If they can get their wages in advance, they do, and whether they can or not, they ask and obtain credit at these hucksters' shops—a week's credit at all events, and, too often, very much more. For this, and the hucksters' losses from bad debts, in consequence, they have to pay in the price of what they buy. Yet the people stick to the hucksters, and the hucksters continue to thrive by the providence of the people, through all changes of times, and, as a consequence, Birmingham goes on to be distinguished by its peculiar possession of bread mills.

From these mills hucksters supply themselves. Every morning at seven o'clock, three wagons draw up below certain folding doors on the upper floor of Mr. Lucy's mill, and are filled, once and again, with loaves from the racks where the bread has been cooling—fragrant, fresh loaves, which will all be eaten before night. These are dropped at the hucksters' shops, the money received on the instant, and deposited in the counting house on each return of the empty wagons. The twenty or forty loaves, paid for by the huckster in the morning, will be carried to twenty or forty homes, in a few hours—in company with candles and cheese, ink and writing paper, nails and soap, and every odd thing that can be thought of.

The fluctuations in the trade of the mills are a curious subject of inquiry. Flour is sold at these mills, as well as bread,

and when the sale of bread falls off, that of flour usually increases in proportion. All being well with the millers, at all events, we are at liberty to look at the case. At present, the sale of bread from the mills has fallen off prodigiously, while that of flour is flourishing. Bread is cheap, the people are prosperous, they eat more meat, and puddings, and vegetables, and various luxuries, than in bad times, and, of course less bread, and the bread that they do eat they go to the bakers for. They like it new, and, as they can pay for it, they get it new. Of course, the bakers want more flour from the mills, to supply this demand. As soon as bread becomes dearer, more will be sold from the mills. Other provisions rise in price when bread rises, less meat, less pudding, less vegetables are eaten, and more bread from the same cause, there will be an increased demand for bread whenever wages fall, whether the price of provisions rises or not. Mr. Lucy's mill did at one time, send out as much as five hundred sacks of flour per week in the shape of loaves, and it is supposed that the Union Mills even now send out as much as four hundred and fifty sacks, but this is little in comparison with what the sales amount to in bad times.

Being curious to know what was the proportion of bread sent out by the mills, in comparison with the supply furnished by bakers and by private ovens, we obtained an approximate calculation from a well qualified informant, and found that the bakers, at present, take about one thousand five hundred sacks of flour per week, the mills about one thousand, and private ovens nearly as much as the bakers. The latter calculation by the gentleman gives something like this—the consumption of flour is reckoned at about a sack per head for the whole population, which is two hundred and thirty-two thousand. The bakers send out nearly half of this, viz., about one hundred thousand sacks, the mills about sixty thousand, and private ovens consume the remaining seventy-two thousand.

And now for Mr. Lucy's mill which we have mentioned as distinguished by some peculiarities. The peculiarities are inventions of his own, by which the production of bread is raised to the rank of an established Birmingham manufacture. Everybody knows the services which Mr. Lucy, as Mayor of Birmingham, rendered to the Great Exhibition last year. Many wish that his dough machine, and other contrivances, could have been exhibited there, but they could not have been worked in the Crystal Palace. They must be seen at home.

We will go first to the top of the mill, without looking or listening as we go, and come down through the successive processes, from the bringing in of the wheat to the sending out of the bread.

At the top there is the crane, by which the

sacks of wheat are hauled up from the canal below—the muddy, rippling canal, on which we peep down from the landing stage in the top story. Up comes the wheat through that door—wheat from the far interior of Russia, from the plains of Hungary, from the slopes of Italy, from the valleys of France—to be destroyed as wheat. It has grown for a long time, and travelled very far, to be put an end to here. The garners of the mill are on this story, and we see huge assemblages of fat sacks.

Next below are the mill stones put after pan, each fed by its hopper. The funnels of these hoppers are made of spies and iron frames. As soon as the heap of grain in which the funnel rests and which it feeds, sinks too low, the funnel presses upon a strap which rings a bell, and proclaims that somebody is negligent. The mill stones are valuable property, difficult to obtain, but very durable. They come from a particular part of France, although very fit by the proper kind of stone has been found also in Belgium. They will stand the wear and tear of forty years with proper dressing and care. The dressing of the mill stones is a curious sight. A highly skilled workman is needed for this business. He kneels with one knee upon the stone, tapping with his sharp chippie in a way which looks like mere trifling to the eyes of the ignorant. But his tiny grooves come out clear at last, and the sloping and risings of the one stone, co-operating with those of its fellow, act like a series of saws. There are sixteen pairs of stones at work here, one pair of which is from Belgium.

All the upper rooms in the mill look picturesque with joist supports and cross pieces. We are struck however with little doors here and there in these square beams—little buttons, grooves and other mysteries, and it turns out that these are all spouts, through which the meal and flour are carried up and down, and round and all manner of ways. Anything can fall down of itself, but every thing here from dust to dough, has to be carried up by man force. The dust is easily managed. A tall chimney exhausts the air, and the dust is carried out, to powder the beds of the mill. It is carried out so regularly and completely, that the men in the mill work in a clear atmosphere, and the machinery does not get choked. If wheat or flour must be carried aloft, it is by what is called in breweries a Jacob's ladder—a system of little cups or jars, revolving, like the chambers of a water-wheel, and catching up their cargo, conveying, and finally spilling it in their incessant revolution. Down one spout comes wheat to be purified for grinding. So bad are the threshing floors of the world, that much dirt comes in with wheat, and even such an amount of stones as would astonish a novice. The wheat, therefore, is made to fall smartly upon an inclined plane of ware,

through which the pure grain falls in one direction, and small dirt in another, while the stones hop, skip, and jump into a trough at the lower end. Down another spout comes the meal from the Russian wheat, down another from the Hungarian, and so on. The spouts end in boxes, which, when a valve is opened, spill their contents upon a strip of felt that is perpetually moving on towards a drum. It passes round this drum spilling its little heaps of flour, and returning empty below, to turn round another drum at the other end of the row, and to come back under the boxes, to receive another burden, and carry it away.

This mixing process is pretty, but there is another process, which is prettier, and quite as new, being a recent invention of Mr. Lucey. A very long and wide sheet of cloth is stretched horizontally about three feet from the ground, and bounded round, so as to make it keep its contents to itself. At each end, the cloth slopes down into a pit. Flour of various kinds, drilled down upon the sheet from spouts above making little heaps which are to be swept into one receptacle. A wooden scraper is laid upon which, which run in grooves along the sides of the sheet is perpetually running backwards and forwards, from one end of the expanse to the other, knocking down the little heaps of flour, carrying them all before it and driving the mass into the pit at either end. The scraper is worked like everything else in the mill by the steam engine. The engine itself shows us more of Mr. Lucey's ingenuity. He has contrived some apparatus by which he dispenses with the fly wheel of his engine and yet obtains a perfect regulation of the power. This is a low pressure engine of forty horse power, in connection with a high pressure one of twenty five, which spurs its steam to its neighbour. In connection with the bake-house, there are two smaller engines. It is a new and strange idea—that of overcoming the tenacity of dough by steam power instead of by the battery of the cock-shinners. We shall see presently how this is done. The lower upper room where the mixing of the flour goes on, is called the Pestry—nobody knows why. We have no ideas in connection with the word, but we put it down because it is rather pretty than otherwise.

We are now to see the bread making, we wish we could say the baking too, but that work is done in the small hours of the night, when it would be in no way convenient or agreeable, to ourselves or others, that we should make an expedition to any bake-house, however eminent and curious.

We come down through a remarkably picturesque room, joined at right angles, so that the light falls well upon an intricacy of spouts on the one hand, and on regiments of sacks on the other. One more step-ladder conducts us to the yard, where there is a pit, with one side very fiery. The mouths of the furnaces

open into that pit, because the heat is economised by the furnaces being under ground. The two small engines may, of course, be found at home in their apartments, close at hand.

Everybody knows that one of the housewife's cares in life, is yeast. Every passing year gives birth to receipts for securing good yeast, or to suggestions for doing without it. It is found in London that there is great comfort in doing without yeast when the baker is enough of a chemist to set his bread to ferment properly by other methods. The great Birmingham millers would be very glad to ferment their bread by some agency less capricious than that of yeast, but the Birmingham bread-eaters like their own old ways. They like their old-fashioned bitter bread, and complain of London bread for being insipid. The Londoners, on their part, make faces at the bitterness of Birmingham bread. The great bread-makers do what they can. They deal with the best brewers and keep close watch over the yeast. Mr. Lucy's dough house is protected from cold by the engine-house on the north and the bake-house on the south, and the thermometer is for ever in hand. If frosty weather hurts the working of the beer, and spoils the yeast, and if the customers will have yeast bread, there is no help for it: the entire must put up with a bad batch in bad weather. Of adulteration there seem to be no complaints, and we are assured that there is scarcely any such thing in the town. Happy Birmingham! If bakers' customers will have extraordinarily white fancy bread, the bakers must use some alum instead of salt.

In a corner, is a pile of blocks of salt—powdery blocks, neat oblong squares, like excessively white bricks. On the other hand are the boiler and tank. Before us is the great curiosity of the place, the dough machine, and we can see at once that the flour is to be pored into it from the long hopper above. Here we have the water, the salt, and the flour. Where is the yeast? O! here it comes in that tall tin measure, which would nearly hold a man. A fat boy of fourteen would about fill it. Now for the bread making!

The engines turn two axes in a large trough. These axes are set with crooked steel bars, which make a sort of *chevaux-de-frise*, an apparatus for pulling the dough all manner of ways when the axes are set revolving, with some range, moreover, along the trough. Flour is rained in a short deluge, from the hopper into the trough: two men, who have been mixing warm and cold water by the guidance of a thermometer, in a monstrous bucket, sling a hook to the handle, and crane the bucket to the edge of the trough (which is about as high as their heads): tilt it over, and pour the water among the flour.

Then, bowlful after bowlful of yeast is poured into a sieve, held over more water of the due warmth. A man takes up a block of salt, whisks his arm round in the great pail,

mixing the yeast and water and salting them by the same operation. The frothing bucket is hauled to the trough in like manner with the first, and so on till the yeast is used up, to the last rinings, and the proper quantity of water is supplied. Then the trough is boarded up, to prevent the escape of flour: the axes are put in gear, the *chevaux-de-frise* revolves, the dough is pulled and torn, and in return for its torment, it gives out a seething, hissing sound, very pleasant to healthy eaters of wholesome bread. More flour is rained down as it is wanted. The kneading is soon done: such a force as this being thus regularly applied.

Perhaps the oddest sight of all is the removal of the dough. Little vats on wheels, are run under the trough, a board at the bottom of the trough is shifted, and the dough oozes down, in grotesque masses. The thing is on so large a scale, that we were reminded at once of a scene on the stage. We saw before us a cave, with a roof of stalactites—only the stalactites were oozing down like a waterfall. The men help the descent of the dough and then scrape the *chevaux-de-frise* perfectly clean. The trough is shut up and the little vats are wheeled away to warm corners, where the dough is to rise at its leisure. It rises in about an hour and a half, is allowed to fall three times, and at the end of two hours and a quarter, is craned up in its vat to the floor above and let drop through the hopper into the trough, to be there mixed with as much more water and salt, and flour, as it needs.

The room where it is worked into loaves is like what one fancies the kitchen of a great old monastery. The place is large rather low and dark, with prodigious boards, sprinkled with flour, and eight ovens ranged along one side—ovens of a marvellous capacity. They stretch far away into the wall, and very long are the poles, with spade-like ends, called 'pecks' which are used for transacting business at the further extremity of these warm, arched caverns, where the crickets, in a crowd, are chirping merrily. When baked, the loaves are ranged in racks in another chamber, to part with their steam. Each shelf contains a hundred loaves, and the room may contain two thousand, which can be handed into the wagons, and despatched in twenty minutes.

It really is a pleasant thing to take up the wholesome new twopenny loaf—retailed at twopence half penny—and think from how many parts of the world grain has been contributed to make it, and see and feel what a goodly portion the buyer has for his money. It is not exactly pleasant to see lumps and crusts of bread lying in the gutters, and kicked about on the pavement, as one may now see at Birmingham, because it is never pleasant to see sheer waste, while it is certain that there are always some who have not enough to eat. But the evidences of plenty are very cheerful throughout the place, and

(as seems to be a natural consequence) there is very little crime—so little, that the spirits of the moralist and the lover of his kind might rise to an unprecedented point, if it were not too certain that, with the next visitation of adversity, want and crime will recur. The open-hearted and light-headed work people will not, as a body, take warning from past trials. Some—many—lay by a portion of their present earnings, but the greater number are as childish in pleasing themselves to-day, without thought of to-morrow, as if they had never known what it was to hunger themselves, or to shudder at a neighbour's crimes. Rich spendthrifts are visited with curses for the social injury that they inflict. Cursing does no good, against high or low, but a remonstrance—now—in the day of prosperity—when it cannot be mistaken for a taunt, may be worth trying, and, to begin with a small particular, we would suggest to the buyer of bread, that it would save many a shilling, and much indigestion, if he would eat his loaf, not steaming hot but one day old, and that the loaf should be fairly devoured up, and not thrown into corners and channels where even the pigs are not the better for it. There are creatures of a higher order than pigs who would gladly scrape off the mud and dust for the mouthful within, and who shall say which of us may not have to stoop to the gutter for our loathsome dinner if we will not take measures to secure ourselves from being brought to such a pass? If we all spent, day by day, whatever we have, we should be fighting in the gutters for existence, and why should that recklessness be excused in any which would be fatal in all? So let all Birmingham pig down for its loaf, and, however large the loaf, eat up the crusts.

FORGIVE!

By all the turmoil thou hast felt
 When thou thy tempted breast
 When fiery passions strove to melt
 G. d. image there impressed
 By all the struggles of thy will
 To quell the rebel night
 Forgive the wretch, who, battling ill
 Was worsted in the fight
 Thou knowest not what cunning snails
 Will spread beneath his feet
 What foam men lurk in ambush'd lanes
 To intercept retreat
 The weakness thou wouldst harshly chide
 Should I under pity woo
 If thou hadst been as sorely tried,
 Thou mightst have fallen, too!
 Forgive, and breathe a gentle word
 Of sympathy and love,
 Like that by weeping Mary heard
 From One now throned above,
 And thou mayst win from depths of woe
 The soul that went astray,
 And light anew Hope's faded glow
 To change its night to day

But harshness raises higher yet
 The waters of despair,
 And weaves around a stronger net
 To mesh the erring there
 Till, settling heavily, they sink
 Beneath the tumid wave,
 And thou, though standing on the brink,
 Didst stretch no hand to save!

AN ASCENT OF ADAM'S PEAK

ADAM'S Peak is, to the natives of Ceylon, a sacred spot, but to myself and my friend Laster it presented itself simply as a mountain to climb.

On a lovely July morning we sallied out of the old Dutch fort of Colombo before the sun had risen, and with something of the freshness of the departed night still lingering in the air. Our grooms and coolies had gone on the previous evening to prepare for our reception at our first halt. Our steeds, not the finest looking animals in the world, but excellent roadsters, were, like ourselves, in very superior order, and evidently entered on their task with pleasure. We were dressed in suits of strong blue checked cloth, such as is found most serviceable in the jungle, large boots, like those of the Life Guards, coming above the knees, defending our extremities, and hats made of pith, resembling jockey caps or helmets. Thus we wound through the passages leading from the strange old fort, over the drawbridge, and by the side of bastions and gabions of apparently interminable length. But who shall tell the inward content, the mental exhilaration which possessed us in setting forth to explore the mysterious summit of the mysterious mountain? As the sun rose, the long line of hills of which it forms the culminating point, were distinctly visible upon the horizon, whilst above them towered the point towards which we had set our faces—the whole, as it stood out in bold relief upon the glowing eastern sky, not unlike the gigantic outlines of the head and outspreading wings of some huge bird, whose body was concealed by the earth, whilst it struggled with head and bill erect to free itself from its trammels.

We went on the road to Sitavaka, an ancient but almost ruined town, through which the most accessible path lies to the foot of the Peak. The high road we were soon obliged to leave, and enter upon a detestable bridle-path. After floundering through a brawling rivulet, the road ran almost perpendicularly up a steep bank on the opposite side, which, having been climbed by our labouring steeds, we found a rugged hill before us; over which we had to proceed into the valley beneath.

It was nearly nine o'clock before we reached the large barn-like building, in which our guide, Poony, our coolies and grooms, were awaiting our arrival. Poony was both cook

and guide, and many and ingenious were his contrivances to accommodate his proceedings to the usages of civilised life, with which he believed himself to be intimately acquainted. A board had been elevated upon four sticks stuck in the ground, and thus, our cook informed us was intended for a table, whilst three chairs had been obtained from the head man of the village for our accommodation—one, as Poonchy informed us, for each of us, and one to act as "side board."

We rested through the heat of the day, and in the evening resumed our journey. Some symptoms of an approaching storm caused us to push on more rapidly than we had done since our departure from the scene of the breakfast.

After an unfortunate adventure with an elephant by which we lost the oldest of our coolies, we reached Ratnapoora the same evening. From this town the massive base of the mountain looks more black and rugged than it really is, whilst one would fancy the cone on the summit to be a pile of regular masonry, so round and gently tapering does it appear at that distance. The poetic appeal of the town (the city of diamonds) arises from the fact that precious stones are found all around the mass of primary and older secondary strata principally crystalline which forms the rugged base of the Peak. The inhabitants of Ratnapoora derive considerable profit from the numbers of pilgrims who annually pass through the town on their way to the Peak. With their rice fields upon the sides of hills, and their fisheries in the Katun, they seem busy, contented, and prosperous.

Our further journey was to be accomplished on foot. Unfortunately the day after our arrival in Ratnapoora was a wet day, and heavy rain prevented us from proceeding far, and we were, consequently, obliged to put up for the night in a wretched village (Gunnemille by name), where a broken roof and a few bare poles constituted our hotel.

Not was the next day's journey likely to make amends for the discomforts already endured. No sooner had we set out than we found ourselves assailed on all sides by one of the greatest of Cingalese plagues—leeches. The rain had brought them forth on our path in immense numbers. They spunged about with intense life and energy. If a tree were touched, one or two of them descended, and in the neighbourhood of one of the streams which we crossed in the course of the day, they poured forth in incredible numbers. Those who have not practically suffered from them can have no idea of the extent of the annoyance they caused. No stockings are sufficient to prevent their penetration. Before they have gorged themselves, they are fine as the finest thread, and can insinuate themselves through almost any cloth, woollen or cotton. Garters tied above the knee, and worn over the pantaloons, are

the only practicable defence against them, as far as the legs are concerned. We had not provided ourselves with these modern defences, and our condition, as we struggled on through the most magnificent scenery, was truly pitiable. We were assailed from all sides, and in all quarters, by these bloodthirsty enemies. They climbed up our legs, and descended into our necks. Nor, in the excitement of walking, could the horrid insects be perceived, they made their way through every crevice of our clothing, or finding a crevice, through the clothing itself. Then, collecting round a centre, they commenced an attack with insinuating gentleness. Presently their bodies distended with our blood. Then, a cold clammy feeling came over us as they changed their position, rolled over and over. Nor was it when they were discovered, to pull them off violently, lest inflammation should ensue.

Lahul Pallatula, the last inhabited station on the ascent, rises, in dark majesty the great and massive group of hills out of which the conical summit of the Peak towers grandly into the sky, and perched upon that summit was now visible for the first time the picturesque, Chinese looking temple which the Buddhists have erected over the sacred footsteps. Looking round upon the wild mountain scene which lay on all sides of us, grand and majestic in its rugged sublimity, one could not help perceiving that Nature and in her had combined to render the Peak as interesting as possible—Nature in the imposing features of the scene around, and Man, in the feelings with which he regarded the mysterious summit, and in the traditions which he attached to it. All description must fall short of the extraordinary grandeur of the scene at Pallatula. The immense base of the mountain stretches far away on the one hand, apparently limitless in extent, while darkly and gloomily the side of the mountain like a black wall, sinks almost perpendicularly downwards into a valley far beneath. On the other hand, variegated ranges of hills richly clothed with foliage, stretch away to the level plain which skirts the island.

In the Wihare or temple at Pallatula we saw the metal cover which the wily priests put on the sacred footprint during the time of pilgrimage. It is a glittering ornament, covered with tinsel and jewels of very questionable value. The interior of the temple, where this was exhibited, presented a strange spectacle. The windows were closed—a large image of Gotamo Buddha (the Sacya Muna of the Thibetans) occupied one end of the otherwise empty apartment. There was just light enough to enable us to distinguish it in its gloomy solitude. Three priests, in their picturesque yellow robes, stood round the cover of the footprint, as we gazed on it a stream of light from the

half-opened door, displaying their forms, and struggling with the gloom around. At our feet lay the ornamental, uncelled crown, which they appeared to look upon with awe, and peering through the half-open door were the glowing eyes of our coolies, their heads in close proximity to each other, all straining to catch a glance at the sacred object.

We were now only twelve miles from the summit, yet here I was obliged to part with my companion. His feet were so much blistered and he had been so ferociously assailed by the leeches, that he resolved upon allowing me the honour of visiting the Peak alone—the unexpected comforts of the Rest house at Pill-shula perhaps conducing to this determination.

The following morning we parted, I taking with me four coolies and our guide. Our road lay directly up the steep side of a black-looking hill that towered above the busy village, directly behind the Rest house where my friend was located. Two days before, it had been the bed of a mountain torrent that had swept away every particle of earth and left nothing but the huge rocks, black and grim looking, jutting forth from the side. The climbing this "road" was laborious in the extreme. After two hours of the most severe fatigue—during which we had only got over four miles of our way—we came to a bungalow, situated on a small moist plain where a herd of wild elephants were amusing themselves, and feeding.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, I resumed my toilsome journey. Steep after steep of rocky schistus was to be surmounted. To our right black and stern rose the mountain itself, whilst on its summit could now be fully discerned the wooden temple which Buddhistic piety had long ago erected over the fabulous foot-mud. At a distance it seemed somewhat like those sweet fabrics with which confectioners sometimes ornament bridal cakes—a bower, with the strongest jutting forth of the eaves, and the most extraordinary sloping of roof. Behind us spread out a large, jungle valley, over which the shadows of the clouds chased each other, as gleams of the sun occasionally pierced the gloom around. We were in the clouds themselves and could mark others rolling heavily into each other all around us, occasionally split up into long thin shreds by a more than ordinarily severe blast of wind, and stretching in long lines far away towards the neighbouring hills. Here all was nature, in its rudest, wildest condition, no trace of man, or of his works was within our range, even the very road on which we travelled had been washed out of the side of the eternal hills by a mountain torrent. Wild animals howled around us in the jungle, disputing, or quarrelling, or eagerly searching for food.

Three miles more of laborious travelling, undiversified by any extraordinary incident or adventure, brought us to a station, called Deabettne, where a stone bungalow, of a very substantial character, is to be met with, the erection of an old Kandian king. As there was no chance of reaching the summit the same evening, I determined on putting up for the night in this carcase of a bungalow, greatly to the annoyance of my guides, who regarded the station as unlucky. The bungalow was situated in the centre of a small piece of cleared land, accompanied by a jungle which ascended steeply on three sides, and, on the fourth, spread out into the small irregular plain we were occupying. Through this plain our road lay to an adjoining ravine. When we reached this station heavy masses of black clouds were forming round the hill on all sides of us. Everything around us was damp, cold, and uncomfortable. Altogether, a more dismal place to pass a night could scarcely be found, and often did I anxiously turn to the cone-summit of the Peak, thinking whether it would not be better to make a violent effort to reach it that night, but prudence forbade. Now and then, an opening in the curious cloud that hemmed us in, would disclose a scene of wondrous beauty, in the distant plains of the lowlands, skirted by their zone of cocoa nut trees, that appeared to mingle with the ocean, the outline of the shore being faintly visible. It would be a mistake to suppose however that on account of the wildness of the scene and situation, quiet and repose reigned here. The monkeys, jackals and birds kept up an incessant round of screaming and barking, amidst which the growl of the disturbed cluck, or the call of the distant elephant, boomed ever and anon, like the sound of cannon heard amidst regular platoon firing.

So dense was the watery vapour, that all our efforts to kindle a fire were unavailing. The wood around was completely saturated with moisture, and as fast as we succeeded in obtaining after great difficulty, a partial flame, was that flame extinguished by the fuel we heaped upon it. Two hours were thus spent in prolonged but vain attempts to get up a flame, nor was it merely that we might luxuriate in a hot supper, or obtain its cheerful warmth, in that cold damp, prison-like bungalow, that we so eagerly desired success, there was another and a much more powerful reason why we should use our utmost exertions to insure a fire throughout the night, inasmuch as there were numerous evidences that our bungalow was often used by the wild animals of the jungle around, and the only security we had against their visiting us during the night consisted in the cheerful blaze of a well-kept fire.

The journey of the ensuing morning did not greatly differ from that of the preceding day, it was somewhat more steep, however, in

various places, and consequently more dangerous. The road in one place lies directly over a mass of almost perpendicular rock, about fifty or sixty feet high, to have climbed which, without assistance, would have been impossible. Steps have been cut in the rock to facilitate the ascent, and chains, during the time of pilgrimage, are suspended on either side. These latter had of course been removed, but we managed the ascent without great difficulty or danger by a diligent and careful use of both hands and feet as if ascending a ship's ladder. The heavy articles were dragged up by a rope let down from the top by those who had first ascended, for that purpose. This rope Poonchy wanted to have tied round my waist, but I found no great difficulty in ascending without it. At length I stood at the foot of that extraordinary cone which forms the summit of the mountain. It resembles a huge sugar loaf about two hundred feet high, with a tiny place on the top. Its sides are formed by masses of irregularly projecting rock interspersed by shrubs of a European character. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing, the view around was magnificent in the extreme, and right in front of us rose this strangely shaped mass of rock and vegetation, on the highest point of which the footstep is impressed, and above that rises the roof which looks so picturesque from a distance supported on two wooden pillars fixed into the rock on the top, and further kept in its position by massive chains stretching from the four corners (like ropes from the pole of a tent), and clamped into the rock on the sides of the cone.

The road winds up the side of the cone like a string series of Zacs consisting of a small pathway, formed partly by jutting rocks, partly by incisions in its side. Its steepness, and the form with which the wind sweeps round this impediment at a height of eight thousand feet, render the ascent both difficult and dangerous. The scrubby, European-looking vegetation, on the sides of the pathway, generally affords the traveller a hold in places of more than ordinary difficulty but there are two rocks the face of which must be ascended without any such aid here, however, chains riveted into the rock above are let down on either side to help him. In many places the loss of one's hold or the slipping of a foot, would precipitate the traveller into eternity. Even women, as I have said, do encounter the dangers of the ascent from motives of piety, and there is scarcely a dangerous spot on the road, connected with which is not some tale of the loss of human life, particularly that of females, in endeavouring to make their way to the summit. The year in which our guide previously ascended, the second before our expedition, two female devotees were blown over the sides of the hill at one of those frightful turnings in the road on the cone, where a square foot of level rock is the only impediment between the traveller

and destruction. On looking down into the dreadful abyss beneath, at this point, I could clearly discern a fragment of cloth that had been caught by a dead projecting bough, waving mournfully in the breeze.

At length we stepped forth upon the summit of the far-famed Adam's Peak. I can imagine the pleasure with which I looked round upon the amazing view spread out like a gigantic panorama around me, a view from a height of about eight thousand feet, and that height a pinnacle, whence the prospect was open on every side. The cold sharpness of the air had a charm about it of a strange character, after so many months of too sunny sultriness. It was like a fine frosty morning in England breaking upon the monotony of tropical life. The very plants around, the rhododendrons and firs, seemed more familiar and dear to my European eyes than the eternal palm and broad-leaved plants of the plain. Everything was lovely everything new, and I had a capacity to enjoy it keenly, after the fatigue and dangers we had undergone.

The summit is surrounded by a rude stone-wall about three feet high, which confines a bordering of earth forming an irregular walk round the block of granite which rises in the centre, in two irregular masses, on the highest and largest of which is stamped the sacred foot impression and over that rises the Chinese like roof supported on massive wooden pillars and by the iron chains I have already described. On the eastern side of the path round the blocks of granite lying between them and the wall, there is a greater space than elsewhere, and here the priests have erected a small wicker work bungalow, in which they reside during the time of pilgrimage. The whole area of the summit may be between one hundred and fifty and two hundred square yards so that there is room enough for a considerable number of people, notwithstanding the priests' small bungalow, and the space occupied by the rock in the centre. To clamber up this rock was the work of a second, using the cavity in which the pious Buddhists drop their offerings as a step in that purpose, greatly to the horror of Poonchy as I perceived. I now stood on the extreme summit, the Chinese like roof was directly over my head and I was standing in the very foot impression itself. Here, it is said, Buddha left his foot-print as a sign before quitting his worshippers. By others it is said, here Adam stood upon one leg for a thousand years as penance, before quitting Ceylon, his paradise. The print is about four feet long, by two and a half in the broadest part, and evidently consisted at first of two semicircular depressions in the rock, the one two feet, and the other about one foot long, at a convenient distance from each other. Priestly ingenuity or superstitious faith has converted the smaller of these cavities into the impression of a heel,

and the larger into an impression of the ball of the foot. They are and were at a convenient distance from each other for that purpose, and in order to render the likeness still more exact and striking toes have been added by a border of plastering which encircles the whole, and which of course, from its shape, suggests the idea of a foot at once—an idea which I feel convinced any man of ordinary powers would never think of associating with the original two impressions in the rock. The bordering of plaster, which suggests the idea of a foot, is nominally put there only to receive the cover during the time of pilgrimage.

What a scene was presented! How totally unlike anything I had ever witnessed before! Around the block of granite on which I stood, the coolies and guides were doing obeisance, worshipping after their fashion, with many a drawing prayer. Had an observer witnessed the scene from a distance, he might have fancied they were worshipping me. On my left, stood the little pretty bungalow of wicker work and all around lay wild mountains of the most irregular forms, sometimes capped with clouds, sometimes bowing their ancient heads to the skies. Away to the west stretched the hills which I had passed on the ascent, and beyond them the open plains of the island, lost in the boundless sea. Above was the heaven of the most intense blue not a cloud speckling it or obstructing the gaze into the vault of heaven. It was truly a gorgeous scene, such as a man cannot often enjoy in his short and restless life, and which I was long in becoming sufficiently intimate with to stamp it firmly on my memory, as I wished to do. A short distance from the summit on the eastern side is a spring which the guide assured me was constantly flowing, it was delicious water, and the coolness of it made it doubly pleasant in a land where the thermometer often stands between ninety and a hundred degrees and where ice had not, at the time of which I write been introduced. My inspection of these various objects had considerably sharpened my appetite and I found on returning to the dwarf bungalow, that Poonchy had not been idle since his devotions had been concluded. There was a solitary bottle of Allsopp's ale left, and with it I drank the health of the unfortunate Lister, whom I sincerely pitied, cooped up at Pallabattula as he was, and of sundry other of my friends.

In talking to the guide and coolies, I found they looked upon the sacred impression as too holy a thing for their sinful eyes to be set upon. There were a few pice (a copper coin of very small value) in the cavity for oblations when we ascended, and, poor as my followers were, working like horses for sixpence a day, and out of that supplying themselves with food, they increased the number before we came down.

As evening closed in, the coolies very much

increased; fortunately there was a good supply of firewood, and we succeeded in keeping up a very bright and pleasant fire. I had a volume of Ossian in my pocket, a work of which I was then very fond, and as the wind rose, there was something about our position that rendered the perusal of it doubly pleasant. But I could not long retain gravity enough to read Ossian. The coolies were crouched round the fire opposite me, seated on their heels, in ordinary Cinghalese fashion—their elbows on their knees, and their hands opened to the cheerful blaze. They began to discover, however, apparently, that the fire did not equally warm them, and, in order to equalise its grateful effects, they moved round, slowly but regularly roasting themselves to sleep—for we slept that night up on the Peak, and came down after sunrise on the morrow.

C H I P S

PENNY BANKS

IN several forms, Penny Banks are now established, and its then principle is very simple and their operation very wholesome, a few details as to the method of their management, may prompt some of our friends to assist in their establishment in other places where they may be both profitable and desirable.

The object of a Penny Bank is to assist the youthful portion of the working classes—those who for the first time are beginning to receive wages for their labour—in the formation of careful and prudent habits. The few pence or the odd shillings, when they bring an unaccustomed feeling to the pocket, bring with them temptations to spend, while public-houses and other places tempt to waste, and at the same time by the foundation of many evil habits. In the Penny Bank, from a penny upwards halfpence, sixpences, or shillings may be stored by the young people at will, and as fast as the store of each depositor accumulates to the amount of seventeen shillings, it is transferred to the local savings bank, in the name of its owner, and bears interest.

We believe we are right in stating that the first Penny Bank was established at Greenock, on the Clyde, but that which called any large share of attention to the subject, was established at Huddersfield in connexion with the Mechanics' Institute of that town. A letter addressed by Mr Charles W Sikes of the Huddersfield Banking Company to the President of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, first called attention to the subject, and on the 8th of July, 1850, the "Huddersfield Preliminary Savings Bank" was started with a deposit of three pounds and sevenpence from fifty-seven persons. From the 8th of July 1850, to the 1st of December 1851, there have been in this bank six thousand nine hundred and sixteen deposits, averaging one shilling and fivepence each, making a total

of £483 14s. 2d. Of this sum there have been—

	£	s.	d.
paid to depositors	185	14	7
transferred to the Government Savings Bank	175	14	1
principal accounts, each under £100, left standing with the Treasurer of the property of 355 depositors, amounting in all, to	122	5	6
	£483	14	2

The conductors of the Bank took pains to inquire of those depositors by whom money was withdrawn, their reasons for withdrawing it; and it was thus ascertained that, with very few exceptions, the young people drew their money to buy wearing apparel, watches, books, or to support themselves when out of work. The three hundred and fifty-nine depositors at Huddersfield are chiefly youths working in factories, and passing through the classes of the Mechanics' Institute.

The rules adopted by the Penny Bank, at Huddersfield, are very simple. The most important of them is, that in order to secure the safety of the money in the Preliminary Savings Bank, *the whole amount of it be guaranteed*: and that the names of the individuals who give that guarantee, and the sums for which they make themselves responsible, together with a statement of the progress of the Bank, be published in an annual report. Accordingly, in the report which closes the year 1851, we find the names of three gentlemen who became guarantees each to the amount of one hundred pounds for the honest performance of their undertaking by the Penny Bank Committee.

Mr. James M. Scott, who has started Penny Banks at Hull and Greenock, in imitation of a penny club which was formed some years ago, states, that a Bank which has not that advantage of existing and gratuitous machinery which is afforded by connexion with a Mechanics' Institute, supposing it to contain five thousand depositors investing an average of about forty pounds a week, can be worked satisfactorily at the expense of seventy pounds a year. To meet this outlay, according to his own experience, about sixty pounds is received in the shape of interest on the money invested, and from minute charges made to the depositors. The deficient ten pounds are made up, in his case, by voluntary subscription.

The most convenient method of establishing a Penny Bank is not to plant it as an institution by itself, but to graft it on some stable and successful institution for the working classes which may happen already to exist, a Mechanics' Institute, or a Labourers' Reading Room. If this be impossible, no Penny Bank can be established with success except in districts where it is quite certain that the number of depositors will be con-

siderable; unless, indeed, there can be found people who will yield almost gratuitously so much time and house-room as are requisite for the performance of its business.

ESTHER HAMMOND'S WEDDING-DAY.

A FEW years ago, having made known to those whom it might concern that I wanted a footman, there came, amongst others, to offer himself for the situation, a young man, named George Hammond. He had a slight figure, and a pale, thin, handsome face, but a remarkably sad expression. Although he inspired me with interest, I felt, before I began to question him, that I should hardly like to have that melancholy countenance always under my eye.

"Where have you lived?" I asked.

"I have never been exactly in a situation," he answered.

"Then," said I, interrupting him, "I fear you will not suit me."

"I meant to say," he continued, turning paler than before, as if pained by my ready denial—"I meant to say that although I have never been in a situation, yet I know the duties of a servant; for I have been for several months under Lord Gorton's house steward, Mr. Grindlay, and he has taught me everything."

"Did Lord Gorton pay you wages?"

"No; but he allowed me to wait at table, and I acted just as if I had been paid wages."

"Mr. Grindlay is a friend of yours, then?"

"Yes; he has been very kind, and has taken a great deal of pains with me."

"And you think you are fit to undertake such a place as mine?"

"I think I am, and I should try to give satisfaction; for I am very anxious indeed to earn my own living."

"And who is to give you a character?"

"Mr. Grindlay will; he has known me all my life."

During the conversation, of which the above is an abridgment, I found that my feelings were veering round to a more favourable quarter for the candidate. Young as he was, I thought I could discern that he had suffered, and that he was anxious to diminish, or repair, his ill fortunes by industry and good conduct. There was a moment, too, in which I fancied I saw the clue to his sorrows. It was when I said, "You are not married, I presume?"

"No," said he.

"Because," I added, "my house is not large, and visitors below are inconvenient."

"I have nobody in the world belonging to me but one sister. And the only friend I have is Mr. Grindlay," he replied, with some eagerness, as if to put a period to further inquiries in that direction, whilst he visibly changed colour. Feeling sure there was some painful family history behind, I said no

more, but that I would see Mr. Grindlay, if he would call on the following day.

"By-the-bye," I rejoined, as the young man was leaving the room, "we said nothing about wages; what do you expect?"

"Whatever you are accustomed to give," he answered.

"Very well; I'll speak to Mr. Grindlay about it."

It was the situation he was anxious about, clearly; not wages.

On the following morning Mr. Grindlay came.

"You are well acquainted with this young man?" I said.

"I have known him since he was that high," he answered, placing his hand on the table; "and you can't have a better lad; that I'll engage."

"He is honest and sober?"

"You may trust him with untold gold; and as for wine or spirits, such a thing never passes his lips."

"But he has been under your guidance, Mr. Grindlay," I answered; "he is young, do you think he will be able to stand alone?"

"I've no fear of him; none whatever," he replied. "To say the truth, he had an awful lesson before his eyes in regard to excessive drinking. Such a lesson as he'll never forget."

"Indeed!" said I. "His father?"

Mr. Grindlay shook his head. I made no further inquiry then; but agreed to engage George Hammond.

At first, he was so anxious to please, and so nervous lest he should not please, that he tumbled up-stairs in his hurry to answer the bell, and very nearly broke my best decanters. His hand so shook with agitation, when I had friends to dinner, lest he should be found deficient, that I momentarily expected to see him drop the plates and glasses on the floor. However, we got through this ordeal without any serious accident; and by degrees I discovered that I had found a treasure of fidelity and good service. He lived with me for six years, and then, to my regret, we parted; my only consolation being that our separation was consequent on a plan formed for his advantage.

During the first years, I knew nothing more of George's history than I had gathered from Mr. Grindlay's significant hint at our only interview. I concluded that in that hint the whole mystery was revealed. George's father had been a drunkard, and his vice had probably ruined a decent family. The appearance of George's only visitor, his sister, Esther, confirmed this view; she looked so respectable and so dejected! She never came but on Sunday, and then I was always glad if I could spare George to take a walk with her. After I had learnt his value, I gave him leave to invite her to dine, and to remain the evening with him, whenever he pleased. He told me she worked with a milliner in Pall Mall; and I observed that she always wore black,

which I concluded she did from an economical motive. She seemed very shy; and I never troubled her with questions.

George had been with us upwards of years, when we were visited by an old man whose home was on the opposite side of earth. He had returned to England to see his relatives, and partly to transact some business respecting a small property he had lately inherited. During his sojourn he frequently dined with us; and, whilst at table, we did not fail to ply him with questions regarding his experiences in the colony he inhabited. "The great difficulty of getting along, as we call it," he answered, one day, "lies in the impossibility of gathering people about us, upon whom we can rely. I have made money," he said, "and have no right to complain; but I should have made twice as much if I had employed honest and intelligent men."

"You should take some abroad with you," I replied.

"I purpose to do something of the kind," he answered, "and, by-the-bye, if you should hear of any honest, intelligent young man, who can write good plain English in a legible hand, and who would not object to seek his fortune across the water, let me know."

George was in the room when this was said, and I involuntarily raised my eyes to his face. When I read its expression, a twinge of selfishness brought the colour to my cheeks. "Now we shall lose him," I said; and we did lose him. A few days afterwards, Mr. Jameson, our colonial friend, told us that he was afraid his conversation had been the means of seducing our melancholy footman. He had found an extremely well-written letter on his table, signed "George Hammond," expressing a wish to accompany him abroad, and dated from our house, which he had at first imagined was a jest of mine. "But I find it is from your servant," he continued; "and I have told him that I can say nothing until I have consulted you on the subject."

"I am afraid I can allege nothing against it," I answered, "if he suits you, and wishes to go. A more trustworthy, excellent person you never can meet with."

"And what are his connexions?" inquired Mr. Jameson; "for I would not be accessory to taking any young man out of the country without being sure that he was not doing wrong in leaving it."

For this information I referred him to Mr. Grindlay; with whom an interview was arranged. Mr. Grindlay entered so warmly into the plan, that he declared himself willing to make some pecuniary advances to promote it.

"It is not necessary," said Mr. Jameson. "I shall be very willing to undertake all the expenses of outfit and voyage."

"You are very good, indeed, sir. But," added Mr. Grindlay, "George has a sister, who would break her heart if he left her. She

is a good clever girl, and understands dress-making and millinery, well. She works for Madame Roland. I suppose she would easily make a living in the parts you're going to."

Mr. Jamesson was quite agreeable that Esther should be of the party; and Mr. Grindlay undertook the charge of her outfit. "But," said our friend, "if we proceed farther, I must know who these young people are; and that their friends have no reasonable objection to our plan."

"They have no friends!" answered Mr. Grindlay, shaking his grey head; "nobody to make any objection, reasonable or otherwise; but, as you are willing to undertake the charge of them, sir, I think it would be only right that you should know the exact truth."

This was the train of circumstances which led to my acquaintance with the present story.

The parents of George and Esther Hammond kept a small but respectable inn, in one of the southern counties of England. The house was not situated in a town, nor yet very far from one, but it was a pretty rural spot, with a bowling-green and garden; and it was a common thing for the inhabitants of the neighbouring city to make parties there on Sundays and holidays, to dine and drink cider; for which the house was famous. It was, indeed, an extremely well-kept, clean, comfortable, little inn, the merit of which good keeping was chiefly referred by the public voice to Mrs. Hammond: an industrious, hard-working, thrifty woman. She was generally reputed to be more than thrifty. It was often remarked that when Hammond himself was absent from home, the tables were less liberally served, and the charge higher, than when he was there to moderate her besetting sin—the love of gain. Still, she was an excellent wife, and a good hostess; and she was devoted to her husband and her two children, George and Esther. In short, she was a woman who took everything in earnest, and she loved her family, as she worked for them, with all her energies. She loved her children wisely, too; for she was extremely anxious to give them the best education she could afford; and, although, as was consistent with her character, she kept them somewhat rigidly she was essentially a kind mother.

Hammond's character was different. He was by nature an easy, liberal, good-natured fellow, with a considerable dash of cleverness and a very well-looking person. In youth he had gone by the name of "Handsome George;" and was still an universal favourite with his friends and customers. The only disputes that ever occurred between Hammond and his wife, arose out of those agreeable qualities. The guests were apt to invite the host into the parlour to drink with them; and when Handsome George once had his legs under his own or anybody else's mahogany, he was not disposed to draw them out for some time. If this happened on a Sunday—when there

were more parties than one to attend—his wife would get angry, and accuse him of neglecting his business. The husband's imperturbable good-humour, however, soon allayed the irritation.

At length the time arrived when the two children were to leave this pleasant home, to learn something beyond reading and writing, to which their acquirements had yet been limited. They were accordingly sent away to school.

As the business of Hammond's Inn was not sufficient to keep it always lively, the absence of the children was very much felt. The mother was perhaps not less sensible of the privation than the father; as many an involuntary sigh testified. He lamented loudly; and, when there was no business to engage his attention, went listlessly about with his hands in his pockets, or sat gloomily at the door, puffing at his pipe, and spreading the fumes of his tobacco over the jessamine and wild roses that overran the porch. When company came, however, it was merrier; and, when he was invited to "make one," he was apt to drink more freely than formerly.

In process of time, however, a circumstance occurred that diverted Hammond's attention into another channel. A few convivial fellows residing at Tutton, proposed to get up a club, to meet every Saturday night; the winter meetings to be held at an inn called the King's Arms, in the town; and the summer meetings at Hammond's Inn; the members to be elected by ballot. To this last rule, however, there was one exception, and that was in favour of Hammond himself.

"It was no use balloting him," they said; "nobody would give him a black ball. He was pleased with this testimony to his popularity; and, in spite of some misgivings on the part of his wife, he addressed his mind heartily to the new project, and fitted up a room, to be held sacred every Saturday night for six months in the year to these convivial meetings.

The chief originator of this scheme was the host of the King's Arms, whose name was Jackson. He was what is called a jolly fellow; extremely fond of company, and able to sing a good song. The other members consisted of tradesmen residing in the town, and some of the upper servants of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Amongst these last was Mr. Grindlay.

Everybody concerned was delighted with the new club; except, perhaps, the wives of the clubbists, who did not look forward to the Saturday nights with the same satisfaction as their husbands. More than one of them was heard to say that it was a good thing Saturday came but once a week, and that if it came oftener, she, for one, wouldn't bear it. Hannah Hammond, although not a woman to express her feelings publicly, did not like his club, in spite of the profits derived from it. She saw that Ham-

mond began to feel that the dull evenings at home contrasted very unpleasantly with the jolly nights at the club. As he and the host of the King's Arms grew more intimate, they were apt to console themselves with a few extra meetings. Sometimes Hammond made an excuse to go into the town, and sometimes Jackson came to him, but in the latter case Hannah gave her husband's visitor an indifferent welcome. Jackson seems to have kept his wife in better order; she had already discovered that drink is stronger than love. At first, Hammond yielded occasionally, either to frowns or persuasion; but as one ascendancy grew, the other declined; and when he was not strong enough to brave his wife's wrath or entreaties, he eluded them, by slipping out when she was off her guard. Once away, he seldom reappeared until the next morning; and, as time advanced, two or three days would elapse before his return. Then, when he came, she scolded, and wept; but men get used to women's tears, and, like petrifying waters, they only harden their hearts as they fall.

So passed a few years; and the girl and boy were no longer children. Esther was a fine young woman of seventeen, and her brother eighteen months older. They had been some time away from the school, and George had been taken home to be instructed to follow his father's business, which had been the parents' original intention, when Hannah's mind was altered. She thought it was a calling that exposed a weak will to temptation, and she dreaded lest her son should get too familiar with his father's habits and associates; so, with Hammond's consent, she procured him a situation in a merchant's counting-house; where, being steady and intelligent, he had every prospect of doing well.

She kept Esther at home to be her own assistant and consolation; for she needed both. She attributed all her troubles to Jackson, who had first enticed her husband to drink, and had never since allowed him time to be acted on by better influences. In proportion, therefore, as she loved her husband, she hated Jackson; and, in spite of all, she did love George dearly still. It was true, he was no longer Handsome George. His features were bloated, his figure swollen, his hair thin and grizzled, and his dress neglected and dirty; but he was the chosen husband of her youth; and, with Hannah, to love once was to love always.

Jackson had a son, an excellent lad, possessing all his father's good qualities, and none of his bad ones. He and young George had been at school together, and a friendship had arisen between them that promised to be enduring; the more so, that Esther Ham-

mond and Henry Jackson were lovers—a discovery of which was at first ill received by Hannah. That her Esther should marry the son of Jackson whom she hated, was not to be thought of.

"There's little reason to fear that Harry will take after his father, no other," George would say. "Besides, you'd think it hard if anybody made me suffer for father; and, for my part, I think it's enough to cure anybody of a love of liquor, to see how it disgraces people who would be so different if they could leave it alone."

It was some time before this kind of argument prevailed with Hannah; but it had its effect at length, sustained as it was by the genuine merits of the candidate, by his evident abhorrence of his father's vice, and by his dutiful attentions to his mother. So, by-and-by, he became a welcome visitor to Mrs. Hammond and her daughter; and, all things concurring, it was tacitly understood among them, that some day or other, when they were both old enough, and when Henry should be in a situation to maintain a family, Esther was to be his wife.

This arrangement—now that she was satisfied of Harry Jackson's good character—shed a gleam of comfort on Hannah's dark path; for her path lay dark before her now. The host of the King's Arms was never happy out of Hammond's company; the truth being, that the unfortunate man had grown really fond of George. Hannah's frowns and coldness could not keep him away; and if she, by persuasion or stratagem, contrived to detain her husband at home, Jackson invariably came in search of him. Then, besides all the other griefs and discomforts attending such a state of things, the business of the house began to decline. The respectable townspeople did not like to frequent an inn where the host was always intoxicated; and, to many who had known them in happier days, George Hammond's bloated face, and Hannah's pinched features, were not pleasant to behold. If matters went on at this rate, pecuniary embarrassments were not unlikely to be added to her other afflictions; and her dread of this was materially increased by finding that Hammond was beginning to tamper with a small sum of money they had placed in the Tutton Bank, under a mutual agreement that it should remain there, untouched, until Esther's marriage. All this misery she owed to Jackson, even to the last item in her troubles; for she discovered that the money had been drawn out to lend to him.

Matters went on in this way from bad to worse. Mrs. Hammond was miserable, and Mrs. Jackson was breaking her heart, and the business of both houses was going to the dogs, when Hannah resolved on a last effort to avert the impending ruin.

Had she thought her husband utterly corrupted, her scheme would have been vain; but he had moments of remorse still, in which his good heart got the ascendant; and, persuaded by her unshaken love, she believed that if she could but wean him from Jackson's company, he might, by her attachment and vigilance, be reclaimed. It so happened that

she had a cousin married to a farmer in a distant part of England; and, one day, taking George in a moment of sobriety and repentance, she made a strong appeal to his feelings and affections. "I know," she said, "that it is Jackson who tempts you to drink, when of yourself you might resist; and I do believe that if the habit were once broken, and your acquaintance with him ceased, we might all be saved yet. Go to my cousin's; she has often invited us, and I'll write to her and say you are ordered change of air for your health. You'll see no drinking there; her husband's a very sober man. You like farming—go into the fields and the gardens, and work with the spade and plough. It will make another man of you, George. When you return, we'll break with Jackson entirely."

The appeal prevailed. George sobbed, threw his arms round his wife's neck, and vowed that he would never touch liquor again. Eventually, with his wardrobe brushed up, he was despatched on this hopeful expedition.

Such a course of life as this, however, could not be carried on without some evil consequences to himself as well as others; and in spite of the efforts of his miserable wife to keep things together, the house was ill-conducted; custom forsook it; and although, unknown to Hannah, Jackson had by degrees extracted from Hammond every penny of the savings deposited in the bank, he was distressed for money, and could not keep his creditors quiet. Added to this, he fell ill with a severe attack of delirium tremens, and, when matters were at the worst with him, and they thought he would die, Hannah's energetic mind began to form plans for the future. Henry and Esther should be married; the money in the bank should pay off the most pressing liabilities; the care and industry of the young people should restore the house to its former flourishing condition; Mrs. Jackson, the mother, could live with her son, and they should all be once more happy—for, the tempter gone, George would be sober. Was he not sober now at the pleasant farmhouse, where he was living with her friends? Did not every letter of her cousin's praise him, and assure her that he never expressed a desire to drink; and that even although they had been to a christening in the neighbourhood, where there was a vast deal of conviviality, George had been so abstemious and cautious, as to delight them all?

But, alas! Jackson recovered, and with his recovery Hannah's plans were frustrated; but she had a fertile brain; and, where the welfare of those she loved was concerned, her energies never slept. She learnt from Harry, that Jackson's creditors were more pressing than ever, and that he did not know which way to turn for money. It was quite certain that if nothing were done, his property would be seized, and his wife turned into the street. Might she not take advantage of these embarrassments, and execute her original plan on condition of his abandoning the

neighbourhood altogether? Next to his death, his removal would be the best thing. Harry and Esther would keep the house; the creditors would be indulgent; and, amongst the family, they would make an allowance for the support of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson in some distant spot; any sacrifice being preferable to the certain ruin that impended. Mrs. Jackson was afraid her husband would not consent to the scheme; but she was mistaken; people who are the victims of intemperance are easily won to acquiesce in any measures that are proposed for their advantage; their adherence to them is another affair. But Hannah set to work; and as there was a general sympathy with her laudable endeavour, she met with full success. Such portions of the debt as they could not pay, Harry and Hammond were to become answerable for; and as the business of the King's Arms had once been a profitable one, there was every reason to hope that the young man might lure back the customers, in process of time release his father-in-law from his bond, and find himself a free and prosperous man.

Thus much done, there was no time to be lost. Jackson, well and drunk, might refuse to do what Jackson, sick and sober, had consented to do; so a place was found for himself and his wife, in a part of the country uninhabited by her relations, in order that, as she said, if Jackson kept on drinking, she might not be quite alone in the world. Arrangements were then made for the marriage of the young people.

And what said Hammond to all this? He wrote home that he would consent to anything his wife proposed, and he hoped it might answer as well as she expected. Hannah was sure it would; but, in order to avoid the possibility of mischief, she arranged that her husband should not return until the eve of the wedding; whilst she had made it a condition that Jackson should depart immediately after it, thus excluding all possibility of a renewal of intercourse.

On a fine evening in June, the mother and daughter sat under the porch, hand in hand, watching for the coach that was to drop George at the door. How happy they were! Harry had just left them, in order to spend the last evening with his poor mother, and, as he said, to have an eye to his father's proceedings. Young George was still at his country house; but he was to have a holiday the next day, and to be present at the wedding.

At length there was a sound of wheels, and Here's the coach!" cried both the women, as the well-loaded vehicle turned round a corner of the road, and appeared in sight. But, to their disappointment, instead of pulling up, the driver only flung down the old portmanteau, and pointed with his thumb towards the town, intimating that he had dropt the owner of it, there, as he passed.

Hannah turned pale. Why had he not come on with the coach? Had he fallen in with Jackson? Her heart sunk within her.

Esther hoped better things; she doubted not that her father had business in the town; but he must know how anxious they would be to see him, and he would surely come soon. Yet, hour after hour slipped by, and he came not. One went to the door, then the other, then the first again, and so on; but no George Hammond appeared. At length, when it was getting quite dusk, they did discern somebody coming towards them with an unsteady step—they saw 'he figure reel as it approached, before they could distinguish the features, and they turned sick at heart. Hannah groaned, and Esther grasping her arm, said, "Oh mother! mother!"

But when the person drew near, they perceived that it was not Hammond, but Jackson; and, for a moment, the sight of him, unwelcome object as he was, almost gave them pleasure; it was a relief to find it was not George. But he would come, no doubt, and presently; was probably not far off, and there was the tempter waiting for him.

Angry and disgusted, the two women went into the house, and shut the door. After an irrepressible burst of tears, Hannah thought herself of sending a lad they kept as ostler, along the road, to try and meet Hammond, and to smuggle him into the house by the back way. The boy went; but, after walking until he was tired, returned, saying he had been to the town, but could see nothing of master. He had, however, met Mr. Harry, who had promised to go in search of him and bring him home. Finding Jackson sound asleep, and not likely to move, Hannah sent her daughter, and the maid, and the boy to bed, resolving to sit up herself, that she might be ready to admit George when he came. Alas! in what state would he arrive!

To-morrow was his daughter's wedding day; and as Hannah thought of all they had suffered, the love—that had been flooding from her woman's heart towards her husband returning to her, as she had fondly hoped, to live purely and virtuously the rest of their days—was turned into bitterness and wrath.

It was a weary night as she sat listening to the ticking of the clock, and the slow hours as they struck, until the dawn broke, and then she peeped out to see if Jackson were still at the door. Yes, there he was fast asleep. A pretty condition he would be in to go to church with his son! However, he would be sober when he awoke; and sick at heart, and sad, she went up stairs and stretched herself on the bed beside her daughter.

But she could not sleep; her mind was anxious, and her ears were on the stretch for her profligate; and by-and-by the sparrows on the house-top began to chirp, and the market-carts rolled by on their way to the town, and the labourers' heavy shoes tramped along to the fields where their work lay; and still there was no George! No George! and so, at length, she fell asleep.

She had slept about a couple of hours when

she was awakened by Esther's voice. "Mother!" cried the girl, "there's father at the door. You'd better go yourself and let him in!"

"I will!" said Hannah, hastily getting out of bed and throwing on some clothes—"I will;" and she folded her lips with an expression of bitterness.

"Don't be too hard upon him, mother," said Esther—"it's the last time, for Jackson will be gone to-morrow;" and while her mother descended the stairs, the young girl arose with her heart full of love and happiness—for how could she be sad when that very day was to make her Harry's wife? Her wedding fire was all laid out ready to put on, and she was inspecting it with the innocent vanity of eighteen, when she was startled by a scream—another and another—and it was her mother's voice! Pale and transfixed with terror, she stood with her hands pressed upon her bosom, to still her heart's beating. What could have happened? Then she heard other voices below—men's voices; and with trembling hands, she tried to dress herself, that she might go down and inquire. Suddenly, one cried out, "Where's Esther? Where's my sister!" There was a hasty foot upon the stairs, and George, her brother, pale as death, haggard, dishevelled, rushed into the room.

Then, there was the tramp of many feet below, and Esther rushed to the door; but George caught her in his arms.

"Wait!" he said, "and I'll tell you all. Jackson got hold of my father last night and made him drink——"

"We know it; but—Harry! Oh, where's Harry?"

"Harry heard of it, and told me; and we went to seek him, he one way, I another. It was not till about two hours ago, I heard that father had not long left the Plough, in James Street, and that Harry had been there directly afterwards, and gone in pursuit of him; so, being very anxious, I thought I would come on here to see if he was arrived."—And here the poor boy's sobs choked his utterance.

"And has anything happened to my father?" said Esther.

"When I got near the Mill-dam," continued George, "I saw two or three of the millers looking into the water——"

"My poor father! He's drowned!" said Esther, clasping her hands.

"Yes," said George, hesitating; "whether he was seized with delirium, or whether remorse got the better of him, and he was ashamed to come home, there's no telling——"

"But where's Harry?" cried the girl; for George hesitated again.

"He must have overtaken my father, and seen the accident—or must have been trying to prevent his throwing himself in the water—for poor Harry——!" And then there was the tramp of more feet below, and another weight was carried through the passage. "I

had him brought here, Esther. I knew you'd wish it—and he would have wished it too!"

This was Esther Hammond's wedding-day! Was not this sorrow enough for one poor house?

Violent in her feelings and affections, Hannah never recovered. Her reason became impaired, and she was released from her sufferings by a death that none could venture to lament. Jackson's creditors having laid claim to the whole of the property in consequence of Hammond's bond, the young people, eager to fly the scene of so much woe, took the advice of their friend, Mr. Grindlay, and came to seek a maintenance in London.

So ends my tragic little story. I have only to add, that the proposed plan of emigration was carried out, to the infinite advantage of the two young people, and very much to the satisfaction of Mr. Jameson.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

A BRACE OF BLUNDERS.

I ARRIVED at Bayonne from Paris, by the Malle-Poste, one glorious morning. How well I remember it! The courier, who used to play an important part in the economy of the old French Malle-Poste, was the most irritable man I ever saw. He quarrelled with everyone and everything on the road. I fancy that he was liable to some slight penalty in case of reaching Bayonne later than a given hour; but had the penalty been breaking on the wheel, he could not have been more anxious to drive at full speed. Here let me note, by the way, that the pace of a French courier in the good old times was the most tremendous pace at which I have ever travelled behind horses. It surpassed the holter-skelter of an Irish mail. The whole economy of the Malle-Poste was curious. No postilion ever drove more than one stage: mortal arms could not have continued flogging any farther. The number of the horses was indefinite—now there were four; presently five, or six, or seven; four again, or eight; all harnessed with broken bits of rope and wonders of fragmentary tackle. The coach-box on which the postilion used to sit was the minutest iron perch to which the body of a man could hook itself. The coach itself was britzka-shaped, with room for two. It was in this conveyance that I travelled over the frightful hills between Bourdeaux and Bayonne. When we neared any descent a mile or two long, the postilion regularly tied the reins loosely to some part of the frail box, seized the whip, and flogged, and shouted, until down we went with a great rush, dashing and rocking from side to side, while my irate friend, the courier, plied a sort of iron drag or rudder, with the enthusiastic gestures of a madman. Watching my time, when, after one of these frantic bouts, my friend sank back exhausted, and quite hoarse with all his

roaring, I quietly offered him a bunch of grapes, which I had bought at Tours. Their grateful coolness made the man my friend eternally; but had I offered him a captain's biscuit at that moment I could not have answered for the consequences. So much depends on judgment in the timing of a gift!

On arrival at Bayonne, the first notable thing I saw was a gendarme, who asked me for my passport. I had none. He looked grave, but I, young in travel, pushed him aside cavalierly, and bade my servant, who had arrived the day before, see to my luggage. The cocked hat followed me into the inn, but bidding it be off, I walked into a private sitting room, in which a bed was a prominent article of furniture. I ordered for my breakfast some broiled ham and eggs, and was informed that I could not have ham, though in Bayonne. I should be served with chocolate and sugar-sticks, pump-water, and milk bread. While breakfast was preparing, the cocked hat arrested me, and marched me off to the police-office.

"Your passport?" said the Inspector.

"My breakfast," said I.

"You are under arrest," said the Inspector.

Then I referred to the Consul, with whom I had a sort of second-hand acquaintance, and who offered to provide me with a passport; but his offer was declined. I was conducted to the Prefet. The Prefet transferred me to the Procureur du Roi, whom I unhappily disturbed when he was sitting down to breakfast. I apologised for my unavoidable intrusion.

"Pray, don't mention it," said he; "I take cold fish for breakfast, and I drink coffee;" so he sat down and listened to my tale, and said that I must be detained.

"Impossible!" I cried. "I have sent on my money and baggage to Madrid."

"Many political agitators have slipped through Bayonne," replied the Procureur. "Write to Lord Hervey. When a passport comes for you from Paris you can pass the frontier; not before."

Of course he said he was "desolated," as he bowed me out. I was at liberty to reside at the hotel, under the lacqueyship of two gendarmes, who waited on me night and day. A crowd had gathered to witness my return from the house of the Procureur, and ladies thronged the balconies. Rumour had, in fact, created me Comte de Montemolin!

Henceforth, until my passport came, I was peeped at through all manner of doors by all manner of men, and encountered accidentally in passages by all manner of women; one band hindered me from sleeping in my bed, another played to me at dinner, and both expected payment for their services, until the passport came, and brought me so much degradation as enabled me to step, uncared for, into the common diligence, and travel on.

It has occurred to many other people to be

mistaken in some such way, and more than once it has occurred to people to make, on their own account, a certain blunder, which Goldsmith has immortalised. This blunder, I, when I ought to have known better, was incautious enough one day to commit.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, I was engaged in a tour through the bye ways of Germany, on horseback. During this tour I found myself, one summer morning, drawing near to the small town of *Maikommen*, in the Palatinate. Though the dawn had been cloudless, the noon threatened a storm, and already the big drops struck on the ground. Respect for my baggage, which consisted of two shirts, three books, and a pair of stockings, made me look for shelter.

The heavy drops fell faster as I cantered on at a brisk pace, and just at the entrance of the little town rode through a pair of broad gates into what I took for the inn-yard. Having stabled my horse in a remarkably clean stall, I ran into the house, and got under cover, just as the first peal of thunder rattled among the distant hills, and the rain had begun plash down in earnest. A pretty child sucked its thumbs in the passage. "Quick, little puss," said I, shaking the rain-drops from my hat, "tell somebody to come to me!" "Mamma," the child cried, running in, "here is a strange gentleman."

A pleasant-looking woman, with a homely German face, came out of an adjoining room with the child clinging to her dress, and asked me what I wanted?

"Some dinner," I answered, "and a bottle of your best wine."

"Go and 'll father to come," said the woman, looking at me curiously. A tall, good-humoured man of about fifty made his appearance, and I repented my desire tone somewhat more authoritative. He laughed, and the wife laughed, and the child shrieked with laughter. But I had met with many curiosities among the German Inn-keepers in remote country places, and, being willing to let these people see that, though an Englishman, I was also good-humoured, I joined their laugh, and then asked, with a grave face, when the table-d'hôte would be served?

"We keep no table-d'hôte," replied the husband.

"Well," I said, "but notwithstanding, you will let me have some dinner, I suppose? I have come a long way, and it is far to the next town. Besides, it rains!"

"Certainly, it rains!" replied the man, with a phlegmatic look over the puddles in the court-yard.

At this moment a clattering of plates, a steam of soup, and a sweet odour of fresh cucumber, attracted my attention. I said immediately that I was quite willing to dine at their table. By this time the child had got over its fear, and was at play with my

riding-whip; a few caressing words of mine towards the little one, had reassured its mother. She spoke for a moment in *patois* with her husband; and then bade the servant lay another knife and fork.

I rather liked my landlord's eccentricity; so, tapping him upon the shoulder in a friendly way, I desired that he would let me have a bottle of his very best wine; and by way of propitiating him still more, I feigned to have heard a good deal of his cellar, and requested to see it.

"O, very well," he said; "follow me, if you please."

He took me down into a cellar capably stocked, and there we tasted a good many wines. My landlord seemed to be in the best temper.

"And what," I asked, "is the price of that white wine in the thin long-necked bottles?"

I despair of getting its colossal name down upon paper, or I would try it; he gave it, g. at many syllables, and said it was the choicest and most expensive wine he had.

"Then," said I, "that is what we will drink to-day. I will take a bottle to myself, and you another; you shall drink it with

"You are very kind," he said; "but let me recommend some other bin; this wine you will find is—very heady."

I thought that, like a thrifty host, he had some qualm about my means of paying for it;

I seized, manfully, a bottle in each hand, and crying, "Come along!" accompanied the host into the dining-room.

The wine deserved its praise; opening our hearts, it soon made us famous friends. I had been pleased with the scenery about this quiet nook, and, being master of my time, and very comfortable, I made up my mind and said,

"I tell you what, my friend. I shall send for my things from Heidelberg, and stay here for a week or two."

The laughter again pealed out; but my host, who probably had seen quite enough of a guest who insisted upon drinking his best wine, put on a grave face. It looked like an innkeeper's face, when he is buckling himself up to strike a bargain. To save him trouble, I at once said that I would pay three florins a day for myself and one, for the accommodation of my horse.

"He thinks we keep an inn!" the little child screamed through her laughter. I instantly collapsed.

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THREE COLONIAL EPOCHS

MORE than sixty years ago, while the eloquent pleadings of Edmund Burke for the oppressed Hindoos and the grand declamation of Charles James Fox, in defence of rights of speech, of persons, and of printing, which all put us in the state now acknowledged, were yet ringing in the ears of our fathers, when the pious labours of Howard to abate the filth, the fever, and the tyranny of prisons, had just been closed by death, and when Clarkson and Wilberforce were in the midst of their life-long endeavours to put down traffic in human flesh, and to free the negro from the fetter and the lash,—in those times, at the Antipodes, on the barren shores of a vast unexplored island, a great jail was formed, walled in by the sea and trackless forests, and a colony was founded, where, for a quarter of a century, absolute irresponsible despotism prevailed, where, unquestioned cruelties and tortures were practised, as fearful as any that Howard ever discovered in Venice or Russia. The rulers and the prisoners, the governors and the colonists, being—not Negroes, or Hindoos, or Turks, or Russian semi-barbarians—but ‘free born English men,’ as they boasted in their caps.

The first settlement in Australia—planted in 1788, on a promontory of the splendid harbour of Port Jackson, where now the city of Sydney, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, stands—was composed of a few military and naval officers, commanding a small body of troops, intended to guard and govern about one thousand two hundred convicts. Before any reports could reach the home Government on the capabilities of the soil for supporting a population, ship after ship was despatched there, laden with miserable wretches of all degrees of crime, from the most venial to the blackest offenders. Huddled ruffians of the deepest dye were chained hand to hand, during a six months’ voyage, with simple country poachers, pickpockets of tender age, and sailor smugglers. When ships were to be filled, the Jonathan Wilds of the day made a clean sweep of the streets and taverns, where the friendless as well as the guilty were to be found congregated. As to the prisons, the investigations of Howard tended not a little to bring transportation to the new colony into

favour with country magistrates, Welsh and Irish judges, and the recorder and aldermen of the City of London.

Transportation, which had been so inconveniently interrupted by the American war, shovelled the wretches sixteen thousand miles off, out of sight and out of hearing, to a land where there was neither press nor parliament, demagogue nor philanthropist. What became of them afterwards, few cared, none knew. At Botany Bay—as the settlement was popularly called, although Botany Bay was the same relation to Sydney that the Isle of Dogs does to London—the Governor was, for twenty-five years, an autocrat; he had every power except that of condemning to death, which required the assent of a sort of court-martial. He could pardon any criminal, or he could order him five hundred lashes, or he could fine him five hundred pounds. He could bestow a grant of land, create a monopoly of imports, fix the price of provisions and the rate of wages. A series of Governors (of the good old sort) exercised all these powers very freely.

If flogging, pillorying, starving and hanging, administered without stint and with great severity, could have reformed the culprits of criminals who were poured forth, often in a dying state, on the shores of Sydney Cove, the colony would soon have become perfectly virtuous. But, discipline, classification, education, religious example, and teaching, were considered quite needless. One chaplain, of whose ministry the less said the better, had the nominal charge of some thousand prisoners of various sects, about one third Irish Roman Catholic rebels and Whiteboys. These were assembled occasionally on Sundays in the open air, beneath a boiling sun, or under heavy rains, for the form of worship. Reading the penal regulations always concluded the service. Many years elapsed before it was considered worth while to build a church.

There was no classification of prisoners, except with a reference to their utility to the upper-class officials, so, any person capable of supporting himself received immediate liberty on landing. The overseers were prisoners, selected chiefly for their bodily strength. The greatest brute was, therefore, the best overseer. Notwithstanding every effort to acquire

and maintain labour at all hazards, and by all sorts of expedients, the colony was long dependent for subsistence on imported provisions, which is not extraordinary, considering that there was no one in the settlement capable of directing agricultural operations. At length a German was appointed, by the home Government, but on his arrival, it was found that he spoke no English, and as his survivors were consequently useless, he received a grant of fuel. With officials who knew how to command a ship or a regiment,—but who knew nothing of gardening or farming—and with a country of which almost all the districts explored were as barren as a sand the pioneer population, for ten or twelve years, lived in a perpetual state of semi-starvation. 'We never,' said a prisoner who arrived in the colony at fourteen years of age, and obtained wealth and a respectable position 'had a full ration, except when the store ship was in harbour. I have lived for months on four ounces of flour a week, we have eaten grass and cooked it with a native dog's manure hotter than a fox's; we would eat anything. There were many who would commit murder for a word or a look—yes, there were murders.'—'There was not much care about hanging a man then. A man took a loaf out of Governor Philips' kitchen. It was tried the next day, and hanged it once. At that time there was a regulation not allowed for the Governor's dog.'

But, although to hang a man in a morning was no uncommon event, there were only men who had been made for war, and useless turbulent fellows. A good mechanic who happened to be at work for one of the officers, could commit almost any crime with impunity. A certain skilful fisherman and a black man who was an excellent shot, were both spared, more than once for very serious offences, but a useless boy who had stolen a fustian pocket out of a tent, was hanged without mercy. Hoggins was of course more common than hanging. The overseer used to walk out with the floggers behind him. A man who complained of short weight in his rations to the Governor, and gumbled insolently was ordered to have five hundred lashes forthwith. Part of the work was dragging buck cuts, this killed scores. 'The women who misbehaved were put in iron spike collars. Six hundred died out of eight hundred in six months at Long Bay.' says an informant. The proportion of women to men was one to twenty, and, for years, one to ten. Of these, many were old decrepit, idiotic, when they were transported. This settlement was, in fact a population of slaves and slave-drivers, who did not colonise, but were encamped upon the land they occupied. Years elapsed before enough grain was grown to feed the population, and for nearly fifteen years fresh meat was a luxury. All this was going on for twenty years, in the nineteenth century, in British dominions,

and not an echo of it reached England. The echo of such things would have been a low Radical, and Bala Butanna would have declared, 'by its honor that the echoer was naught.'

The Government fed all the population, and purchased all produce. No wonder that officials grew rich, when they cultivated land with white slaves fed and clothed by the Government, and then sold to the Government that purchased from them, crops and live stock which were appropriated for the cultivation of further produce. Surely, no more profitable system was ever devised than this swindling machine. This was the first part of the history of Australia, then known only as New South Wales.

The second era began soon after the 'Cow Pastures' were discovered. The abandonment of the barren and costly colony was actually under consideration when the hunter in pursuit of the luxury of the fresh meat of birds and kangaroos came upon a great herd of wild cattle feeding near large pools in an open forest. These were the produce of four cows and a bull lost at the early settlement of the colony through the carelessness of a pick-pocket herdsmen a few weeks after the first detachment landed. John McArthur the pastoral Adm. Wright of Australia a man of far views and an energetic energy appreciated the discrimination of the cattle. He calculated that that land must be good where they had so thriven, so, he took an early opportunity of settling on the same district and there applying himself to the rearing of live stock. He was a light man to venture forty miles away from the settlement where there was no road, but he succeeded and like all other successful people, found imitators. Pastoral pursuits became popular. Several officers, who like McArthur had thrown up their commissions in the New South Wales corps to become settlers, found it more profitable and less troublesome to have one long-legged fellow looking after herds, as they fed over natural pastures, than to undertake the difficult task, according to Governor King's phrase of 'turning pickpockets into ploughmen.'

McArthur foresaw that there was a limit to selling beef at a shilling a pound and wheat at ten shillings a bushel, to Government stores. He therefore considered what permanent staple of export the peculiar soil and climate of Australia could best produce. Remarkable great improvement in the coats of the hairy Bengal and fat tailed Cape sheep in the course of a few years after their importation, the general resemblance in soil and climate between Spain and Australia occurred to him, and he determined to import the famous Spanish Merino, the fine wool of which was then worth ten shillings a pound. When once he had formed his plans, McArthur pursued them with untiring sagacity, until he

achieved complete success, and lived to see Australia the first wool growing country in the world. But, to attain this end, time, toil, and great sacrifices, had been expended. He sank a large capital, twice crossed the seas—then a weary, dangerous passage—and nearly lost both fortune and life, in 1806 in a contest with the then governor, Bligh, which ended in a peaceful revolution—the 1855 of New South Wales.

Had Bligh triumphed, and destroyed McArthur as he desired, Australia would have long remained a penal colony for the Commissioners. But, fortunately the man whom, in his malignant envy, he sought to crush was not of the humble class of freed men who had long roamed in quest under capricious despism, but was the friend and ex-commander of the New South Wales Regiment. Accordingly the whole colony rose as one man in his behalf, the regiment marched down to Government House with drums beating and colours flying, and forced the unjust Governor without humbling anything but his dignity. The home Government, astonished and angry at this insubordination, sent out Colonel Macquarie with orders to restore Bligh. Thus, Macquarie did British honour was satisfied, but there was a sort of protest in Macquarie's letter from him, which unjustly vexed McArthur's wrongs. The British High Commission he was deposed by Macquarie. He returned to England and died in obscurity. Macquarie was a man of genius—the Napoleon of New South Wales. He saw, and wisely developed the resources of the colony by the judicious expenditure of Government money and convict labour on roads, in public works, and by grant to the energetic and industrious class, that he rendered the contemplation of its abandonment impossible. He created it as a place of punishment for idle and as a place of reward for industrious fellows, free emigrants he did not want and did not encourage. The land was assiduously cultivated by freed prisoners, many new settlements were formed, a pass over the Blue Mountains, which had baffled the attempts of many explorers, and had formed the narrow boundary of the colony, was discovered by William Wentworth, who has since become one of the great colonial orators and politicians.

The passage over the Blue Mountains, by opening the way to the Bathurst and Wellington Plains, and other apparently inexhaustible pastures, gave full development to the sheep feeding plans of McArthur. So productive have they been, that millions of money have been exported from the natural grasses of the splendid district of which Bathurst forms the key. In 1815, the colonial exports of wool were seventy three thousand pounds weight, in 1850, forty millions of pounds. We may here pause to remark, that none of the shepherds and herdsmen who wandered over its

plains, dreamed of the untold golden store which their sheep and cattle daily trampled over as they went down to water at the various creeks and water holes. On Wellington Plains there was a stone on which many a bushinger sat and smoked his pipe and planned whom he should next plunder. That identical stone has since been found to consist of one hundred weight of gold.

Under the wise though absolute government of Macquarie, (and absolute government in such a state of society, may be a stern necessity,) the natural wealth of the colony had opened by roads and Commissioner's expenditure of one hundred thousand pounds a year enabled a considerable number of great fortunes to be accumulated. All prudent, industrious settlers, whether free or "emancipists" (freed convicts so called, had ample means of independence within their reach. Prisoners on arrival were assigned to settlers, who had to support them. But every prisoner knew that if well conducted he would obtain his liberty, a grant of land, and, perhaps in the end become a magistrate, and dine with

The third epoch in Australian history commenced in 1821, when, on the return of Macquarie after a reign of twelve years free settlers of capital began to arrive in considerable numbers anxious to share the benefits of the colonies. By this time the free and emancipist population had become considerable. Past and present annually came more and more the occupation of the wealthy, by whom the finest breeding cattle and horses were imported. At the present day no country, except England can compare in quality and breed with the live stock of Australia. The stock owners were constantly discovering new tracts of pasture land, humble but industrious and well conducted communities of small landholders grew up in suitable situations for agriculture. Whaling and whaling enterprises, also made progress.

The increasing pressure on the home Government for grants of land became an inconvenience and forced upon them the American system, by which land, in lots of forty acres and upwards is sold, instead of being given, but, at the low price of about five pound an acre, and, lodged in a public office, allowing a free choice to all who chose to pay a trifling fee. No better practicable plan has ever been devised. In the bubble year of 1824, a powerful English company obtained a grant of a million of acres, with a monopoly of all the gold mines in the colony. The Colonial Secretary then announced his intention of abolishing grants and adopting the plan of selling, which was accordingly done in 1830. The immediate result was a great increase of produce and prosperity. Although the sale by auction was disfigured by secret surveys, reserved lots, and too large sections, it let in as landowners a number of persons without

interest enough to obtain grants, afforded them an investment for savings, and encouraged industry and marriage. Nearly one million sterling was received, up to the end of 1837, which was devoted partly to internal improvements and partly to the importation of destitute and young emigrants. This was the commencement of the stream of emigration which has done much towards equalising the sexes, and diluting the convict element in Australia. These emigrants chiefly consisted during the first years, of Irish peasants of the lowest class, the colony being still a name in England that few English would care to be, what they called to be imported. But by degrees the labouring population began to appreciate the value of a free country where ample wages were paid for easy work, and where good land was cheap.

Had the American plan of small surveys, small lots and moderate prices been continued, by this time a considerable number of cultivated population would have been established on the numerous estates which still pastured districts of Australia, where the quantity of cultivated land is still small, the percentage, compared with England, is small. But the pastoral proprietors, with all the prejudices of slave owners, were just as disliking servants, by their tenantry system. They wished to limit even the small lot to make it one great shepherden. In their protective and punitive policy, they were assisted by a new theory of land, which made a sort of Mohammedan impact on legislation between 1835 and 1841.

The author of this theory assumed that it was cheap land, whether granted or sold, which made Australia a land of flocks like the patriarchs, flocks and flocks, over millions of acres, instead of settling on compact tracts of farms, like Mr. Coke's tenants in Norfolk, and he undertook, if the Government would only sell land at a sufficient price, to keep wages down to such a figure as should create a model agricultural farm, vineyards, tanks, irrigation roads, canals, parks, mansions, keep packs of hounds, picture-galleries, create respectful tenantry and a polished aristocracy, with all the advantages of concentrated population.

The theory was very attractive, it promised a new investment for English capitalists and a new means of providing for paupers, and the younger sons of peers. It tempted colonial landowners, by raising the value of their possessions, and offering to keep down the wages of "old hands." A new colony was founded on this principle—South Australia—to which some thousand enthusiasts resorted to trade with each other, and neglected the wool without which, the name of Australia would never have travelled beyond the Colonial Office and the criminal's dock.

After a gambler's life of between three and four years, insolvency checked the career of this promising South Australia, as a pro-

vincial Government, to the tune of four hundred and five thousand pounds, and checked the career of the hopeful South Australians to the tune of a vast unknown sum, without then ever having enjoyed any of the advantages, in wages and concentration, promised by the author of the theory—then only advantages being, all the while, a fine climate, a fertile soil, and rich pastures for sheep, none of which were invented by any theorist to any age or country. The project failed because wages and concentration appeared not to be regulated in the least by the price of land. All prices, from five shillings an acre to three pounds an acre have been tried, and the result has shown that wages have been rather higher in the three pounds an acre, than in any of the five shillings an acre, colonies.

Still the foundation of South Australia had an important effect upon the whole island. It brought out before the eyes of the colonists of a superior class, it improved the mode of conducting emigration, and while it turned hundreds of acres into the road and imaginary means of Australia through the length and breadth of Great Britain. It was unfortunate by the means of inducing the Government to raise the five shillings an acre price, which had worked so well in New South Wales and the United States to twelve shillings and one pound, and of leading the colonists to go mad in speculating in town lots and village lots, muddled into streets by surveys, but which town lots never touched.

At the same time that South Australia was founded, colonists from Van Diemen's Land were pouring their flocks and herds into Port Philip, and having first set them to feed, followed the example of the South Australian theorists, and set to work to speculate in land. Thus, between 1836 and 1840, two new colonies, and two new ports filled up the coast line of Australia and drew a large stream of emigration from England.

In the midst of all the excitement of colonising, feeding, and bustle, over a large survey of one thousand miles with sheep and cattle to South Australia and tenantry in town lots, the new Government suddenly decided to allow high transportation to New South Wales, a just and wise measure, although suddenly hurriedly and rashly executed,—it being the manner of our home Misgovernment in most things to tie red-tape bonds very tight until they burst, and then to let them snap, and make an extraordinary merit of it. Then the career of Australia as a free colony commenced—but it commenced with the almost universal ruin of the "great fortunes" the men of ten thousand a-year. In the model colony of South Australia, they had nothing to fall back on, but land to be cultivated, and bills to be burned in Port Philip and New South Wales there were the sheep, the cattle, and the pas-

tures. Even these, in 1840-41, were almost unsaleable, until an ingenious man discovered that a fat sheep, when worth nothing to feed or to kill, was worth from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence, to boil down to tallow. That put a minimum on the price of sheep and bullocks, and made a new export.

In the end, which came in 1841, there was a general repudiation of debt among Australians, and they started again like the Ad vocat Pulchri returning to their muttons. The Insolvent Court stopped agricultural improvements, emptied fine houses, and crushed grand speculations, but had no effect on sheep. The ewes yielded, and the fleeces were ready to be shorn in due season. Wages fell from thirty, twenty-five, and twenty, to sixteen and even twelve pounds a year, with a hut and food, for shepherds.

In Sydney there were crowds of emigrants doing a sham labour test, and receiving Government rations until Mrs Chisholm whose labours play a great part in Australian colonisation, began by teaching the Government how easy it was to provide for any number, at good wages, by distributing them through the interior, by taking an army of men, women, and children and leaving them where they were needed, as Irish servants or wives.

The nine years between 1841 and 1850 present only one remarkable incident in the progress of the Three Colonies. That incident was the discovery, in 1845, in South Australia of the first copper mine in the world—'the Boree'. The colony was in the lowest state of depression, vegetating with no exports except tallow—neither capital nor credit. With great difficulty the colony raised twenty thousand pounds in five pound shares to purchase the land under which the mine was supposed to lie. The results were, in six years, the five pound shares, ever since the first year have been worth one hundred and twenty pounds (copper ore has altered the style which wool and tallow supplied in the other colonies). Agricultural production increased, and, as the pastures of South Australia were limited, prosperity smiled on emigrants.

The distress which fell upon this country, after the railway mania drove large numbers of persons to accept the passages offered by the Commissioners of Australian Colonies. With the cessation of distress the inclination to accept free passages ceased to a great extent, and, to use the Colonial Minister's words, the ships were chiefly filled with "the refuse of work houses." Impatient Members of the Legislative Council of New South Wales called for a tax on the re-emigration of English emigrants, and were fortunately defeated. In May, 1851, a rumour reached Sydney that a Californian gold digger had discovered a gold field within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital. Singularly

enough, the seat of this discovery was the Bathurst district, the original exploration of which saved the colony in Governor Macquarie's time. One of the richest "placers" turns out to be on the estate of Wentworth, the explorer of 1810.

From that period until the present time, each month's news is more extraordinary than the last, a relative of Mr Saltier (who belongs to one of the oldest free colonial families, the introducers of the orange), found a hundred weight of gold in that so long unappreciated lump to which we have already adverted. By the last intelligence it seems that a place has been hit upon in Port Philip district, near the second port Geelong, where gold is to be scraped up in towels full at a time. The discoveries so far, have proved the stronghold which lawful order has on a British population. How fortunate that the free institutions, the abolition of transportation, the diffusion of gospel truths, have had time to do their work! Suppose a purely penal colony had found this gold? The results would have been something to shudder at.

The gold diggers are prosperous and fortunate beyond their wildest dreams, the huddle, and strong backed, are reaping such wages as never were paid, before, for digging in the mines, but the flock owners are ruined, and their ruin will fall hardly and bitterly upon thousands. They are reaping, now, the fruits of fifty years of selfishness. In the convulsive time, the flock owner wanted a slave, husbands and fathers were nothing to him, he did not care to be troubled with children on his station. The small farmer—the Dungeegee farmer, as he was contemptuously termed, from an Indian coat of cloth worn before English imports had come in—was despised, and even hated by the great flock master, as much as a chimney-cotter in Cheshire is hated now in a man in London. Bachelor shepherds were the favourites among the hundred thousand sheep men. It is the theory of the pound and acre land selling system, that the purchase money goes to import labour to cultivate the land purchased. In actual fact, for several years, the greater portion of the land fund has been derived from the poll tax on stock, and rent of pastures on wild waste land in the interior, which alone produce more than sixty thousand pounds a year. On this theory the stock owning classes have always claimed to have such emigrants sent as suited their standard, that standard being morally very low. The same feeling directed the efforts of the Colonisation Society, which numbered a long list of distinguished names and totally failed. One who thoroughly understands the subject has observed, "The best of the emigrating classes will not consent to be drafted out like cattle, they expect to be allowed to go in families, they will not support a system which says, 'Stop! Your father is too old, the eldest, John, a ploughman, may go, second son, Charles, a sailor, not wanted, and

so on." The willingness to emigrate, and readiness to work, with good characters, are the only true test. The result has been a great deal of detached Government emigration of people who left no families behind.

The gold discoveries have brought into painful relief all the dangerous defects of the emigration system which has so long been in favour with the selfish and short-sighted part of the pastoral proprietor. In the face of the greatest possible demand for labour in Australia, the working classes of this country show no inclination to avail themselves of the free passages offered by Government. In the mean time, the bachelor vigiland shepherds are leaving masters, to whom they are attached neither by duty nor by interest, they are shepherds who have no wives, no cottages nor gardens, no herds, to detain them in service. The sheep wander into the wilderness, tens of thousands are being destroyed for want of care. In vain gentlemen and their sons, even young children, set to work to protect some portion of the flocks, before this time next year, perhaps millions will have perished or will have become permanently deteriorated. The exports for 1850 were little short of three millions and a half. Nine tenths of this was wool and copper—all needed in British manufactures. All the superiority of our wool in trade from carpets to shawls, new rests upon the price and quality of Australian wool. Every shepherd who neglects his flock in Australia will lower the wages of some woollen weaver or worker in Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, or Wiltshire. It will take years to repair the consequences of past neglect. Good masters in Australia now require to see their shepherds remaining at their posts, or at any rate, their shepherds' children take their fathers' places.

The gold discoveries will revolutionise Australia. They will people it, and make it great and powerful. But, in the mean time, there is misery and ruin in store for thousands dependent on exports and imports of more than three millions sterling value between England and Australia, endangered by a discovery which draws irresistibly to certain spots, the large loose army of wandering shepherds whom the Government and employers have done their utmost to recruit and cultivate. They cry, now for the 'feeble,' the old, the 'fathers of long families.' They wish they had encouraged small farms and supported the only remedy for the Curse of Gold—**FAMILY COLONISATION.**

THE PEDIGREE OF PUPPETS.

PUPPETS are as old as death—a vice which dates from Eve and the serpent. They existed in all ages, and amongst every kind of people civilised and half-civilised, but it would be tedious to dive into antiquity, and to fish up all that Herodotus has told us of the puppet-shows of Egypt, or to enumerate what

Lucian, or some one in his name, has said of the Syrian mannikins, what Aristotle or Pindar have alluded to amongst the Greeks, or what Cicero, Ovid, and Livy have described, in speaking of the juggleries of the priesthood of old Rome. The gods of Greece were puppets, and their priests pulled the strings. Even when Christianity began to flourish, its doctrines were sought to be inculcated through the scenes of the ignorant—and chiefly by cheating them. Images of saints—most frequently the image of the Virgin Mary—were so numerous, that the Romish Church became, especially in Italy and by us, one huge establishment of puppet religion, urged the monks of the dark ages, must be symbolised, and the Church of Rome has never wholly departed from the principle. Indeed, it is from the offices of the Madonna or Virgin that the term *Marianettes* is derived. According to DuRoi, the monkish Latin word for the puppet, representative of the Virgin was 'Mariolus' which has been fused, with Madonna, into *Marianette* etc.

Wooden saints were in the middle ages, very much alive to all the interests of the good mankind then followers. They bent their heads, stretched out their hands, and winked their eyes at their worshippers (they have winked a million winks or two, by the way) whenever bowing began or winking was profitable. They even walked out of their niches—a feat at which the celebrated *let Sottis* of Lucian would admit. As the public of every age have been always prone to believe 'what they see with their own eye,' it is by no means astonishing to find that the marionettes of this puppet have been strongly at first.

Puppets in that displayed the most prominent parts in processions. Perhaps the most renowned procession in history was that which took place at the feast of the Virgin in Venice. This was a festival in memory of twelve brides, who were once upon a time, carried off by certain pirates of Trieste. The most attractive feature of the procession consisted of a dozen of the prettiest girls in Venice, who were fashionably dressed and were loaded with jewellery, real or mosaic, according to the taste of the public exchequer. To centre upon these beauties as much interest as possible, they were afterwards comfortably married at the public cost. The financial reformers of Venice, however, eventually curtailed these sentimental splendours and limited the number of brides to three. In the course of years, more stringent economy saved the dresses, jewels, and dowries of even three to the state. Five *Maries* were put down altogether, and puppets substituted. Public wit then effaced whatever trace of chivalry remained in the procession, by extending the term for these timber virgins, "Wooden *Maries*," (*Marie di Legno*), as a nickname to all hard-featured and clumsy women. But, how-

ever unattractive these wooden females may have been, it is from the *Marie di Legno* that descend, in a straight line, the veritable Muironetti, who—we will give them so much pronominal entity—so long figured in the dramatic representations of Italy, Spain, France, and England, and who are now again brought forward in London for popular applause at the Adelaide Gallery in the Lowther Arcade.

These Marys must therefore be regarded as great great great grandmothers in a direct line of the present generation of Italian puppets. Being out of door performers they were, by more modern tastes, considered not exactly respectable. Consequently they yielded to a polite class of performers, who traversed the stage in houses of legitimate as Drury Lane or Covent Garden when both were national theatres, is the Academic Primrose, or the Scala, the price of admission varying from about three-halfpence to three-pence. The puppet show can boast of a copious literature. The first authentic account we have of them is written by Cardini, a learned physician of Pavia in a treatise, *De Sublimitate* published in the year 1530, at Nuremberg, the head quarters of dollism. In discussing the *opere utriusque* which form the subject of one of his chapters, Cardini describes two *scenette* of wood with which a couple of Sicilians accomplished perfect marvels of art, by making them dance upon a tight rope and perform as many *trouces de force* as would fill the pockets of a dozen Acrobats.

The legitimate puppets of the stage of this higher class are not to be considered sticks. Their heads and limbs indeed are wooden but their heads are formed of a more dignified material, being modelled usually of papier mache. (A stuffed linen, or other flexible material, is used in the manufacture of their arms and legs.) They are jointed, and little loads of lead in their hands and feet enable them to trisk vigorously, without the hazard of being seized with unseemable somersaults. The Muironetti of Italy are capable of anything. What might we not expect of them? Like the actors pursued by Polonius, they shrink not from 'tragedy, comical, historical, pastoral, or scene in levity,' but they eschew the poem unblushingly for they know what the soul of wit is and are brief. Their tragedy, however, during the short time of being on foot, is a mere farce, and a terrible one. They are brilliant in opera, imposing in military spectacle, overwhelming in ballet. So seductive is their dancing, that the Roman Police require all wooden legged Sylphids to be attired in sky-blue inexpressibles—or their Manager requires it, in deference to the Police regulations as to Sylphides of flesh and blood.

In the theatres of particular Italian towns, there is, in general, a star among the puppets, a leading puppet, peculiar to each town. At Rome the favourite actor used to be a certain

Cassandrino, a coquetish old man bordering on sixty, well powdered, very amorous, and, though a layman, wride up with the red stockings of a Monsignor. At Milan, *Girolamo* is the principal performer, a buffoon, who has a butt provided for his wit in a certain Piedmontese clown, whose stage business is all in the passive voice, it being his vocation to suffer. At Naples, *Pulcinella* and *Scaramuccia* are the well known favourites. In all these towns and throughout Italy, the puppets not only play in the street and on the stage, but also in the drawing room, being—to use an ancient form of eulogy—as well fitted to shine in private as in public life.

If we pass now from the Marionetta of Italy to those of Spain (in which country they go by the name of *Patres*), we find them still extremely popular out of doors or in theatres, and still of clerical descent. Indeed, so large a proportion of the puppets still wear the costume of monks, that they are often, for that reason, called, especially in Portugal, 'Good Brothers' (*Bom frades*). Then manager in Spain are generally foreigners, gipsies or people of low caste. The reader of Don Quixote will remember Master Peter and his ape, with Don Grijotos and the fun Melanchito, King Marsho and the Emperor Chulcanga, the Christian chivalry and Moorish rabble, for the rout and run whereof Sincho put to Master Peter, as the value of the puppet forty reals and three-quarters. Master Peter, it will not be forgotten, was a liberated gaily-slave, by name Gomez de Passamonte.

One of the first writers who gave an account of Spanish puppets was a Spaniard, Francisco de Ulloa, who published in 1605. His own great grandfather had kept a puppet show, and of him Francisco writes, that so complete an establishment as his, or one so well mounted, had never before been seen in Seville. My great grandfather was a man of the very smallest stature, scarcely taller than from the elbow to the hand, so that the only difference between himself and his puppets, was, that he could speak without a prompter. But, in the matter of speaking, he was first-rate for his tongue was so well hung, and his mouth was so large, that he could give utterance to twice as much as anybody else. This accomplished showman was the slave of certain trifles, which consumed his money, then ate up his mules, then forced him to sell his puppets and finally the very bones belonging to his show. At last, he fell sick and became an inmate of a hospital. While there, when at the point of death, he became raving mad, and fancied himself one of his own puppets, to wit a bull (for bull fights had been a part of his performance,) and that he, as a bull-puppet, was called upon to fight with a stone cross in the hospital yard, which he believed to be a puppet-dog. Accordingly, he charged it furiously, and died in the midst of this delirious battle.

The Marionnettes admitted into Spain were naturalised, and put to Spanish business, excepting only Punch. Punch was, however, so far nationalised as to be ennobled and adorned with the sonorous style and title of Don Cristoval Pulchicini, though his title did not raise him out of the base society, in the market-place, of dogs and dancing monkeys.

The love of puppet shows in Spain still survives. Even the most aristocratic grandees, with prodigious pedigrees, do not deem it undignified to fill the puppet theatres. One of the most illustrious French *mercuries*, who was in Spain in 1806, relates that when he was present at a representation of *Tiberius*, in Valencia, the impassioned and even turbulent excitement of the audience, half popular, half aristocratic, arrested his attention no less forcibly than the Marionnettes themselves. The piece represented was the 'Death of Seneca,' and the hero, by order of Nero, was led to death. The streams of blood which flowed from his arms were very cleverly imitated by the motion of a red ribbon. An unexpected miracle closed the play. On the discharge of a miniature piece of artillery, the pagan stage was used to Heaven, surrounded by a glory, in the midst of which, to the general satisfaction of the audience, he pronounced, in a tone of extreme penitence and devotion, his adherence to the Christian faith.

In France, puppets had the same foundation in religious feeling as in our flesh and blood dramatic representations had throughout Europe. A play bill issued at Rheims, so lately as the year 1777, is thus set forth: 'Explanation of the Universal Judgment, a Tragedy, by the Sieur Arday, of Mount Lebanon.' This piece will be composed of three thousand five hundred figures in low relief, which will be made to shift and move according to the intention of the author, who has no other object in view than that of edifying the public by an entertainment derived from Holy Writ.' We find, however, that in the year 1853, secular puppets had already regular theatres of their own in many parts of France. Their first masters of celebrity in Paris were Jean and Francois Bioché, father and son, who cultivated the times of Louis the Fourteenth. Jean Bioché, who was more over a tooth-drawer, exercised his profession in company with an remarkable ape, called *Fagotin*, at the foot of the Pont Neuf, near the Porte de Nesle, which still existed in 1649. Bioché, however, parted company with his ape shortly after this period, and for a very good reason; the unfortunate animal was killed by a madman, named Cyrano de Bergerac, who took it into his head that *Fagotin* was a lucky who made faces at him as he passed, whereupon the lunatic drew his sword and ran the ape through the body. Yet the mistake might have happened to any unscrupulous man, not also lately mad, for, in a burlesque poem that was

written on the subject, *Fagotin* is described as being of the height of a short man; a perfect buffoon; and attired so like an over-dressed lackey of the day, that, but for the extravagance of the costume he might well have been taken for one. But, though the original was sacrificed, the name of *Fagotin* survived, and no puppet man, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, thought his establishment complete without an ape so called. Notwithstanding his loss, Bioché continued to flourish with his Marionnettes, and, in the same year that the *Tartuffe* made its first appearance, Bioché was summoned to amuse the Dauphin and his little court, at St Germain. He continued there for the space of six months, greatly to his individual profit. Despite certain attempts of no less a person than Bossuet, the celebrated bishop of Meaux, and tutor to the Dauphin, to 'put him down'—Bioché continued to dandle his puppets, until, full of years and honours, he abdicated in favour of his son Francis, whom the Parisians familiarly termed *Fanchon*. Bioché in his immortalised *Fanchon* in one of his poetical epistles, addressed to Racine in 1677. *Fanchon*, too, had friends at court, for, when the commissary of police of the quarter of St Germain l'Auxerrois prohibited him from exhibiting his Marionnettes in that locality he obtained an order from the minister, Colbert, granting him permission in the name of the king to play on the spot he had selected.

Still the Biochés were not without competition for public favour and the list of their rivals which we could give would be a long one. But the Marionnettes of the city were soon afterwards completely eclipsed by the puppets which were annually exhibited in the suburbs at the great fairs of Saint Germain and Saint Laurent, and the directors of these establishments, emboldened by success, went so far as to wage war upon the regular theatres, and to associate real actors with their Marionnettes. They took themselves to a habit of burlesquing the *Comédie Française*, parodying its chief pieces, and exaggerating the gestures of its actors. A literature of travesty was, therefore, at this time—about one thousand seven hundred and twenty—being created for the puppets, to the great horror of the legitimate drama, and to the great joy of Paris.

For forty years the Marionnettes thrived on their wit, and when that was exhausted, it had come to be superseded by magnificence. Sieges and bombardments—such pieces as we see at Asley's—and mechanical marvels, were looked to as the chief sources of attraction. At length puppets became so much the rage, that the great world, tired of merely seeing the stings pulled, took to pulling the stings themselves. Dancing dolls stepped from the show and performed in private life. Figures, called *Pantins* and *Calotins*, were made of

allusion in the *Tatler* to English Marionettes is in the number published on the 26th of May, 1709, where a fictitious predecessor of Punch is thus spoken of — Mrs Saraband, so famous for her ingenious puppet show, has set up a shop in the Exchange where she sells her little troop under the term of 'jointed babies.' "Powel the puppet showman, is the perpetual theme of Steele and Addison. This autocrat of the warren world acquired a great reputation at first. It was while Powel was delighting his invalid audiences in that metropolis that Steele engaged with him in a fictitious controversy under the assumed name (which he borrowed from Swift) of *Learned Lecturist*. I would have him to know, says Steele, in the *Tatler*, number Forty-four, 'that I can look beyond his wares and know very well the whole trick of his art: and that it is only by these wares that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops which draws it up and lets it fall, at the discretion of the soul Powel, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak exactly of his better. Of the license of language in which Punch indulged Steele speaks in the following number. His principal design was no doubt, to throw ridicule upon the controversy which, at that time, raged between Dr Hoadly and Bishop Blount, but by choosing Mr Powel and his puppets to illustrate the quarrel he accidentally rendered good service to the cause of the Marionettes. After asserting, that all sorts of word and wire were made for the use and benefit of man, and that he has "an unquestionable right to use fashion and put them together as he pleases, Mr Powel is made to say, I order you to handle only the two propositions to which our dispute may be reduced—the first, whether I have not an absolute power, when ever I please to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs or warm my fingers with his whole carcass! The second, whether the Devil would not be in Punch, should he, by word or deed, oppose my sovereign will and pleasure?"

This supposed controversy was very advantageous to Powel for, in 1710 he made his appearance in London with his troop reinforced by the addition of Doctor Faustus. His success was such as to make his theatre a counter attraction to the Italian Opera, with Nicolini as the principal singer. In the following year, Powel established himself under the little Piazza, in Covent Garden, on the side opposite St Paul's church, and here he set up "Whittington and his Cat, against "Rinaldo and Armida." Steele in the *Spectator*, makes the undertaker of St Paul's lay a whimsical complaint against Powel, asserting that, since he brought Punch to that locality, the under-septon has lost his only two customers on week-days, who used to pay him sixpence apiece for placing them in pews, and he

expresses a hope, that Punch may be made to choose less economical hours for his performance, as "Mr Powel has always a full congregation, while we have a very thin house." In the same paper Steele again introduces a Powel, contrasting his performances with those at the Opera. Animals had a run at both theatres. "The sparrows and chaffinches of the Haymarket fly a yet very regularly over the stage, and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles, whereas Mr Powel has so well disciplined his puppets that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed however that Mr Powel resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way, and introduce Bulls in his next opera of *Susanna or Innocence Betrayed* which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new clowns.

Powel's most famous plays were *The Chattermouth Wood*, *Knight of the Lion*, *Lucan and Iron Lung*, *Robin Hood and Little John*, *Merlin Goose and a Mouth a Shyn*. In the *Spectator*, for January 17th 1711, it is related that a short time before the rupture with France the English ladies received the fashions from Paris by means of a jointed baby dressed in the height of the mode, which was forwarded every month to London.

The most celebrated of Powel's successors were Russell and Charlotte Chaute. The laughter of Colley Cibber. The lady opened a great puppet show in 1737 at the Tennis Court in James Street Haymarket, but her own conduct compelled her to abandon the speculation and to take service with her rival, Russell who paid her a guinea a day as his stage manager. Between this date and the commencement of the reign of George the Third Punch fought his way to immense favour with the public. In 1763 the *Funambuli* came from Italy and fluctuating as their popularity may have been, it is at any rate a feather in their cap that they excited the jealousy of Dr Johnson.

If more allusions to our English classical literature were requisite to give puppets their literary due we might reproduce Swift's apostrophe to Stretch, the owner of the Dublin Marionettes—quote Fielding's Tom Jones—and show, from one of his earlier plays, "The Antler's Fair," how he produced bodily upon the stage a puppet show called "The Pleasures of the Town." We might also tell of the puppets that Burke and Goldsmith went to see in Fanton Street, Haymarket, and of the argument which ensued at supper, ending with an act of tumbling by Goldsmith, to demonstrate the clumsy vaulting of the puppets, and which was suddenly arrested by the bruising of his own dear shin.

From that day to this, the popularity of

puppets gradually declined, but "when things are at the worst, they mend," says an old proverb. As we have already hinted, an English manager has opened in London a theatre of Marionnettes, which again promises to put the flesh and blood performers on their best legs. The new puppet theatre is elegantly fitted up and perfectly appointed. Considering the taste for fun prevailing in this country, and looking back to the past history of puppets, we see reason to expect for the present company a great success, if it be shrewdly managed. The performances which have already been given have proved a good beginning. We will not say that even the most juvenile part of the audience are cheated into the belief that the puppets are real flesh and blood; for there is a certain hovering indecision when they make their first appearance—a spasmodic twitching, which accompanies their actions and a something, between sailing and staggering in their deportures, which suggests to the spectators that they are not altogether voluntary agents. But this is a part of the humour and drollery of such performances.

The stage manager ("Mr Albany Brown" in the bill) possesses an advantage which is not enjoyed by the other members of his company—that of being able to make his first appearance to elevate his bows and to bow with a hesitating grace peculiar to Albany Browns. Conscientious spectators will be prone to excuse him of occasional attacks of *delirium tremens*. However like the other puppets, he combines this quality with a subdued energy—like a volcano kept down by extraordinary pressure—that is uncommonly imposing.

The dancers gratulate with the indecisive fancies of dancers. They can knock themselves against *nothing* with a vehemence which pulp faces in awkward limbs only can achieve. There is one gentleman who appears in the course of the evening, a Monsieur Alexis Mouiller whose *entrées* are superb, while his *apports* equals anything ever executed by Vestris. Monsieur Stiffen who dances a sailor's hornpipe in a nautical ballet double-shuffles heels and toes, splits and rocks with wonderful versatility. Mlle. Moiseille Rose Chasse is scarcely inferior in saltatory proficiencies; her pirouette is one of the finest things visible east of the Haymarket. Such is her enthusiasm for her art, that, in moments of sublime excitement, she actually pirouettes with both feet in the air—a movement that brings down peals of applause.

Despite the little peculiarities we have pointed out—peculiarities observable in the highest art of the Foreign Marionette stage—the *dramatis personæ* of the Adelaide Gallery give excellent promise. Illustrating the conventionalities of what is left of our stage, good-humouredly reproducing the commonest faults of our worst actors, hitting us in our (theatrically speaking) pet weak places, and

pointing, besides, the jokes and follies of the day, the Marionnettes may render good droll service.

CHIPS.

FOX-HUNTING.

FOX-HUNTING I maintain, is entitled to be considered one of the *fine arts*, standing somewhere between music and dancing. For "Tally ho!" whatever the simply sentimental or severely philosophical critics may say to the contrary, I claim the honours of a Household Word, redolent of air, exercise, good-humour, and all the 'poetry of motion,' which like the favourite evening gun of colonising orators Britons have "carried round the world." The plump mole-fied foxes of the neutral ground of Gibraltar have heard the jolly cry; it has been echoed back from the rocky hills of our island possessions in the Mediterranean, it has startled the jackal on the mountains of the Cape, and his red brother on the burning plains of Bengal. The wolf of the pine forests of Canada has heard it, cheering on fox hounds to an unequal contest, and so has the dingoo of Australia, creeping over the golden plains of Bathurst, and the bounding kangaroo of Tasmania.

In our native land "Tally ho!" is shouted and welcomed in due season by all conditions of men, by the ploughman holding hard his stunted colt, by the woodman, leaning on his axe before the half-felled oak, by bold boys from the tops of leafless trees. Even Dolly Dimple, as she sees the "red rogue" flash before her market cart, in a deep banked lane, stops points her whip, and in a shrill treble screeams "Tally ho!"

And when at full speed the pink, green, brown, and black-coated followers of any of the ninety packs which our islands maintain, sweep through a village, with what intense delight the whole population turn out! Young mothers stand at the doors, holding up their crowing babies, the general shopkeeper, with his customer adjourns to the street, the windows of the school are covered with flattened noses, the parson, if of the right sort, smiles blindly, and waves his hand from the porch of the vicarage to half a dozen friends, while the organ pushes on his galloway and joins for half an hour, all the little boys holla in chorus, and run on to open gates without expecting sixpence. As for the farmers, those who do not join the hunt criticize the horse-flesh, speculate on the probable price of oats, and tell "Missus" to set out the big round of beef, the bread, the cheese, and get ready to draw some strong ale,—in case of a check, some of the gentlemen might like lunch as they came back."

It is true, among the five thousand who follow the hounds daily in the hunting season, there are to be found, as among most medleys of five thousand, a certain number of fools and

brutes—mere animals, deaf to the music, blind to the living poetry of nature. To such men hunting is a piece of fashion or vulgar excitement. But bring hunting in comparison with other amusements, and it will stand a severe test. Are you an admirer of scenery, an amateur or artist? Have you traversed Greece and Italy, Switzerland and Norway, in search of the picturesque? You do not know the beauties of your own country, until, having hunted from Northumberland to Cornwall, you have viewed the various counties under the three aspects of a fox hunter's day—the "morning ride," "the run," and "the return home." The morning ride, slowly pacing full of expectation, your horse pleased as yourself, sharp and clear in the grey atmosphere, the leafless trees and white farm houses stand out, the gorgeous pheasant feeds rapidly in the neighbouring fields, the partridge cowers in the fallow, under clods of its own colour, the mist hangs on the hills in the horizon. With eager eyes you take all in, nothing escapes you; you have cast off care for the day. How pleasant and cheerful everything and every one looks! Even the cocks and hens, scratching by the road side, have a friendly air. The turnpike man relaxes, in favour of your "pink," his usual grimace. A tramping woman, with one child in her back and two running beside her, asks charity, you suspect she is an impostor; but she looks cold and pitiful, you give her a shilling, and the next day feel glad you did so. To your mind the well-cultivated land looks beautiful. In the monotony of ten acres of turnips, you see a hundred pictures of English farming life—well fed cattle, good wheat crops, and a little barley for beer. And not less beautiful is the wild goose covered moor, never to be reclaimed I hope, when the wary, white-headed, bright-eyed huntsman sits motionless on his old white horse, surrounded by the pick pack—a study for Landseer.

But, if the morning ride excite unexecuted cabinet pictures and unwritten sonnets, the "find" and "run," the following along the brook, intersected vale, up the steep hill, through woodlands, parks, and villages, showing you in by-ways little gothic churches, ivy covered cottages, and nooks of beauty you never dreamed of, alive with startled cattle and hurtling rustics, how delightful it is! And, talk of epic poems, read in bowers or at firesides, what poet's description of a battle could make the blood boil in delicious excitement, like a seat on a long striding hunter, clearing every obstacle with firm elastic bounds, holding in sight without gaining a yard on the flying pack, while the tip of Reynard's tail disappears over the wall at the top of the hill. And, lastly, tired, successful, hungry, happy, the return home, when the shades of evening, closing round, give a fantastic, curious, mysterious aspect to familiar road side objects! Loosely lounging on your saddle, with half-closed eyes, you almost dream—the gnarled trees grow

into giants, cottages into castles, ponds into lakes. The maid of the inn is a lovely princess, and the bread and cheese she brings (while, without dismounting, you let your thirsty horse drink his gruel) tastes more delicious than the finest pate of tortured goose. Live! that ever tempted the appetite of a humane, anti fox-hunting, poet-critic after a long night of opera, ballet, and champagne punch.

Are you fond of agriculture? You may survey all the progress and ignorance of an agricultural district in rides across country, and you may sound the depth of the average agricultural mind while trotting from cover to cover. Are you of a social disposition? What a fund of emulation is to be gathered from the acquaintances made returning home, after a famous day, "thirty five minutes without a check." In a word fox hunting affords exercise and healthy excitement, without headaches or heartaches, without late hours, without the terrible next mornings that follow so many town amusements. Fox hunting draws men from towns, promotes a love of country life, fosters skill and good temper. A bad-tempered man can never be a good horseman.

To the unlit minded as many feelings of thankfulness and praise to the giver of all good will come sitting on a fiery horse, subdued to a cautious obedience for the use of man while surveying a pack of hounds ranging in autumnal thickets with fierce intelligence, or looking down on a late moonlight broken up to fertility by man's skill and industry, as in a solitary walk on the seashore, or on a Highland hill.

Am I an enthusiast, you ask? Perhaps I am. And what does the Fox think of it—do you ask? I don't know. I speak as a Fox Hunter.

FRAGMENT OF A POET'S LIFE

We bid thee welcome little book,
With thy sweet tales and pleasant dreams
Tell us where June's left. Poet these?
In the still calm of thy trees
And waterfalls and streams?

N't so. The city's heavy air
Made Poetry a drooping bird,
Whose voice, amid the eternal din,
Singing his very heart within
At times he scarcely heard.

Whence did he catch the hues to paint
The evening sky, the cloud's soft fold?
Sure, o'er the pages touched so well,
Some moonlight's trembling silver fell?
Some sunset sprinkled gold.

He painted but the dear lost skies,
Neath which in childhood he had play'd,
And Love and Memory o'er them thriv'd
A glory Nature never knew,
Without their holier aid.

He tells of rich and stately halls
Dud then, the Poet's lifetime pass
Where Painting flushed the tide of thought,
And Sculpture Art's fair moonlight wrought
On Fancy's crystal glass.

In one bare room he nightly learned
How P'verts can turn the lead
Of Genius with his iron fist
How weak upon the heaven strain
Are hands that strike for bread.

And wherefore thus in exile tal
Does he a little clasp in
And when he draws a sigh in fur
Why has she always left him bare,
And yes, twilight gray.

In my own dear studies taught lies
The gentle pituitous salt
The one fusion of the world
The sunlit of the land
That spunked but to fail

And when I see, to the grave below
Do thus his spirit's child
At last I breathe the air
Yet even at the last are given
A life of fresh and new

The fancy soothed exults in
When dead's soul will be
And a new world for him
Was but the sun's light
That kills while it does

Love, captured up its last great
Alas, he still disses
As a new world
Paid for the last great
When n' thing else would

We'll find the great little
We'll keep thy faithful
Thy most shall be
And wealth and love
Applauds my un-

For the love that
His life, this hand
God by the touch of Memory,
I have seen his heart
Therefore, what is this
Go, cast thy name in grave

MONSIEUR GOGO'S

THERE is, in the famous city of Paris, between the Champs Elysees and the Park of Monceaux, a street called the Rue Miremonial. When we were novices in the trivia or art of walking the streets, of Paris, and consequently cared like lost sheep therein, this Miremonial was to us a habinger of a discovered territory, for when we found it we found a clue to the intricate maze of thoroughfares we were threading. Miremonial, or, as, in the innocence of our hearts and our then imperfect French, we were wont to call it, Miremonizzle, led, or seemed to lead, to

every place of note in Paris. It adjoined the Tuileries, it was hard by St Honoré, it was over-against the Boulevards, it was the way into town, and out of town. It led into the Rue de la Pepiniere, it conducted the way-farer into the Rue de Courcelles where, standing half way between one of the slaughter-houses, the Abattoir du Roule, and the hotel whilom occupied by Queen Maria (Christina of Spain) was an establishment with which we have at present more particularly to do. This was the Pension Gogo. We were brought up by M Gogo.

We were for a long time brought up there in consideration of a sum of one thousand francs, paid quarterly, we were instructed in the usual branches of a polite education—Latin, French, and English. Moreover, the Pension Gogo was a school of ease—a *vacances*—as it is called, to the College Bourbon, now Lycée Bonaparte, which did not receive scholars and, from the Pension to the College we were duly conducted (when sufficiently advanced in our humanities to profit by the collegiate course of instruction), returning to our studies at stated periods.

The prospectus of the establishment (printed on superfine paper, with gilt edges) stated it to be situated "in the midst of vast gardens, and orchards filled with the most delicious fruit. We confess that the vastness of the gardens and the deliciousness of the fruit were of no very special benefit to us boys, for they both belonged to as ill-tempered a market-gardener as ever wore a straw hat and carried a scutlet gingham umbrella, and who let loose force in his fist at us when we were bold enough to scold his will to recover lost balls or shut-the-doors, who maliciously whitewashed his peaches and netumes, in order to render them unseasonable to our taste, after we had been at the trouble of stealing them, and who was notoriously suspected, and was, we verily believe guilty, of the cold-blooded and cowardly ferocity of plunging large cat's head apples and juicy jargonelle pears as decoy ducks within our reach, which were filled with jalap and tartar emetic." "The house, or rather the *chateau*," (the prospectus went on to say) "covered a large extent of territory, and was adjoined by beautiful pleasure grounds." In good sooth, it was a spacious range of buildings, (for we had fifty boarders, or *internes*, and upwards of a hundred *externes*, or day boys, to accommodate) arranged round a good sized gravelled square or play ground, one side of the quadrangle being formed by the master's house, the side opposite him by the boundary-wall, separating us from the morose market-gardener, and the two lateral ones by the school rooms and dormitories of the boys.

Straight, as we write, rises up before us portly, bass-voiced, important, and inflexible (though dead and cold these half dozen years), the master—*directeur*, as he was called—of the pension, M Napoleon Gogo. Large was he in person, black of hair, whiskerless of

countenance, stern of mien. He wore shoes, and was addicted to strongly perfumed snuff. He never taught us anything himself; but would come in while we were drowsing over our lessons, and listen, with his head cocked a little on one side, and with his fat finger gently scratching one ear, as though he knew all that had been said, and even all that was coming. We thought him a monument of learning, wisdom, and wit; but we have grown sceptical on that subject now, and are very much afraid that we should not be unjust to him if we were to say that he was a good-natured, decently intelligent, but somewhat illiterate man (striving, however, to get the best masters for his boys and to do his duty by them generally). He reprimanded us occasionally in a loud sonorous voice, pulling our ears and rapping our knuckles; but he never bent us without a cause, nor starved us, nor cheated us; and the remembrance we have of him now, has more of love and of regret about it than of the fear, and horror, and disgust with which the bare recollection of a school-master inspires us sometimes.

M. Gogo was married. his wife was a large, vulgar, tender-hearted, industrious, Normandy nation, who physicked, scolded, patted, and took care of the boys indefatigably. Though her husband was rich, she had not the slightest pride, were it not that, indeed, of owning that her parents were small cultivators—peasants, in fact—near Caen. Twice a-year these good people used to pay her a visit. The father, a grey-haired, apple-faced agriculturist, in a cap with a green shade, gold ear-rings, an elaborately embroidered blouse, and sabots; the mother, a regular "*bonne femme de Normandie*," in coarse-ribbed worsted stockings, a lace apron, a Normandy cap, or *canehouse*, of astonishing loftiness, and bearing the never-failing umbrella. The days for coming were the *Jour de l'an*, when M. Gogo invariably presented his father-in-law with a loaf of white sugar, and Madame Gogo's fête day, on which occasion the old lady never failed to bring her daughter her patron saint in gilt gingerbread. The head of the Pension Gogo had also a daughter—a comely maiden, with whom we were all, of course, desperately in love; but who, to our great grief, became a *Sœur de Charité*. Also, he had a son, a brown-faced little ragnamuffin, called Desiré, but generally known by the name of "Lily," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, we suppose. We used to admire with fond fear the Spartan impartiality of M. Gogo, in pulling Lily's ears, placing him on a bread-and-water diet, and causing him to stand in the corner whenever he had rendered himself liable to those penal inflictions.

We had three resident masters of the three different classes of the school, and a classical master, who saw that the boys got up their college exercises, and attended to them generally. M. Thénard was the master of the

first class. We remember him well: incorrigibly snuffy, inconceivably dirty, prodigiously learned. He positively eat books—grasped them fiercely—knawed at their leaves and covers—wrenched the learning from them, as it were. He had a greasy old Homer, printed at Amsterdam, in sixteen hundred and thirty, on which he constantly sat during school hours, which he read, or rather devoured, in recreation-time—much he hugged convulsively under his arm at other seasons—with which we are seriously of opinion that he slept. When he explained a passage to you, he pinched you fiercely, or twined his long fingers in your garments. He was dreadfully unshaven, and his long, unkempt, greasy hair, fell straggling over the collar of a coat that was more greasy still. It will be a long time before we shall forget him, his learning, his dirt, his scared eager face, and his large gold spectacles.

Tender heart, for all his fierce aspect, though—the boys loved him. The great Gogo was gentle with him; and Madame Gogo forbore to scold when he lost (as he was always losing) his pocket handkerchief. Once we were telling him, in our boyish way, what our idea of human happiness was: a pretty, white cottage, green trellis work, a vine, and a flower-garden. "I have possessed them," he said; and the gold spectacles were dimmed, and two rivulets meandered down the dirty cheeks. He took us, we remember, too, one whole holiday, to visit his mother, a grand old lady, at a real spinning wheel, and with hair glossier and whiter than the flax she was spinning. Some dim recollection have we of some half-uttered sentences, which, putting this and that together, as boys will do, created an impression on our mind that he had another name besides Thénard—a name as noble, perhaps, as Nonilles-Nonilles, or Rohan Rochfort; and that fire and sword, the guillotine, and an unthankful prince, had had something to do with his unhappiness, his learning, and his dirt.

Mr. Lacrosse reigned supreme in the second class. He was a scaly, hard-featured, angular sort of man, full of hard geometrical problems, which he was always working out on the large class-room black board, for our edification, and in secret, on bits of broken slate, for his own. In his geological formation, chalk had decidedly the best of it. His fingers, hair, and costume were always thickly powdered with that substance; if a boy offended him, he chalked his name up on the wall, or behind the door; if he wished to instruct others, or to amuse himself, he still continually chalked.

The third class was governed by a mild man, whose hair was red, and whose name was Moufflet. To his care were confided the very little boys—the *moutaros*, as in the Pension Gogo we called them. He disliked tuition, and was reported to have wept because his parents would not allow him to be apprenticed to a hair-dresser. He endeavoured

voured, with laudable though unrewarded perseverance, to cultivate a moustache; but, after nine months' endeavours, failing lamentably, he resigned his situation, and we saw him no more.

As to the classical master, M. Galofruche, the less said of him, we are afraid, the better. He was a scholar of considerable acquirements, but erratic to the extent—so the report ran among the boys—of having his hair curled, and of going to balls every night (he did not sleep within the walls of the Establishment Gogo). He was continually humming *refrains* of vaudeville *couplets*, when he should have been attending to our scannings. M. Gogo once discovered a crushed rose and a *bullet d'or* on pink note paper, between the leaves of his Greek *Gradus*; so, between these and other misdeeds, he came to shame. Contradictory rumours were current as to what became of him after his Hegira or flight (for he bolted in debt to his washerwoman, and to several of the senior boys). Some averred that he had become a tight-rope dancer at one of the small Boulevard Theatres; others, that he had offered himself as a substitute for the conscription, and had joined the banner of his country in Algiers.

There were, besides these masters, or *professeurs*, as they were more politely styled, certain unhappy men, called *pions*, maitres, whose lamentable duties consisted in watching the boys during their hours of recreation; in accompanying them when they went out walking, and seeing that they did not eat too much sweet-stuff; in conducting them to bed, to the bath, and to church; in fact, in being their assiduous overlookers, guides, philosophers, friends, and slaves. They had a hard life of it, those poor *pions*—young men, mostly of some education, but without means; they tyrannised over the little boys; they succumbed ignominiously, and cringed dolefully, to the bigger ones, the director Gogo snubbed them; the partner of his joys openly and blatantly bullied them. They were the unclean things—the Paras of the Pension.

Pardon us, oh reader! if we have been somewhat too diffuse regarding the executive staff of the establishment. But from the men ye shall know the things. Let us linger for a moment to give a line to Jugurtha Willoughby, LL.D., Bachelier-es-Arts of the University of France, and Professor of the English language and literature. He came twice a week, and was the English master. We looked at him as something connected with *home*, though he had been in France so long, that he spoke French much better than English, and could even have taught, we think, the former language better than the latter. He had a sufficiently numerous class, the members of which were supposed to study the English tongue in its most recondite branches, but whose progress in the Anglican vernacular appeared to us always to stop at the enunciation of two simple and expressive

words, "God-dam," and "Rosbif;" to both of which they persisted in attaching significations utterly irreconcilable with their real meaning, and which they delighted in applying to us, as a species of reproach for our Britannie origin, personally and offensively.

The dancing-master's name we forget; we remember him only as "*Cours de danse*," he being in the habit of inundating the columns of the newspapers, and stencilling the walls of Paris with an announcement bearing that heading. He had an immense golden or gilt snuff box, and told us, in the intervals of the *Pastorale* and the *Cavalier seul*, genteel anecdotes of the aristocracy, and particularly of a mythical personage, one "Kin," the friend of the Prince Regent of Britain, and for a long period of time the *arbitre elegantiarum* of Britain. We conjecture he must have meant Edmund Kean. He, *Cours de danse*, was a worthy man, and had an excellent method of teaching a boy to waltz well. He waltzed with the patient himself, and whenever he made a false step, tumbled inexorably on his toes. So at last the boy got sore and sure-footed. Kammeron, the professor of music and singing, only merits a passing word. He was remarkable for wearing orange-coloured pantaloons, and was insufferably vain. We rather liked him; for so soon as he sat down to the piano, so sure was he to burst forth into vocal and instrumental illustration of one of the innumerable romances he had composed; and while he pounded and howled, we played odd and even.

Our daily life at Monsieur Gogo's! First, there was the Bell. A dreadful bell it was. Loud of utterance, harsh, jangling, fierce of tone. We hated it; for it rang us to bed the first night we were left at school—a night daguerreotypied with painful minuteness, and marked with the blackest of stones, in our and in most boys' minds. The woful change from the soft couch and gentle nurturing of home; the gentle hands that drew the curtains; the kind voices that bade us good night; to the hard pallet, damp, mouldy atmosphere, bare floor; the bedfellow who kicked you, and deprived you of your legitimate share of counterpane; the neighbour who pelted you with hard substances; the far-off boy in the corner, who reviled you and mocked you sorely, not through any special deed of your own, but because you were a "new boy;" and in the morning the cruel bell,—ding-a-ding-dong, ding-a-ding-dong, it went ruthlessly, remorselessly, unceasingly, as it seemed. It hung close to that portion of the wall touched by our bed-head; and at five o'clock every morning, summer and winter, it woke us from dreams of mothers and sisters far away in the British Islands, to the stern realities of a strange school. It pealed again in five minutes, to remind us of the necessity for getting up (as if we ever could forget it after hearing it once); and again in three, after which time any boy found in the dormi-

tories was punished. Pass over the moist lavatory, where, shivering, we endeavoured to turn indomitable taps, and to mollify unsoftenable soap. Pass over the five minutes past in the refectory for prayers (how sincerely, though undevoutly, we used to wish it was for breakfast, where a *Pater noster*, an *Ave Maria*, and a *Propositis* were said by the boy who had it in rotation to do so). Pass over these, and come with us to our class-rooms—long, bare, desk-furnished, map-hung galleries—the only difference between which and English school-rooms was, that the masters had pupils instead of desks, and that one extremity of the apartment was furnished with a huge black board called the '*tableau*', on one side of which hung a sponge fastened to a string, and on the other a box of pieces of chalk.*

We confess we never could manage the before-breakfast lessons to which, from six till eight, we were daily doomed. In summer we sought for a run in the fields, in winter the attention due to our *Cæsar* and *Vergil* was woefully disturbed by attempts to keep our fingers warmed by blowing on them. There was a stove situated very nearly at the top of the post of honour of the class, and we were afraid that our occasional elevation to the post of "first boy" was due more to our love of warmth than to our love of learning. At eight—after motto, though brief, prayer—we adjourned in joyous file to the refectory, where to each boy was served a capacious bowl, holding about a quart of hot milk, into which was poured about a gill of coffee. With this we were entitled to take literally as much bread as ever we chose, large hunches of the staff of life, cut from loaves bearing a strong resemblance, in size and shape to cut wheels being assiduously handed about in baskets. Twenty minutes were allowed for this meal, then followed a scamper in the play-ground till nine o'clock, when the day boys arrived the middle-aged boys into their respective classes, and the collegians to the College Bourbon, which was in the adjacent Rue St. Lazare, and approached, of course, through the never failing Mireumoussé. We were too closely under the surveillance of our *puns* to turn our short daily voyages in the streets to any advantage in the way of purchasing for hidden dainties, visiting wax-work shows, or indulging in any of those eccentricities in which it is the nature of boys, when 'out of bounds,' to delight. Indeed, we should have preferred, on the whole, performing the daily journeys to and from college in carriages, for we were, on most occasions, sadly harassed and maltreated by hosts of the little black-guard boys—those long-haired, short-bloused, ragged rascals, the *gamins de Paris*. They lay await for us in shady places and dark

entries, they made savage forays on us from solitary *portes cochères*, they flung offensive missiles at us, and splashed the malodorous contents of gutters in our faces. Their principal enmity to us, we suppose, was caused by our not having holes in our trousers, as they had.

The class-rooms at college were very like our classrooms at school, save that there were no desks and we wrote upon our knees, and that the masters wore square black caps, and long gowns, somewhat resembling those in which we appalled the vergers of our ancient and venerable cathedrals. Here, at college, we asked, from nine till twelve, for what soft youth Pyrrha decked her golden hair. [We expressed our indignation at the conduct of the faithless shepherd Paris, we despised the ostentation of Persian magnificence and we performed those curious and intricate feats of tumbling with Greek verbs, which always remind us now of the acrobatic gentlemen in singlets and cotton drawers who tie themselves into knots and twist themselves in the bonnet for merriment about the legs and backs of chairs. At twelve we went back again to the Pension, where we made breakfast. Number One of hot meat, vegetables, fruit, with the fourth of a bottle of wine for each boy. Then play till two, school exercise till five. Lunch, dinner, where we had pretty much the same sort of repast as breakfast. Number Two, with the addition of soup, cheese, and a larger allowance of wine (*vin o lunette*) be it understood. After dinner we played until seven, got up our exercises for next day until nine, then, after another *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, and *Propositis*, went to bed.

Of course, we grumbled boys always will—even men occasionally will. We threw out scornful insinuations respecting the quality of the soup. One of our middle-aged boys avowed that he had seen with his own eyes, François, the servant filling up the wine bottles at the pump. We grumbled at the eggs or lentils on Fridays and fast days, at the quality of the bread at the ill temper of the masters at the length of the lessons, at the brevity of the play-time. Yet putting the Pension Gogo in comparison with some highly respectable, and even expensive (and of course aristocratic) establishments for the education of youth in this favoured island—remembering the "stick-jaw pudding," "resurrection pie," "sour table-bier," and bound like treatment boys occasionally meet with in Albion the free—it strikes us that we were really not badly treated in the victualling line and that we had not much cause to grumble.

There were three remarkable characteristics of the Pension Gogo, to which we would wish to call attention, yea, three marvels, which deserve, we think, a line apiece. The boys seldom, if ever, spent their pocket-money

* We speak of the black board, as peculiar to French schools as it was a dozen years ago, but its use is becoming very general now in English places of education, especially in those conducted on the Pestalozzian system.

in the purchase of saccharine or savoury edibles, as is the custom of our English youth to do. Secondly, each boy brought with him a silver spoon and fork, and a holder for his table-napkin, which, *mirabile dictu*, when he left *were* returned to him! Thirdly, in the whole of the Pension Gogo there were to be found nor birch, nor cane, nor stick.

The school was managed entirely without corporal punishment. In the three years we were there, a few boxes on the ear may have been administered in extreme cases, a few pair of ears may have been pulled, and one boy, we remember, who was extraordinarily contumacious, was, by the Principal, solemnly, though softly, kicked from the class-room. But we had no daily—hourly—exhibitions of torture, no boys writhing under a savage cane, no counting the weals on your arms when you went to bed, and declaring you could bear thrashing better than so and so. We don't know whether these things are really "better managed in France," but we aver, that afterwards, when we were beaten like a dog, at an English school, we preferred the system of the Pension Gogo, where a hundred and fifty boys were kept in order without beating.

You are not to suppose that at the Pension Gogo there were no punishments. There were divers puns and penalties to which recalcitrant boys were liable. Fines bad marks, impositions, deprivation of recreation, were among these. For graver offences the culprit knelt on a form, or in a corner, which to us seemed ridiculous and not salutary, for the kneeling one generally employed himself in making hideous grimaces at us, or at his instructor, when that sage's back was turned. The *ultima ratio regum*, the *pains forte et durs*, was incarceration in a prison apartment contiguous to the wine cellar, called the Cave, where bread and water was the diet, solitude the adjunct, and of which dreary legends of spectres and rats were current. The punishment, however, which we most dreaded was the daily bulletin—*Bulletin hebdomadaire*. This was a ceremony which took place every Saturday afternoon, at dinner time. The Principal Gogo, just as we had finished our soup, and were preparing for an onslaught on the *bouilli*, would fortify himself with a huge pinch of snuff, and read from a paper as long and as ominous looking as an inn reckoning, or a bill of costs, the register of our conduct, our studies, our progress during the week. When the good boys' names were mentioned, with favourable comments on their rectitude of conduct, they simpered over their meat, and eat their victuals with blushing satisfaction. But when it came to the turn of the idle, the contumacious, the naughty boys, how they writhed—how they groaned! Marginal references as to their incorrigible disposition were inscribed on the Bulletin "Abominable," "execrable," "insupportable," these were chalked against their names, or thun-

dered at them by the indignant Gogo. The *Bulletin hebdomadaire* spoilt many a boy's dinner in our time, for that we can avouch.

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME TREATMENT OF GOLD AND GEMS

THOSE who visit the metal works of Birmingham naturally desire to know where the metals come from, and especially the precious metals. Among the materials shown to the visitor, are drawers full of the brightest and cleanest gold, and ingots of silver, pure, or slightly streaked with copper. We have handled to-day an ingot which contains, to ninety two ounces ten pennyweights of silver, seven ounces ten pennyweights of copper. We ask whether the gold comes from California; but we find that it has just arrived—from a much nearer place—from a refinery next door. We hear high praise of the Californian gold. It is so pure that some of it can be used, without refining, for second-rate articles. Some small black specks may be detected in it, certainly, though they are so few and so minute, that the native gold is wrought in large quantities. But what is this neighbouring refinery? Whence does it obtain the metals it refines? Let us go and see.

It is a strange murky place, a dismal enclosure with ugly sheds, and yards not more agreeable to the eye. Its beauties come out by degrees, as the understudying opens to comprehend the affairs of the establishment. In the sheds, are ranges of musty-looking furnaces, some cold and quying, others showing, through crevices, red signs of fire within. There are piles of blocks of coal, of burnt ladders and poles, and rivulets of black refuse, which has flowed out from the furnaces into silt beds of red sand. In a special shed, is a black moist-looking heap of what appears to be filth, battened into the shape of a large compost bed. A man is filling a barrow with this commodity, and smoothing it down with loving care. And well he may, for this despicable looking dirt is the Californian of the concern! Here is their gold mine and their silver mine and their copper mine. In another shed, is a mill stone on edge, revolving with the post to which it is fixed, to crush the material which is to be cleaned. In the yard, we see heaps of waste—the shining, heavy, glassy-looking fragments, which tell tales of the prodigious heat to which they have been subjected. We see picks, and more ladles, and lanterns, and a most sordid looking bonfire. A heap of refuse is burning on the stones, old rags, fragments of shoes, cinders, dust and nugs—the veriest sweepings that can be imagined. Something precious is there, but the mass must be burned to become manageable. The ashes will be swept up for the refinery.

But what is it that yields gold, and silver, and copper, and brass? What is that heap

of dirt in the special shed? It is the sweepings of the Birmingham manufactories.

What economy! In all goldsmiths' shops every effort is made to save all the filings, and the minutest dust of the metals used. The floors are swept, and everything recoverable is picked up. Yet the imperceptible loss is so valuable to the refiners, that they pay, and pay high, for the scrapings, sweepings, and pickings of the work-rooms. A cart load of dirt is taken from a fork-and spoon manufactory to the refinery, and paid for on the instant, and the money thus received is one of the regular items in the books of the concern. Perhaps it pays the wages of one of the workmen. Another establishment receives two hundred pounds a year for its sweepings. It is worth noting these methods in concerns which are flourishing, and which have been used to a prosperous condition by pains and care, less flourishing people may be put in the way of similar methods. For instance, how good it would be for farmers if instead of thinking there is something noble in disregard of tithing economy they could see the wisdom and beauty of an economy which hurts nobody, but benefits everybody! It would do no one any good to throw away these scattered particles of precious metal while their preservation affords a maintenance to many families. In the same way the waste of dead leaves of unutilized manure of odds and ends of time, of soil, of space in hedges in the great majority of farms, does no good, and gives no pleasure to anybody, while the same thing on a farm that we see in a manufactory would sustain much life bestow much comfort narrow no heart, and expand the enjoyments of very many.

We must take care of our eyes when the ovens are opened—judging by the scintillations that peep out, here and there, from any small crevice. Prodigious! What a heat it is when, by the turn of a handle, a door of the furnace is raised! The roasting, or calcining, to get rid of the sulphur, is going on here. The whole inside—walls, roof, chimneys and all—are a transparent salmon colour. A shovel inserted from the opposite side, stirs and turns the burning mass, the sulphur appears above—a little blue flame, and a great deal of yellow smoke. We feel some of it in our throats. We exclaim about the intensity of the heat, declaring it tremendous. But we are told that it is not so, that, in fact, it is very cold—that furnace, which shows us that there is something hotter to come.

The Refiner's test is pointed out to us,—a sort of shovel, with a spout, lined throughout with a material of burnt bones, the only substance which can endure unchanged the heat necessary for testing the metal. Of this material are made the little crucibles that we see in the furnaces, which our conductor admits to be "rather warm." There they are, ranged in rows, so obscured by the mere heat, which confounds everything in one glow,

that their circular rims are only seen by being looked for. Yet, one little orifice, at the back of this furnace, shows that even this heat can be exceeded. That orifice is a point of white heat, revealed from behind. We do not see the metal in the crucibles, but we know that it is simmering there.

One more oven is opened for us—the assay furnace, which is at a white heat. As the smallest quantities of metal serve for the assay, the crucibles are here on the scale of dolls' tea-things. The whole concern of that smallest furnace looks like a pretty toy, but it is a very serious matter—the work it does, and the values it determines.

The metals, which run down to the bottom, in the melting furnaces, are separated (the gold and silver by aquafortis), and cast in moulds, coming out as ingots, or, in fragments of any shape they may have pleased to run into. Some of the gold fragments are of the cleanest and brightest yellow. Others, no less pure, are dark and brownish. They are for gilding porcelain. Lastly we see a pretty curiosity. In the counting house, a little glass chamber is erected upon a counter with an apparatus of great beauty—a pair of scales thus small to the last degree fastened by spider-like threads to a delicate beam which is connected with an index, sensitive enough to show the variation of the hundredth part of a grain. The glass walls exclude all spheric disturbance. Behind the rusty looking doors were the white glowing crucibles. With in the drawers was the yellow gold, and hidden in its glass house, was the fairy balance.

Now we will follow some of the gold and silver to a place where skilled hands are ready to work it curiously.

First, however, we may as well mention, in confidence to our readers, that our feelings are now and then wounded by the injustice of the world to the Birmingham manufacturers. We observe with pain that the very virtues of Birmingham manufacture are made matters of reproach. Because the citizens have at their command extraordinary means of cheap production and produce cheap goods accordingly, the world jumps to the conclusion, that the work must be deceptive and bad. Fine gentlemen and ladies give in London shops, twice the price for Birmingham jewellery that they would pay, if no middlemen stood, filling their pockets uncommonly fast, between them and the manufacturer, and they admire the solid value and great beauty of the work, but, as soon as they know where the articles were wrought, they undervalue them with the term 'Brummagem.' In the Great Exhibition there was a certain case of gold-work and jewellery, rich and thorough in material and workmanship. The contents of that case were worth many hundred pounds. A gentleman and lady stopped to admire their contents. The lady was so delighted with them that she supposed they must be French. The

gentleman reminded her that they were in the British department. After a while, they observed the label at the top of the case, and instantly retracted their admiration. 'Oh!' said the gentleman, pointing to the label "these are Birmingham ware—shams!" Whatever may have been Birmingham gold-beating in ancient times, and in days of imperfect art, when long wars impeded the education of English taste, it is mere ignorance to keep up the censure in these times. It is merely accepting and retailing vulgar phrases without any inquiry, which is the stupidest form of ignorance. Perhaps some of the prejudice may be removed by a brief account of what a Birmingham manufacture of gold chains is at this day.

Twenty years ago the making of gold chains occupied a dozen or twenty people in Birmingham. Now, the establishment we are entering alone, employs probably eight times that number. Formerly, a small master undertook the business in a little back shop, drew out his wire with his own hands, cut the devices himself, sold the pieces himself, in short worked under the disadvantage of great waste of time, of effort and of gold. But the same shop more and more machinery has been since introduced, as it was gradually devised by clever heads. This machinery is made on the spot and the whole is set to work by steam. Few things in the arts can be more striking than the contrast between the murky chambers where the forging and grinding—the Plutonic processes of machine-making—are going on, and the upper chambers, light and quiet, where the delicate fingers of women and girls are mending and fastening the cobweb links of the most delicate chain work. The whole establishment is most picturesque. While in some speculative towns in our island great warehouses and other edifices have sprung up too quickly and are standing untenanted, rising manufacture like this is most abundant. In the cell before us, more room is preparing. A large steam engine will soon be at work, and the processes will be more conveniently conducted. Meantime, house after house has been absorbed into the concern. There are steps up here, and steps down there, and galleries across courts, and long ranges of low-roofed chambers, and wooden staircases, in yards, where are being taken, however, to preserve in the midst an isolated, well-lighted chamber, where part of the stock is kept, where some high officials abide, and where there are four counters or hatches, where the people present themselves outside, to receive their work. All this has grown out of the original little back-shop.

Below, there is a refinery. It is for the establishment alone, but, just like that we have already described—only on a smaller scale. First, the rolling-mill shows us its powers by a speedy experiment,—it flattens a halfpenny, making it oblong at the first turn, and, by

degrees, with the help of some annealing in the furnace, drawing it out into a long ribbon of shining copper, which is rolled up, tied with a wire, and presented to us as a curiosity. Next, we see coils of thick round wire, of a dirty white, which we can hardly believe to be gold. It is gold, however, and is speedily drawn out into wire. Then, there are cutting and piercing and snipping machines—all bright and diligent, and the women and girls who work them are bright and diligent too. Here, in this long room, lighted with lattices along the whole range, the machine stand, and the women sit in a row—quiet, warm and comfortable. Here we see sheets of soft metal (in solder) cut into strips or squares, here a woman is holding such a strip to a machine and snipping the metal very fine into minute shreds, all alike. These are to be laid or stuck on little joints in the chain work or clasps, or swivel hinges, where soldering is required. Next, we find a dozen workwomen, each at her machine, pushing snips of gold into grooves, where they are pierced with a pattern, or one or two holes of a pattern, and made to fall into a receiver below. Each may take about a second of time. Farther on, slender gold wire is twisted into links by myriads. At every seat the counter is cut out in a semi-circle, where by room is saved, and the worker has a free use of her arms. Under every such semi-circle hangs a leather pouch, to catch every particle that falls, and to hold the tools. On shelves everywhere are ranges of steel dies, and for a piece of the metal, for massive links or for clasps, or for watch keys and other ornaments, are stamped from these. On the whole, we may say, that in these lower rooms the separate pieces are prepared for being put together elsewhere.

That putting together appears to novices very flaming work, but we are assured that it is no so easy by practice, that the girls could direct it with their eyes shut. In such a case we should certainly shut ours, for they ache with the mere sight of such poking and picking, and ringing of the white rings—all exactly like on another. They are ranged in a groove of a plate of metal, or on a block of pumice stone. When picked into a precise row they are anointed, at their points of junction, with borax. Each worker has a little saucer of borax, wet, and starred with a camel-hair pencil. With this pencil she transfers a little of the borax to the flattened point of a sort of bodkin, and then anoints the links where they join. When the whole row is thus treated, she turns on the gas, and, with a small blow-pipe, directs the flame upon the solder. It bubbles and spreads in the heat, and makes the row of links into a chain. There would be no end of describing the loops and hoops, and joints and embossings, which are soldered at these gas-pipes, after being taken up by tiny tweezers, and delicately treated by all manner of little

tools Suffice it, that here everything is put together, and made ready for the finishing. In the middle of one room is a counter, where is fixed the machine for twisting the chains—with its cog-wheels, and its nippers, whereby it holds one end of a portion of chain, while another is twisted, as the door handle fixes the schoolboy's twine, while he knots or loops his pattern, or twists his cord. Here, a little gul stands, and winds a plain gold chain, into this or that pattern, which depends upon the twisting.

These ornaments of precious metal do not look very ornamental at present, being of the colour of dirty soap suds, and tossed together in heaps on the counters. We are now to see the hue and brightness of the gold brought out. We take up a chain, rather massive and reminding us of some ornament we have somewhere seen, but it is so rough and its flakes do not appear to fit upon each other. A man lays it along the length of his left hand and files it busily, as he works, the soapy white disappears, the polish comes out, the parts fit together, and it is, presently, one of those flexible, scaly, smooth, glittering chains that we have seen all our lives. Of course, the filings are dropped carefully into a box to go to the refinery. There is, here, a home-invented and home-made apparatus for polishing and cutting topazes, amethysts, blood-stones, and the like, into shield shapes for seals, watch keys, and ornaments of various kinds. The strongest man's arm must tire, but steam and steel need no consideration; there go the wheels and the emery-smoothing and polishing infallibly, with a workman to apply the article, and a boy to drop it when screw or socket begins to scream. This polishing and filing was such severe work in the lapidary department in former days, that the nervous energy of a man's arm was destroyed—a serious grief to both worker and employer. At this day, it is understood that the lapidary is past work at forty, from the contraction of the sinews of the wrist consequent on the nature of his labour. The period of disablement depends much on the habits of the men; but, sooner or later, it is looked for as a matter of course. Here, the wear and tear is deputed to that which has no more. As the proprietor observes, it requires no sympathy.

It may be asked how there comes to be any lapidary department here? Do we never see gold chains the links whereof are studded with turquoises or garnets, or little specks of emerald? Are there no ruby drops to ladies' necklaces?—no jewelled toys hanging from gentlemen's watch-guards? We see many of these pretty things here, besides canoes for setting.

After the delicate little filings (which must be done by hand) are all finished, the articles must be well washed, dried in box-wood sawdust, and finally hand-polished with rouge. The people in one apartment look grotesque

enough—two women powdered over with rouge, and men of various dirty hues, all dressed alike, in an over-all garment of brown holland. A washerwoman is maintained on the establishment expressly to wash these dresses on the spot—her soap-suds being preserved, like all the other washes, for the sake of the gold dust contained in them. Her wash tubs are emptied, like everything else, into the refinery.

In the final burnishing room, we observe a row of chemists' globes—glass vessels filled with water, ranged on a shelf. A stranger might guess long before he would find out what these are for. They are to reflect a concentrated blaze from the gas lights in the evening to point out specks and dimnesses, to the eyes and fingers of the burnishers. What curious finger-ends they have—those women who chuck the precious metals into their last degree of polish! They are broad—the joint so flexible that it is bent considerably backwards when in use, and the skin has a peculiar smoothness more mechanical, we fancy than vital. However that may be, the burnish they produce is strikingly superior to any hitherto achieved by friction with any other substance.

In departing the sense of contrast comes over us once more. We have just seen all manner of elegancies in ornament, from the classical and dignified to the minute, fanciful, and grotesque in coming out, we give a look to the unfinished engine-hous, and the smiths' shop. All this hard work, all these many dwellings thrown into one establishment, all these scores of men, and women, and children busy from you and to you a end, all those districts fit away in California, all those lapidaries in Germany, all those engineers in their studies, all those nonmasters in their markets, all those miners in the bowels of the earth—all are enlisted in making gold chains, and some of us have no more knowledge and no more thought than to call the product "Birmingham shams!" Well! the price charged for them in London shops, where they are as good as French, is some thing real, and it is a real comfort to think how swaggingly some fine folks pay, though the bulk of the profit comes, not to the manufacturer, but to the middlemen. Of these middlemen there are always two,—the factor and the shopkeeper—often more. Their intervention is very useful, of course, or they would not exist, but somebody or other makes a prodigious profit of Birmingham jewellery, after it has left the manufacturer's hands. It was only yesterday that we saw, among a rich heap of wonderful things, a pair of elegant bracelets—foreign pebbles, beautifully set. We were told the wholesale price they were to be sold for, which was half the shop price. The transference to the London shop was to cost as much as the whole of the previous processes from the digging of the silver and the collecting of the pebbles,

through all the needful voyages and travels, to the furnishing and packing at Birmingham.

We have seen, however, something which may throw a little light on the prejudice against Birmingham jewellery. It is not conceivable that any one should despise such an establishment as we have been describing. But, we found ourselves the other day passing through a little dwelling, where the housewife with a baby on her arm, and where more than half a dozen children were housed, and then crossing a little yard, and mounting a flight of substantial brick steps with a stout hand rail, and entering the most curious little work room we ever were in. It would just hold four or five people without allowing them room to turn round more than one at a time. In one corner, was a very small stove. A lattice window ran along the whole front, and made it pleasant, light, and airy. A work bench or counter was scolloped out in the same way as in larger establishments, so as to accommodate three workers in the smallest possible space. The three workers had each his stool, his leathern pouch on his knees, and his gas pipe. A row of tools bristled along the whole length of the lattice, and there was another row on a shelf behind. The principal workman was the father of those many children below. One son was at work at his elbow, and the remaining workman was an apprentice. This working jeweller was a thorough gentleman according to our notions, as anybody we have seen for a long time past. Tall, stout, and handsome, collar white and stiff, upon white and round, his whole dress in good repair, his voice cheerful as his face, his manner open and courteous, his information exactly what we wanted. We could not help wishing that some moral guide, who avows that he hates all manufacturers, could see this fine specimen of an English handicraftsman. As for his work, he told us that he supplies the factors to order. It would not answer to him to keep a stock. The factors would not buy what he should offer, but dictate to him what he shall make. Fashions change incessantly, and he has only to keep up with them as well as he can. It is not for him to invent new piteens and get steel dies made for them. But to get the same steel dies that other makers are procuring. These dies are, of course, for the mechanical part of his work. The boxes of lockets and hair brooches (now vehemently in fashion), and devices, and coloured stones, he procures at "the French shops" in the town, and he showed us some variety of these, ready for setting. Then came out the "Brummagem" feature of the case, showing us how the gold setting that he was engraving—piercing and filing—was to be held by a blue stone. He observed that it was not thought worth while to get costly stones for a purpose like that, for blue glass would do as well. I certainly thought so, considering that the stone was to be only the back-ground of his work. Of the

specimens I saw in that airy little workshop, some were in excellent taste, and all, I believe, of good workmanship. These small masters are as punctilious about employing only regularly qualified workmen, as any members of any guild in the country. Their journeymen must all have served an apprenticeship, not only because they are thus best fitted for their business, but because the value of apprenticeship is thus kept up, and these small capitalists will not part with the advantage of having journeymen, under the name of apprentices, completely under their command during the last two or three years of their term.

One of the most remarkable sights, to those who knew Birmingham a quarter of a century ago, is such a manufacture as that of Messrs Parker and Acott's ever-pointed pencils. Those of us whose fathers were in business in the days of the war, when the arts were not flourishing, may remember the bulky pocket book, with its leather strap (always shabby after the first month), and its thick cedar pencil, which always wanted cutting, always blackening whatever came near it, always getting used up, the lead turning to dust at the most critical point of a memorandum. There was a fine trade in cedar pencils at Keswick in those days. It seemed a little too romantic to be true, when we were full of ever-pointed pencils. First, we of course, refused to believe in their exist-

—what improvement have we not refused to believe in? Then, when we found there was a screw in the case, and that the pencil was not ever-pointed by a vital action of its own, we were sure we should like it. We grew humble, and were certain we could never learn to manage it. And now, what have we not arrived at? We are so saucy as to look beyond our unproved pencils, beyond pen and ink, beyond our present need of a cumbersome apparatus to carry about with us,—ink that will spill and spot, leads that will break and use up, pens, paper, syllables, letters, pot hooks, dots and crossings, and all the process of writing. Perhaps the Electric Telegraph has spoiled us, enabling us to imagine some process by which thoughts may record themselves, some brief and complete method of making "mems," without the complicated process of writing down hundreds of letters, and scores of syllables, to preserve one single idea. All this, however, is as romantic now as ever. Ever-pointed pencils seemed to be at first, and instead of dreaming of what is not yet achieved, let us look at the reality before our eyes.

Here is something wonderful enough, on our very entrance. Here is a silver pencil-case,—neat and serviceable, though not of the most elegant form,—handsome enough to have been praised for its looks, thirty years ago. This pencil-case carries two feet of lead. It is intended to be the commercial traveller's joy and treasure. It will last him his life, unless he take an unconscionable amount of

orders. Unscrewing the top we see that the upper end of the tube is divided into compartments,—which look like the mouth of a revolver, and here, protected from each other, the loads are bestowed side—despite their great length,—through their owner's roughest travelling.

Some drawers in a counter are pulled out. One is divided into compartments, each of which holds a handful of something different from all the rest. This drawer contains one hundred gross of pencil cases in pairs,—the tube the back and barrel the propelling wire the slide the top the various chambers, and rings and niceties. In another drawer there is a dazzling and beautiful heap of pure unadorned and topazes from far countries, of vast aggregate value. And further on we see the elegant onyx and white cornelian from South America (a very recent importation) and the sudonyx, now in high favour for seals and the tops of pencil cases. Its delicate layer of white upon red, (or the reverse) is the undermost colour coming out in the engraving mark, it singularly fits for the purpose. Then there is a paperful of small turquoise which are poured out and humbled like a sample of nitrate. These are from Persia, and they have to be recent in England the Persian is being of the ion best. Then, there are blue stones and pebbles sort of nummi and joints of glittering fragments of Chloanthus cell—such materials tossed together to be drawn out for use at the bidding of upper fashion. In fact, fashion seems to be as capricious here among these times and one that have acquired cycles of use to compassers in the milliner's shop, where the material we have from the polisher and the insets of a summer. On shelves against the wall, we ranged rows and piles of steel die—that pretty and costly piece of apparatus which we find in almost all these manufactures—then with the inexhaustible stamping and cutting machinery the blow pipe, the brass and soft metal for solder the pumice stone and wire bed, the turning wheel, the circular saw and the bath of diluted aquatics and the pan of boxwood sawdust, in which the pretty things are dried when they come out of 'pickle.' From buttons to cap-rings, we find this apparatus everywhere. The steel dies are an everlasting study—the block like the council weight of a pair of watchhouse scales, seeming very large for the little figure indented in the upper surface. Here, in this manufactory, the figures are of the bugle, a favourite form of watch-key,—the deer's foot, (a pretty study for the same purpose), and a large variety of patterns,—the tulip, the acanthus, and other foliage, flowers or fruit climbing up the summit of the pencil-case, as if it were a little Corinthian capital.

And now for the process. The silver or gold comes from the rolling-mill, and is passed in slips through a series of draw-plates, each smaller than the last, and finally through the

one which is to give it its fluted or other pattern. Soldering at the joint, filing away the roughness left by the solder, washing in an aquafortis bath, come next. A slit for the shile is then made, the rims and screws and slides are added, and you have a pencil case complete. We observed that a large proportion of the tops are hexagonal or of some angular form to prevent their rolling off the table.

Some of the pencil cases are so small and some of the watch keys are so elaborate, that it requires a moment's consideration to decide which is which, and again ladies' watch needles, of gold, diversely ornamented, are very like pencil cases. Some of each kind are spotted over with turquoise or garnets, and all appear to be designed for ornament, rather than for use. It is quite a relief to turn the eye upon a shelfful of the yellow sawdust where substantial pencil cases fit for manly fingers, are drying. On the whole, perhaps, the most striking feature in the prodigious extent of the production. We ask whether all these can possibly go for a pencil case is a thing which lasts half a century is the manufacturer's hum.

If observed. These do not go to America, for in such things, the Americans are our buyers. They supply their own wants, and a good deal more. We send our pencil cases and trinkets over a good part of the world however, and the caprice of fashion causes a great and variable demand at home. In reply to a remark about this vast production, the manufacturer observes, 'We use out up gold and silver as the year goes on and as the year goes on.' Some thing of a kind, this since the old days of clipper.

Here is a steel die with an elegant pyramidal pattern the hull of a watch key. We see the metal stamped and then another much for the other hull and then the filing and smoothing of the edges, and then the binding in of the solder inside and the binding together of the two halves with wire, and the repose on the bed of wire on the pumice-stone, to be braced and hot, and the next cleaning when cool the polishing, and the leaving cut in parts of the pattern dead, while others are burnished, and the fixing of the steel cylinder at the point, and the turning of the rim. All this for a watch key! But, we are shown another which does not look like anything very studied, and we are told, and we are once convinced, that it consists of no less than thirteen parts. Other keys, which look more fanciful consist of ten, eight, or seven. None are the simple affair that a novice would suppose, now that we require the convenience of being able to wind up our watches without twisting the chain or ribbon with every turn of the key.

But we must leave these niceties, the little pistols, the deer's feet, the bugle-horns, and all the dainty fancies embodied in watch-keys and knick-knacks. Here, as elsewhere, every atom is saved, of sweeping and wash,

and we now find ourselves, writer and readers, like the materials of which we have been speaking, brought back after all these various processes, to the refinery from which we set out

PARADISE LOST

My knapsack was on my shoulder—

—So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company of us were sitting together the other evening.

—My knapsack was on my shoulder, my walking stick in hand, three leagues of dusty road had whiten'd me like mill-dust. Whence I came, whither I was going—what matters it? I was not twenty years of age. My starting point, therefore, was home; my goal was Paradise—my earthly Paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque, and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest-blen fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet, there a solitary farm-house, yonder a wood, on each eminence a windmill. Some peasants that were in the fields, sang, and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons drawn by oxen and horses slowly moved along, the travellers that sat in them were on the top of stones. A waggoner kindly asked me if I was tired, and offered me a lift. I accepted, and soon I was stretched in a hammock, having been jolted into an uneasy half-sleep, not without its charm, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears until I thought fifty silver voices were calling me away to a home that must be beautiful and a land that must be beautiful.

I woke in a mood sufficiently pleasant to receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road, and had taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm? I must not fret. I am not going anywhere. I am only going to Paradise. There was no village of that name in the neighbourhood he said. But he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his *bonjour*. "Drink my health, good man, and improve your own. Let us see these grounds." The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged) and left me treading the silver pebbles I had given him in his hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing.

A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods, and solitary trees, and lakes, and streams of sufficient dimensions for grandeur, and, when once the wall disappeared amidst the heavy foliage, I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon, that all objects which might ungraciously intercept the view, or deform a

landscape, had been removed. There were no sham ruins nor artificial cascades, but the stranger's steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt, and was thankful, for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavoured to conceal itself, but being, at that time, as most young men are, inclined to compare great things with small—flunking to be epigrammatic and knowing—I exclaimed aloud. "The toilette of this park has been admirably performed."

"A vulgar idea vulgarly expressed," said a clear firm voice above. I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in a tree, and to my surprise saw a young woman upon a fine large horse holding a riding-whip playfully over my head. She had approached across the turf unheeded, and had heard my exclamation which, I assure you, was meant for no ears but my own.

Madam replied that when I had recovered from my confusion I think you misunderstood me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect in which every superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away to a woman, who, instead of adorning herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilette to display all her beauties to the best advantage.

"Her explanation will not do," she replied. "It wants fineness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited, and that you thought it necessary to exert the mainly providence of contempt. If I had not seen you send me using your sketch-book, I should take you for a travelling house-dresser."

The time and manner of my new acquaintance puzzled me exceedingly, and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude he assumed on such slight grounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest. For at the moment, I did not understand that her real desire was to suppress the familiarity of an introduction. I returned to the charge, she replied. A broadside of a patee was fired off on either side, but insensibly we met upon common ground, affectation was discarded, and we walked irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista—she gently walking her docile genet, I, with my hand upon its mane—we made more advances towards familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible, under any other circumstances, in a season.

Let me describe my impressions as I received them. Otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavouring to show, by example, what an immense structure of happiness may be built upon a very flimsy ground, that the material sequence of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments, that—But I must not anticipate.

The lady, dressed in a green riding-habit,

was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show—

—And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It is made from memory; but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enough, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it re-appears in nearly all your pictures, like Raphael's *Fornarina*. Last year you made it do duty for *Medea*; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the *Salon* as *Charlotte Corday*. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your *Juliet* and your *Heloise*? One would imagine that, instead of being associated with pleasant recollections, it suggested nothing but strife, violence, and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and, in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good nature to make a confession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end; it is not far off."

We reached a grotto on the borders of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready; and *Fifine*, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together, talking of everything except of ourselves; but thinking of nothing else. Once or twice a reflection on the oddity of this reception flitted across my mind; but I thought that I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle—such as one reads of in middle-age romances—who was proud to give hospitality to a wandering artist. The lady called me *Hector*, and I called her *Andromache*; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in with the dessert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded, and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstasies of delight by the frank reply, that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that *Fifine* scolded me; and said that, for a well-educated young man, I was dreadfully forward.

What a delightful half-hour was that which succeeded! The entrance of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little bench of sand, that seemed of gold dust; the path by which we had come along at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water—possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory—nestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes, which, with the pure blue sky, it reflected. We sat, side by side, hand in hand; but *Fifine*, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away; and *Andromache* was, perhaps, of my opinion; but she did not venture to agree with me aloud. Thus the hour passed in silent happiness; for our hearts soon became too full

for words; and I solemnly declare, that, to spend such another day, I would discount ten years of my existence.

As evening drew near, and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin of the lake, *Fifine* pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The word grated harshly on my ear. I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad, or a nymph living ever amidst trees and grottoes. But prosy *Fifine* carried her point; and, in half-an-hour, we were in the saloon of a most comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very commonplace looking servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once received a shock. Five minutes afterwards a post-chaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a tall handsome young man, issued therefrom.

Why should I give you the ludicrous details of the explanation? *Andromache* was betrothed to *Monsieur Hector Chose*; but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighbouring town. The young lady (who was of a romantic disposition) had desecrated me in the park, and had fancied this was a pre-arranged surprise. She had got up the breakfast in the grotto; and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of *Hector*; she naturally retorted *Andromache*. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. I was overwhelmed with shame, when the father and the real *Hector*, with vociferous laughter, undeceived me; and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation. For a moment, I hoped that I had produced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I insulted *Hector*. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay a long time helpless in a neighbouring hamlet. Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage had been celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my *Andromache*; but when *Madam Duclique*, her cousin, came to see me, she destroyed all my illusions. *Andromache*, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love-passage only as a ridiculous mistake. She had married *Hector*, not only without repugnance, but with delight. He brought her everything she desired—a handsome person, a fine fortune, an exalted position; and she was the first to joke on the subject of "that poor counterfeit *Hector*."

This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the *Paradise* I had lost. *Madam Duclique*, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage, and drove me to the town of *Arques*. I feel grateful to my *Andromache* for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty.

"Let us drink her health!"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GUNPOWDER.

ALL the popular astrologers, and especially those who "set figures" and design hieroglyphics for the Almanacks, seem well agreed that there is likely to be a greatly increased demand for gunpowder before the present year expires. Mr. Moore, particularly, in his "*Vox Stellarum*," mysteriously conveys his interpretations of the aspect of the political heavens by two young damsels, dressed in white, bearing a long tray, between them, on their heads, on which there are things that look like loaves of bread or pound-cakes, on which birds of prey are descending; while a tomb appears on the right, round which a lady in black, two bald-headed gentlemen, and two workmen are shedding tears, and on the left hand, a chapter of the clergy display horror at the sight of the invading birds, and a "speech" issues from the mouth of the Dean, bearing the words, "What audacity!" Well—we suppose we must call for our fowling-pieces and powder flasks, and the sooner we have them ready the better.

Under these circumstances—at the latent probabilities of which we do not by any means intend to jest, neither do we expect to turn pale—it has occurred to us that a visit to a Mill for the manufacture of this wonderful compound, might be a timely and instructive occupation.

We confess that our previous impressions of a Gunpowder Mill were of a tolerably vague and ominous character. Gloomy withal, and of no small peril to the visitor. We pictured to our minds a huge and somewhat pyramidal structure, all black, with a sort of iron-grated, prison-like porter's lodge, where the adventurous visitor underwent a preliminary examination, lest he should have any combustible articles about him. Some change of habiliments, also, we anticipated, as with those who descend into a coal mine. Of the interior we had no notion, beyond the expectation of a number of men and boys all at work in a cloud of charcoal dust, very busy in grinding and mixing brimstone and saltpetre and "the rest of it;"—and having become insensible to danger by the constant habit of living in the midst of it, we imagined them singing and whistling, and cracking jokes with the usual hilarity of those not

over-numerous class of work-people, who are always in full and regular work, with high wages and short hours. How curiously at variance with most of this, was the reality!

After several unsuccessful attempts to effect an entrance into one of the mysterious manufactories—attributable solely to the dangers of utter destruction that momentarily hover over all works of this kind, and not in the least from any want of courtesy in the proprietors—we eventually obtained permission to inspect the Mills of the Messrs. Curtis of Hounslow, which are among the largest works of the kind in Europe. A very wet and unpromising morning did not deter us; and, after a wet drive to the station, a very wet journey down, and a storm of rain in driving across to the works, in a small, close-covered vehicle, very like a green cutridge-box, obligingly sent from the Mills to meet us, we were at length set down at a quiet little low-roofed building, very much resembling the house of an officer of the coast-guard; with an out-building or two, corresponding to the residences of the boats' crews in those localities. This was the office of the superintendent, or manager, and the clerks. At the back of it was the small private room and office of the proprietors, who (it need hardly be said) do not reside here. It is a place to write in, read in, calculate in, to make money in, to lunch in—but not to live in. The mind is too little at rest for meditation or for sleep. All the work-people also live as far off as they conveniently can.

Having settled our plan of examination, we issue from the office and pass down by the side of a range of low-roofed, almost shed-like buildings, with windows all along, the panes of which are of paper in the place of glass—glass being a very fragile material in all cases of a concussion of air. These are work-shops; and, with other similar places, comprise the cooper's shop, the turner's shop, the mill-wright's shop, the carpenter's shop, and (carefully closed in) the blacksmith's shop. Steam power is used in such of these operations as require it.

As we proceed along the open space outside these shops, a strong smell of burning wood assaults our nose, and a cloud of wood-smoke makes our eyes water and smart. We fancy at first that it issues from two or

three canvas-covered waggons, or a covered cart of a suspicious looking kind, but we are mistaken. It proceeds from the charcoal furnace. A man with a barrow emerges from the smoke. He has an iron hook, in place of a hand (blown off in one of the minor explosions which now and then occur), which, however, he does not seem to miss. He sets down the barrow—opens the latch of a door with his hook—enters, and draws it inwards after him, the point of the hook disappearing just as the door closes.

We now approach a larger building, in which the first process of the manufacture of gunpowder is carried on. We enter by a square door way, and ascending a broad ladder, arrive upon a platform, and find ourselves in a large building faintly lighted with a sad twilight gleam, which displays a series of bowls or basins the size of large kettle-drums, covering the whole of the surface below, and the whole of the surface of the upper floor, with the exception of the platform on which we stand almost enveloped in a cloud of hot steam, that proceeds from a great heating caldron behind us. This caldron worthy of Heraclea and the wind sisters, contains the raw material, the great first principle of gunpowder—saltpetre. It is brought expressly in this purpose from the north of Bengal. Here it is boiled—evaporated till it attains a consistency of about a pint to a pound. It is skimmed, strained through bags and cloths. It is then allowed to run down into the pans or bowls we have described, where it undergoes crystallisation.

Very like great bowls of coll punch of rather a queer and uninviting kind do the numerous vessels appear. They contain a yellowish liquid, getting lighter and clearer as the different series of bowls get more and more purified. Some of them seem full of frozen macaroni, but on a closer inspection you find them to be full of crystals of salt petre. The yellowish water being poured off us from a bowl of ice the hardened contents are turned out and present the appearance of an inverted kettle drum, or half a huge sugar ball, or snow ball according to the series. The third, or most purified is used for the finest sort of gunpowder. But although there are only three in the regular series, the bowls are worked again and again, if they resist, until every particle of salt is abstracted, and Peter only remains. The salt is sold for agricultural purposes, while Peter (nitre) is sent onwards to finish his education. The concluding process of refinement is that of calcining, or fusing, the nitre, which is effected at a heat of six or seven hundred degrees. It is then poured off into moulds, where it hardens into cakes, so pure, that it has been ascertained by Teschmacher's test, that it contains only one part of salt in four thousand of nitre.

We have made our exit from the saltpetre department, and we are now again in the open air, walking through the "wood-yard"

This is a large space, occupied by various stacks of wood, ranged in columns, as if at a review. They are composed of alder, willow, and dog-wood. The first and second are to be manufactured with the charcoal that is used for coarse powder,—used for mines, cannon, muskets, or other military purposes—in short, for killing men; the third sort, or dog wood, being the finest sort of wood, is for the finest description of powder, intended for sporting purposes—to kill partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and other creatures requiring a delicate treatment.

The wood is charred in a square shed like house, all black and shining with tar, and enveloped in a stinging smoke that makes us often shut our eyes, and press them inwards with our fingers. It is curious enough that the chemical studies of one of our bishops should have led him to a discovery of the best method of making charcoal. The whole process is conducted on the plan laid down by Dr. Watson, the energetic, learned, and ingenious Bishop of Llandaff. The wood is enclosed in large iron cylinders, closed up from the air, and round these there is a revolving furnace, which regularly feeds itself from a coal truck at the top, dropping a small portion of coals in a circle, so as to make the distribution equal. By these means are extracted from the wood, all the acids and all the tar, which run down into a wooden vat or well, the acid (pyro ligneous) remaining at the top with a thick deposit of tar at the bottom. The surface presents the appearance of a coppery liquid. On inquiring as to the reason for turning the whole of this brick building, which was saturated from the roof to the lowest brick the tar and the stains of acid streaming down from every pore we were informed by Mr. Ashbee the manager of the works that the charring house found its own tar, and tarred itself by continual oozing. The charcoal thus produced is of singular purity. A black truncheon of it, nearly two inches in diameter, being placed in our hands, with a request that we would break it, a slight movement of the thumb and finger snapped it in an instant.

We will now visit, in quick succession, the mills where the ingredients, of which we have already spoken are ground. The reader has, by this time, discovered that a Gunpowder Mill is, in fact, a series of mills and other work places, distributed over a large space of ground, each at some distance from the next one, and, in some cases, at a very respectful distance indeed, with sundry barriers interposed between—the good reason for which will become quite apparent as we proceed.

We now descend a winding slope, by a narrow muddy path, and, turning at the bottom, we pass through a tall and somewhat squalid wooden gateway, and arriving at the narrow arm of a river, we cross over a small wooden bridge. We are duly informed that we are now in "the dangerous ground." We seem

to be entering an unfortunate, if not very unhealthy, plantation, where the trees have never been able to attain maturity. Many are black and withered, some shattered, none have a pleasing look, as if they ever expected another spring to arrive. It is in this locality—scattered all over it—that the various mills, work places, and “houses” of explosive tendencies are situated. The rain with which the morning commenced, has never ceased, and still continues, so that our wandering among these various interesting and uncommonly suggestive structures, is not attended, we are obligingly informed, with the same degree of danger as on a dry and sultry day. We trust that we are not only grateful for this intimation, but that it really does tend in a due degree to banish from our minds any little misgivings as to casualties, which we are aware might occur at any time, with no means whatever of subsequently tracing the cause. It is rather a pleasing emotion with which we contemplate this favourable circumstance,—we mean the rain.

At this stage of our proceeding, a grave-faced man advances towards us from behind some trees, carrying two pairs of large Indian-rubber over shoes. On approaching the sulphate mill, we are stopped at a broad platform apparently of slats laid down in front of the entrance, and before permitted to step upon it, our boots are carefully encased with a pair of these shoes.

The mill, where the sulphate is ground, is a small house, where two huge circular stones, is large, in circumference, is the hind wheels of a great wagon (of eleven or twelve inches in thickness, each weighing about six tons) revolve in a circle so small, that they would be unable to roll round it, but for an ingenious grinding twist, which is communicated to each of them by machinery, and has its effect upon the material underneath in the most completely reducing it to a fine powder. Men with wooden shovels feed the bed beneath the rolling stones from time to time and keep the powdered sulphate in its place, while a man and boy, in a second room opening from this, cast it up against a slanted sieve of fine wire so as to sift it clear of all larger grains or any refuse. The faces of the two men and the boy, engaged in this process, are beguiled with a goblin like white dust. On emerging upon the platform the over-shoes are carefully taken off at the edge of the platform, and on no account must the sole of the boot touch the platform, nor the sole of the over-shoe touch the gravel.

The charcoal mill presents a similar machinery, so far as we can judge, amidst the cloud of black dust that flies and floats about in all directions. The faces of the men, as well as their dresses, are of a peculiar dull dry black, amidst which their eyes shine with a strange intelligence.

We next visit the brimstone mill. Here

the grinding operation is of a similar kind, but the most striking feature of this house is, the ghastly faces of the men, whose eyes seem to look out of a grim, yellowish mask, of a kind that we once saw in a pantomime, when some agents of the nether regions were supposed to be smitten with a sick headache, by the spells of the good genius above.

All work is divided into gangs of men, each with a non-commissioned officer over them—~~as~~ the head cooper, the head mill wright, the head charcoal grinder, the head brimstone man, &c., then, there is the foreman of the works, and over all the general manager, Mr Ashbee, a very experienced, intelligent, and, of course, very careful person.

The rain still continues. All the better. We are now plodding along over the wet pathway to the ‘incorporating mill’—a sufficiently dangerous place. The ceremony of the over-shoes having been gone through as before, we find the machinery is much the same as that of the grinding mills previously described—two ponderous, upright millstones, rolling round like wagon wheels, in a small circle. But in the bed beneath these huge rolling stones lies not one, but the *three* terrible ingredients of powdered charcoal sulphate, and sulphur which we thus incorporate. The bed upon which the stones roll is of iron, from it the stones would inevitably strike sparks—and there is end of all—if they came in contact in any part. But between the stones and the iron bed lies the incorporating powder—forty pounds of it lying a bed of intermediate powder, of two or three inches deep, so that the explosive material is absolutely the only protection. So long as the powder lies in this bed with no part of the iron left bare, all is considered to be safe. To keep it within the bed, therefore—while the rolling twist of the stones is continually displacing it and rubbing it outwards and inwards—several mechanical contrivances are adopted, which act like guides, and scoops, and scrapers, and thus restore, with regularity, the powder to its proper place, beneath the stones. A wheel keeps this mill in action. No workmen remain here, but the time required for the incorporating process being known, the bed of powder is laid down, the mill set in motion, and then shut up and left to itself—as it ought to be, in case of any little oversight or ‘hitch’ on the part of the guides, scoops, or scrapers. The machinery of these mills, as may be readily credited, is always kept in the finest order. “And yet,” says Mr Ashbee, in a whisper, “and yet, five of them—just such mills as these—went off at Laversham, the other day, one after the other. Nobody knew how.” This seasonable piece of information naturally increases the peculiar interest we feel in the objects we are now examining, as they proceed with their work. We stand staring at these ponderous stones, with their rolling “lurch to port,” and grimy quaint and undeviating twist, and we contemplate the

"protecting" powder between the two fire-striking substances, till we are falling into a state of passive, stupefied dismay, when one of the proprietors draws us away by the arm, saying softly—"Perhaps it 's as well not to—you may shut up, Mr Ashbee—not to—" The rest dies in expressive silence. The folding-doors are closed, and the grim, ponderous stones, are left to themselves to roll round in darkness. We hear the lonely grinding murmur as we walk away, rather briskly—none of us speaking for some minutes.

This process was originally performed in the Powder-mills of England by means of huge pestles and mortars, or great wooden sockets, the pestles being worked by machinery. But they have long been abandoned, in fact, there is a law against them. All Powder mills must be licensed by act of parliament. In the improved process we have just witnessed, there occurs several 'beautiful varieties,' as a connoisseur would say, all of which are in operation in the works of the Messrs. Curtis. They have stone rolls working in iron beds (with two or three inches of powder between, acting as a safe guard against sparks'), iron working on stone (with powder between), iron working on iron (with powder between), and stone working on stone (with powder between), to which terrific protection as explained to us by Mr Ashbee we bow our courteous assent, declaring that we clearly comprehend the principle, and feel perfectly safe—in fact as safe as could be expected. It happened on our visit to the mill just described that a quantity of powder, dust and adhering by pressure to one of the rolls rose up with it. We looked at Mr Ashbee. "It will be wiped off by the machinery before the stone rolls round here again," said Mr Ashbee calmly. Saying which, he wiped it off himself as if by instinct.

Wandering on our way along a narrow footpath, with a fine plantation on our right hand and on the left the edge of the river—the Colne—which meanders through the whole of these grounds, partly by nature but also by art, we arrive at a high green mound, exactly like the embankments of a fortification. Turning an angle we discover another small black structure, which we are informed is the Press house. Arrived at the wooden ridge, which marks the sacred precincts of the platform, our boots are carefully encased in the over shoes,—one leg at a time, when ready, being then placed for us by the hand of our shoe bearer, upon the platform. We should tell the reader that the reason for this ceremony is in case some small particles of gravel may adhere to our soles, and cause a spark, by any two of these particles rubbing together as we walk. Thus preserved and preserving, we cross the platform, which is swimming with water, and we enter—the den, we had almost said, for it has no appearance like any other place of work we ever saw, or read

of. The floor is carpeted with leather and bullocks' hides. Everybody having to walk over the watery platform (not attributable only to the rain, but always kept floating), their feet moving over the fallen gunpowder which bestrews the floor, have made a slippery paste. Over this we go sliding about, to look at the several interesting objects of the "house," in especial, we are attracted to the hydraulic press. This bulky iron monster, inspiring river water, which is pumped up beneath his body, possesses a power of compression equal to five hundred tons to the inch. Here a number of layers of powder are placed between flat plates of copper, we believe, and pressed till they come out in cakes as hard as tiles. Small wooden tubs are arranged on the other side filled with those cakes, broken up into fragments. In order to show us how hard it is, Mr Ashbee obligingly begs us to bang a large piece upon the edge of one of the tubs. We see that the tubs are of wood, and not likely to emit a spark, and we take it for granted that the experienced manager knows that the cake of gunpowder itself will not explode with the concussion, nevertheless the sound, and the violence of the action in so silent and restrained a place is a sensation—whether rational or irrational—is little partaking of the agreeable or possible. Being quite satisfied of the hardness of these cakes, and expressing ours lives—we hope we did not omit this—highly gratified with the inspection of the 'house,' we slither our way over the wet leather and hides and, continuing our slide across the watery platform, are met by our over shoe bearer at the edge who seizes upon one leg, takes off the over shoe and places the foot upon the ground beneath the narrow ridge, and then the other all as before. No thing could be more proper.

But we have not adequately described the locality of these works, nor the most marked peculiarity which characterises the workmen. We believe there are no other classes of manufactures nor of men which in any respect resemble them.

Hounslow Gunpowder Mills are not so much like a special "town" as so many other large manufacturing areas, but rather have the appearance of an infant colony,—a very infant one, you will say, inasmuch as we have never spoken of its inhabitants, excepting those few whom we have seen in the different houses. We never met a single man in all our rambles through the plantations, nor heard the sound of a human voice. It is like a strange new settlement, where there is ample space, plenty of wood and water, but with scarcely any colonists and only here and there a log hut or a dark shed among the trees.

These works are distributed over some hundred and fifty acres of land, without reckoning the surface of the Colne, which, sometimes broad, sometimes narrow, sometimes in a

line, and sometimes coiling, and escaping by a curve out of sight, intersects the whole place. It is, in fact, a great straggling plantation of firs, over awells and declivities of land, with a branch or neck of a river meeting you unexpectedly at almost every turn. The more we have seen of this dismal settlement "in the bush," the more do we revert to our first impression on entering it. The place is like the strange and squalid plantation of some necromancer in Spenser's "Fairy Queen." Many trees are black and shattered, as if by lightning, others distorted, writhing, and partially stripped of their bark, and all of them have a sort of conscious look that this is a very precarious spot for the regular progress of vegetation. You wander up narrow winding paths, and you descend narrow winding paths, you see the broad arm of a river, with little swampy osier islands upon it, and then you enter another plantation, and come upon a narrow winding neck of river, leading up to a great black slanting structure, which you are told is a "blast wall," and behind this is the green embankment of a fortification, and further back you come upon one of the black, ominous looking powder "houses." You advance along other tortuous paths, you cross small bridges, and again you enter a plantation, more or less somber, and presently emerge upon an open space, where you see a semicircular road of red gravel, with cart ruts deeply trenched in it, and then another narrower road down to a branch of the river, where there is another little bridge, and beyond this, on the other side, you see a huge water-wheel revolving between two black barn-like houses. You ascend a slope, by a path of mud and slush, and arriving at another larger open space, you find yourself in front of a sheet of water, and in the distance you observe one enormous wheel—the diabolical queen of all the rest—standing, black and immovable, like an antediluvian skeleton against the dull, grey sky, with a torrent of water running in a long narrow gully from beneath its lower spokes, as if disgorged before its death. This open space is surrounded by trees, above which, high over all, there rises a huge chimney, or rather tower, and again, over all this there float clouds of black smoke, derived from charred wood, if we may judge of the effect upon our noses and eyes.

At distances from each other, varying from thirty or forty to a hundred and fifty yards, over this settlement are distributed, by systematic arrangement of the intervals, and the obstructive character of the intervening ground and plantations, no less than ninety-seven different buildings. By these means, not only is the danger divided, but the loss, by an explosion, reduced to the one "house" in which the accident occurs. Such, at least, is the intention, though certainly not always affording the desired protection. The houses are also, for the most part, constructed of light materials,

where the nature of the operation will admit of it, sometimes extremely strong below, but very light above, like a man in armour with a straw hat, so that if a "puff" comes, there will be a free way upwards, and they hope to get rid of the fury with no greater loss than a light roof. In some cases the roofs are of concrete, and bomb-proof, in others, the roofs are floated with water in shallow tanks. There are five steam engines employed, one being a locomotive, and the extraordinary number of twenty-six water mills, as motive powers for machinery—obviously much safer than any other that could be obtained from the most crowded and covered in engines requiring furnaces.

In this silent region, amidst whose ninety-seven work places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are secreted upwards of two hundred and fifty work people. They are a peculiar race, not, of course, by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and feelings to the conditions of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits, ever transpires, no witicism, no oaths, no chaffing, or slang. A laugh is never heard, a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that anybody fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion, or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or to ask for anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there, he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amidst all this silence, whenever a shout *does* occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running towards it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in the river), that might cause one or two of the boldest to return, but this would be a very rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other, on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their

employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of the property at stake at all times, and more especially in all the more dangerous "houses." The proprietors of the various Gunpowder Mills all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is discovered by one, it is immediately communicated to all the others. The wages of the men are good, and the hours very short, no artificial lights are ever used in the works. They all wash themselves—black, white, yellow and bronze—and leave the Mills at half past three in the afternoon, winter and summer.

But we have not yet visited all the "houses," and one of them, in particular, Mr Ashbee assures us is a very interesting process. To be sure, it is one of the most dangerous, and what makes this worse, is the fact that the process is of that kind which requires the constant presence of the men. They cannot set the machinery to work, and leave it for a given time, as in the case of some mills previously described, they must always remain on the spot. It is the 'Corning House,'—sometimes called 'Graining,' as it is the process which reduces cakes and hard nodules of gunpowder into grains—a very nice, and, it would appear, a sufficiently alarming operation.

The rain still befriended us. We have been once drenched, and have dried ourselves to a comfortable steaming dampness by the fire of the office at the entrance of the works—lunch on inclusive. We are now forth again, and in a fair way of obtaining another soaking, so that we have every reason to feel as safe as can be. It is quite clear that we shall not give off a spark. So now for the 'Corning House.'

Ascending by a rising pathway we pass over a mound covered with a plantation of firs, and descending to a path by the river side we arrive at a structure of black timber some five and twenty feet high, set up in the shape of an acute angle. This is a 'blast wall,' intended to offer some resistance to a rush of air in case of an explosion near at hand. There is also a similar blast-wall on the opposite side of the river. Passing this structure, we arrive at a green embankment thrown up as in fortified places and behind and beneath this stands the 'Corning House.'

It is a low, rook'd black edifice, like the rest, although, if possible, with a still more dismal appearance. We know not what causes the impression, but we could fancy it some place of torture, devoted to the service of the darkest pagan superstitions or those of the Holy Inquisition. A little black vestibule, or out house, stands on the side nearest us. The whole structure is planted on the river's edge, to which the platform in front extends. We enter the little vestibule, and here we go through the ceremony of the over-shoes. We

are then permitted to advance upon the sacred platform, and we then approach the entrance. If we have received a strange and unaccountable impression of a place of torture, from the external appearance and surrounding circumstances, this is considerably borne out by the interior. The first thing that seems to justify this is a dry, strangulated, shrieking cry, which continues at intervals. We discover that it is the cry of a wooden screw in torment, which in some sort reconciles us. But the sound lingers, and the impression too. The flooring is all covered with leather and hides, all perfectly black with the dust of gunpowder, and on this occasion all perfectly dry. We do not much like that the wet sliding about was more amusing, perhaps, also, a trifle safer.

The first object that seizes upon our attention is a black square frame work apparently suspended from the ceiling. Its ugly perpendicular beams, and equally uncouth horizontal limbs would be just the thing to hang the dead bodies of tortured victims in. We cannot help following up our first impression. The men here, who stand in silence looking intently at us, all wear black masks. On the left there is reared a structure of black wood reaching to within two or three feet of the roof. It is built up in several stages, descending like broad steps. Each of these broad steps contains a sieve made of closely woven wire, which becomes finer as the steps get lower and lower. In this machine we understand no axes for the wheels, but our attention was directed to the rollers which were of zinc. Thus the friction does not induce sparks, the action being also guarded against external blows. At present the machine is not in motion, and the men at work here observe their usual silence and depressing gravity. We conjecture that the machine when put in motion, shakes and sifts the gunpowder in a slow and most cautious manner, corresponding to the seriousness of the human workers, and with an almost equal sense of the consequences of iron mistaking for once the nature of copper and brass. "Put on the house!" says Mr Ashbee, in the calm voice always used here, and nothing at the same time to the head corning man. A rumbling sound is heard—the wheels begin to turn—the black sieves beat themselves, moving from side to side,—the wheels turn faster—the sieves shake and shuffle faster. We trust there is no mistake. They all get faster still. We do not wish them to put themselves to any inconvenience on our account. The full speed is laid on! The wheels whirl and buzz—iron teeth play into brass teeth—copper winks at iron—the black sieves shake their infernal sides into fury—the whole machine seems bent upon its own destruction—the destruction of us all! Now—one small spark—and in an instant the whole of this house, with all in it, would be instantly swept away! Nobody seems to think of this. And see!—how the

gunpowder rushes from side to side of the sieves, and pours down from one stage to the other. We feel sure that all this must be much faster than usual. We do not wish it. Why should pride prevent our requesting that this horror should cease? We hear, also, an extraordinary noise behind us. Turning hastily round, we see the previously immovable black frame-work for the dead whirling round and round in the air with frightful rapidity, while two men with wooden shovels are shovelling up showers of gunpowder, as if to smother and suffocate its madness. Nothing but shame—nothing but shame and an anguish of self command, prevents our instantly darting out of the house—across the platform—and headlong into the river!

What a house—what a workshop! It is quiet again. We have not sprung into the river. But had we been alone here, under such circumstances for the first time, we should have had no subsequent respect for our own instincts and promptitude of action if we had done anything else. As it was, the thing is a sensation for life. We find that the whirling frame-work also contains sieves—that the invisible moving power is by a water wheel under the flooring which acts by a crank. But we are very much obliged already—we have had enough of coming!

We take our departure over the platform—have our over shoes taken off—and finding that there is something more to see, we rally and recover our breath, and are again on the path by the water's edge. A man is coming down the river with a small covered barge, carrying powder from one house to another. We remark that boating must be one of the safest positions, not only as conducive to explosion, but even in case of its occurring elsewhere. Mr Ashbee coincides in this opinion, although he adds, that some time ago a man coming down the river in a boat—just as that one is now doing—had his right arm blown off. We see that in truth, no position is safe. One may be "blown off" anywhere, at any moment. Thus pleasantly conversing as we walk, we arrive at the "Glazing House."

The process of glazing consists in mixing black lead with gunpowder in large gramma, and glazing or giving it a fine glossy texture. For this purpose four barrels containing the gramma are ranged on an axle. They are made to revolve during four hours, to render them smooth, black lead is then added, and they revolve four hours more. There is iron in this machinery, but it works upon brass or copper wheels, so that friction generates heat, but not fire. The process continues from eight to twenty-four hours, according to the fineness of polish required, and the revolution of the barrels sometimes causes the heat of the gunpowder within to rise to one hundred and twenty degrees—even to charring the wood of the interior of the barrels by the heat and friction. We enquire what degree of

heat they may be in at the present moment? It is rather high, we learn, and the head-glazier politely informs us that we may put our hand and arm into the barrels and feel the heat. He opens it at the top for the purpose. We take his word for it. However, as he inserts one hand and arm by way of example, we feel in some sort called upon, for the honour of "Household Words," to do the same. It is extremely hot, and a most agreeable sensation. The faces of the men here, being all black from the powder, and shining with the addition of the black lead, give the appearance of grim masks of demons in a pantomime, or rather of real demons in a mine. Their eyes look out upon us with a strange intelligence. They know the figure they present. So do we. This, added to their subdued voice, and whispering, and mute gesticulation, and noiseless moving and creeping about, renders the scene quite unique, and a little of it goes a great way.

Our time being now short—our hours, in fact, being "numbered,"—we move quickly on to the next house, some hundred yards distant. It is the "Stoving house." We approach the door. Mr Ashbee is so good as to say there is no need for us to enter, as the process may be seen from the doorway. We are permitted to stand upon the little platform outside, in our boots (dispensing with the overshoes). This house is heated by pipes. The powder is spread upon numerous wooden trays and slid into shelves on stands, or racks. The heat is raised to one hundred and twenty-five degrees. We salute the head stove-man, and depart. But turning round to give a "longing, lingering look behind," we see a large man protruded from the door way. Its round head seems to inspect the place where we stood in our boots on the platform. It evidently discovers a few grains of gravel or grit, and descends upon them immediately, to expurgate the evil communication which may corrupt the good manure of the house. A great watering pot is next advanced, and then a stern head—not unlike in old metalion we have seen of Diogenes—looks round the doorway after us.

The furnace, with its tall chimney, by means of which the stove pipes of the house we have just visited are heated, is at a considerable distance, the pipes being carried under ground to the house.

We next go to look at the "Packing-house," where the powder is placed in barrels, bags, tin cases, paper cases, canisters, &c. On entering this place, a man runs swiftly before each of us, laying down a mat for each foot to step upon as we advance, thus leaving rows of mats in our wake, over which we are required to pass on returning. We considered it a mark of great attention—a kind of Oriental compliment.

There is another "Corning House" besides the horrible one we have previously described. This is upon the old principle, and consists of

a machine very much like a roundabout at a fair, only, that in place of the wooden horses and cars, there are sieves, arranged so as to cover the whole circle. In each of these sieves, gunpowder in the rough is placed, and upon this is laid loosely a round piece of stone—*lapis lazuli*—about one fourth part of the size of the sieve. The machine is put in motion, spins round, and in doing so, each of the round loose pieces of *lapis lazuli* describe a whirling circle in the sieve, and thus reduce the rough powder to grains, by rubbing it through the sieves. The machinery in action does not inspire us with any such dismay and apprehension as the first coming demon. Perhaps our nerves have by this time got more seasoned, but it is quite bad enough in the present case for a mere stranger, and we are heartily, thoroughly, undisguisedly, and joyfully glad to get out of the place.

The last of our visits is to a "Charge House." There are several of these, where the powder is kept in store. We approach it by a path through a plantation. It lies deep among the trees—a most lonely dismal sarophagus. It is roofed with water—that is, the roof is composed of water tanks, which are filled by the rain, and in dry weather they are filled by means of a pump arranged for that purpose. The platform at the entrance is of water—that is to say, it is a hard wooden trough two inches deep, full of water, through which we are required to walk. We do so, and with far more satisfaction than some things we have done here to-day. We enter the house alone, the others waiting outside. All silent and dusky is in Egyptian tomb the tubs of powder, dimly seen in the uncertain light, are ranged along the walls, like mummies—all giving the impression of a secret life within. But a secret life, how different! "Ah! there's the rub." We retire with a mental observance and a respectful air—the influence remaining with us, so that we bow slightly on rejoining our friends outside, who bow in return looking from us to the open doorway of the house."

With thoughtful brows and not in any very high state of hilarity, after the duties of the day—not to speak of being wet through to the skin, for the second time—we move through the fir groves on our way back. We notice a strange appearance in many trees, some of which we curiously distorted, others with their heads cut off, and, in some places, there are large and upright gaps in a plantation. Mr. Ashbee, after deliberating inwardly a little while, informs us that a very dreadful accident happened here last year. "Was there an explosion?" we inquire. He says there was. "And a serious one?"—"Yes"—"Any lives lost?"—"Yes"—"Two or three?"—"More than that?"—"Five or six?" He says more than that. He gradually drops into the narrative, with a subdued tone of voice. There was an explosion last year

Six different houses blew up. It began with a "Separating House,"—a place for sizing, or sorting, the different grains through sieves. Then the explosion went to a "Granulating House," one hundred yards off. How it was carried such distances, except by a general combustion of the air, he cannot imagine. Thence, it went to a "Press House," where the powder lies in hard cakes. Thence, it went, in two ways,—on one side to a "Composition Mixing House," and, on the other, to a "Glazing House," and thence to another "Granulating House." Each of these buildings was fully one hundred yards from another, each was intercepted by plantations of firs and forest trees as a protection, and the whole took place within forty seconds. There was no tracing how it had occurred.

This, then, accounts for the different gaps—some of them extending fifty or sixty yards—in the plantations and groves? Mr. Ashbee nods a grave assent. He adds, that one large tree was torn up by the roots, and its trunk was found deposited at such a distance, that they never could really ascertain what it came from. It was just found lying there. An iron water-wheel, of thirty feet in circumference, belonging to one of the mills, was blown to a distance of fifty yards through the air, cutting through the heads of all the trees in its way, and finally lodging between the upper boughs of a large tree, where it stuck fast, like a boy's kite. The poor fellows who were killed—(our informant here drops his voice to a whisper, and speaks in short detached fragments, there is nobody near us, but he feels as a man should in speaking of such things)—the poor fellows who were killed were horribly mutilated—more than mutilated, some of them—their different members, distributed hither and thither, could not be buried with their proper owners, to any certainty. One man escaped out of a house, before it blew up in time to run at least forty yards. He was seen running, when suddenly he fell. But when he was picked up, he was found to be quite dead. The concussion of the air had killed him. One man coming down the river in a boat was mutilated. Some men who were missing, were never found—blown all to nothing. The place where some of the 'houses' had stood, did not retain so much as a piece of timber, or a brick. All had been swept away, leaving nothing but the torn up ground, a little rubbish, and a black hash of bits of stick, to show the place where they had been erected. We turn our eyes once more towards the immense gaps in the fir groves, gaps which here and there amount to wide intervals, in which all the trees are reduced to about half their height, having been cut away near the middle. Some trees, near at hand, we observe to have been flayed of their bark all down one side, others have strips of bark hanging dry and black. Several trees are strangely distorted, and the entire trunk of one large

fir has been literally twisted like a corkscrew, from top to bottom, requiring an amount of force scarcely to be estimated by any known means of mechanical power. Amidst all this quietness, how dreadful a visitation! It is visible on all sides, and fills the scene with a solemn melancholy weight.

But we will linger here no longer. We take a parting glance around, at the plantations of firs, some of them prematurely old and shaking their heads, while the air whiffs by, as though conscious of their defunct youth, and all its once bright hopes. The dead leaves lie thick beneath, in various sombre colours of decay, and through the thin bare woods we see the grey light fading into the advancing evening. Here where the voice of man is never heard, we pause, to listen to the sound of rustling boughs, and the sullen rush and murmur of water wheels and mill streams, and, over all, the song of a thrush, even while uttering blithe notes, gives a touching sadness to this isolated scene of human labours—labour, the end of which, is a destruction of numbers of our species, which may, or may not, be necessary to the progress of civilisation, and the liberty of mankind.

LORD PETER THE WILD WOODSMAN, OR, THE PROGRESS OF TAIL

"PETER, commonly known as *Peter the Wild Boy*, lies buried in this churchyard, opposite to the porch,—so with the old parish clerk of North Church, in the county of Hertford, who inscribed the same in the parish register of this church with a trembling hand, and after many times wiping his spectacles, in the year of our Lord 1767. This extraordinary wild youth was first found in the woods near Hamelen by his most fortunate master, George the First, while he was hunting in the adjacent forest. It is not with a view of writing his strange biography, that we now take up the pen so reverently laid down by the old parish clerk aforesaid, but simply to notice several extraordinary coincidences which exist between this denizen of the woods and forests, and another 'Peter,' who has been discovered at a date much nearer to our own times.

This new Peter, *alias* Peter the Second, and subsequently "Lord Peter," as he was more commonly called, was also found in the woods, and under circumstances very similar to those of his prototype. "How long Peter the Wild Boy has continued in this state is altogether uncertain," saith the parish register previously quoted, "but that he had formerly been under the care of some person, was evident from the remains of a shirt collar about his neck at the time he was found." Some accounts also state that he had a wild sort of garment of skins besides his own natural wild one. So, with the more recent Peter, who was attired in the bristly hide of a forest boar, guarded with osiers, and a very extensive shirt-

collar, which he exhibited with a certain barbaric pride and ostentation. Having been discovered by a noble personage of great experience and statesman like insight into individual character and future exigencies, he was regarded as likely to be of future value to the world, and was placed to board at the farm house of Mr Bull. There, every effort was made to instruct him, but to no purpose. Exactly so with the original Peter, who was placed under the care of Dr Arbuthnot, 1726, by the Princess of Wales, "but notwithstanding all the pains that were taken with him," says the doctor's report, "he proved totally incapable of receiving any instruction." For the benefit of the first Peter, at the farm-house of Mr James Flann, the yeoman, the sum of thirty five pounds per annum was paid; the sum paid for the second Peter was considerably more than that, but with this curious difference, that whereas the sum in the first instance was paid to Mr Flann, the larger sum in the latter case came out of Mr Bull's own leatheren purse, as he had to board and lodge the second Peter at his own expense, and to find him in pocket money, and all this for the honour of obliging the great personage who had placed him there—"in the name of his country, as he gravely said.

At this farm house our present Peter led a very strange life, for though all attempts at rational instruction proved of no avail, the office of head ranger of the woods which had been given him, by way of "getting his hand in," was found to afford great scope for the display of his peculiar character. It was in this capacity that his various pranks acquired for him the cognomen of Lord Peter—a title he bore to the day of his death. He certainly did many queer things in this post of head ranger, and inspired no small alarm in the country round about. He would let nobody pass in certain directions except by creeping very slowly; in other directions he would not let anybody pass at all, and in some special cases, he insisted upon making the people walk backwards—which he said was the wisest way for those who wished to make any progress.

Certainly, nothing could well exceed the annoyance his rustic lordship created. Attired in a dress of skins—to wit, a bullock's hide, a mole skin waistcoat, calf skin smalls, with high boots, and a foraging cap, and armed with a long staff tipped with brass, on which poor farmer Bull's arms were engraved, and followed by fierce mastiffs in brass spike collars,—it will be readily understood that he presented a very formidable appearance.

If the obstructions which Lord Peter offered had been as terrible and potent as the antagonistic front he presented, there would have been little chance of anybody making their way through the woods and forests at any time. But this was not the case. Beneath this bullock's hide and mole skin waistcoat,

and underneath that imposing foraging cap, there were no fixed resolves. Though fierce, he was a flincher, though obstinate, he was weak, though loud, he was never in earnest, though great in his advancing steps, he took care to step back continually as if to reflect and collect his strength but in reality to avoid making any progress whatever. His mastiffs, of course, watched every movement of his eye, and did nothing but make threatening frisks and gambols round his boots.

Most unfortunately, the people were not aware of this inward condition of Lord Peter. They did not know that if they went forward with determination and in a body, he and his mastiffs would have retreated through the woods step by step, or leap by leap just as the people advanced. Little suspecting this, they were accustomed in a long time to send humble petitions and all that sort of thing, at which he seldom deigned to look, and which he gave to him to get to play with.

One day, there being more than usual need for a free passage for everybody across the country, a large crowd of people set off together. After the usual difficulties and obstructions they arrived at Lord Peter's woods and forests. They met the head ranger at his accustomed post with his back set against a tree. As there were so many of them, his opposition was much less than ordinary. Nevertheless, he showed signs of intending to be as troublesome as possible, various individuals stepped forward with written arguments, plans, and statistical calculations.

What did he do? Here we must refer once more to the ancient document. Peter says the Parish Register, was well made and of the middle size. His countenance had not the appearance of an idiot. He had a natural ear for music, and was so delighted with it that if he heard any musical instrument played upon, he would immediately dance and caper about, till he was almost quite exhausted with fatigue, and though he could never be taught the distinct utterance of any word, yet he could easily hum a tune. So it was with Lord Peter. Seldom could any distinct word be extorted from him, but he had a prodigious faculty of humming. In addition to this, so curiously did he associate the wishes and petitions of the people with a certain invariable tune of denision or indifference in his own mind, that the very sight of a crowd often produced such an effect upon him that he could not help waiting the action to the tune.

The petitions, therefore, of which we have just spoken, he condescended to receive, but, instead of examining them, looking over them, or even tucking them into his mole or calf skin pockets, he instantly let them drop, and, by way of doing something official in recognition, he danced round them! Forthwith his dogs, standing on their hind legs, all did the same. The people were not satisfied with

this reception. It was an official ceremony—but no explanation. They then presented the diplomatic and somewhat grotesque head ranger with sundry models of farms, emblems of famine, and pictures (after the manner of savage nations), to help his understanding of the actual state of affairs. He received them all in his hands, as before, and, again letting them instantly fall to the ground, danced round them in the same manner as previously described, though with the addition of a few fresh antics and gesticulations. One of his dogs, also, stood upon his head, but, rolling over, by accident, the canine enthusiast gave a smothered howl and disappeared.

The people, as a last resource, being now pretty well tired, presented diplomatic gew-gaws, popular types and symbols, together with numerous official knick knacks, such as ruled paper, patent inkstands, seals, wax, chaff wax, deputy chaff wax, &c., but all in vain. Each collection of these was instantly dropped and danced round,—until suddenly the head ranger stopped staring intently at a certain thing! Somebody had given him a piece of red tape!

Fortunate indeed did it seem that any one should have included among his offerings an article of such magical powers. Lord Peter's attention was instantly caught—riveted—a bright thought had broken upon his night of mind—his eyes rolled correspondingly with the circle of new ideas that had arisen upon his mental horizon. What are his intentions? what will he do? All the crowd are in breathless suspense for the first words the head ranger will utter. But an action more expressive than words fills the spectators with a fresh surprise. His forest lordship raises the piece of red tape to his mouth, and, looking up with a grateful and devout air, swallows it!

A pause of general excitement ensues. Is it digestible?—that is the question immediately asked by the majority. Before any one however, has recovered from his astishment, the eyes of Lord Peter gleam with greedy anxiety on the crowd from one to another, till a peculiarly intelligent person, in a rusty black coat, threadbare black trousers, and high lows, with ink spots on all his fingers, and an official pen behind his right ear, advances towards Lord Peter and presents him with a basket full of folded pieces of red tape. One by one the pieces are seized, and swallowed, and, if the crowd might judge by the obvious sympathy and rolling delight of the head ranger's eyes, there was every prospect that they would soon be thoroughly digested and assimilated with his system in the happy future.

From this day, Lord Peter became a changed man. He saw his right course in life. He announced it publicly, and went to dwell in the great city.

Now, when this new expression of his official sentiments got wind, and was coupled with the

fest he had recently performed in swallowing so much red tape, he rapidly became a man of mark and likelihood in the great city. Everybody paid court to him as one sure to rise to honour. He began his new life by setting up as a master carpenter, without going through any intermediate apprenticeship or study, and in the course of a few years as he was found to have a genius for watching a glue pot, while on the fire, the first cabinet-maker of the day took him into partnership.

The cabinet-work of Lord Peter gave the utmost satisfaction to his employers, and the greatest possible dissatisfaction to everybody else—at least to all the people, if they, poor souls, are anybody.

Numberless petitions now came to him as urgently as of old, though with more ceremony than when he ran wild in the woods. He had abandoned his dress of skins with the exception of the foraging cap which he had converted into a more domestic article equally applicable as a day cap or a night cap, and, in place of his former costume, he now appeared in fine cloth, wore a shirt collar wonderfully 'got up,' and was followed by an attendant in livery with the glue pot. The said attendant also carried a telescope under his arm, as Lord Peter often wished to see how objects close at hand looked when he applied the eye-glass end to them, and the other glass, or "field," to his eye. The telescope was also fitted, under his directions, with a distorting glass, which rendered objects of all sorts of shapes, and likewise, with a darkening glass, by means of which he could see nothing at all, though he often kept staring through it with all his might.

The petitions and requisitions he now received did not relate it all to the woods and forests, but to the supervision of the bodily health of the inhabitants of the great city, with their water pipes, and drain pipes, and bills of mortality. As to the doctors, and statistical folks and learned clerks, under his control, he treated them all in his old way, whatsoever proposals for doing anything they placed in his hands, he instantly let them drop, and danced round them. In like manner, though with a difference, when large deputations of the people came to him with petitions, and proposals, and prayers, against Old Fyphus, Old Cholera, Old Rawhead, and the Reverend Mr Skull yard—all dreadful old nuisances—he received them with a bow, but, as soon as the deputations were out of sight, he let fall their documents and papers, and performed his usual dance round them. Subsequently, however, as the people happened (for a wonder) to become impatient and clamorous because nothing was really *done*, or seemed at all likely ever to be done, he advanced upon a temporary platform outside the window of the cabinet-maker's workshop, and placing himself in a dignified and truly imposing attitude, began to draw from his mouth yard

after yard of red tape to the utter confusion of all the petitioners, the discomfiture of his enemies, and the bewilderment of the county at large.

At last, after a life of great public service, Lord Peter saw his end approaching. Being of a disinterested and generous disposition, he determined not to leave his light under a bushel of saw dust, but that other men in office should derive all the benefit they could from his wisdom and experience. Before he died, therefore, he left this great political maxim (which had been his rule through life, and the foundation of all his greatness), as a guide for all future cabinet-makers and public carpenters: '*Never do anything till you are obliged, and then do as little as possible.*'

A brass plate is fixed up in the parish church of North Church, Hestford, on the top of which there is (or there used to be, some years ago) a sketch of the head of Peter, drawn from a very good engraving by Laurozzi. A similar effigy has been arranged to be carved in stone, by Lord Peter's political advisers and disciples—the statuary having strict injunctions never to raise a chisel until ordered by the place to 'move on, and then only to chip off the smallest particle of stone dust at a time.

LAZZARONI LITERATURE

Naples Jan 8

WHAT sort of reading for the million is provided under the enlightened rule of Ferdinand Boniba, King of Naples is a question which it will not occupy a great number of your columns to answer. Take a walk with me in Naples, if you please. There is a crowd at the street corner, where there is a People's Library, that is to say, in old wall, under the professional cut of the bill poster, and littered over with placards. The gentleman with the paste-pot is spending a blister, he raises it, and the anxious crowd fastens curiously upon its expanding features, as he smooths it out before their eyes. It contains political information, being, in fact, a police notice. Every batch of placards has a small crowd about it, the proportion of the million who can read is in Naples (as in England) small, but those who are learned, read aloud the writing on the wall to the poor ragged Blushazzars standing about them. Here is a good deal about police, and so on, something about a railway, and all the praise of the new singer at San Carlo, in a mighty poster. Few remarks are made, for no game is too small in the eyes of a police spy, but the people will go home, and discuss the information they have gathered from the wall. So, for example, numbers of them come to talk, like connoisseurs, of the new bass, or the new tenor, whom they have never seen or heard,—never will see or hear,—but they have read about him, or heard read about him, on

the walls, and have heads lively enough to fancy all the rest.

Let us continue our walk, now, and we shall observe, in most of the open spaces, strings of literature, parallel strings, slack ropes on which stories, ballads, and romances, dance in the wind. You have such literature in your own streets. Here the woodcut on the first page of each work is continued, so that it will represent whatever you please, king, cowslip church, or crocodile. The mystery is pleasant to the lazzaroni, and they have fancies able to complete the pictures, each man to his own respective taste. Here we are, in the Largo di Castello, mola d'asylum. There is a little ragamuffin sleeping in his basket, there is another wide awake, and peeping into Signor's pocket. Here is Pulcinella, centre of a laughing crowd, and we have passed a host of petty theatres. Look at this army of eyes intent upon the literary wonders of a slack rope, which a learned friend is slowly spelling over for the multitude of ears. These publications for the many have not been prohibited, at any rate—"The ridiculous contest which took place between the Cat and the Mouse," "The story of Florindo and Chianastella," "History of the death of Marina Basile who was decapitated for the cruel death inflicted upon her husband for the sake of her lover," with such profitable matter, of which I have taken the trouble to read a great deal before I take upon myself to inform you that it is such garbage as one might expect. No priest, however, is required to exercise a moral censorship over the people's literature so long as it touches upon no question political or ecclesiastical. Whether it be deified or undeified does not concern the church.

That is the great bulk of the people's reading, but we may as well step into this bookseller's shop. There is a good deal of orthodox theology, and law, and a little abstract science—the agglomeration of dry titles is as the agglomeration of sand grains in a small Sahara. The bookseller, seeing us to be strangers, knits his brows; he fears lest we be come to denounce some of his books. We set him at ease by putting a ray of sun into our faces, light of any kind, actual or metaphorical, being antagonistic to the principle which upholds an Expurgatory Index. "Have you such a book?" I ask. "No, sir, it is prohibited as immoral, because it contained some anatomical plates. I have many copies at the Custom house, but they were all seized. They made me pay duty for them, though."—"Have you the translation of Goldsmith's History of England?"—"Bless you, sir, no; it contains an account of the Reformation."—"Well, but I don't see either of these books prohibited in the Expurgatory Index."—"Dio mio, Signor, that is no guide! We have the Papal Index, and the Royal Index, and we have the priests, who stop and suppress at the Custom house

any book they please. They suppress everything," says the bookseller, spitefully, "my trade is gone. Heaven knows what will become of me!"

Here is another bookseller, determined to do business, who dangles ostentatiously a catalogue before his door. Now let us see what kind of books the government of Naples has left for the dictation of the people. I will read you at random a few titles: "Examination and Condemnation of the Sovereignty of the People before the Tribunal of Reason and Faith," "Rhymes in Honour of the most Holy Virgin from the Thirteenth Century," "The Fall of the Republic in England," "Devotions at (alway)," "The Month of June consecrated to the most Holy Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ," "History of the Origin and Effect of the New Miraculous Medal of the most Holy Virgin Mary," And so on. These are the sort of books licensed to the press at Naples. There is also "A collection of good books in favour of Truth and Virtue, not only sanctioned, but industriously circulated, by the government. It is addressed 'to princes, bishops, magistrates, teachers of youth, and all men of good intentions,' who are invited 'to diffuse these elements, and present copies of them to all.' They condemn the doctrines of liberal philosophy as producing the downfall of religion in the hours of war, the lamentation of misery, and the general misery of a people." The signs are then given by which these libbrands may be known. The scholar asks whether "all who wear mouse-tails and whiskers are liberal philosophers?" And is told in answer that the chief outward sign of a man being dangerous and liberal is a demi-peruque. Mr. Gladstone has told you how one of these little books teaches solemnly that a prince who has sworn an oath to his people is not bound to keep it unless he please. I will pass on to another, "Pensees and Veuses, useful pastime for the Autumn Holidays. This is a book for children, alternating from the comic to the sentimental. There is a series of receipts in it for the treatment of democrats. Here are some comic bits. For an impious democrat 'in gallows' is recommended 'apply it immediately to the sick man, and the cure is effected in a few minutes'—"For an ambitious democrat, use the pillory, and so on. The book ends with a 'story.' The writer recounts in this an imaginary visit to a lunatic asylum at Aversa, where most of the patients are politically mad. Some shouted, *Viva la Libertà!* A bankrupt merchant was mad for equality, some had a reformed creed in view, some were planning constitutions, and some were bellowing the Marseillaise and the Carmagnola, mingling with them blasphemous of the Madonna.

This is the only literature which is accessible to the Lazzaroni—the lower orders—of Naples. With the hot iron of an Expurgatory

Index, and with other similar tools, our government endeavours to consign the flock under its charge to moral blindness. Whether the literary eyes of the people really are put out, I greatly doubt. The whirling of time will bring round its revenges

ROLL ON!

THE ancient sage in philosophic dreams
Beheld our planet from its orbit started
The type of powers with which man's nature flames,
For moral marvels mightier far impaured

To move the world with levers of the mind,
To wield the forces of rest and passion—
This is to raise and regulate mankind,
To shape then year, and frame then every season

The fruits of industry which once were reaped
With awkward toil, since thoughtfully amended,
At first were scanty yet in garners heap'd,
Growing in wealth, new stores to old appended

There they lie treasured from the luth of Time,
Bequeath'd by nations that have liv'd and perish'd
Unharm'd and scathless though the hand of crime,
By keen custodians sharply watched and cherish'd

Meanwhile, the soil more studiously prepared,
Is levered to catch the sun's full glory
Which, with due mixture of soft humorous shading,
Will be fresh crops, when Time is old and hoary

And none can estimate their future worth,
Piercing the veil that covers distant ages
When we and ours shall slumber in the earth,
Wiped and erased from Memory's faithless pages

STRINGS OF PROVERBS

WILL a saying has passed into a national proverb, it is regarded as having received the "hall-mark" of the people, with respect to its prudence or practical wisdom. Proverbs deal only with realities, generally of the most homely and every day kind, and are always supposed to comprise the most sage advice, or the most broad worldly truth, within the least possible compass.

Now, while we admit that proverbs are for the most part true, and useful in their teaching, and that they very often inculcate excellent maxims, we must at the same time enter our protest against the infallibility of most of them. Numbers will be found, on the least examination (which is seldom given to them) to be one-sided truths, others, inculcate an utterly selfish conduct, under the guise of prudence or worldly wisdom, and some of them are absolutely false, or only of the narrowest application. The majority of the proverbs, of all modern nations, originate with the people, and with the humblest classes, (we must except the Chinese and Arabic, which are evidently the product of their sages,) as witnessed by the homeliness of the allusions, and the frequent vulgarity, but, in all cases, the actual experience of life and its ordinary occurrences with regard to men and

things. They are full of corn, with a proportionate quantity of chaff and straw. Let us no longer, therefore, take all these "sayings" for granted, let us rather take them to task a little, for their revision and our own good.

Proverbs being the common property of all mankind, and often to be traced to very remote geographical sources, we shall observe no national classification, but string a few together now and then from Arabia and China, from Spain, Italy, France, or England, just as they may occur.

So, now to our first string.
"Honesty is the best policy." This is true in the higher sense, but doubtful in the sense usually intended. It is true as to the general good, but not usually for the individual, except in the long run. (We pass over the obvious truth, that it is better policy to earn a guinea than to steal one, because the proverb has a far wider range of meaning than that.) To be a "politic" clever fellow, a vast deal more humouring of prejudices, errors, and follies, is requisite, than at all assorts with true honesty of character. If, however, we regard this proverb only on its higher moral ground, then, of course, we must at once admit its truth. The reader will probably be surprised, as we were to find that it comes from the Chinese, and will be found in the translation of the novel of *Iu-Kiao Li*.

"A leap from a hedge is better than a good man's prayer" (Spanish) the leap (of a robber) from his lurking place, being preferable to asking charity, and receiving a blessing, is one of those proverbs, the impudent immorality of which is of a kind that makes it impossible to help laughing. Its frank atrociousness amounts to the ludicrous. It is an old Spanish proverb, and occurs in "Don Quixote"—of course in the mouth of Sancho.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The extreme caution ridiculed by this proverb is of a kind which one would hardly have expected to be popular in a commercial country. If this were acted upon, there would be an end of trade and commerce, and all capital would lie dead at the banker's—as a bird who was held safe. The truth is, our whole practice is of a directly opposite kind. We regard a bird in the hand as worth only a bird, and we know there is no chance of making it worth two birds—not to speak of the hope of a dozen—without letting it out of the hand. Inasmuch, however, as the proverb also means to exhort us not to give up a good certainty for a tempting uncertainty, we do most fully coincide in its prudence and sound sense. It is identical with the French, "*Mieux vaut un 'tiens' que deux 'tu l'auras,'*"—one "take this" is better than two "thou shalt have it,"—identical also with the Italian "*E meglio un uovo oggi, che una gallina domani*," an egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow. It owes its origin to

the Arabic. "A thousand cranes in the air, are not worth one sparrow in the fist."

"*Enough is as good as a feast*." The best comment on this proverb that occurs to us was the reply made by Rooke, the composer, (a man who had a fund of sally Irish wit in him,) at a time when he was struggling with considerable worldly difficulties. "How few are our real wants," said a consoling friend, "of what consequence is a splendid dinner? Enough is as good as a feast."—"Yes," replied Rooke, "and therefore a feast is as good as enough—in I think I prefer the former."

"*Love me, love my dog*." At first sight this has a kindly appearance, as of one whose interest in a humble friend was as great as any he took in himself, but, on looking closer into it we find it involves a curious amount of selfish encroachment upon the kindness of others—a sort of doubling of the individuality, with all its reactions. My dog (in whatever shape) may be an odious beast, or, at best, one who either makes himself, or, whose misfortune it is to be, very disagreeable to certain people, but, never mind—what of that, if he is *my* dog? Society could not go on if this were persisted in.

"*Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil*." The direction in which he will ride depends entirely on the character of the beggar—on poor man suddenly risen to power, some sink over the other side of the horse, and drop into utter sloth and pampered sensualism, but others do their best to ride well, and sometimes succeed. Misanello and Renszi did not ride long in the best way, but several patriots, who have rapidly risen from obscurity to power, have set noble examples.

"*Throw him into a river, and he will rise with a fish in his mouth*." (Arabic.) Some men are so fortunate that nothing can sink them. Where another man would drown they find fish or pearls.

"*The monkey feared transmigration, lest he should become a gazelle*." (Arabic.) The matchless conceit of some people, and utter ignorance of themselves, either as to appearance or abilities, are finely expressed in the above.

"*The baker's wife went to bed hungry*." (Arabic.) How often is it seen, that those who follow a profession or trade are among the last to display a special benefit from their calling! Our proverb, that "Shoemakers' wives are the worst shod," seems to be derived from the same source.

"*Chat echaudé crant l'eau froide*;" the scalded cat fears (even) cold water. This is a better version of the English proverb of "A burnt child dreads the fire." That the proverb is by no means of general application, the experience of every one can avouch. It would be the saving of many a child, of whatever age, who having been burnt should entertain a salutary dread of the fire ever after. But it is not so; witness how many are burnt—i.e., ruined, wounded, shot, drowned, made

ridiculous, who had all been previously well warned by "burning their fingers" with losses, injuries by land and sea, and failures in attempts involving dangerous chances.

"*Crom a boo*;" I will burn. This Irish proverb, or saying, may serve in many respects as an adverse commentary on the preceding. There are people who are never at rest when they are out of hot water—nor contented when they are in. "I will burn" is the motto of the Duke of Leinster. It would do capitally for Mr. Smith O'Brien. Perhaps, however, it should not be read as a resolution to suffer, but as a threat to inflict a burning. Still, the vagueness of this threat—a dreadful announcement with no definite object—would render it equally applicable.

"*Bis dat qui cito dat*;" he gives double who gives promptly. The truth of this is well illustrated by the converse it suggests; that he who long delays and tantalises before giving, earns less gratitude than scorn. It requires more generosity and a finer mind to confer a favour in the best way, than to confer double the amount of the favour in itself.

"*What I gain afore, I lose ahint*" (Scotch.) To be engrossed with a fixed object, is to forget what is going on all around us. I am closely engaged with what is passing before my eyes, while I am deceived and injured behind my back. This quaint old proverb has been ludicrously illustrated by a characteristic story. A Highlander, in a somewhat scanty kilt, was crossing a desolate moor one winter's night, and being very cold, he hastened to a light he saw at no great distance. It turned out to be a decomposed cod's head, which sent forth phosphoric gleams. He stooped down to try and warm his hands at it, but finding the bleak winds whistling all round his legs, he made the sage observation above, which has passed into a proverb.

"*Entflohen's Wort, gevorfner Stein, die kommen summermehr herein*," the hasty word, and hasty stone, can never be recalled. How truthful, how home to the mark, does this proverb fly, how excellent is the warning and the self-command it inculcates!

"*To-day a fire, to-morrow ashes*." (Arabic.) Violent passions are the soonest exhausted, to-day all-powerful, to-morrow nothing, or the consequences.

"*Reading the psalms to the dead*" (Arabic.) This is the original of our "Preaching to the dead," to express the fruitlessness of exhortations, applications, or petitions, to certain insensible people.

"*Follow the owl, she will lead thee to ruin*" (Arabic.) A most picturesque proverb, giving its own scenery with it. But it strikes one as curious that this should come from the East, which seems so familiar to our apprehensions. Not only are the habits of the owl the same, but the owl is equally regarded as the symbol of a purblind fool. Yet, on the

other hand, the owl of classic times was a type of wisdom.

"Two of a trade can never agree." It is curious, and, in most instances, highly gratifying, to see how many of these sayings of our ancestors are becoming falsified by the great advances made, of late years, in social feelings and arrangements. Trades unions, co-operative societies—in fact, all our great Companies prove how well two of a trade can agree; and so do all combinations of masters or of workmen. Yes, it will be said, but they "agree," and co-operate for their mutual interests, and they do not agree with those opposed to them. Of course not; the sensible thing, therefore, is obvious, to enlarge the sphere of good understanding and reciprocal fair-dealing in matters of business, and thus to supersede the bad feeling and injury of greedy rivalries and selfish antagonisms.

"There was a wife who always took what she had, and never wanted." (Scottish). A good practical advice, showing the importance of using what you possess, instead of hoarding it, or reserving it, even when most needed, for some possible contingency, which may never occur. It seems to refer chiefly to articles of dress, clothing, domestic utensils, or other household matters.

"Dat Deus imitati cornua curtu bovi;" God curtails the power to do evil in those who desire to do it.

"There is honour among thieves." This is, no doubt, quite true, though you must be a thief yourself to derive any benefit from it. They stand by their order. The suggestion, is—since there is honour towards each other among the most unprincipled classes, surely Mr. Sweepstakes, and Mr. Moses Rattledore, who are both respectable members of society, and belong to clubs, would not cheat me. But this does not logically follow; for we by no means know how far the respectable individual makes his view of his own interest an excuse to himself for an occasional exception to the code of morality he professes. There's honour among thieves; and there are thieves (here and there) among honourably-connected men, "all honourable men." Life is a "mingled yarn" of good and evil; and society is a motley aggregate of all sorts of yarns.

"A rose-bud fell to the lot of a monkey." (Arabic). The monkey appreciated the rose-bud quite as much as swine appreciate the pearls which are said to be cast before them.

"Of what use to a fool is all the trouble he gives himself?" (Chinese). None whatever; but his folly may cause a vast deal of trouble to people of sense. One false move of an utterly incompetent man in office, and the force of the saying becomes very expansive.

"There are no lies so wicked as those which have some foundation." (Chinese). A saying which is but too true, and which ought to be universally understood in society, as some protection against slander.

"Many preparations before the sour plum sweetens." (Chinese). Great results do not hastily ripen; great and important changes must undergo a gradual process.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child." This seems to be derived from the old Spanish proverb, which we find in Don Quixote, "He loves thee well who makes thee weep." They are unkindly and dangerous maxims, which tend to inculcate severity, and to justify harsh treatment upon the plea of future advantage. We readily admit that nothing can well be worse than a "spoilt child," nor can a more injurious system exist than that of pampering or spoiling,—except the direct opposite, that of frequently causing tears.

"A tea-spoonful of honey is worth a pound of gall." An indiscriminate use of the sweets of life is a stupidity and an injury; but the judicious use of them is of far more service in the production of good results, than the bitter lessons which are often considered to be of most advantage. It is better to soften the heart than to harden it. "A soft word turneth away wrath."

"What the ant collects in a year, the priest eats up in a night." (Arabic) The tithe-taxes, and other revenues of the state-clergy, derived from the industry of the working classes, are not very tenderly dealt with in this proverb.

"The walls have ears." (Arabic.) This is one of the many instances of our homeliest proverbs in every-day use, being derived from the East. No doubt the saying, that "Little pitchers have great ears" (in allusion to the sharpness of hearing in children), is also derived from the domestic utensils of foreign countries in ancient times. The British Museum contains many such little pitchers, as well as the Foundling Hospital.

"The ox that ploughs must not be muzzleed." (Arabic.) The labourer ought to be allowed freedom of speech, or at least free breathing. We have a nautical saying akin to this,— "A sailor never works well if he does not grumble."

"Three united men will ruin a town." (Arabic.) The power of combination was never more excellently expressed.

"He begins the quarrel who gives the second blow." (Spanish.) There are but few who possess the requisite degree of wise and kindly forbearance and magnanimous self-command implied in this saying. To strike again, or rather (as the blow is figurative) to retort an angry word, is natural to most men; to preserve a reproving silence, or administer a dignified rebuke, is in the power only of great characters—and not with them at all times. But it is quite possible, as we live in a very pugnacious world, that such forbearance should not be thrown away upon every one, or the small minority of the magnanimous would soon be beaten out of existence. The above proverb, we believe, is originally Spanish, and, coming from a people

so proverbially revengeful, seems very extraordinary, and only to be accounted for as the result of an abstract thought of some lofty-minded hidalgo, speculating on friendship Don Quixote might have had it

"*A stitch in time saves nine*" One of the most sensible and practical of all proverbs, as everybody's experience can avouch Yet, in defiance of all their own experience, how many people we often see who constantly neglect the stitch in time! They do not for get it, or overlook it, and when they do, if you point it out to them, they still neglect it

"*Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente*" he who knows nothing, doubts of nothing The converse is equally true He who knows much, is careful how he doubts of anything This is peculiarly inculcated, at the present time, by the extraordinary discoveries and successes of science

A NEW WAY OF MANUFACTURING GLORY

AFTER a week's residence in Brussels, that most compact of capital cities under the supposition that I had encountered, and, like Richard, conquered and plucked the heart out of, every 'lion' of celebrity, I was about departing by railway for Namur, to take

"The morn up with the silent Morn"

when my friend, Dr Philaster, who may be said to be in the lurch of every lion in Flanders, was announced to me From him, I first learned that a man may buy guide books and read them, seek out all the 'sights' they indicate, and see them, and yet know very little of anything novel, and find, positively, nothing new, without a trusty and well initiated companion to accompany him in his pilgrimages, and heroic endeavours to meet with the marvellous Almost the first question I heard from my friend, after the first shake of the hand, was, whether I had seen M Robyns' private Museum The second, on receiving a negative, whether I would delay my journey to visit it with him His account satisfied me there was something worth seeing, and that I had better not miss the opportunity of going with a mutual friend, so, letting loose once more our gasping port manteaus, and releasing their many wrinkled contents from press, we sallied forth immediately

On the way, I made some acquaintance with the character of the gentleman I was about to visit M Robyns is a rich man, a millionnaire, whose passion and pursuits it has been, from youth upwards, to collect the most incongruous articles and curiosities of every possible description and kind Some, of more *virtu* than value, some, of more value in coin than in art or antiquity, some have nothing to boast of but their own eccentricity, and that of the proprietor who put them in the position they occupy. With money at his

disposal, possessed of an indefatigable industry, and being a fine naturalist, it may be easily imagined that he has succeeded in bringing together many valuable and curious objects. But "vaulting ambition" is not the only thing that overleaps itself, and the restless excess of this passion for collecting, is strangely developed in the indiscriminate agglomeration of every possible thing possessed of a body, and within reach of powder and shot or corporal touch, or the gold that melts iron gates, or the cunning of man, which he has assembled and united in his Museum I shall but allude, slightly, to what I beheld in a hasty survey, my object being solely to draw the attention of travellers to a place very well worth the trouble of visiting

'He is jealous of English visitors,' said the Doctor, "and has reason to be so, of which more anon but I have known him for many years, and doubt not I can get you in, if he is at home if not, it is problematical, for Mademoiselle has then to be consulted"

"And who is Mademoiselle?"

"Why, you must know, she is unmarried, and Mademoiselle is a young person who directs his household, but whose chief business it is to provide specimens and objects for his Museum"

"A young lady of peculiar talent?"

Genius, sir, genius Observe her head when you see it! The doctor is a great physiologist—but we are at our destination

M Robyns is not at home, when we inquired, he will return shortly, but, in the meantime, Mademoiselle, receiving the Doctor's name, begs us to walk in

We pass through the gateway of a blind white house, and find ourselves in a large square courtyard, having a small piece of water in it for ducks to swim at ease Other animals, dogs, cats, goats, are loitering about in the autumn sunshine There is nothing peculiar in all this, and yet we feel ourselves transported at once into an atmosphere where animals, living or dead, are suddenly of superior importance From the court yard we pass, unescorted, into a closely-crowded miniature botanical garden, the first aspect of which to an ancient Greek would have taken for a plantation of lotus, every flower being covered and capped by a white card, indicating its genera and birth place, a system which, among all things, lifeless or human, however much it may serve to blazon their ancestral renown, will essentially diminish and deface their individual beauty This Garden, or Purgatory of Plants, is flanked on either side by two long sheds or out houses, running parallel the whole length down A high square wall shuts in yard and garden from the rest of the world

"And, observe," interposes the Doctor, while we follow his admonition to mark what we see, "that, from within the enclosure of that wall, war is waged upon the rest of the world!"

We are tempted to ask how long the

enclosed have kept on the offensive; but are haunted by the account of Mademoiselle, whom we expect, every instant, to behold. What can, possibly, be the skill in furnishing materials for the Museum, that so fascinates this extraordinary gentleman? How does she develop her genius?

"Mademoiselle owes her position entirely to her wonderful aptitude in decoying and entrapping rats and mice," continues our friend.

"Rats and mice? And for the Museum?"

"You will see the use to which those small deer are put, presently."

While we are ruminating, more and more perplexed, Mademoiselle joins us. Our salute is profound. The Doctor, as we have said, a great phrenologist, and the discoverer of a particular organ—but whether this of *rat-catching* I cannot say—observes her with interest. Mademoiselle is buxom, blithe, and appears to possess constant animal spirits (a thing imperative to her profession, of course). She informs us that M. Robyns has returned, and will be with us immediately. After which, Mademoiselle, with the air of one who has perpetual business on hand, trips away. She does really trip; a thing only possible to a neatly-turned ankle and an elastic heel.

"And now," says the Doctor, observing us to be, like the Homeric hero, vulnerable in the heel, "I will explain to you Mademoiselle's system before Robyns joins us."

"In the first place, you must understand, M. Robyns receives no rat or mouse into his collection that has not been caught or killed within the precincts you have just inspected;—on the premises, in short. Why, you will understand when you see the purpose to which he devotes the tails of those worthies. Consequently, the necessity of an expert hand is obvious. Mademoiselle, therefore, in accordance with that deep genius for expedients which her organs indicate, immediately on coming into office bethought herself of the following plan—But, here is Robyns!"

We are introduced to a tall dark gentleman, with a hat very much over his brows, who, after saluting, without more ado leads into the house, silently wondering at the genius that can, within so narrow a compass and absolute a limit, furnish rats' tails and mice tails in any quantity; and regretting that the interesting details of her "plan" are thus suddenly cut short.

We enter the first room bare-headed.

"Hats on, messieurs; hats on! We do not uncover ourselves here," says M. Robyns.

"And thereby hangs a tale, which, I dare say, he will, presently, revert to," whispers the Doctor.

In the first room, besides an old tattered tapestry, so hidden by book-cases, and disfigured by neglect, that the subject of it is imperceptible—clearly showing that the proprietor's taste and passion do not lie in that

direction—there is a group of eleven squirrels under a glass cupola, all earnestly engaged in performing a particular theme of one of the great composers. The leader of the band holds the bâton erect, with an authoritative air, and an imperious lift of the head worthy of Costa, when, with his wizard flourish, he is about to dictate one of the most impressive passages in the *Stabat Mater*. Nothing can exceed the intentness of the orchestra on their several part pieces, piping

"To the spint duties of *no tone*,"

with a zeal that would have done an old band-master's heart good to see. Here, a little fellow with a fingelet, holding it down low, with that quaint pomposity the mellow blowing in the instrument requires; here, a horn and cornet, martial and important; here, a trombone, insisting on the sound; here, a fife, lively and alert. All, as in their natural state, with their tails cocked up behind them, like a very critical audience indeed. This animal grouping is of the same kind as that which has met with so much attention in the Great Exhibition, only it does not represent any Reinecke Fuchs, or story whatever. Leaving these—to a lover of the woodlands—melancholy little mutes, we proceed into the next room. M. Robyns has, there is little doubt, the rarest private beetle and butterfly collection in the world. The butterflies are a wonder to behold. All quarters—America, Australia, the Brazils, South Europe, the Tyrol, Germany—are here levied under contribution. Moths, rich as when from their "dark cocoons;" the swallow-tail species of butterfly in great perfection; the great dark-winged, sombre, lurid, mysterious-looking Death-head (*Todtenkopf*), with the lines and traceries that give him his name, hideously distinct; the little swift-winged pigeon; the butterfly, with the shimmering blue on either of the wings, looking sideways, called by the Germans, *Schiller-vogel*; and many others, known either to England, or the European Continent, and of the rarest description, far too multitudinous to enumerate. Nay, the number of their cases, even, would challenge computation, as they stand about in rows from floor to ceiling of the little cabined and confined room. Nor would it be too confident to assert that the contents of this room would furnish ample materials for a tolerably large house. I must not omit to mention some extraordinary specimens of cockchafers, from the Brazils, which M. Robyns informed us were not to be found either in the national Museums of Brussels or Paris. For a pair of these lustrous insects, with their smooth, bright-burnished backs, he assured us he paid four hundred francs—a sum worthy of the passion that impels him to make the collection. The beetle-cases may fairly challenge the butterfly-cases for beauty. Moreover, they stand time better. They glow like creatures

of the mine, with a rich gnome-like splendour, more mysterious than, if not so exquisitely lovely as, the "flying flower."

While we are inspecting the several classes, ascertaining, and forgetting as rapidly, the names of the various birds and species, and, as the conversation warms, the magic capacities of the rooms begin to develop themselves. Nothing, is mentioned casually, of any kind, but instantly from some unexpected height, here, or corner, it is exhibited to us. When it is possible to stow the things away, neither of us perceives, but they come as prompt as gnomes, when named. As for instance, the Doctor, in the innocence of his heart, is boasting of a splendid "Crimona," he has lately purchased. At the word, about half a dozen violin cases present themselves, which reveal precious instruments of the colour of the stuffed squirrels and likely to remain as mute. Nevertheless they are the work of first-rate makers, and our friend regards them with a look in which love and reverence are strongly blended. There, do these

Unwashed brides of quatuors

repose at concert pitch. And there will they repose, like enchanted princesses, until

"A touch, a kiss, shall snap the charm."

Again, speaking of a recent murder—at that time a general topic—the Doctor's phonological qualifications are remembered and, quicker than thought, a file of murderous-looking murderers' heads are ranged before him to manipulate upon. All grim, bloody, and looking as if they had their victims before their faces.

"Ah!" sighs the Doctor, leaving the impression of five philosophical fingers on the dust. Time has scattered on their heads like infant hair, "ah!" Robyns, I see that, with all your faith in phrenology, you are just as much opposed as ever to be operated upon."

Thereupon M. Robyns summons a little book from its secrecy, and we, casting a glance at it, read its title "The Netherlands," wherein, opening of its own record at a particular and well-thumbed part, the gossiping author, with no very great regard to good faith and the courtesies of civilised society, informs us that, "having visited M. Robyns' private Museum, the author is astounded &c., &c.," "and there is no doubt whatever that, so great is M. Robyns' passion for collecting all articles within or without his reach, had he not been a millionaire, and a man of property, he would undoubtedly have been a robber and a bandit. So strongly in him is developed" (Phrenology, at the date of the publication of "The Netherlands," was in its youth, and the rage) "the organ of appropriation." I give the context, if not the exact words.

So, this is the explanation of the undoffing of hats, and the suspension of English visitors! With reason. Let me here state, M. Robyns'

natural urbanity is such that, I am convinced, he would, on proper application from those of our countrymen who may feel an interest in his Museum, give a cordial permission to inspect it. I say this, firmly believing that he will not receive insult in return, but gratitude. English people travelling, should be conscious of the debt they owe to their foreign hosts, and their duty to their own country. Money is not everything, they will learn, when all but the hotel doors are shut against them.

It would take days thoroughly to investigate M. Robyns' collection, so, having but a few hours more to spare before quitting Brussels, we proceeded at once to the most scientific division, contained in the two out-houses, for to the latter of these Mademoiselles' labours have contributed largely. In the first we are greeted by an odor, by no means genial and start aghast on beholding several hundred rooks and daws and crows all nailed up with spread wings and feet against a whitewashed wall, in all manner of bunches, rounds, crosses, and devices. The Doctor informs us, no bird is admitted here that has not been shot from the garden. So that, to anything on wings, to pass over this particular spot must be as terrible and deadly as to pass over the pestiferous volcanic lakes that never take the shadow of a flying creature without presently receiving its body. Our observations here are quickly accomplished. On our way to the second out-house, the Doctor, at our earnest solicitation lingers behind, and continues his recital of Mademoiselle's "plan," previous to our beholding the results.

"Well," as I said Mademoiselle, on coming into office, I thought herself of the following plan. She paid a visit to every corner of the house and the adjoining out-houses, and like a fisherman the day before throwing the line, baited them with common cheese. You may be sure the hereditary tribes of rats, of mice, soon got notice of this extraordinary gratuitous feast. Rats and mice do not know that a gratuitous feast is the most expensive one can be invited to. Well these poor devils, who, no doubt, have a tradition among them of some day when the heavens will unchain and the moon herself fulfil the popular notion as to her nature and origin and come down for their benefit,—began to think their legendary prophecy at hand, and thronged the house from all quarters. Meantime, Mademoiselle disturbed not their feeling of security. But, at length, the day arrived when she thought she might begin to do execution upon them, armed, I may correctly say, *cap à pist.*, that is to say, with her usual cap on her head, and a long projecting, sharp, heel-shaped instrument affixed to her heel."

"Her heel?"

"To which," continues our philosopher, gravely, "was attached a piece of toasted

cheese, of an intoxicating fragrance. She took her position in a room, alone. Nothing could resist this, besides, they have held revel so long, they fear nothing. One fellow peeps cautiously out, steals slowly along, opens his white teeth for a nibble, when,—“clack!” and the adventurer is beheaded!”

“Beheaded?”

“The process is plain enough, a back step, distance calculated—and there is an end of him!”

And that is the elastic heel that can really trip! Seeing our astonishment and dismay, the Doctor takes care to add, “But, remember, they are killed for a sacred purpose.”

“And what? in the name of the lady, who illustrates the force of habit in the fable?”

“To offer up their tails to the Virgin!”

“They will be petitioning Jove, soon to be born without tails, if those treasures endanger decapitation!”

“Observe,” he adds, as we enter the second out house “here is the tail of one of them!”

M Robyns, seeing us absorbed in the contemplation of this mutilated tail, produces a quantity, all undergoing the necessary stages of drying, straightening, polishing, and gilding, before being offered up.

“But how—how do these tails——?” We break down, utterly unable to express what we want to know, amazed, stupefied, topsy-turvy with astonishment.

“The tails,” says M Robyns, “when in this state,” holding up a radiant one, full of flickering golden curves, like a natural flame, “are intended to form a glory—a halo round the Virgin’s head. The rats’ tails, being the largest, are to be hung nearest, the mice tails taper off at the extreme end of the circle.”

Looking round us, we perceive the bodies belonging to the tails, once then happy owners, and wielding them at will, in the days when,

“Alas! unconscious of their fate,”

The little victims played

These bodies are all stretched out, like the legs of rooks and daws, forming the most grotesque and extraordinary sight imaginable.

Passing from these, we observe an owl, staring with his usual astonished air, which is considerably heightened in intensity, by the strange position in which he is placed, his wings and feet compulsorily spread out in such strange company. Then, several rows of sparrows, under one of which the head of a cat, ticketed with the following inscription—

“Condamné à mort pour avoir mangé *

la tête d’un moineau

M Robyns inculcates the virtues among his domestic animals. Those who attend to the laws, have a happy life of it, those who disobey, never escape justice, and are thus executed and exposed, as a terrible warning to the rest. On our way, we found there had

been several offenders, all bearing the dreaded words of condemnation—

“Condamné à mort pour avoir mangé
la tête d’un moineau

Sparrows seem to have been the chief attractions that lured these miserable Grimalkins to their fate. M Robyns is of opinion that, by this time, his household animals are well aware of the penalty any transgressions of the kind, within the sacred limits, would bring upon them, and asserts that it is a long while since an execution has taken place. It is, without doubt, a rigorous school for a cat.

Having in my mind some distant allusion to Mademoiselle, I asked M Robyns whether cats could not be trained to catch rats and mice, and deliver them up whole? But he did not at all entertain the idea. “Mademoiselle was too excellent a ‘mouser’ to render that necessary.” On the Doctor’s hinting one of those vague suspicions, society delects its right to nourish, with reference to Mademoiselle’s personal attractions, he reiterated her qualification of being an excellent ‘mouser’ with such profound significance, that the wisest prude would have taken heart without hesitation. It was quite enough for us. Showing our thanks to M Robyns for his extreme courtesy and kindness, and determining at the same time, never to make him the victim of any moral reflection as to the usefulness of much that his passion for collecting has added to his natural museum, we—with a flying glimpse at the forever surrounded owls, decrepit cats, countless sparrows, the cause of their disaster, rooks, daws, crows, moles, bats, bodies of rats and mice, burnished tails by this time, doubtless, resplendent in a glory their possessors never dreamed they could be born to, (such are the uses and terrible lessons of this world, when the tail to our confusion and disgrace will frequently be found of more value than the top, although ignominy is written upon one, and sublimity on the other,) catching a racing glance at the whole of the quaint Arabesques on the walls, an immortal picture and illustration of the compulsorily Happy Family—departed. What were the Doctor’s thoughts on our journey back to my hotel I cannot say. My own were too much haunted by commiseration for the household I had just visited, quite convinced that Mademoiselle will, on some unexpected day, be carried away in the heat of the chase, and return to her original state of feline sleekness. Should this ever be the case, the crown of retributive disaster is imaged in the presumption that, not being educated, like every present pussy in the laws of the *ménage*, she will sin against them, and be condemned to the inevitable placard. If so, there is, at once, an end to all farther progress in the collection. The rats and mice will keep their lives, and their tails will lose their glory.

I beg to add, in all possible seriousness,

* Condemned to death for having eaten the head of a sparrow

that this collection actually exists, and that I have described it with strict fidelity, as I actually saw it. The whole story is truly told.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

If any of the English Barons remembered the murdered Arthur's sister, Eleanor the fair maid of Brittany, shut up in her convent at Bristol, none among them spoke of her now, or maintained her right to the Crown. The dead Usurper's eldest boy, HENRY, by name, (and called of Winchester, because he was born in that city,) was taken by the Earl of Pembroke, the Marshal of England, to Gloucester, and there crowned in great haste when he was only ten years old. As the Crown itself had been lost with the King's treasure, in the raging water, and, as there was no time to make another, they put a circle of plain gold upon his head instead. "We have been the enemies of this child's father," said Lord Pembroke, a good and true gentleman, to the few Lords who were present, "and he merited our ill-will; but the child himself is innocent, and his youth demands our friendship and protection." Those Lords felt tenderly towards the little boy, remembering their own young children; and they bowed their heads, and said "Long live King Henry the Third!"

Next, a great council met at Bristol, revised Magna Charta, and made Lord Pembroke Regent or Protector of England, as the King was too young to reign alone. The next thing to be done, was, to get rid of Prince Louis of France, and to win over those English Barons who were still ranged under his banner. He was strong in many parts of England, and in London itself; and he held, among other places, a certain Castle called the Castle of Mount Sorel, in Leicestershire. To this fortress, after some skirmishing and truce-making, Lord Pembroke laid siege. Louis despatched an army of six hundred knights and twenty thousand soldiers to relieve it. Lord Pembroke, who was not strong enough for such a force, retired with all his men. The army of the French Prince, which had marched there with fire and plunder, marched away with fire and plunder, and came, in a boastful swaggering manner, to Lincoln. The town submitted; but the Castle in the town, held by a brave widow lady, named NICHOLA DE CAMVILLE, (whose property it was), made such a sturdy resistance, that the French Count in command of the army of the French Prince, found it necessary to besiege this Castle. While he was thus engaged, word was brought to him that Lord Pembroke, with four hundred knights, two hundred and fifty men with cross-bows, and a stout force both of horse and foot, was marching towards him. "What care I?" said the French Count. "The Englishman is not so mad as to attack me and my great army in a walled town!" But the English-

man did it for all that, and did it—not so madly, but so wisely, that he decoyed the great army into the narrow ill-paved lanes and bye-ways of Lincoln, where its horse-soldiers could not ride in any strong body; and there he made such havoc with them, that the whole force surrendered themselves prisoners, except the Count: who said that he would never yield to any English traitor alive, and accordingly got killed. The end of this victory, which the English called, for a joke, the Fair of Lincoln, was the usual one in those times—the common men were slain without any mercy, and the knights and gentlemen paid ransom and went home.

The wife of Louis, the fair BLANCHE of CASTILE, dutifully equipped a fleet of eighty good ships, and sent it over from France to her husband's aid. An English fleet of forty ships, some good and some bad, under HUBERT DE BURGH (who had before then, been very brave against the French at Dover Castle), gallantly met them near the mouth of the Thames, and took or sunk sixty-five in one fight. This great loss put an end to the French Prince's hopes. A treaty was made at Lambeth, in virtue of which the English Barons who had remained attached to his cause returned to their allegiance, and it was engaged on both sides that the Prince and all his troops should retire peacefully to France. It was time to go; for war had made him so poor that he was obliged to borrow money from the citizens of London to pay his expenses home.

Lord Pembroke afterwards applied himself to governing the country justly, and to healing the quarrels and disturbances that had arisen among men in the days of the bad King John. He caused Magna Charta to be still more improved, and so amended the Forest Laws that a Peasant was no longer put to death for killing a stag in a Royal Forest, but was only imprisoned. It would have been well for England if it could have had so good a Protector many years longer, but that was not to be. Within three years after the young King's Coronation, Lord Pembroke died; and you may see his tomb, at this day, in the old Temple Church in London.

The Protectorship was now divided. PETER DE ROCHEs, whom King John had made Bishop of Winchester, was entrusted with the care of the person of the young sovereign; and the exercise of the Royal authority was confided to EARL HUBERT DE BURGH. These two personages had from the first no liking for each other, and soon became enemies. When the young King was declared of age, Peter de Roche, finding that Hubert increased in power and favor, retired discontentedly, and went abroad. For nearly ten years afterwards, HUBERT had full sway alone.

But ten years is a long time to hold the favor of a King. This King, too, as he grew up, showed a strong resemblance to his

father, in feebleness, inconsistency, and irresolution. The best that can be said of him is that he was not cruel. DE ROCHESS coming home again, after ten years, and being a novelty, the King began to favor him and to look coldly on Hubert. Wanting money besides, and having made Hubert rich, he began to dislike Hubert. At last he was made to believe, or pretended to believe, that Hubert had misappropriated some of the Royal treasure; and ordered him to furnish an account of all he had done in his administration. Besides which, the foolish charge was brought against Hubert that he had made himself the King's favorite by magic! Hubert very well knowing that he could never defend himself against such nonsense, and that his old enemy must be determined on his ruin, instead of answering the charges fled to Merton Abbey. Then the King, in a violent passion, sent for the Mayor of London, of all men in the world, and said to the Mayor, "Take twenty thousand citizens, and drag me Hubert de Burgh out of that abbey, and bring him here." The Mayor posted off to do it, but the Archbishop of Dublin (who was a friend of Hubert's) warning the King that an abbey was a sacred place, and that if he committed any violence there, he must answer for it to the Church, the King changed his mind and called the Mayor back, and declared that Hubert should have four months to prepare for his defence, and should be safe and free during that time.

Hubert, who relied upon the King's word, though I think he was old enough to have known better, came out of Merton Abbey upon these conditions, and journeyed away to see his wife, a Scottish Princess who was then at St. Edmund's Bury. Almost as soon as he had departed from the Sanctuary, his enemies persuaded the weak King to send out one SIR GODFREY LE CRANCUMB, who commanded three hundred vagabonds called the Black Band, with orders to seize him. They came up with him at a little town in Essex called Brentwood, when he was in bed. He leaped out of bed, got out of the house, fled to the church, ran up to the altar, and laid his hand upon the cross. Sir Godfrey and the Black Band, caring neither for church, altar, nor cross, dragged him forth to the church door, with their drawn swords flashing round his head, and sent for a Smith to rivet a set of chains upon him. When the Smith (I wish I knew his name!) was brought, all dark and swarthy with the smoke of his forge, and panting with the speed he had made; and the Black Band falling aside to show him the Prisoner, cried with a loud uproar, "Make the fetters heavy! make them strong!" the Smith dropped upon his knee—but not to them—and said, "This is the brave Earl Hubert de Burgh, who fought at Dover Castle, and destroyed the French fleet, and has done his country much good service. You may

kill me, if you like, but I will never make a chain for Earl Hubert de Burgh!"

The Black Band never blushed, or they might have blushed at this. They knocked the Smith about from one to another, and swore at him, and tied the Earl on horseback, undressed as he was, and carried him off to the Tower of London. The Bishops, however, were so indignant at the violation of the Sanctuary of the Church, that the frightened King soon ordered the Black Band to take him back again; at the same time commanding the Sheriff of Essex to prevent his escaping out of Brentwood church. Well! the Sheriff dug a deep trench all round the church, and erected a high fence, and watched the church night and day; the Black Band and their Captain watched it too, like three hundred and one black wolves. For thirty-nine days, Hubert de Burgh remained within. At length, upon the fortieth day, cold and hunger were too much for him, and he gave himself up to the Black Band, who carried him off, for the second time, to the Tower. When his trial came on, he refused to plead; but at last it was arranged that he should give up all the royal lands that had been bestowed upon him, and should be kept at the Castle of Devizes, in what was called "free prison," in charge of four knights appointed by four lords. There, he remained almost a year, until learning that a follower of his old enemy the Bishop was made Keeper of the Castle, and fearing that he might be killed by treachery, he climbed the ramparts one dark night, dropped from the top of the high Castle wall into the moat, and coming safely to the ground took refuge in another church. From this place he was delivered by a party of horse despatched to his help by some nobles, who were by this time in revolt against the King, and assembled in Wales. He was finally pardoned and restored to his estates, but he lived privately, and never more aspired to a high post in the realm, or to a high place in the King's favor. And thus end—more happily than the stories of many favorites of Kings—the adventures of Earl Hubert de Burgh.

The nobles, who had risen in revolt, were stirred up to rebellion by the overbearing conduct of the Bishop of Winchester, who, finding that the King secretly hated the Great Charter which had been forced from his father, did his utmost to confirm him in that dislike, and in the preference he shewed to foreigners over the English. Of this, and of his even publicly declaring that the Barons of England were inferior to those of France, the English Lords complained with such bitterness, that the King, finding them well supported by the clergy, became frightened for his throne, and sent away the Bishop and all his foreign associates. On his marriage, however, with ELEANOR, a French lady, the daughter of the Count of Provence, he openly favored the foreigners again; and so many of his wife's relations came over, and made such an im-

mense family-party at court, and got so many good things, and pocketed so much money, and were so high with the English whose money they pocketed, that the bolder English Barons murmured openly about a clause there was in the Great Charter which provided for the banishment of unreasonable favorites. But, the foreigners only laughed disdainfully and said, "What are your English laws to us?"

King Philip of France had died, and had been succeeded by Prince Louis who had also died after a short reign of three years, and had been succeeded by his son of the same name—so moderate and just a man, that he was not the least in the world like a King, as Kings went. ISABELLA, King Henry's mother, wished very much (for a certain spite she had) that England should make war against this King, and as King Henry was a mere puppet in mylot's hands who knew how to manage his feebleness, she easily carried her point with him. But, the Parliament were determined to give him no money for such a war. So to defy the Parliament, he packed up thirty large casks of silver—I don't know how great so much. I dare say he screwed it out of the miserable Jews—and put them aboard ship and went away himself to carry war into France. He accompanied by his mother and his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall who was with him and clerics. But he only got well when he came home.

The good humour of the Parliament was not restored by this. They rejected the King with wasting the public in new to make greedy foreigners rich and were so stern with him, and so determined not to let him have more of it to waste if they could help it that he was at his wits end for some and tried so shamelessly to get what he could from his subjects, by excuses or by force that the people used to say the King was the starkest beggar in England. He took the Cross, thinking to get some money by that means but as it was very well known that he never meant to go on a crusade, he got none. In all this contention, the Londoners were particularly keen against the King and the King hated them warmly in return. Hating or loving however, made no difference, he continued in the same condition for nine or ten years, when at last the Barons said that if he would solemnly confirm their liberties afresh, the Parliament would vote him a large sum. As he readily consented, there was a great meeting held in Westminster Hall, one pleasant day in May when all the clergy, dressed in their robes and holding every one of them a burning candle in his hand, stood up (the Barons being also there) while the Archbishop of Canterbury read the sentence of excommunication against any man, and all men, who should henceforth, in any way, intringe the Great Charter of the Kingdom. When he had done, they all put out their burning candles with a curse upon the soul of any one, and every one, who

should merit that sentence. The King concluded with an oath to keep the Charter, "as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a Knight, as I am a King!"

It was easy to make oaths, and easy to break them, and the King did both, as his father had done before him. He took to his old courses again when he was supplied with money, and soon cured of their weakness the few who had ever really trusted him. When his money was gone, and he was once more borrowing and begging everywhere with a meanness worthy of his nature, he got into a difficulty with the Pope respecting the Crown of Sicily, which the Pope said he had a right to give away, and which he offered to King Henry for his second son, PRINCE EDMUND. But, if you or I give away what we have not got, and what belongs to somebody else, it is likely that the person to whom we give it will have some trouble in taking it. It was exactly so in this case. It was necessary to conquer the Sicilian Crown before it could be put upon young Edmund's head. It could not be conquered without money. The Pope ordered the clergy to raise money. The clergy however, were not so obedient to him as usual: they had been disputing with him for some time about his unjust preference of Italian Priests in England, and they had begun to doubt whether the King's chaplain whom he allowed to be paid for preaching in seven hundred churches, could possibly be even by the Pope's favor in seven hundred places at once. The Pope and the King together said the Bishop of London, "my dear the mitre off my head but, if they do, they will find that I shall put on a soldier's helmet. I pay nothing. The Bishop of Worcester was as bold as the Bishop of London, and would pay nothing either. Such sums as the more timid or more helpless of the clergy did raise were squandered away, without doing any good to the King or bringing the Sicilian Crown an inch nearer to Prince Edmund's head. The end of the business was that the Pope gave the Crown to the brother of the King of France (who conquered it for himself) and sent the King of England in a bill of one hundred thousand pounds for the expenses of not having won it.

The King was now so much distressed that we might almost pity him, if it were possible to pity a King so shabby and ridiculous. His clever brother Richard, had bought the title of King of the Romans from the German people and was no longer near him, to help him with advice. The clergy, resisting the very Pope, were in alliance with the Barons. The Barons were headed by SIMON DE MONTFORT, Earl of Leicester, married to King Henry's sister, and, though a foreigner himself, the most popular man in England against the foreign favorites. When the King next met his Parliament, the Barons, led by this Earl, came before him, armed from head to foot,

and cased in armour. When the Parliament again assembled, in a month's time, at Oxford, this Earl was at their head, and the King was obliged to consent, on oath, to what was called a Committee of Government consisting of twenty-four members twelve chosen by the Barons, and twelve chosen by himself.

But, at a good time for him, his brother Richard came back. Richard's first act (the Barons would not admit him into England on other terms) was to swear to be faithful to the Committee of Government—which he immediately began to oppose with all his might. Then, the Barons began to quarrel among themselves, especially the proud Earl of Gloucester with the Earl of Leicester, who went abroad in disgust. Then the people began to be dissatisfied with the Barons, because they did not do enough for them. The King's chances seemed so good again at length, that he took heart enough—or caught it from his brother—to tell the Committee of Government that he abolished them—as to his oath, never mind that, the Pope said—and to seize all the money in the Mint, and to shut himself up in the Tower of London. Here he was joined by his eldest son Prince Edward, and, from the Tower, he made public a letter of the Pope's to the world in general, informing all men that he had been an excellent and just King for five and forty years.

As everybody knew he had been a thing of the sort, nobody cared much for this document. It so chanced that the proud Earl of Gloucester dying, was succeeded by his son, and that his son, instead of being the enemy of the Earl of Leicester, was (for the time) his friend. It fell out, therefore, that these two Earls joined their forces took several of the Royal Castles in the country, and advanced as hard as they could on London. The London people, always opposed to the king, declared for them with great joy. The King himself remained shut up, not at all gloriously, in the Tower. Prince Edward made the best of his way to Windsor Castle. His mother, the Queen, attempted to follow him by water, but, the people seeing her barge rowing up the river, and hating her with all their hearts, ran to London Bridge, got together a quantity of stones and mud, and pelted the barge as it came through, crying furiously, "Drown the Witch! Drown her!" They were so near doing it, that the Mayor took the old lady under his protection, and shut her up in Saint Paul's until the danger was past.

It would require a great deal of writing on my part, and a great deal of reading on yours, to follow the King through his disputes with the Barons, and to follow the Barons through their disputes with one another—so I will make short work of it for both of us, and only relate the chief events that arose out of these quarrels. The good King of France was asked to decide between them. He gave it

as his opinion that the King must maintain the Great Charter, and that the Barons must give up the Committee of Government, and all the rest that had been done by the Parliament at Oxford which the Royalists, or King's party, scornfully called the Mad Parliament. The Barons declared that these were not fair terms, and they would not accept them. Then, they caused the great bell of Saint Paul's to be tolled, for the purpose of rousing up the London people, who armed themselves at the dismal sound and formed quite an army in the streets. I am sorry to say, however, that instead of falling upon the King's party with whom then quarrel was, they fell upon the miserable Jews, and killed at least five hundred of them. They pretended that some of these Jews were on the King's side, and that they kept hidden in their houses, for the destruction of the people, a certain terrible composition called Greek Fire, which could not be put out with water, but only burnt the fiercer for it. What they really did keep in their houses was money, and thus their cruel enemies wanted, and thus their cruel enemies took, like robbers and murderers as they were.

The Earl of Leicester put himself at the head of these Londoners and other forces, and followed the King to Iweres in Sussex, where he lay encamped with his army. Before giving the King's forces battle here, the Earl addressed his officers, and told them that King Henry the Third had broken so many oaths that he had become the enemy of God, and therefore they would wear white crosses on their breasts, as if they were married—not against a fellow Christian, but against a Turk. White crosses accordingly, they rushed into the fight. They would have lost the day—the King having on his side all the foreigners in England and from Scotland, JOHN COMYNS, JOHN LALIOU and ROBERT BRUCE, with all their men—but for the impetuosity of PRINCE EDWARD, who, in his hot desire to have vengeance on the people of London, threw the whole of his father's army into confusion. He was taken prisoner, so was the king, so was the king's brother the King of the Romans, and five thousand Englishmen were left dead upon the bloody grass.

For this success, the Pope communicated the Earl of Leicester, which neither the Earl nor the people cared at all about. The people loved him and supported him, and he became the real King, having all the power of the government in his own hands, though he was outwardly respectful to King Henry the Third, whom he took with him wherever he went, like a poor old limp court-card. He summoned a Parliament (in the year one thousand two hundred and sixty five) which was the first Parliament in England that the people had any real share in electing, and he grew more and more in favor with the people every day, and they stood by him in whatever he did.

Many of the other Barons, and particularly the Earl of Gloucester who had become by this time as proud as his father, grew jealous of this powerful and popular Earl, who was proud too, and began to conspire against him. Since the battle of Lewes, Prince Edward had been kept as a hostage, and, though he was otherwise treated like a Prince, had never been allowed to go out without attendants appointed by the Earl of Leicester, who watched him. The conspiring Lords found means to propose to him, in secret, that they should assist him to escape, and should make him their leader to which he very heartily consented. So on a day that was agreed upon, he said to his attendants after dinner (being then at Hereford), 'I should like to ride on horseback, this fine afternoon, a little way into the country. As they, too thought it would be very pleasant to have a canter in the sunshine, they all rode out of the town together in a gay little troop. When they came to a fine level piece of turf, the Prince fell to comparing their horses one with another and offering bets, that one was faster than another, and the attendants suspecting nothing, rode galloping matches until their horses were quite tired. The Prince rode no matches himself but looked on from his saddle and staked his money. Thus they passed the whole merry afternoon. Now, the sun was setting, and they were all going slowly up a hill, the Prince's horse very fresh and all the other horses very worn when a strange rider mounted on a grey steed appeared at the top of the hill and waved his hat. What do you think fellow men?' said the attendants one to another. The Prince answered on the instant by setting spurs to his horse, dashing away at his utmost speed, joining the man, riding into the midst of a little crowd of horsemen who were then seen waiting under some trees, and who closed around him, and so he departed in a cloud of dust leaving the road empty of all but the baffled attendants who sat looking at one another, while their horses drooped their ears in pain.

The Prince joined the Earl of Gloucester at Ludlow. The Earl of Leicester with a part of the army and the stupid old king was at Hereford. One of the Earl of Leicester's sons, Simon de Montfort, with another part of the army was in Sussex. To prevent these two parties from uniting was the Prince's first object. He attacked Simon de Montfort by night, defeated him, seized his banners and treasure, and forced him into Kenilworth Castle in Warwickshire, which belonged to his family.

His father, the Earl of Leicester, in the meanwhile, not knowing what had happened, marched out of Hereford, with his part of the army and the King, to meet him. He came, on a bright morning in August, to Evesham, which is watered by the pleasant river Avon. Looking rather anxiously across the prospect

towards Kenilworth, he saw his own banners advancing, and his face brightened with joy. But, it clouded darkly when he presently perceived that the banners were captured, and in the enemy's hands, and he said, "It is over. The Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's!"

He fought like a true Knight, nevertheless. When his horse was killed under him, he fought on foot. It was a fierce battle, and the dead lay in heaps everywhere. The old King, stuck up in a suit of armour on a big war horse, which didn't mind him at all, and which carried him into all sorts of places where he didn't want to go, got into everybody's way, and very nearly got knocked on the head by one of his sons' men. But he managed to pipe out, "I am Harry of Winchester!" and the Prince who heard him, seized his bridle, and took him out of peril. The Earl of Leicester still fought bravely, until his best son Henry was killed, and the bodies of his best friends choked his path, and then he fell, still fighting sword in hand. They mingled his body, and sent it as a present to a noble lady—but a very unpleasant lady, I should think—who was the wife of his worst enemy. They could not mangle his memory in the minds of the faithful people, though. Many years afterwards, they loved him more than ever and regarded him as a saint and always spoke of him as "St. Simon the Righteous."

And even though he was dead the cause for which he had fought still lived and was strong, and forced itself upon the King even in the hour of victory. Henry found himself obliged to respect the Great Charter, however much he hated it, and to make laws similar to the laws of the Great Earl of Leicester, and to be moderate and forgiving towards the people at last—even towards the people of London who had so long opposed him. There were more things to do ere all this was done, but they were set at rest by these means, and Prince Edward did his best in all things to restore peace. One Sir Adam de Gorneton was the last dissatisfied knight in arms, but, the Prince vanquished him in single combat in a wood, and nobly gave him his life, and became his friend, instead of slaying him. Sir Adam was not ungrateful. He ever afterwards remained devoted to his generous conqueror.

When the troubles of the Kingdom were thus calmed, Prince Edward and his cousin Henry took the Cross, and went away to the Holy Land with many English Lords and Knights. Four years afterwards the King of the Romans died, and, next year, (one thousand two hundred and seventy-two,) his brother the weak King of England died. He was sixty-eight years old then, and had reigned fifty-six years. He was as much of a King in death, as he had ever been in life. He was the mere pale shadow of a King at all times.

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CITY SPECTRES.

IN the Royal Exchange there always were, and are, and will be, rows of gaunt men, with haggard countenances, and in seedy habiliments, who sit on the benches ranged against the walls of the arcades; sit, silently, immoveably, with a stern and ghostly patience, from morn till dusk. These shabby sedentaries have long haunted me. I call them City Spectres. I have passed through 'Change as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and found the Ghosts there; I have passed through it just as it was about to close, and found them there still—silent, unalterable in their immobility; speechless in the midst of the gabble and turmoil, the commercial howls, and speculative shrieks of high 'Change. I have gone away from England, and, coming back again, have found the same Ghosts on the same benches. They were on the Old Exchange; they were on the "Burse" in Sir Thomas Gresham's time, I have no doubt; and when the "coming man"—the Anglo-New Zealander of Thomas Babington Macaulay—arrives to take his promised view of the ruins of St. Paul's, he will have to place in the foreground of his picture, sitting on crumbling benches, in a ruined Exchange, over-against a ruined Bank, the City Spectres, unchangeable and unchanged.

What do they do on Sundays and holidays, and after 'Change hours? What did they do when the Exchange was burnt down, and the merchants congregated first at the Old South Sea House, and then in the courtyard of the Excise Office, in Broad street? Are they the same men, or their brothers, or their cousins, who sit for hours on the benches in St. James's Park, staring with glazed unmeaning eyes at the big Life-Guardsmen and the little children? Are they the same men who purchase half-a-pint of porter, usurp the best seat (upon the tub, and out of the way of the swing-door) before the bar, to the secret rage of the publican? Are they connected with the British Museum spectres—the literary ghosts—who pass the major part of the day in the Reading-room, not reading—for their eyes always seem to me to be fixed on the same spot, in the same page of the same volume, of the Pandects of Justinian—but snuffing, with a grimly affectionate relish,

the morocco leather-laden atmosphere, and silently hugging the comfortable chairs and tables, luxuriating in the literary hospitality of Britain—the feast of paper knives and eleemosynary quill-pens, the flow of well-filled and gratuitous leaden inkstands?

And yet these City Spectres must live in their spectral fashion. They must eat. They must drink, even; for I have observed that not a few of them have noses of a comfortable degree of redness. Who supplies them with food and raiment? Who boards and lodges them? Who washes them?—no; that last interrogation is certainly irrelevant; for the City Ghosts, both as regards their persons and their linen, appear to be able to do without washing altogether.

I used to ask myself, and I still do ask myself, these questions about the City Spectres with distressing pertinacity; I form all sorts of worrying theories concerning them. By dint, however, of considerable observation, of unflagging industry in putting "this and that together," and, perhaps, of a little stretching of possibilities into probabilities, and probabilities into certainties, I have managed to cover the dry bones of the Spectres of the Royal Exchange with a little commercial flesh and blood. I have found local habitations and names for them. I assume avocations which occupy them even as they sit in idle ghostliness on the benches. I discover incomes which cover their meagre limbs with mildewed raiment; which find some work for their lantern jaws in the way of mastication; and which give a transient rubricundity to their sometimes livid noses. I have found out—or at least think I have found out—who the City Ghosts are; how and where they live; what they were before they were ghosts; and how they came to bench-occupying and to ghosthood.

Take that tall Ghost who sits in the portion of the arcade called the Wallachio-Moldavian walk, on the bench between the advertisements setting forth the approaching departure of the "Grand Turk, A. J." and copper-bottomed of Odessa," and the pictorial chromo-lithographic placard, eulogising, in so disinterested a manner, the virtues of Mr. Alesheeh's magic strop. See him once, and forget him if you can. His countenance is woebegone: his hat is battered

in the crown, torn in the brim, worn away in the forepart, by constant pulling off, napless long since, but rendered intricately lustrous by the matutinal application of a wet brush his satin stock—black once, brown now—fastened at the back with a vicious wrench and a rusty buckle his sorry body coat (Spectre never wear frock coats), beset with the collar and bellows with cracked grease spots, torn at the pockets with continuous thrusting in of papers dotted white with the tombstones of dead buttons his shrimking withered shamed faded trousers his boots (in t bluchers, but nearly always Wellingtons) cracked at the sides and gone at the heel, the connection still preserved by the ul of a red lict poker and gutta percha. I know all about that Ghost. He passed to the world of spectres in 1825. He must have been that head clerk in the great banking firm of Sir John Jebber, Jefferson and Co, which speculated somewhat too greedily in the Patent Washing, Starching, Mangling and Bleaching Company, in the Amalgamated Dusthole, Lacore Exportation and Under Consumption Company, in the Royal Cat Cat and Rabbit Fur Company (Incorporated by Royal Charter), in the Imperial Equitable Spontaneous Combustion Association for Instantaneous Illumination (in connection with the Northern Lights Office), in the Anglo-Franco-Mexico Mining Company for the Rapid Diffusion of Quicksilver all over the World, in Insurance (deferred) Bonds. When the panic of twenty five came and there was a rush on Jebber's bank and a line of carriages extended from Lombard Street to Ludgate Hill (for most of the aristocracy banked at Jebber's) it was the Spectre who enacted the bold stroke of policy of having heavy coal waggon driven artfully into the line of vehicles between Birch Lane and Nicholas Lane, and of raising an alarm of "mad dog" at the corner of Paper Hall Alley, whereby the stream of customers, roused to draw out their deposits was arrested for hours. 'Twas he who suggested to the firm the artful contrivance (first practised by a larger establishment) of paying heavy cheques in sixpences, but all, alas in vain! The firm had to be removed from Lombard Street to the Bankruptcy Court, in Basinghall Street. Jebber went into a lunatic asylum, the Miss Jebbers went out (poor things) as governesses, and Jefferson, with the Company and I—some people said with the cash box—to the land of freedom, where he became principal director of that famous banking company, the five-dollar notes of which were subsequently in such astonishing demand as shun plasters and pipe-lights. Their head clerk went, straightway into the Ghost line of business, and has never given it up. The other clerks found easily and speedily berth in other establishments, but, malicious people said that the Ghost-clerk knew more about that bundle of bank notes, which was so

unaccountably missing, than he chose to aver. He did not give satisfactory information, either, about the shares in several of the companies we have enumerated, and no one would employ him, so he became an accountant, with no accounts to keep, and an agent, with no ignominy. Then he was secretary to that short lived association, 'The Joint Stock Pin-Collecting Company.' Then he got into trouble about the subscription for the survivors of the "Labitha Jane," Mauley, master, his old detractors, with unabated malice, declaring that there never was a "Labitha Jane," nor a Mauley, master. He sells corn and coal on commission now—not at first hand, but for those who are themselves commission agents. He is a broker's "man in possession," when he can get a job. He does a bit of law writing, a bit of penny lining a bit of process serving—in mimicry of those small offices known as old jobs. He picks up a sorry crust by these means, and is to be heard at the bar of the Black Lion. He is sober, but, upon compulsion, I am afraid. If you gave him much beer he weeps, and tells you of his by-gone hers, and she, of his box at Shooter's Hall of his daughter Emily, who had the best of both kinds of school educations (and married Clerk of the Great Detector Insurance Office), and who won't speak to her poor old father, now set of his other daughter, Jeany, who is kind to him, although she is mated with a desecrated printer, whose relations are continually buying him new fonts of type, which he is as continually mortgaging for spirits and tobacco. Poor old Ghost! Poor old broken down spirit worn hulk! When great houses come toppling down, how many slender balustrades and tottering porches are crushed along with the massive pillars!

Here is another Spectre of my acquaintance who has been a ruined man any time these twenty years, but is a very joyous and hilarious Ghost, notwithstanding. Though utterly undone, he sits cheerfully down all day on his accustomed bench in the Bengalee walk, beating the devil's tattoo with mirthful despair on the Lachung flags. Bless you, he has thriven on ruin. He lives on it now. Burnt out four times—broke in both legs—bed-ridden wife—child scalded to death—execution on his poor "sticks, at this very moment. He is, you will please observe, no begging letter writer, he would scorn the act. You can come round to his "place" now, if you like, and judge of his total wrick for yourself, here is the letter of Alderman Fubben, condoling with him, and, could you lead him half a crown?

Turn round another arcade into the Austro-Solavonian walk, and sympathise with this melancholy Spectre in the hat pulled over his brows, and the shabby cloak with the mangy fur-collar. No clerk, cashier, or stock-broker's assistant has he been, but, in times gone by, a

prosperous merchant, one who walked on 'Change, rattling his watch-chain, who quoted prices with a commanding, stentorian voice, who awed the waiters at Garraway's, at the "Cock," in Threadneedle Street at the "New England," and at the "Anti Gallian," whose name was down in every charity and on every committee, who carried a gold snuff-box in his hand, and his gloves and silk handkerchief together with his bank book in his hat. He failed and his brother allowed him a small stipend. His hat is now crumpled with the records of defunct transactions, memoranda of mythical bagatelle bills of lading referring to phantom ships that never were loaded, old blank bills of exchange with the name of his firm (which it had a name) curiously flourished thereon in copper-plate, his former seal of office, a greasy cheque-book with nothing but tillies telling of sums long since drawn from his bankers, bits of sealing-wax, his bankrupt certificate, his testimonials of integrity from his brother merchants. These have an abiding place in his pockets. He has a decayed pocket-book, too, lying out with prospectuses of dead companies full of a sound and flourish signifying nothing. He sits alone and doleful with his brother Ghosts, not indulging even in the silent fellowship of these commercial phantoms. The greatest favour you could do him would be to send him to get a cheque cashed for you (he is perfectly honest), or to leave a bill for acceptance. The trembling eagerness with which he would present the magic document, and answer the bland inquiry of the cashier as to "how he would like it," the delicious semblance of business he would put into the mere act of dropping 'his first of exchange' into the box appointed to receive it, would be quite affecting. — When he is not sitting on 'Change, I can picture him wandering furtively about Lombard Street, peering anxiously through the half-opened doors when customers go in and out, or sunning himself along Cheapside, glancing with melancholy looks at the fairs of bills of lading, charter-parties, and policies of insurance, displayed in the windows of the stationers' shops scrutinising the strong-backed ledgers, day books and journals in their brave binding of vellum and red, thinking meanwhile—miserable man—that then glories are no longer for him that he hath done with ink, black, red, and blue, that "cash—debtor—contra—creditor," have no longer music for his ears. In the evening, at the shabby coffee-house where he takes his meal, might strike him in yesterday's "Advertiser," save the list of bankrupts. In bed he is haunted—ghost as he is—by the ghosts of buried hopes, by tipstiffs, by irate Commissioners, and by bats to which he has neglected to surrender.

As the late Mr Rothschild was called the "Pillar of the Exchange," so seemeth this other old phantom. He has been an Exchange

Spectre since ever there were Exchanges or Ghosts at all. He puzzles me. I can weave histories, and genealogies, dovetail circumstances for all the other mysterious bourse-haunters, but this silver-haired apparition is a mystery inscrutable. Centuries of commercial ghostliness seem hovering in the innumerable furrows of his parchment face in the multitudinous straggling locks of his dull lustreless white hair. Some garment he is on—whether a coat, a cloak, or a gaberdine. I will not be bold enough to say—which, reaching from his neck to his heels, allows you to see nothing, but his sunken face, and his long hands clasped before him. How long has he haunted the city of London? Did he linger in Paul's Walk, or in the Round-house of the Temple Church in Charles's days when business, intrigue, and devotion were so curiously mingled in Christian temples, when mountbancs vended their wares by clustered pillars and dirty sun-pieced choristers pursued jingling cavaliers for "spur money"? Was he a City Ghost when ladies in seals and girdants in cut velvet and emerald came to gamble South Sea shares in Change Alley? Did he haunt 'Change when merchants appeared thereon, who had had their ears cut off by the Spaniards in Honduras when barons were made for cash in negro flesh? Does he remember Lord Mayor Lockford, Lumley, and Rowland Stevenson? Can he have been the broker for the Pious Loan? I should not be surprised to hear that his recollection extended to Alderman Richard Whittington (thrice Lord Mayor of London), or to that topping wine-merchant who "in London did dwell," and "who had but one daughter, he loved very well."

City Spectres, like the rest of their order, are, for the most part, silent men. Their main object seems to be to impress the spectator, by the mere force of taciturnity, with an idea of the weighty business they have on hand. A few, however, are talkative, some, as I know to my sorrow, are garrulous. Woe be unto you if you have ever been in the company of, or have the slightest acquaintance with, the talkative Ghost! Although, to say the truth, when he wants to talk, he *will* talk, and is not even solicitous of an introduction. He thinks he knows you, or he knew your father, or he knows your wife's second cousin, or he knows somebody very like you, and, upon the strength of that knowledge, he takes you quietly, but firmly, by the button—he holds you in his "skinny hand" as tightly as if you were the wedding guest and he the Ancient Mariner, and, for all that you beat your breast, you cannot choose but hear. You listen like a three-years' child, while this ancient bore speaks on, discouraging of his grievances, of his losses, of the "parties" he knows, or has known, of his cousin, who—would you believe it, my dear sir?—drives into the City every morning in a carriage and pair, with a powdered footman in the

rumble. All this, he speaks in a low and earnest, though distressingly rambling, tone; and his brother Ghosts in the distance—as if believing he had really business to transact with you—clutch their umbrellas, and bend their dull eyes on both of you with looks of jealous curiosity.

That substantial Spectre, who holds me in spirit-wearying conversation; who speaks in a low, hoarse, secret kind of voice, with long and bitter words, was an attorney—a City attorney—in large practice; and, for some alleged mal-practices, was struck off the Rolls. He has been a Spectre and a bore ever since. You must hear his case; you must hear the scandalous, the unheard-of, manner in which he has been treated. Read his statement to the public, which the newspapers would not insert; read his letter to Mr. Justice Bullwinkle, which that learned functionary never answered; read his memorial to Lord Viscount Fortysimus, which *was* answered, and that was all. Only wait till he has the means to publish a pamphlet on his case. Meanwhile, read his notes thereupon. Never mind your appointment at three: what's that to justice!

Even as he speaks, a slowly gibbering army of Ghosts who have grievances start before you; Ghosts with inventions which they can't afford to patent, and which unscrupulous capitalists have pirated; Ghosts who can't get the Prime Minister to listen to their propositions for draining Ireland in three weeks, or for swamping the National Debt in a day; Ghosts against whose plans of national defence the War Office door has been more than once rudely shut; Spectres who, like Dogberry, have had losses; Ghosts who when in the flesh (but they never had much of that) were shrunk and attenuated, with un-

and is supposed to have been embodied in some sort of legion in Spain, at some time or another.

Talkative or taciturn, however, here these poor spectres sit or loiter during the day, retiring into dark corners when genuine business begins, and the merchants and brokers come on 'Change; always, and without intermission, seeming to be here, yet prowling by some curious quality of body or spirit in other City haunts;—in Garraway's, and in the Auction Mart; in small civic coffee-houses and taverns; in the police-courts of the Mansion House; in Guildhall and the Custom House.

In Bartholomew Lane wander another race of perturbed spirits, akin in appearance and mysterious demeanour to the Exchange Spectres; yet of a somewhat more practical and corporeal order. These are the "lame ducks;" men who have once been stock-brokers—wealthy "bulls," purse-proud "bears;" but who, unable to meet certain financial liabilities on a certain settling day, have been compelled to retire—who have "waddled," as is the slang of Cambists—from the parliament of money-brokers. Yet do they linger in the purlieus of the beloved Capel Court, even as the Peri waited at the gates of Paradise: yet do they drive small time bargains with very small jobbers, or traffic in equivocal securities and shares in suspicious companies. They affect the transaction of business when they have none to transact; and, under cover of consulting the share-list of the day, or the City intelligence in a newspaper, they furtively consume Abernethy biscuits and "Polony" sausages.

Once, however, in about five-and-twenty years, do they cast off their slough of semi-inactivity: once even in that period do the

particular, that never-to-be-forgotten and always-to-be-avoided Ghost, who has had a Chancery suit on and off for an incalculable number of years; who has just been with his lawyers, and is going to file a bill to-morrow. Alas, poor Ghost! "He still, old mole: there is no hope for thee!"

There is a genealogical Ghost, eyeing me with devouring looks, that bode no conversational good. He only wants one baptismal certificate to prove that he is somebody's great-great-grandson, and to come into twenty thousand a-year. Let him but earn, beg, or borrow a crown, and forthwith in the "Times" comes out an advertisement, "to parish clerks and others."—There is a sporting Ghost, with a phantom betting-book, who tells you, in a sepulchral voice, of "information" about "Job Pastern's lot;" and that he can give you a "tip" for safe odds on such and such an "event."—A Ghost there is, too, in moustaches, who is called, on the strength of those appendages, "Captain,"

frequently—do the men, women, and children run stark, staring, raving, ranting mad. They have a MANIA. Now for gold-digging in American Dorados; now for South Sea fisheries; now for joint-stock companies, for doing everything for everybody; now for railways; now for life-assurance. Everybody goes crazed for shares. Lords, Indies, divines, physicians, chimneysweepers; all howl for shares. They buy, sell, barter, borrow, beg, steal, invent, dream of shares. Bank notes and prospectuses fly about thick as the leaves in Valombrosa; men are no longer mere human beings; but directors, provisional committeemen, auditors and trustees. The MANIA continues, and the SPECTRES arise. They become stags. Capel Court resounds with their shrill bargains; and, the spectre of a moment before stands erect, blatant, defiant, a stag of ten tynes. Away with the appointment with the man who never comes; away with the delusive commission on corn and coals; away with the phantom bill in the mythical Chancery; away with

the air-drawn entail, and the twenty thousand a-year! Shares, real shares, are what they hunger and thirst for. While orthodox speculators sell their shares through their brokers, and at the market price, the bold dealers—no longer Spectres, but Stags, will sell their letters of allotment for fourpence, or anything, premium (so that it be current coin) per share. They personate directors; they get up impromptu provisional committees in the tap-room of the Black Lion; their references are bishops, Queen's counsel, fellows of the Royal Society; their substance sham shares in sham companies. For awhile they are attired in purple and fine linen; they consume rich viands and choice wines in expensive taverns; they drive high chariots, and prance on blood horses. For six weeks they live at the rate of ten thousand a-year: they ride the whirlwind of Fortune! But after a storm comes rain; and after a mania, a *panic*! Then comes a run on the banking-houses; consternation darkens Capel Court; ruin is rampant on 'Change. And, as I speak, the old Ghosts come creeping back to the old benches, and begin listlessly to wait for the man so punctual in his unpunctuality. The hats are more crammed with papers, the rusty pocket-books more plethoric, the pockets more loaded, the button-holding talks are resumed as earnestly and as lengthily as ever, yet the flesh and blood of Staghood has departed, and the figures crouching on 'Change, and growling about Capel Court, are no longer *men*, but City Spectres.

RAINBOW MAKING.

It is a great idea—too large to be arrived at but by degrees—that the fleeces of sheep can clothe nations of men. The fleece of a sheep, when pulled and spread out, looks much larger than while covering the mutton; but still it is with a sort of despair that we think of the quantity required, and of the dressing and preparation necessary, for clothing fifteen million of men in one country, and double the number in another (to say nothing of the women), and of the number of countries, each containing its millions, which are incessantly demanding the fleeces of sheep to clothe their inhabitants. We remember the hill-sides of our own mountainous districts; and the wide grassy plains of Saxony; and the boundless table lands of Thibet, and the valleys of Cashmere, all speckled over with flocks: we think of the Australian sheep-walks, where there are flocks of such unmanageable size, that the whole sheep is boiled down for tallow: we think of Prince Esterhazy's reply to the question of an English nobleman, when shown vast flocks, and asked how his sheep in Hungary would compare in number with these,—that his shepherds outnumbered the Englishman's sheep; we think of these things, and by degrees begin to understand how wool enough may be produced

to furnish the broadcloths and flannels of the world. But the most strong and agile imagination is confounded when the material of silk is considered in the same way. Compare a caterpillar with a sheep; compare the cocoon of a silkworm (the achievement of its life) with the annual fleece of a sheep; and the supply of silk for the looms of Europe, Asia, and America, seems a mere miracle. The marvel is the greater, not the less, when one is in a silk-growing region, attending to the facts and appearances, than when trying to conceive of them at home. In Lombardy, we travel, from day to day, during the whole month of May, between rows of mulberry trees, where the peasants are busy providing food for the worms; a man in the tree stripping off the leaves, and two women below with sacks, to carry home the foliage. We see what tons of leaves per mile must be thus gathered daily for weeks together; we go into houses in every village to inspect the worms; we mount to the flat roofs of the dwellings, and find in each countless multitudes of the worms; we pass on, from country to country, till we mount to the hamlets, perched on the rocky shelves of the Lebanon; and we find everywhere the insect secreting its gum, or spinning it forth as silk; we remember that the same process is going forward in the heart of our Indian Peninsula, and throughout China: we look at the broad belt round the globe where the little worm is forming its cocoons; and still we find it impossible to imagine how enough silk is produced to supply the wants of the world, from the brocade of the Asiatic potentate to the wedding ribbon of the English dairy-maid. Nowhere is the speculation more difficult than in a dye-house at Coventry.

Probably there was as much wonder excited by the same thought, when King Henry VIII. wore the first pair of silk stockings brought to England from Spain; and when Francis I. looked after the mulberry trees in France, and fixed some silk weavers at Lyons; and when our Queen Mary passed a law forbidding servant-maids to wear ribbon on bonnets; and when monarch after monarch passed acts to teach how silk should be boiled, and whence it should be brought, and who should, and who should not, wear it when wrought; but the perplexity and amazement of king, lords, and commons could hardly, at any time, have exceeded that of the humblest visitor of to-day in any dye-house at Coventry. We know something of the fact of this astonishment; for we have been noting the wonders that are to be found on the premises of Messrs. Leavesley and Hands at Coventry.

On entering, we see, ranged along the counters, half round the room, bundles of glossy silk, of the most brilliant colours. Blues, rose-colours, greens, lilacs, make a rainbow of the place. It is only two days since this silk was brought in in a very dif-

ferent condition. The throwster (to throw, means to twist or twine), after spinning the raw silk, imported from Italy, Turkey, Bengal, and China, into thread fit for the loom, sent it here in bundles, gummy, harsh, dingy; except, indeed, the Italian, which looks, till washed, like fragments of Jason's fleece. If bundles, and regiments of bundles, like these, come into one dye-house every few days, to be prepared for the weaving of ribbons alone, and for the ribbon-weaving of a single town, it is overwhelming to think of the amount of production required for the broad silk-weaving of England, of Europe, of the world. Of the silk dyed at Coventry, about eighty per cent. is used for the ribbon-weaving of the city and neighbourhood; and the quantity averages six tons and a half weekly. Of the remaining twenty per cent., half is used for the manufacture of fringes; and the other half goes to Macclesfield, Congleton, and Derby.

The harsh gummy silk that comes in from the throwing mills is boiled, wrung out, and boiled again. If it wants bleaching, there is a sort of open oven of a house; a vault in the yard, where it is "sulphured." The heat, and the sensation in the throat, inform us in a moment where we have got to. When the hanks come forth from this process, every thread is separated from its neighbour, and the whole bundle is soft, dry, and glossy. Then follows the dyeing. To make the silk receive the colours, it is dipped in a mordant, in some diluted acid, or solution of metal, which enables the colour to bite into the fibre. To make pinks of all shades, the silk is dipped in diluted tartaric acid for the mordant, and then in a decoction of safflower for the hue. To make plum-colour or puce, indigo is the dye, with a cochineal. To make black, nitrate of iron first; then a washing follows; and then a dipping in logwood dye, mixed with soap and water. For a white, pure enough for ribbons, the silk has to pass through the three primary colours, yellow, red, and blue. The dipping, wringing, splashing, stirring, boiling, dyeing, go on vigorously, from end to end of the large premises, as may be supposed, when the fact is mentioned that the daily consumption of water amounts to one hundred thousand gallons. A reservoir, in the middle of the yard, formerly supplied the water; but it proved insufficient, or uncertain; and now it is about to be filled up, and an Artesian well is opened to the depth of one hundred and ninety-five feet. The dyeing sheds are paved with pebbles or bricks, crossed with gutters, and variegated with gay puddles. Stout brick-built coppers are stationed round the place. Above each copper are cocks, which let in hot and cold water from the pipes that travel round the walls of the sheds. There are wooden troughs for the dye; and to these troughs the water is conveyed by spouts. The silk hangs down into the dye from poles, smoothly turned and uniform, which are laid across the troughs by

the dozen or more at once. These staves are procured from Derby. They cost from six shillings to twenty-four shillings per dozen, and constitute an independent subsidiary manufacture. The silk hanks being suspended from these poles, two men, standing on either side the trough, take up two poles, souce, and shake, and plunge the silk, and turn that which had been uppermost under the surface of the liquor, and pass on to the next two. When done enough, the silk is wrung out and pressed, and taken to the drying-house. The heat in that large chamber is about one hundred degrees. On entering it, everybody begins to cough. The place is lofty and large. The staves, which are laid across beams, to contain the suspended silk, make little moveable ceilings here and there. This chamber contains five or six hundred-weights of silk at once. Our minds glance once more towards the spinning insects on hearing this; and we ask again, how much of their produce may be woven into fabrics in Coventry alone? We think we must have made a mistake in setting down the weekly average at six tons and a half. But there was no mistake. It is really so.

While speaking of weight, we heard something which reminded us of King Charles I's opinions about some practices which were going forward before our eyes. It appears, that the silk which comes to the dye-house is heavy with gum, to the amount of one-fourth of its weight. This gum must be boiled out before the silk can be dyed. But the manufacturers of cheap goods require that the material shall not be so light as this process would leave it. It is dipped in well-sugared water, which adds about eight per cent. to its weight. Many tons of sugar per year are used as (what the proprietor called) "the silk-dyer's devil's dust." It was this very practice which excited the wrath of our pious King Charles, in all his horror of double-dealing. A proclamation of his, of the date of 1630, declares his fears of the consequences of "a deceitful handling" of the material, by adding to its weight in dyeing, and ordains that the whole shall be done as soft as possible; that no black shall be used but Spanish black, "and that the gum shall be fair boiled off before dyeing." He found, in time, that he had meddled with a matter that he did not understand, and had gone too far. Some of the fabrics of his day required to be made of "hard silk;" and he took back his orders in 1638, having become, as he said, "better-informed."

From trough to trough we go, breathing steam, and stepping into puddles, or reeking rivulets rippling over the stones of the pavement; but we are tempted on, like children, by the charm of the brilliant colours that flash upon the sight whichever way we turn. What a lilac this is! Is it possible that such a hue can stand? It could not stand even the drying, but for the alkali into which it is

dipped. It is dyed in orchal first, and then made bluer, and somewhat more secure, by being soured in a well soaped alkaline mixture.—That is a good red brown. It is from Brazil wood, with alum for its mordant—This is a brilliant blue,—indigo, of course? Yes, sulphate of indigo, with tartaric acid—Here are two yellows—how is that? One is much better than the other, moreover, it makes a better green, moreover, it wears immeasurably better—But what is it? The inferior one is the old fashioned turmeric, with tartaric acid. And the improved yellow?—O! we perceive. It is a secret of the establishment, and we are not to ask questions about it. But among all these men employed here, are there none accessible to a bribe from a rival in the art? There is no saying, for the men cannot be tempted. They do not know, any more than ourselves, what this mysterious yellow is. But why does it not supersede the old fashioned turmeric?—It will, no doubt, and it is gaining rapidly upon it, but it takes time to establish improvements. The improvement in greens, however, is fast recommending the new yellow—This deep amber is a fine colour. We find it is called California, which has a modern sound in it—This Napoleon blue (not Louis Napoleons) is a rich colour. It gives a good deal of trouble. There is actually a precipitation of metal of tin, upon every fibre, to make it receive the dye, and then it has to be washed, and then dipped again before it can take a darker shade, and afterwards washed again, over and over, till it is duk enough, when it is finally soured in water which his fullers earth in it to make it soft enough for working in wear—What is doing with that dirty white bundle? It is silk of a thoroughly bad colour. Whether it is the fault of the worm, or of the worms food, or what, there is no saying—that is the manufacturer's affair. He sent it here. It is now to be sulphured, and dipped in a very faint shade of indigo, curdled over with soap. This will improve it, but not make it equal to a purer white silk. Next, the wet hanks have to be squeezed in the Archimedean press, and then hung up in that large, hot drying room.

One serious matter remains unintelligible to us. Plaid ribbons—that is, all sorts of checked ribbons—have been in fashion so long now, that we have had time to speculate (which we have often done) on how they can possibly be made. About the colours of the warp (the long way of the ribbon) we are clear enough. But how, in the wit, do the colours duly return, so as to make the stripes, and therefore the checks, recur at equal distances? We are now shown how this was done formerly, and how it is done now. Formerly, the hanks were tied very tightly, at equal distances, and the alternate spaces closely wrapped round with paper, or wound round with packthread. This took up a great deal of time. We were shown a much better plan.

A shallow box is made, so as to hold within it the halves of several skeins of silk; these halves being curiously twisted, so as to alternate with the other halves when the hanks are shaken back into their right position for winding. One half being within the box, and the other hanging out, the lid is bolted down so tight that the dye cannot creep into the box, and the out hanging silk is dipped. So much can be done at once, that the saving of time is very great and, judging by the prodigious array of plaid ribbons that we saw in the boms afterwards, the value of the invention is no trifle. The name of this novelty is the Clouding Box.

We see a bundle of cotton. What has cotton to do here? It is from Nottingham—very fine and well twisted. It is a pretty pink, and it costs one shilling and sixpence per pound to dye. But what is it for?—Ah! that is the question! It is to mix in with silk, to make a cheap ribbon. Another pinch of devil's dust!

There is a calendaring process employed in the final preparation of the dried silk, by which we believe, its gloss is improved, but it was not in operation at the time of our visit. We saw and watched with great curiosity, a still later process—more pretty to witness than easy to achieve—the making up of the hanks. This is actually the most difficult thing the men have to learn in the whole business. Of course, therefore, it is no matter for description. The twist, the insertion of the arm, the jerk, the drawing of the mysterious knot, may be looked at for hours and days, without the spectator having the least idea how the thing is done. We went from workman to workman—from him who was making up the blue, to him who was making up the red—we saw one of the proprietors make up several hanks at the speed of twenty in four minutes and a half, and we are no more likely to be able to do it, than if we had never entered a dye house. Peeping from night spy for very long before he would be much the wiser when done, the effect is beautiful. The snaky coils of the polished silk throw off the light like fragments of mirrors.

Another mysterious process is the marking of the silk which belongs to each manufacturer. The hanks and bundles are tied with cotton string, and this string is knotted with knots at this end, at that end, in the middle, in ties at the sides, with knots numbering from one to fifteen, twenty, or whatever number may be necessary, and the manufacturer's particular system of knots is posted in the books with his name, the quantity of silk sent in, the dye required, and all other particulars.

We were amused to find that there is a particular twist and a particular dye for the fringe of brown parasols. It is desired that there should be a claret tint on this fringe, when seen against the light, and here, as—

accordingly, we find the claret tint. The silk is somewhat dull, from being hard twisted; it is to be made more lustrous by stretching, and we accompany it to the stretching machine. There it is suspended on a barrel and moveable pin; by a man's weight applied to a wheel, the pin is drawn down, the hank stretches, and comes out two or more inches longer than it went in, and looking perceptibly brighter. A hank of bad silk snaps under this strain; a twist that will stand it is improved by it.

Looking into a little apartment, as we return through the yard, we find a man engaged in work which the daintiest lady might long to take out of his hands. He is making pattern-cards and books. He arranges the shades of all sorts of charming colours, named after a hundred pretty flowers, fruits, and other natural productions,—his lemons, lavenders, corn flowers, jonquils, cherries, fawns, pearls, and so forth; takes a pinch of each floss, knots it in the middle, spreads it at the ends, pastes down these ends, and, when he has a row complete, covers the pasted part with slips of paper, so numbered as that each number stands opposite its own shade of colour. A pattern-book is as good as a rainbow for the pocket. This looks like woman's work; but there are no women here. The men will not allow it. Women cannot be kept out of the ribbon-weaving; but in the dye-house they must not set foot, though the work, or the chief part of it, is far from laborious, and requires a good eye and tact, more than qualities less feminine. We found many apprentices in the works, receiving nearly half the amount of wages of their qualified elders. The men earn from ten shillings to thirty shillings a-week, according to their qualifications. Nearly half of the whole number earn about fifteen shillings a-week at the present time.

And, now, we are impatient to follow these pretty silk bundles to the factory, and see the weaving. It is strange to see, on our way to so thoroughly modern an establishment, such tokens of antiquity, or reminders of antiquity, as we have to pass. We pass under St. Michael's Church, and look up, amazed, to the beauty and loftiness of its tower and spire;—the spire tapering off at a height of three hundred and twenty feet. The crumbly nature of the stone gives a richness and beauty to the edifice, which we would hardly part with for such clear outlines as those of the restored Trinity Church, close at hand. And then, at an angle of the market-place, there is Tom, peeping past the corner,—looking out of his window, through his spectacles, with a stealthy air, which, however ridiculous, makes one thrill, as with a whiff of the breeze which stirred the Lady Godiva's hair, on that memorable day, so long ago. It is strange, after this, to see the factory chimney, straight, tall, and handsome, in its way, with its inlaying of coloured bricks, towering before us,

to about the height of a hundred and thirty feet. No place has proved itself more unwilling than Coventry to admit such innovations. No place has made a more desperate resistance to the introduction of steam power. No place has more perseveringly struggled for protection, with groans, menaces, and supplications. Up to a late period, the Coventry weavers believed themselves safe from the inroads of steam power. A Macclesfield manufacturer said, only twenty years ago, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he despaired of ever applying power-looms to silk. This was because so much time was employed in handling and trimming the silk, that the steam power must be largely wasted. So thought the weavers, in the days when the silk was given out in hanks or bobbins, and woven at home, or, when the work was done by handloom weavers in the factory—called the loom-shop. The day was at hand, however, when that should be done of which the Macclesfield gentleman despaired. A small factory was set up in Coventry by way of experiment, in the use of steam power, in 1831. It was burned down during a quarrel about wages,—nobody knows how or by whom. The weavers declared it was not their doing; but their enmity to steam power was strong enough to restrain the employers from the use of it. It was not till everybody saw that Coventry was losing its manufacture,—parting with it to places which made ribbons by steam,—that the manufacturers felt themselves able to do what must be done, if they were to save their trade. The state of things now is very significant. About seventy houses in Coventry make ribbons and trimmings, (fringes and the like). Of these, four make fringes and trimmings, and no ribbons; and six or eight make both. Say that fifty-eight houses make ribbons alone. It is believed that three-fourths of the ribbons are made by no more than twenty houses out of these fifty-eight. There are now thirty steam power-loom factories in Coventry, producing about seven thousand pieces of ribbons in the week, and employing about three thousand persons. It seems not to be ascertained how large a proportion of the population are employed in the ribbon manufacture: but the increase is great since the year 1838, when the number was about eight thousand, without reckoning the outlying places, which would add about three thousand to the number. The total population of the city was found, last March, to amount to nearly thirty-seven thousand. So, if we reckon the numbers employed in connexion with the throwing-mills and dye-houses, we shall see what an ascendancy the ribbon manufacture has in Coventry.

At the factory we are entering, the preparatory processes are going forward at the top and the bottom of the building. In the yard is the boiler fire, which sets the engine to work; and, from the same yard, we enter workshops, where the machinery is made and

repaired. The ponderous work of the men at the forge and anvils contrasts curiously with the delicacy of the fabric which is to be produced by the agency of these masses of iron and steel. Passing up a step-ladder, we find ourselves in a long room, where turners are at work, making the wooden apparatus required, piercing the "compass boards," for the threads to pass through, and displaying to us many ingenious forms of polished wood. While the apparatus is thus preparing below, the material of the manufacture is getting arranged, four stories over-head. There, under a skylight, women and girls are winding the silk from the baulks, upon the spools, for the shuttles. Here we see, again, the clouded silk, which is to make plaid ribbons, and the bright hues which delighted our eyes at the dyeing-house. This is easy work,—many of the women sitting at their reels; and the air is pure and cool. The great shaft from the engine, passing through the midst of the building, carries off the dust, and affords excellent ventilation. Besides this, the whole edifice is crowned by an observatory, with windows all round; and no complete ceilings shut off the air between this chamber and the rooms of two stories below. In clear weather, there is a fine view from this pinnacle, extending from the house, gardens, and orchard of the Messrs. Hamerton below, over the spires of Coventry, to a wide range of country beyond.

Descending from the long room, where the winding is going on, we find ourselves in an apartment which it does one good to be in. It is furnished with long narrow tables, and benches, put there for the sake of the work-people, who may like to have their tea at the factory, in peace and quiet. They can have hot water, and make themselves comfortable here. Against the door hangs a list of books, read, or to be read, by the people: and a very good list it is. Prints, from Raffaele's Bible, plainly framed, are on the walls. In the middle of the room, on, and beside, a table, are four men and boys, preparing the "strapping" of a Jacquard loom for work. The cords, so called, are woven at Shrewsbury. We next enter a room where a young man is engaged in the magical work of "reading in from the draught." The draught is the pattern of the intended ribbon, drawn and painted upon diced paper,—like the patterns for carpets that we saw at Kendal, but a good deal larger, though the article to be produced here is so much smaller. The young man sits, as at a loom. Before him hangs the mass of cords he is to tie into pattern, close before his face, like the curtain of a cabinet piano. Upreared before his eyes is his pattern, supported by a slip of wood. He brings the line he has to "read in" to the edge of this wood, and then, with nimble fingers, separates the cords, by threes, by sevens, by fives, by twelves, according to the pattern, and threads through them the string which is to tie them apart. The skill and speed with which he feels out his cords,

while his eyes are fixed on his pattern, appear very remarkable: but when we come to consider, it is not so complicated a process as playing at sight on the piano. The reader has to deal thus with one chapter, or series, or movement, of his pattern. *A de capo* ensues: in other words, the Jacquard cards are tied together, to begin again; and there is a revolution of the cards, and a repetition of the pattern, till the piece of ribbon is finished. In the same apartment is the press in which the Jacquard cards are prepared;—just in the way which may be seen wherever silk or carpet weaving, with Jacquard looms, goes forward.

All the preparations having been seen,—the making of the machinery, the filling of the spools, the drawing and "reading in" of the pattern, and the tying of the cords or strapping, we have to see the great process of all,—the actual weaving. We certainly had no idea how fine a spectacle it might be. Floor above floor is occupied with a long room in each, where the looms are set as close as they can work, on either hand, leaving only a narrow passage between. It may seem an odd thing to say; but there is a kind of architectural grandeur in these long lofty rooms, where the transverse cords of the looms and their shafts and beams are so uniform, as to produce the impression that symmetry, on a large scale, always gives. Looking down upon the details, there is plenty of beauty. The light glances upon the glossy coloured silks, depending, like a veil, from the backs of the looms, where women and girls are busy piercing the imperfect threads with nimble fingers. There seems to be plenty for one person to do; for there are thirteen broad ribbons, or a greater number of narrow ones, woven at once, in a single loom; yet it may sometimes be seen that one person can attend the fronts, and another the backs of two looms. In the front we see the thirteen ribbons getting made. Usually, they are of the same pattern, in different colours. The shuttles, with their gay little spools, fly to and fro, and the pattern grows, as of its own will. Below is a barrel, on which the woven ribbon is wound. Slowly revolving, it winds off the fabric as it is finished, leaving the shuttles above room to ply their work.

The variety of ribbons is very great, though in this factory we saw no gauzes, nor, at the time of our visit, any of the extremely rich ribbons which made such a show at the Exhibition. Some had an elegant and complicated pattern, and were woven with two shuttles (called the double-batten weaving) which came forward alternately, as the details of the rich flower or leaf required the one or the other. There were satin ribbons, in weaving which only one thread in eight is taken up,—the gloss being given by the silk loop which covers the other seven. On entering, we saw some narrow scarlet satin ribbons, woven for the Queen. Wondering what Her

Majesty could want with ribbon of such a colour and quality, we were set at ease by finding that it was not for ladies, but horses. It was to dress the heads of the royal horses. There were bride-like, white figured ribbons, and narrow flimsy black ones, fit for the wear of the poor widow who strives to get together some mourning for Sundays. There were checked ribbons, of all colours and all sizes in the check. There were stripes of all varieties of width and hue. There were diced ribbons, and speckled, and frosted. There were edges which may introduce a beautiful harmony of colouring—*as primrose with a lilac edge,—green with a purple edge,—rose colour and brown, puce and amber, and so on.* The loops of pearl or shell edges are given by the silk being passed round horse-hairs, which are drawn out when the thing is done. There are belts,—double ribbons,—which have other material than silk in them, and there are a good many which are plain at one edge, and ornamented at the other. These are for trimming dresses. One reason why there are so few gauzes, is that the French hat is there. They grow the kind of silk that is best for that fabric, and labour is cheap with them, so that any work in which labour bears a large proportion to the material, is particularly suitable for them.

We have spent so much time among the looms, that it is growing dusk in their shadows, though still light enough in the counting-house for us to look over the pattern-book, and admire a great many patterns, most, till we see more. Young women are weighing ribbons in large scales, and a man is measuring off some pieces, by reeling. He cuts off remnants which he casts into a basket where they look so pretty that, lest we should be conscious of any shop lifting propensities, we turn away. There is a glare now through the window which separates us from the noisy weaving room. The gas is lighted, and we step in again, just to see the effect. It is really very fine. The flare of the separate jets is lost behind the screens of silken threads, which veil the backs of the looms, while the yellow light touches the beams, and gushes up to the high ceiling in a thousand sprays. Surely the ribbon manufacture is one of the prettiest that we have to show.

If the Coventry people were asked whether their chief manufacture was in a flourishing state, the most opposite answers would probably be given by different parties equally concerned. Some exult, and some complain, at this present time. As far as we can make out, the state of things is this. From the low price of provisions, multitudes have something more to spare from their weekly wages than formerly, for the purchase of hurry, and the demand for cheap ribbons has increased wonderfully. As always happens when any manufacture is prosperous, the operatives engage their whole families in it. We may see the father weaving; his wife, on the verge of her

confinement, winding in another room, or, perhaps, standing behind a loom, peering the whole day long. The little girls fill the spools; the boys are weaving somewhere else. The consequences of this devotion of whole households to one business, are as bad here as among the Nottingham lace-makers, or the Leicester hosiers. Not only is there the misery before them of the whole family being adrift at once, when bad times come, but they are doing their utmost to bring on those bad times. Treat as is the demand, the production has, thus far, much exceeded it. The soundest capitalists may be heard complaining that there is a losing trade. Less substantial capitalists have been obliged to get rid of some of their stock at any price they could obtain, and those ribbons, sold at a loss, intercept the sales of the far-dealing manufacturer. This cannot go on. Prosperous as the working-classes of Coventry have been, for a considerable time, a season of adversity must be within ken, if the capitalists find the trade a bad one for them. We find the case strongly stated, and supported by facts, in a tract on the Census of Coventry which has lately been published there. It might save a repetition of the misery which the Coventry people brought upon themselves formerly—by their tenacity about protective duties, and their opposition to steam power—if they would, before it is too late, ponder the facts of their case, and strive, every man in his way, to yield respect to the natural demand for the great commodity of his city, and to take care that the men of Coventry shall be fit for something else than weaving ribbons.

CONTINENTAL WAYS AND MEANS

ALTHOUGH it is neither our wish nor object to encourage alienism, yet there are so many valid reasons for at least an occasional residence abroad that a few words on the subject of continental economics may not be without interest to some readers. The great cities and towns of Europe have become almost household words to English ears, and we are all of us now as familiar with Paris, Brussels, and the Rhine, as our fathers were with Holborn and Hackney. Still, there is a wide difference between travel and residence. The impressions of a land seen from the hotel window, and with the commentaries of the "commissionnaire," are so very unlike those gathered from actual domestication, that some hints as to "where to dine" and "what from" may not be altogether valueless.

First of all, as to climate. It is a grand mistake to believe that any of our neighbours are much better off than ourselves in that respect. If they be, it is more in the fact that the order of the seasons is more regular, and that the particular character of the time has fewer variations than in England. So much is this the case, that we appreciate perfectly the distinction a foreigner once made

to us,—that England has WEATHER, but no CLIMATE,—meaning that every imaginable change is at all times possible, and that for four weeks of June sun and wind, we often are requited with a December that even Naples might envy. It may be set down as certain, that, except in a few favoured spots along the shores of the Mediterranean and in Sicily, our winters are milder than those of the Continent. A Paris winter is a vile compound of cold slush damp fog, and foul smells. A Brussels one is all the preceding plus sleet and storm. A German winter is an affair of stoves double windows, fur mantles, and foot-warmers, frozen fountains, and no mud every second or third day. Italy has a dozen climates. Milan, all rain and wind. Turin, both, in diminished degree. Florence alternates between an Irish January and a West Indian tornado. With the Sirocco, come fog, mud, and neuralgia, with the Tramontano wind you have filling pottery and peacocks. Rome is Ireland, with a Pontine fever, and Naples is all that sun and wind can make it.

The autumns are uniformly fine abroad, finer and less changeable than in England. As for spring, it only exists in 'Thomson's Seasons'. The continental summers are almost unexceptionally good. In mountain districts there are certain periodical rains, but they rarely last long, or cause much inconvenience. An English invalid has few valid reasons for leaving his own shores, save such as the change of scene and the novelty of travel suggest. Pisa, it is true, offers some advantages to the weak chested, but then the whole available extent of Pisa is the quay along the Arno. Away from this you encounter cutting winds and cold blasts, and all the rigours of a northern winter. There are a few secluded nooks along the Mediterranean, such as Nestle and Spizzu, which combine the advantages of sea air with all the luxuries of a tropical vegetation. Of these we mean to speak hereafter.

After all, however, if climate be any object we must seek it south of the Alps. The winters of France and Germany, severe and tedious as they are, are nothing to the transition stages that precede and follow them. It is those tiresome months of late autumn and early spring,—those tadpole seasons of undeveloped proportions, slush, rain, and cold and mud and sleet, banging doors and blowing noses,—these are the worst of all. Notwithstanding all these things—in spite of the inconvenience of the passport system, the police and the Custom-house—you will come abroad. There may be fifty reasons for it. Your neighbours—the Tedsingtons—have done it, and their daughters have all married counts and marquises, you are hard-worked and wearied, and you long for the repose of a vacation, you have gone too fast, you have burned your fingers with shames in the Behring Straits Junction, and you have laid out

your spare capital in an Irish mortgage. Economy for a while is indispensable, and it must be practised abroad.

The unqualified opinion of every Englishman is, that the whole Continent is miserably poor, that to make a decent appearance in the streets or at the *cafés*, all foreigners from Norway to Naples, starve at home, and play hot hands, or go to bed, to make up for want of a fire. Milord therefore thinks that even his reduced income of one thousand per annum will make him a 'personage' abroad, and in this pleasant delusion he starts on his travels. As the French say, "*C'est une illusion comme une autre*." What is the fact? He finds that Brussels is as dear as Leamington. The Rhine towns are nests of cheating and imposition, the smaller central cities of Germany are unprovided with every requisite he is used to, and unsupportably dull besides, and he takes refuge at last in Munich or Vienna, or he crosses the Alps into Italy.

All the actual material of life abroad is very little cheaper than in England and considerably dearer than in most parts of Scotland and Ireland. Neither your house nor your man servant nor maid-servant cost you less. Your wine indeed, does, and so do all the details of education. But if these be cheaper, they are inferior also. The light St. Etienne, that you dignify by the name of Claret, sets your teeth on edge, and the thin Klingenberg is only vinegar in a decanter. And as to education, with all the vices of our school system at home, some men of information are occasionally to be found in public life and professions, and we are not disgraced by hearing a great minister talk of Ancona as in the Mediterranean! Continental languages and music are the staples of foreign education. As to the former they are learned badly, because categorically, and all the advantages of correct accent are counterbalanced by want of grammatical study. Music indeed, is acquired in a better and more rational method, particularly in Germany. As to classical knowledge and the mass of general information which our schools and colleges teach, foreign educational establishments are lamentably deficient. The blunders in history, geography, and natural science which every one has witnessed in foreign society—and rarely heard in England—the very shamelessness of the avowals of ignorance on common topics,—attest of how little consequence such confessions are. We remember well ourselves hearing a very distinguished foreigner confound 'Berlin' with 'Dublin' for half an hour together, and, when mildly admonished of his mistake, merely replied "*C'est égal, c'est toujours la même chose*," (it is all one, it is just the same thing), while not many days ago we listened with considerable interest to an animated description of the late Sicilian revolt, and its secret history, from the lips of a Lombard gentleman—his narrative, as he went along, being corroborated, and, indeed,

illustrated, by the remarks of another at his side. What, however, was our disappointment as the latter turned coolly round, on the conclusion, and said to a bystander, "*Scusi, Signore; ma, dove è la Sicilia?*"

The Continent is not cheaper than home—it has few advantages on the score of climate. What, then, it may be asked, are the inducements which yearly draw away from our country such hordes of foreign travellers? Some will ascribe this to the greater social freedom enjoyed abroad, the less restricted code of morals and manners, the wider opportunities of entering society, and the ease of admission into courts or courtly circles. These, of course, have all their separate influences; but if we were asked wherein lies the great charm of the Continent, we should say, it consists in the easy, unembarrassed tone of intimacy enjoyed by all of the persons who meet together in society. There is neither lord worship nor gold worship. There is no pushing, nor shoving, nor struggling for places beside his grace nor her ladyship. Whatever may be the differences of rank and station, there is a perfect equality amongst the individuals who compose society. The claim of being a gentleman suffices for admission and acceptance everywhere. Now we by no means wish to disparage lords, nor affect to class them with the worn-out representatives of a French or a Spanish nobility; on the contrary, we are fully alive to the vast advantages enjoyed by educated gentlemen, without any of the narrowing influences of a professional career, or the small pedantries that attach to special study; but we would protest against the vulgar adulation of rank so common in England; that indiscriminate veneration for every member of the peerage, and every name chronicled by Burke or Debrett.

One of the most remarkable results of the opposite tone abroad is, the very great superiority in all the pretensions to agreeability and information possessed by that very class which at home we are satisfied to admire on the mere plea of a title. An English nobleman, on the Continent, is satisfied to enter society without the great *prestige* that accompanies him at home, and consequently exercises all those arts of agreeability which make the success of a *salon*. But the whole tone of society abroad is more natural and more free. There is more ease, and less lounging—more agreeability and less display—greater deference to modesty, and less adulation of high capacity. In a word, society is like one of those associations where the members can be only holders of one ticket each, and the great capitalist can never swamp nor overwhelm his humble brother shareholder. Of course, in all that we say here, we are rather pleading the cause of little people—of whom we are ourselves one of the smallest; but we repeat, that we know of nothing abroad to compare with its social equality.

It will perhaps be said, that in this kind of

intercourse we lose much of our nationality, and that our distinctly English features of character usually wear away. If by such are meant, our native coldness and distance—our distrust of everybody we do not know intimately—our overweening belief in the superiority of England in all things,—then, so much the better.

FRIENDSHIP'S VALENTINE.

"In the month of February,
When the little birds begin to sing."—*Old Song.*

I'as pale Primroses forlorn
Oped to Spring's uncertain handling,
Or the creamy buds on thorn
Even dreamt about expanding,
In a bower in sunny weather,
While the birds sang free above,
Loud and sweet and all together,
Met SAINT VALENTINE and LOVE;
Short grass sprung beneath their feet,
Flecked with snow flakes here and there,
That the Snow-drops dared to meet,
Knowing they were quite as fair;
Blue Hyacinths up rushed,
(Wide as bird its eye uncloses,)
Cold Christmas roses blushed
As they were the Summer's roses;
But the Crocus dared not show,
For the story went of old
That Love had quarrelled long ago
Both with purple and with gold!

Then said sweet Valentine,
"Fast the world rocks on, and strange,
Leaving many a lit up shrine
Dark behind it on its range;
Yet the wreaths that lie on mine,
Freshly gathered, do not change."

But before Love spoke he smiled,
"Let not fear of change perplex thee,
Never let such fancies wild
Come across thy soul to vex thee;
For it was the Heart that made thee
For itself with halo'd brow,
Out of its own wealth arrayed thee;
Fear not, it will leave thee now!
Wayside chapel, like a bower,
Built thee on life's dusty beat,
There to while a dreaming hour,
Oft-times true, and ever sweet.
Hang it round with garlands green,
Pictures quaint and uncouth rhyme,
And on them my smile hath been;
Fear not they will last with time."

Here Love paused in glad surprise.
To the Saint a maiden knelt,
And the sweet light in her eyes
Was a light that might be felt.
Word she spoke not, only holding
Up a scroll that she had set
In a myrtle wreath, enfolding
Many a winter Violet.

But the Saint looked coldly on it,
Finding never fiery dart,
Never Love or Dove upon it,
Blushing rose, or bleeding heart;

Missing all his emblems gay,
 Scarce he marked those Violets dim,
 Saying, as he turned away,
 That the scroll was not for him

But Love spoke, "Nay, Valentine,
 Never let her leave dejected,
 She has been a friend of mine
 Far too long to be rejected"
 Look at us, and we will show,
 I like as sister does to brother,
 Some have never skill to know
 One of us two from the other
 Looking on us both with kindness,
 And, as it has seemed to me,
 Not without a touch of blindness
 Of the kind that will not see
 Or this may have chanced, because
 I have oft assumed her raiment,
 Never (light to me are laws)
 Asking leave or making payment
 Yes I oft have worn her looks,
 Mimicked, too, her voice and speech,
 Stolen her very lesson books,
 All my alphabet to teach
 On her very house has never
 Been her own, for close it lay
 On the road I went, and ever
 There I stopped to rest half way
 In the sheltered gardens round it
 I have practised many a song
 (Somehow, pleasant as I found it,
 I have never stayed there long")
 And because that many hold her
 Dear, that almost shun my name,
 It has often made me bolder
 Such a cousinship to claim!
 Oft her simple heart deceiving,
 Seldom giving her her due,
 Now I fain would make retriaving,
 Making I am now, friends with you!

THE LITTLE SISTERS

ALMSGIVING takes the place of our work-house system, in the economy of a large part of Europe. The giving of alms to the helpless is, moreover, in Catholic countries, a religious office. The voluntary surrender of gifts, each according to his ability, as a means of grace, is more prominently insisted on than among Protestants, consequently systematic taxation for the poor is not resorted to. Nor is there so great a necessity for it as in this country, for few nations have so many paupers to provide for as we. English are accustomed to regard as a natural element in our society, and thus it happens, that when, about ten years ago, there was in France no asylum but the hospital, for aged and ailing poor, the want of institutions for the infirm but healthy, was not so severe as to attract the public eye.

But there was at that time a poor servant woman, a native of the village of La Croix, in Brittany—Jeanne Sugon was her name—who was moved by the gentleness of her heart, and the fervour of her religion, to

pity a certain infirm and destitute neighbour, to take her to her side as a companion, and to devote herself to her support. Other infirm people earned, by their helplessness, a claim on her attention. She went about begging, when she could not work, that she might preserve life as long as Nature would grant it to her infirm charges. Her example spread a desire for the performance of similar good offices. Two pious women, her neighbours, united with Jeanne in her pious office. These women cherished, as they were able, aged and infirm paupers, nursed them in a little house and begged for them in the vicinity. The three women, who had so devoted themselves, attracted notice, and were presently received into the order of Sisters of Charity, in which they took for themselves the name of "Little Sisters of the Poor"—*LES PETITES SŒURS DES PAUVRES*.

The first house of the Little Sisters of the Poor was opened at St Servan, in Brittany. A healthy flower scatters seed around. We saw that forcibly illustrated, in the progress, from an origin equally humble, of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg. We see it now again, in the efforts of the Little Sisters which flourish and fructify with prompt usefulness. On the tenth anniversary of the establishment at St Servan, ten similar houses had been founded in ten different French towns.

The *Petites Sœurs* live with their charges in the most frugal way, upon the scraps and waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institution, are truly the crumbs falling from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care. She lives upon equal terms with Lazarus, and acts towards him in the spirit of a younger sister.

The establishment at Dinan, over which Jeanne Sugon herself presides, being under repair, and not quite fit for the reception of visitors, we will go over the Sisters' house at Paris, which is conducted on exactly the same plan.

We are ushered into a small parlour, scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints upon the walls. A Sister enters to us with such a bright look of cheerfulness as faces wear when hearts beneath them feel that they are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire, and at once leads us into another room of larger size, in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner, it being Friday, rice stands on the table in the place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or are near to, the state of second childhood. You see an old dame fumbling eagerly over her snuff box lid. The poor creatures are not denied luxuries, for, whatever they can earn by their spinning is their own money, and they buy with it

any indulgences they please, among which nothing is so highly prized or eagerly coveted as a pinch of snuff.

In the dormitories on the first-floor, some he bed ridden. Gentler still if possible, is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy with large windows, and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or sympathy.

We descend now into the old men's department, and enter a warm room, with a stove in the centre. One old fellow has his feet upon a little fire warmer and thinly pipes out that he is very comfortable now for he is always warm. The chills of age and the chills of the cold pavement, remain together in his memory, but he is very comfortable now, —very comfortable. Another decrepit man, with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud in his youth of a rich voice for love songs—talks of music to the Sister, and, on being asked to sing, blazes out with joyous gestures and strikes up a song of Beranger's in a cracked, shrill voice which sometimes—like a river given to flow under ground—is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again, quite thick with mud.

We go into a little oratory where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest. Thence we descend into a garden for the men and pass thence by a door into the women's court. The chapel bell invites us to witness the assembly of the Sisters in the repetition of their psalms and hymns. From the chapel we return into the court and enter a large room, where the women are all busy with their spinning-wheels. One old soul immediately tatters to the Sister (not the same Sister with whom we set out) and insists on welcoming her daughter with a kiss. We are informed that it is a delusion of her age to recognise in this Sister really her own child who is certainly far away and may possibly be dead. The Sister embraces her affectionately, and does nothing to disturb the pleasant thought.

And now we go into the kitchen. Preparation for coffee is in progress. The dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighbourhood, are stored for a long time with great care. The Sisters say that they produce a very tolerable result, and at any rate, every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning to which love is able to administer the finest Mocha flavour. A Sister enters from her rounds out of doors with two cans full of broken victuals. She is a healthy, and, I think, a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee, and to collect food for the ninety old people that are in the house. As fast as she fills her cans, she brings them to the kitchen, and goes out again, continuing in this work daily till four o'clock.

You do not like this begging? What are the advertisements on behalf of our own hospitals? What are the collectors? What are the dinners, the speeches, the charity sermons? A few weak women, strong in heart, without advertisement, or dinners, or charity sermons, without urgent appeals to a sympathising public, who have no occasion to excite charity, by enticing it to balls and to theatrical benefits, patiently collect waste food from house to house, and feed the poor with it, humbly and tenderly.

The cans are now to be emptied, the contents being divided into four compartments, according to their nature—broken meat, vegetables, slices of pudding, fish, &c. Each is afterwards submitted to the best cookery that can be contrived. The choicest things are set aside,—these, said a Sister, with a look of satisfaction, will be for our poor dear sick.

The number of Sisters altogether in this house engaged in attendance on the ninety infirm paupers, is fourteen. They divide the duties of the house among themselves. Two live in the kitchen, two in the laundry, and two, one devotes herself to constant personal attendance on the wants of the old men, and seven with the others, each having her special department. The whole sentiment of the household is that of a very large and very amiable family. To feel that they console the last days of the infirm and aged poor, is all the Little Sisters get for their labour.

PICTURE ADVERTISING IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE concentrated wisdom of nations used formerly to be sought for in their proverbs, we look for it now a days in their newspapers. Whether we always find what we seek, in this respect, may be a question, but something is sure to turn up in them that will repay the search though the leading article, the records of Parliament and of law, or even the letters of "our own correspondent," may fail to disclose it.

The "intelligent" reader will at once see that we point to the advertising columns, but we are not going to inflict an epitome of the first and second pages of the *Times* or present an abstract of its Supplement, characteristic of our country as the result might prove. We purposed to go somewhat further afield, and tread upon ground hitherto unbroken. A file of South American newspapers has suggested to us that it might prove amusing, if not instructive, to describe the wants and wishes, the habits of life, and something of the pervading tone of society, in certain parts of that hemisphere, as shown in the advertisements of the periodical journals.

We have selected the city of Buenos Ayres for this illustration, and turn at once to our file.

The political feature is absent here for where men have always arms in their hands to establish a new "Constitution" or destroy an old one, they look elsewhere than to a newspaper advertisement for the arena wherein to exhibit their valour or patriotism. Their "London Tavern," their "Town Hall," their "Copenhagen Fields," or 'Bull-ring,' are to be found on their wide-spreading Pampas, or in the fastnesses of their sierras, with the *lazo* at the saddle-bow, the sharp spur on the heel, the *tabaigo* (cane) in the holster, and the lance or sabre in the grasp. These politicians have no time for reading or writing advertisements, nor would it answer any very useful purpose if they did. The only attempt that is ever made to catch the patriotic eye, is where a formal notice is issued by the authorities, touching taxes, or a muster of militia for some peaceful end, on these occasions, "*Viva la Federacion!*" (Long live the Confederation!) appears at the head of the advertisement announcing the fact, and when it has a quasi-military character attached to it, the portrait of an infantry soldier under arms in white tights, Hessian boots, cross-belts, staff stock, and ponderous chako (none of them very pleasant things to think of in latitude thirty four degrees south, with the thermometer ninety-six in the shade), is invariably added. But the confederation is not appealed to merely because the nature of the advertisement may seem to require it, we find the same heart-stirring, refresher associated with ass's-milk, live turtle, runaway slaves—with everything, indeed, that has an interest for the community, portable or edible, necessary to it comfort, or serviceable to its desires.

But if liberty has very little claim on the advertising columns of a newspaper in Buenos Ayres, there is a large set off in favour of slavery. The papers teem with notices concerning that portion of the people who have the misfortune not to belong to themselves. And here it may be desirable to advert to a feature which is essential to the success of an advertisement in South America, it must be pictorial. Our own country newspapers, and most of the continental ones,—those of our Parisian friends in particular,—show us what can be done in this way, but they do not elaborate their subject after the manner of the Buenos-Ayreans. With them the advertisement must have a double chance: they who can read may enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in plain type,—they who have not been introduced to the school-master may gather the meaning of the "noticia" from the greater or less striking resemblance of the object advertised to the woodcut which illustrates it. It is true, a difficulty may sometimes arise in the latter case, owing to an economical employment of the same block to represent a great variety of actions: the same slave is always in the attitude of a fugitive, whether he be described

as running away with all his might, or quietly standing still to be sold, the same horse is always in a high trotting condition, whether he be supposed to career across the plain, or hold up a foot to be shod, the same bull has always his head bent down, with the same mischievous poke of the horns, whether he be advertised for slaughter or recommended for sport.

The first of the slave advertisements that greets us has the appropriate heading about the Confederation, followed by the words "*Se Vende,*" ("To be sold.") A small and very considerably used up woodcut then figures as a side head, representing a bare footed negro, in jacket and trousers, with a broad-brimmed straw-hat on his head, and a stick, with a bundle hanging from it, over his shoulder, and apparently making off for *el campo* (the country), as fast as he can. This is not very encouraging to the invited purchaser, but a man who has a sufficient number of dollars to be able to turn them to the laudable purpose of buying another man, ought—in civilised life, at least, to know how to read,—and thus in the terms of a sale —

"An excellent young negro of all work (*de todo servicio*), fit for the country, understands lime and brick making, and knows how to cook. His price is nine hundred dollars."

A cook who might make a pudding with quick lime instead of flour, and instead of a bath-brick send in a real one, would not record with the notions of an English housewife.

Female slaves who are to be sold, are represented as like to *italanta*, as the males are to *Hippomenes*. They, too, attired in a long night-gown, which has very much the look of impeding their flight, are always bolting with a bundle, which probably contains the bonnet they never appear in, or the shoes they are not supposed to wear. In like manner, if you wish to buy (*se desea comprar*) a slave, of either sex, you do so with your eyes open, for the great probability that the new purchase will vanish on the first favourable opportunity, is vividly set forth in the woodcut that speaks for all. The prices are tolerably high,—a boy, as we have seen, fetches nine hundred dollars, a woman-servant, (*una criada*), fifteen hundred, and a man in the prime of his age,—for manual labour,—eighteen hundred, or two thousand. What a fortune Louis Napoleon might make, if he could establish a market-value for those whom he proscribes! M. Thiers would then be worth four hundred pounds!

But the pictures of runaways have sometimes,—indeed, we may say, very often,—a real significance. The Confederation is not exalted in this instance, but advice is given to the watchful (*a los vigilantes*), to be on the look-out, as follows:—"An Indian and a negro, each about fourteen years of age, (both slaves,) have run away from a farm. The

negro had on a cloak, (*poncho apala*), with violet stripes; the Indian, one of the same kind, striped with yellow: both of them have sores,—one healed, the other not. Whoever will deliver them up, at No. 235, in the Street of Piety, (*en la Calle de la Piedad*) will be rewarded"—in the street of Piety.

From the Street of Piety, the next step naturally is to Religion,—or, at least, to its forms and ceremonies. We see the vignette of an altar-table, covered with a fair cloth, whereon stand a crucifix, and a pair of long waxen tapers, in full blaze, a holy-water pot, and a sprinkling-brush, are placed beside the table, beneath which is spread a handsome carpet. So much for the emblem; now for the text:

"Doña Agustina Lopez de Rosas, the citizens Don Prudencio and Don Gervacio Ortiz de Rosas, and others, brothers, wife, and sons of the deceased Don Leon Ortiz de Rosas, (Q. E. P. D.) invite those gentlemen who, by accident, have not received notes of invitation, to accompany them to pray to God for mercy on the soul of the aforesaid deceased, in the Cathedral Church, at ten o'clock of the 20th of March current, by which they will feel under infinite obligation."

The next is a more than half-obliterated impression of an image of the sun, partly obscured by clouds, with the obligato crucifix in the midst, headed "*Ave Maria*":—it is the third advertisement, (*tercer aviso*), and is addressed by the Superiors (Mayordomos) of the most Holy Rosary to all faithful and devout sons of the most holy Mary.

The text of this address we need not give; the substance will be sufficient. It tells the history of the completion of the two naves and other parts of the church of the Patriarch San Domingo, which have been painted, white-washed, and otherwise decorated, in the sight of all the faithful, (*à la vista de todos los fieles*), and—to make a long story short—money is wanted to make it what the priests wish it, and therefore the superiors intend to stand daily in the chief porch to receive subscriptions, the smallest sums being—as in England, and everywhere else—most gratefully received.

The mortuary advertisements are not absolutely a transition "from praying to purse-taking;" only a variety of the same general mode of dealing. We select two of these:—In the first, we behold a lady in the full-dress evening costume of the Empire, with a very short waist, and very little drapery above it, leaning pensively against a funeral monument; an embroidered pocket-handkerchief being placed beneath one elbow, to protect it from the cold marble; in her left hand she carries a substantial wooden cross, which is held so as to fall over the shoulder; a weeping willow on the opposite side to the mourning lady balances the composition. Below the picture is the announcement that "Funereal letters (*Equelas de Funerales*) of every taste-

ful description, engraved as well as lithographic, and at a very moderate price, are to be obtained at the printing-office of the Mercantile Gazette, in the street of Cangallo, No. 75, where designs of all kinds may be seen." The second is more sombre in outward show, but less applicable to the general business of the advertiser. It is headed, "Interesting to all whom it may concern" (*Interesante à quienes conguenga*). We have here a very black tree, a very black tomb-stone, and a very black sky; the outline of the two former relieved by gleams of light from a very full moon; and having gazed our fill on these melancholy objects, are told that—"In the street of Victory, at No. 63½, at all hours of the day, an individual is to be met with who undertakes to supply every description of cards or notes of invitation, whether for funerals or any other kind of entertainment; he undertakes at the same time to serve those gentlemen who may honour him with their orders, with the very best goods, &c," after the approved fashion of advertisers all over the globe.

Natural history affords the Buenos-Ayreans great scope for their artistical genius. Don Federico Costa announces a grand spectacle of wild beasts; and that there may be no mistake about what he has to show, he heralds his collection with the full-length portrait of an Uran-utan (*Orangutan*), which he describes as a native of Africa. This interesting animal is seated on a bank, with a large stick in one hand, looking over his shoulder, and displays an endless amount of fingers and toes; the greater the number, the nearer, in Don Federico's opinion, the creature's approach to humanity. There is a wonderful bit of shadow, thrown from one of the Uran-utan's legs, which puts one in mind of the footprint that so startled Robinson Crusoe; and, indeed, the general appearance of the animal is not unlike some of the earlier portraits of that renowned mariner, only nature has done for the Uran-utan what art and goat-skins accomplished for the solitarity of Juan Fernandez.

The moral attributes of Don Federico's pet are strongly insisted upon in the advertisement,—his excellent disposition, the ingenuity of his mind, and (included in "*la moral*") the surprising dexterity with which he scoops out the contents of a cocoa-nut "in a manner most pleasing (*muy agradable*) to the beholders." His companions in captivity are porcupines, tiger-cats, ounces, armadillos, and a number of animals bearing local names, besides divers snakes of different colours, two thousand well-preserved insects, and, finally, (*por último*), a collection of antiquities from Mexico. The price of admission is two *reales*—the universal shilling; and children, in Buenos Ayres, as in London, are admitted for half-price.

A livelier turtle than that which is figured for the edification of the gourmands who

frequent the Hotel of Liberty in the street of the 25th of May, it would be difficult to find even in the celebrated cellars of Leaden-hall-street. If we were wholly unacquainted with the domestic habits of these scaly delicacies, we might easily imagine, from the picture here given, that the way a turtle gets over the ground is by flying, his outstretched feet and flippers serving him for wings. This advertisement is brief,—on the principle that good wine needs no bush. We are merely informed that turtle-soup, cutlets, and broiled fins, are to be had from mid-day till sunset. There is no occasion for the hotel proprietor to waste his money in commending wares such as these. The picture and the hour of consummation would have been enough.

It is well that invalids should be told, that at No. 76, in the Street of Maipú, the milk of an ass "recently confined" (*recien parida*) is always on sale; but the woodcut attached to the advertisement makes the fact appear doubtful; for a sturdier male animal than the "burro" there depicted, was never painted by Morland or Gainsborough. This, however, may arise from the necessity which exists for one of a sort doing duty for all. But there is another singularity in this advertisement. With no line to indicate a fresh subject, as is the case in every other instance, the portrait of the ass is always followed by the words "Long live the Confederation! Death to the Unitarians!" (*Mueran los Unitarios! These lines have puzzled us; and we hesitate to give the only explanation that strikes us. — something disrespectful, in short, to the Confederation of Buenos Ayres.*

It is not only the slaves that run away in that part of South America: the infection extends to dogs, horses, and oxen, all of which, like Cullihan, seem for ever on the look out to "have a new master, get a new nan," to hunt, ride, or drive them. There is a daily column, headed "Perdida," in which long-tailed horses, with flowing manes, pointers in immovable attitudes, for ever pointing, and sinister-looking bulls — thorough-paced gamblers, always ready for pitch-and-toss — are advertised as having left their owners, who strive to win them back by rewards varying from twenty to fifty dollars. In all

custom to refrain from "wounding ears polite"—except when the blood is up; then, indeed, they may take the field against Uncle Toby's army, that swore so terribly in Flanders.

This delicate mode of appealing to the consciences of thieves—which, carried fairly out, would probably bear a strong resemblance in the end to the politeness of Mr. Chucks, — is extended to property of all kinds. A large watch, of the genus turnip, the hands pointing to half-past eleven, the

time, perhaps, when the robbery is supposed to have taken place, and accompanied by the expressive word "Ojo" (look sharp) thrice repeated, indicates, what the advertisement soon plainly tells, that from No. 69, in Emerald-street, there have "disappeared" a valuable lot of articles, which give a very good idea of the turn-out of a well-mounted horseman in South America. There are, first, several pairs of large silver spurs—and a pair of Spanish spurs, when melted down, would make a decent service of plate,—quite enough for a "testimonial" to ourselves; and then come bridled headstalls and bridles, with twisted chains and caveasous of silver; the reins hung with silver-bells, and decorated with silver bosses, and the bits and curbs heavily mounted with the same costly metal. This robbery has been evidently "a put-up thing," for there is no word of housebreaking,—merely a disappearance; and all silver-smiths, pawbrokers, and the public in general, are entreated (*se suplica a los, &c.*) to detain the articles, if offered, and a reward of two hundred dollars will be given. Perhaps the gentlemen who caused the horses to disappear have taken this mode of procuring capaisons!

Quack-medicine vendors are not wanting in Buenos Ayres to render important services to humanity (*importantísimo a la humanidad*). Two magnificent cut-glass decanters, gigantic in proportion to a tree of wondrous virtues which stands between them, are stated to be full of a healing medicine, which will do the business of all whom the faculty have given up or are otherwise incurable, as effectually as Parr's Life Pills or Holloway's Ointment. The chief establishment for the sale of this elixir is very carefully pointed out; and for the benefit of future travellers we may mention, that it is to be found at No. 496 in the street of Cangallo, and in the very last door on the left-hand side, behind the wind-mill; and that in the court-yard of the house there is a garden filled with statues, of which the originals are probably defunct; but whether the elixir out of the two large decanters had anything to do with this apotheosis, we refrain from conjecturing.

The preceding advertisements are the most noticeable for embellishment and style. The ordinary kind of wants are set forth with woodcuts and text of a less striking kind, but almost all are illustrated. Wine, has a barrel for its sign; music, a violin; travelling, a carriage; gardening, a flower-pot; upholstery, a chair; the cobbler's mystery, a top-boot; the hatter's, a beaver; and the letter of lodgings, a house full of windows. Not all of them are confined to the Spanish language; for there are many English merchants and traders, and to accommodate the last, a notice like the following recommends the aforementioned Street of Piety:—

"To Det. To roms in altos one Squaz from the Place of Victory."

The author of this announcement certainly had not achieved a victory over the English language

THE DUKE'S AGENT

AMONGST the green hills of Dorsetshire, stands the village of Ashridge, and, not far from it, a goodly and substantial farm-house called Ash-Linn. Ashridge is named, obviously enough from standing on a ridge, and from being sprinkled with a number of ash-trees—almost the only trees which, till the modern spirit of planting had found its way into the county, were to be met with over miles of the higher regions of that beautiful and unique district. In this farm-house has lived for generations a family of Quakers, of the name of Arrowman. From father to son, the lands have descended as uninterruptedly as if they were their own, although, in fact, they were only rented of the great nobleman, the Duke of Anghime. Lying at some distance from the Duke's splendid abode, and having no particular attractions to draw the attention of people in general thither, the place seemed to have altogether escaped the notice of the proprietor. Possibly, this might be owing to a great measure to the punctuality with which the Arrowmans had always reimbursed the Duke, for the rent had been as regularly paid to the day, as if the retention of the farm depended expressly on punctuality. Be this as it may, neither proprietor nor even steward had ever been seen on the place during the last century. The farm, which, in the time of the grandfather of the present Mr. Arrowman, had been a wild tract of high, cold, and naked land, scattered with tuze bushes, and in many places overgrown with heather, was now (though to an eye accustomed to the rich lowlands of England still naked) green and mostly cultivated. Rounded hills stretched on all sides, bare of trees, divided into large fields by walls of the limestone of the district. Here and there a circular pool, called a mere, whelved for the cattle, was visible. It was full with run, for on these hills, except where some boisterous little rivulet hurries along, there is no other water. The whole district consisting of solid black limestone, or still harder trap.

Green as the hills were, they had yet a chill and northern aspect, and, till quite late in the spring, the cold was sharp and searing to a visitor from a more southern or more sheltered part of the country. The farmers and then men, as you saw them looking over their stone walls, had a complexion almost purple, from the keen quality of the atmosphere. But amid this nakedness and chilliness of scene, there were now evidences of no insignificant wealth on the spot. Fine herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were scattered over these high land pastures. Every wall was maintained in the completest condition, though built only of loose stones. The gates were all in the nicest

order; and, in the midst of the verdant solitude, stood the farm-house, with its outbuildings, all erected of solid grey stone, and roofed with grey flagstones. A few large ash-trees gave their shade to the immediate neighbourhood of the house, and presented a striking contrast to the utter absence of woods every where else. A good garden—also enclosed with a solid stone wall—adjoined the dwelling, with a numerous collection of beehives, and a good stock of all sorts of culinary vegetables.

In summer, when the sun was shining warmly on the place, it was not destitute of a certain homely beauty. The fruit trees on the walls, and those in the garden (now in full leaf) gave a clothed aspect to the abode, and the bees threw a cheerful note into the deep solitude, by their active humming. The fields around, at this season, also, had assumed a peculiar beauty. They were actually golden with flowers with which the short but tender grass was thickly strewn. Even a stranger, at such a time, might find a charm in this secluded place. The flowers waving in myriads and in richest colours in the breeze, the air and sky clear and blue, and the larks in hundreds, high overhead, making the whole region glad with their joyous minstrelsy.

For those who delight in more bold and picturesque features of nature, there ran within half a mile of the house, a wild dell, with high enclosing rocks, and rapid clear trout stream, beautiful enough to charm the warmest lover of the romantic.

The Arrowmans however, were not amongst the poetic and picturesque-loving class. They were simple and pious disciples of George Fox, who had acquired a strong attachment to their dwelling place by long habit, and the memory of many happy quiet days there. The old farmer was now become somewhat infirm. Rheumatism, in consequence of exposure to the driving cold rains of this elevated region, had to a degree crippled him. He could get about—with the aid of his two stout sticks—in his farm, but he could no longer mount his horse, and his two sons, now in the prime of youth, relieved him from the necessity of going to market. His longest travels now were to the meetings of his religious society, which he could by no means consent to forego, and which he accomplished in his ample forest-cart, driven by his wife.

Mrs. Arrowman, a genuine specimen of the country Quakers of the last generation, visited markets, meetings, and other places, just as ever. Time had covered her once fair face with a fine network of wrinkles, such as may be seen in a portrait of one of Deane's old men or women, but had not abated one iota of her spirit or physical energy. Quiet she was, but active and persevering. Mounted on a pillion, on a stout chestnut-coloured horse, behind an old

farm-servant, or behind one of her tall and rosy sons, holding firmly by the broad belt which girt his waist, she would proceed for the despatch of needful business to any place, however distant. It was a sight to see her, such as is not to be met with now a days, except it be in a wood-cut of Thomas Bewick's. The old lady—not corpulent, though stoutly built—clad in her grey cloak, often with a large basket on her knee, went jogging, with a stately attitude thus attended, along the valleys of the rocky district. Over her Quaker bonnet was neatly drawn a long black hood, tied under the chin and with a sort of cape, which served effectually to keep wind and weather out of her neck.

In this style Mrs. Arrowman twice a year jogged along to pay the rent of the farm. It had been the custom of the family—we are speaking of the last generation—from time immemorial to pay it in person to the Duke himself. With steward or with butler it had been the maxim of the grandfather never to deal, when he could transact his business with the landlord himself. Not that he was by any means shy with or uncourteous to the steward, on the contrary he was very chatty and friendly whenever they met, but he liked to have to do as much as possible with principals, and he quoted the anecdote of the farmer who went to the Duke of Norfolk many a time in the course of a year: 'Always go and tell the old man "whenever thou comest to the head".'

In the case of the Arrowmans this practice had succeeded very well. The Dukes of Anyshire had made an exception in their favour, and always received their rent in person. They seemed through the knowledge of them thus acquired, to have taken a particular liking to the plain old friends and to have looked with pleasure on the half-yearly interview. Orders were given that they should always be immediately admitted, and a friendly chat always took place, in which the landlord, probably, learned a good deal more about his estate and tenantry around Ashlumridge, than he obtained from any other quarter, though no one ever had to charge the Arrowmans with having said one unkind or ungenerous thing of them, but on many an occasion, had found their mediation essentially good.

Duly, therefore, on the half-yearly days, might Mrs. Arrowman be seen riding on wards towards the great house with something large and round, tied up in a ample napkin, on her knee. This was no other than a huge green cheese, made of the richest milk of Ash Lum farm, and coloured, in ornamental figures, with sage and other aromatic herbs. It was the old-established present of the Arrowmans to their ducal landlord, and it was always graciously received, and its predecessor's merits duly praised.

In one of these singular visits, Mrs. Arrowman encountered, on the lordly steps of the

ducal residence, the most extraordinary-looking personage that she had ever set eyes upon. It was a man of tall and gaunt figure, with a face as lean and as sharp as that of a greyhound, and almost hid in a strange wild mass of hair and beard, which had certainly for a month felt no razor. His small and ferret eyes gleamed keenly out of this strange hairy wildness, and with low bows and a thick and spluttering jargon, that she could make nothing of, he addressed her imploringly as she ascended the flight of steps. His nation was, evidently, Irish, his profession, according to every appearance, was to beg. His old sunburnt face was in the most perfect keeping with a suit of patchwork, which might safely be said to have no fellow in all the neighbouring regions. He had a huge stick in his hand of the family of the shillelaghs, and a capacious wallet at his side.

The grave Quaker dame half alarmed at this strange object, gave a hasty pluck at the bell and then plunging her hand into an ample pocket gave the man some copper, with the advice to go to his own country. As the Irishman was beginning to reply, the heavy door opened and a powdered porter, with a smile of recognition and a solemn bow, admitted Mrs. Arrowman and the old man-servant who bore the great green cheese after her. The door was hastily closed, and the sound of some stern words from the porter in a windy torrent of uncouth language from the Irish applicant. Mrs. Arrowman, glad to escape from the vicinity of such an object, was soon ushered into the ducal presence, where this annual delivery of rent and cheese and the reception of refreshments and friendly civility from the great landlord, took place.

On returning, from the great house, in a mood of very ordinary complacency, Mrs. Arrowman was astonished to find the wild Irishman seated in a station, near the bridge over a rivulet where trees and bushes hid him from the view of the house, and evidently in great distress. His experienced eye saw at once that this was no mere mendicant trick—it was genuine and deep trouble. Forgetting, therefore, her previous alarm, she turned to the man—who wiping his face with a wretched rag appeared not to observe her, but talked to himself in a wild rhapsody—and said in a clear firm voice, to him—"What aileth thee friend?"

At these words the tall, gaunt Irishman started to his feet, and, pulling his hat from his head, began with vehemence—"May the Almighty bless your ladyship! Oh! if your ladyship would take pity on a poor stranger from Ireland, and speak a word of favour to the Duke's highness, the Lord above would surely bless your ladyship, and set you high in heaven amongst his saints. It's all the long way that I've come from my own poor country, to speak to the Duke's highness, your ladyship, and now the fine gentlemen

there have druv me away, bad luck to them, like a thief or a beggar; and now I'll be clane ruined, your ladyship, I will, and all along of the hard-hearted bailiff, and the fine gentlemen here, that won't let me spake to the Duke's highness, your ladyship. Och hone! Och hone!"

"Who art thou, friend, if thou art not a beggar?" asked Mrs. Arrowman, in great amazement.

"A beggar is it ye take me for, your ladyship? Och! by all the blessed powers, an' 'tis nobody else but Dennis Macarthy, an ould tenant of the Duke's highness, come all the way from Ireland, to tell him his wrongs."

"Tenant!" said Mrs. Arrowman, "what sort of a tenant mayst thou be, friend?"

"A farmer, an' it plase yer ladyship,—a farmer, from the county o' Waterford, where my father, and father's father, before me, were tenants on the Duke's lands."

Mrs. Arrowman's astonishment was greater than ever. At this declaration and spectacle, all her ideas of farmers received a strange shock. Mrs. Arrowman, however, with the self-possession and prudence of her sect, suppressed her own emotions, and carefully listened to the man's story, which was of a kind which, when concluded, induced her to tell the man to resume his seat on the stone, and await her return, without approaching nearer to the house.

The Irishman, overwhelming her with bows and blessings, promised to obey; but still kept on his feet, and continued his benedictions and his bows, so long as she was in sight. By the time that she lost sight of him, she was again on the open space before the palace, and advancing at an active pace towards it, having ordered her man to remain with the Irishman till her return. On ringing at the gate, she was once more admitted, and soon after, a gay, powdered valet, was seen hastily crossing the lawn, who in a few minutes returned, followed by the wild Irishman, who was uttering blessings and praises on the head of the servant, who stalked forward, little attending to them. However, the Irishman was soon within the desired precincts of the ducal dwelling; and in the presence of the Duke himself, with Mrs. Arrowman.

It appeared, from Dennis's story, that the Duke's steward in that part of Ireland had given Dennis notice to quit at the ensuing Michaelmas. Dennis had, in vain, exerted all his eloquence to prevail upon the steward to allow him to remain. He had reminded him that the family had, for generations, lived on the land; which was but some thirty acres Irish, and that he was only a year and a half in arrears, which his sanguine temperament made him believe he could soon muster, if God Almighty sent good harvests. The steward was inexorable; and poor Dennis soon found that he had promised his farm to a friend of his own. He represented the steward as having done

numerous acts of the like arbitrary nature, and implored the Duke to send over some one to see how matters really stood.

The Duke smiled as he represented to Dennis Macarthy that, by his own account, he was a year and a half behind in his rent; and, turning to Mrs. Arrowman, observed that a year and a half was a long arrears.

"Yes, Duke of Anyshire," said Mrs. Arrowman, "it would be thought so in this country."

"And, by God's mercy, your ladyship says thruth," interposed Dennis eagerly; "in this country it would be thought, may be, a length o' time—in this country, where all are so rich, and farmers are like dukes and squires themselves; but, in poor ould Ireland, his Grace's highness knows well enough it is different. And, what is a year and a half; and my father, and his father, and all our fathers before us, been on the farm? And, if the tates only are good, and the parson is not too severe with the tithes, and the Lord keeps the sickness away from the cabin—och! why it's nothing at all, at all, and I'll pay it all off in two years, and know nothing about it, entirely."

"It is much easier for an Irish tenant to promise than to pay," said the Duke.

"By the powers, and your Grace's highness spakes the thruth, too," exclaimed Dennis; "but if all is not paid clane off in the two years, why, then I'll make no complaints if your highness turns me off."

"What do you think, Mrs. Arrowman?" asked the Duke, "would you try him?"

"O! and if it be her ladyship," said Dennis, "that's to decide, then I'm sure she will say, 'Try him, by all manes;' God bless her ladyship's goodness. Hoo!" and here the Irishman, giving a wild sort of whoop, and leaping and twirling his stick, forgetful of the presence in which he was, began to bless and praise both the Duke and Mrs. Arrowman, in a torrent of spluttering exultation.

"Stop, friend!" said Mrs. Arrowman, quietly. "I have not yet said anything in thy favour. To look at thee, I fear thy poverty is much greater than thy prudence; and I would not have the Duke decide on my recommendation, in what concerns his own interests."

The Irishman's countenance fell; and the Duke said, "Then, Mrs. Arrowman, you would not have me try him?"

"Nay, I don't say that," replied Mrs. Arrowman; "but, Duke, I would not have thee trust too much to the man's promises, because he seems so very vehement in his feelings, and his poverty may cloud his judgment; but, if thou art inclined to try him, out of kindness, I should be glad; for I think he must be very much in earnest, or he would not have come all this way for the purpose of asking it. And, besides, it may be desirable to know what sort of a man the steward, or

whom he speaks, is If he be a hard man and an oppressor, it would be well to check him."

"Och! and that's what he is—"

"Stop!" said the Duke, "I have heard something of this steward before Mr Macarthy, I will send over a trusty person to make inquiry on the spot. Return home, and mind you say nothing of your journey hither. You shall hear from me, and, if I find all that you say correct I will forgive you the arrears of rent for the service you will have done your neighbours, and myself also, for a steward that injures tenants, injures the reputation of his landlord, and is capable of injuring him otherwise. Go—be discreet, if you can—and silent, which I fear will be no easy matter for you."

It would be no easy matter, either, to describe the wildness of the poor man's joy, or the extravagance of his thanks to the Duke, and to his kind intercessor, Mrs Arrowman. The good Quakeress was glad to be relieved from the Irishman's vociferous gratitude, and the shock of seeing him on his knees in the vestibule of his thankfulness. Luckily for her, the Duke rang and ordered Dennis to be conducted to the servants' hall, to receive a substantial refreshment, and then to be driven in a gig to the next town to the coach. The Duke at the same time putting into the astonished man's hand a bank note, more than sufficient to pay the whole of his fare home.

It may be imagined that Mrs Arrowman had that day, something to talk of when she reached home. On the following rent day, she did not forget to inquire of her dual host what was the result of the business. The Duke smiled, and informed her that he sent over immediately a confidential person, who, proceeding to the estate on which Dennis Macarthy lived, soon ascertained, without even letting Dennis know of his presence in the neighbourhood, that all which he had said was true.

The frauds and exactions of the steward were only exceeded by his cruel and arbitrary conduct to the poor tenants. He had grown rich himself, and a number of the best farms were in the hands of his own relatives, or of people who had bribed him to eject others in their favour. Time went on, and the day of Dennis's ejection approached, but Macarthy had ceased to speak of his quitting the farm, and in reply to the curious inquiries of his neighbours, said plainly that he did not mean to quit.

"What!" exclaimed his astonished neighbours, "not quit? What do you mean to do? Will you wait to be turned out without house to go to?"

Dennis said he would. It was in vain that his neighbours begged him to think of his family, and look out for some other farm, for go, he might depend upon it, he must and would. Whenever did the steward relent?

And who was able to resist him? He would come and, with a whole regiment of people at his heels, throw him and his family into the highway.

All that Dennis said was, "Let him come."

The whole of the neighbours regarded Dennis as a man who had taken a secret resolve of dogged vengeance, his silence, so different to his former noisy talk, his keeping away from the whiskey-shop, where he used to be amongst the most voluble disputants, were regarded as certain signs of it. Dennis was seen ploughing and digging and fencing with more diligence than ever. What could the man mean? Had he gone mad? What sane person would be toiling, and even improving the farm when he must so soon vacate it for another's benefit? No matter! Dennis was as silent and as busy as ever, and left everyone to wonder as he might. At length, the steward himself appeared at his door.

"Well, Macarthy, the time draws on, have you looked out for yourself?"

"And why need I look out," asked Dennis, gruffly, "when I am quite well off here?"

"But you cannot stay here."

"Why not?" asked Dennis, "what ails me, that I cannot stay here, and my father, and his father and all our fathers, stand here before me? Och bother! and I tell ye, Mr. Gripps I'm quite contented, and can stay here with all my heart."

"That," said Mr Gripps, "is, if I let you, and I have told you that you must prepare to quit on Michaelmas day, or you'll find yourself going head foremost, and rather more roughly than you'll like. Do you hear that?"

"Och! by the blessed Saints! and I do hear it Mr Gripps, and much I'll be minding it, for I know you're only a joking."

"Joking! Curse the fellow! does he think I joke on such a matter? Look ye, Macarthy! I shall be here for the rent, and, if you are not ready to pay, stuff shall be detained for the amount, and I shall proceed to forcible ejection."

"Troth and I'll be ready for ye."

The steward looked scowlingly at Macarthy, as if this reply had some more meaning than ordinary, and then rode off.

On the rent day, many of Macarthy's neighbours got together, and were seen hanging about the neighbourhood of the farm, and conversing in groups. They were full of expectation of what would happen. Dennis was seen going about his yard, as coolly as on any other day, feeding his cattle, his pigs, and his poultry, and calling, every now and then, on one of his sons to help him, or his wife to bring the wash for the swine or a bit of grease for his cart. Towards eleven o'clock, there was a cry,—“Here comes the steward!” and Gripps was seen riding towards the farm, with a troop of stout fellows at his heels. The number of people lounging about, seemed to make him suspicious of an intended resistance;

and it was evident that he was prepared for it. He rode hastily into Dennis's yard, shouting to his followers to turn out cows, horses, pigs, and poultry. There was a hasty running to the stable and the cowshed, the swine were driven squealing from the manure-heap into a corner of the yard where half-a-dozen fellows, armed with stout poles, stood guard over them. The steward rode round, and, glancing over the neighbouring fields, declared that there was not enough on the whole place to pay the rent and arrears. All should, therefore, be seized. Dennis was nowhere to be seen, and the steward sent three or four fellows into the house to order him and his family out. Dennis was sitting unconcernedly before the fire and his wife and children were standing about by no means much distressed or apprehensive.

When the man advised Dennis to evacuate he very quietly rose, and going out, went up to where the steward sat on his horse—“Well, sir,” he said, “and what is your will?”

“My will is that you march off with all your blood. You have no business here.”

“More than you have. Mr. Gripps I fancy.”

“Puck! I say, or I'll soon show you what business I have. Here,” he shouted to his followers, “pitch the scamp out of the premises!”

“Stand off!” said Dennis, seizing a pitchfork, “stand off!” or ye ill-tumour’d, ye will I told you. Mr. Gripps I would be ready for you.”

“Knock him down!” Howl him off!” shouted Gripps, and a crowd of well-armed men rushed upon him. But Dennis with a whirl of his fork made them stand at bay, and in that moment he drew a large letter from his bosom and, holding it up to the steward, said—“Don’t be in a hurry, Mr. Gripps. read that first, and then do as the devil bids ye.”

As Dennis approached to hand the letter, Gripps drew out a pistol and shouted,—“Back, rogue! or I’ll blow out your brains!”

“Then give him the Duke’s highness’s letter—you there!” said Dennis, sticking his fork into the ground and going up to one of the steward’s attendants. The man heartily—“It is the Duke’s highness’s own letter, I tell you,” cried Dennis, “and it is not the likes of you that need fear it, but the man on the horse there. He will shake in his shoes when he sees who it comes from!”

On hearing this wonder and curiosity beamed from the faces of all, and a man started forward took the letter, and handed it to the steward. As Gripps received it, and turned it to look at the seal an expression of surprise distorted his features. There was a profound silence as he proceeded to open it. All the assembled men and neighbours stood with their eyes fixed on him, and Dennis’s family also had come out, and were gazing on so intently. As the steward read, a ghastly paleness overspread his face, his hand shook so much, before he had reached the end, that he could not manage to

read the whole,—but he had read enough. He rushed it convulsively together, and said, in a husky voice—“It is the Duke’s pleasure,—we may leave things as they are, for the present!”

“Was I ready for ye, Michael Gripps?” asked MacCarthy. But the steward had turned, and was riding slowly away, with his wondering slaves at his heels. Nor was wonder confined to them alone, it was in full force in the hearts of the assembled neighbours, who had expected to see Dennis driven from his farm, but now saw the steward struck, as by an invisible hand and sent defeated from the field. A thousand questions were asked—“What is the meaning of it all, Dennis?”

“It means just this,” said Dennis, “Gripps has got an order not for my discharge, but for his own.” He then related his journey to England, his interview with the Duke, at his splendid palace and the good services of the Quaker lady. He also declared that the Duke had sent him the letter with instructions not to deliver it to Gripps until he came to ask for the rent.

Wonder and joy flew like wildfire through the village and over the estate far and wide. The steward lost no time in disappearing from the scene, and a new one was sent by the Duke from England.

The fame of Dennis for his bold enterprise, became great, but it did not lift him off his feet. On the contrary he seemed to feel it in umbel on him to deserve the good opinion of the Duke and of his benevolent intercessor, Mrs. Arrowman. In a few years, the farm which Dennis rented was doubled in the number of its acres and eventually, trebled. The farm was found to be better cultivated, was a very farmer in Waterford more prosperous in his degree, not more punctual in the payment of rent. Often as Mrs. Arrowman arrived at the palace, with her green cheese and her rent, was the wild Irish farmer and his story referred to. Nor is it yet forgotten at the “Great House,” though both the Duke of that day and Mrs. Arrowman have long passed away.

WONDERFUL TOYS

THE Pedigree of Puppets* will scarcely be complete without a sketch of those mechanical figures, which have excited the wonder and admiration of all ages and nations. Even in the days of Horace, Archytas, the astronomer, made a pigeon of wood, which, by the aid of machinery, flew from one place to another, not, however, in quite so wonderful a way as the fly made by John Müller (who, after the affected custom of the day, chose to call himself Regiomontanus), which could skim the air round a dinner-table, and, to the astonishment of the guests, finally settle upon the hand of its master and maker.

But these are trifles compared with the

* See page 436 of the present volume.

wonderful things told by later writers of the power of inventive genius in expending itself upon trifles. Philip Camuz describes an extraordinary automaton group that was got up, regardless, of course, of expense, for the entertainment of Louis the Fourteenth. It consisted of a coach and horses—what a modern coachman would designate 'a first rate turn-out.' Its road was a table, and, at starting the coachman snapped his whip, the horses began to prance, then subsiding into a long trot, they continued until the whole equipage arrived opposite to where the King sat. They then stopped, a footman dismounted from the foot board, opened the door, and handed out a lady, who, courtesying gracefully, offered a petition to his Majesty, and re-entered the carriage; the footman jumped up behind—all right—the whip snapped on, a more the horses pranced, and the long trot was resumed.

Some of the stories extant respecting musical automata, are no less extraordinary. D'Alcibert gives an account, in the '*L'encyclopedie Methodique*' of a graphic mechanical flute player. It stood on a pedestal, in which some of the works were contained, and not only blew into the flute, but with its lips, increased or diminished the tones, it forced out of the instrument by forming the legato and staccato passages, &c. &c. &c. The fingering was also quite perfect. This marvellous flautist was exhibited in Paris in 1788 and was made by Jacques de Vaucanson, the prince of automaton contrivers.

Vaucanson laboured under many disadvantages in constructing this marvellous figure among others, that of an optician, who for some years laughed him out of his project. At length fortune favoured the mechanist with a severe illness, and he took advantage of it to contrive the automaton he had so long dreamt of. This was it, terrible, and, as Vaucanson designed each portion of the figure, he sent it to be made by a separate workman, but no one should find out the principle of his invention. As the pieces came home, he put them together, and, when the whole was completed, he crawled out of bed, by the help of a servant who had been his go-between with the various operative mechanics, and locked his chamber door. Trembling with anxiety, he wound up the works. At the first sound emitted from the flute, the servant fell on his knees, and began to worship his master as somebody more than mortal. They both embraced each other, and wept with joy to the tune which the figure was merrily playing.

None of Vaucanson's imitators have been able to accomplish the organisation by which his figure modified the tones, by the action of the lips, although several flute playing puppets have since been made. About forty years ago there was an exhibition in London, of two mechanical figures, of the size of life, which performed duets. Incredible visitors

were in the habit of placing their fingers on the holes of the flutes in order to convince themselves that the puppets really supplied the wind, which caused the flutes to discourse such excellent music.

A full orchestra of clock-work musicians is quite possible. Maelzel, the inventor of the Metronome, opened an exhibition in Vienna, in 1809, in which an automaton Trumpeter as large as life, performed with surprising accuracy and power. The audience first saw on entering the room, a tent. Presently the curtains opened, and Maelzel appeared leaning forward the trumpeter, attired in full regimentals of an Austrian dragoon. He then pressed the left epaulet of the figure, and it began to sound, not only all the cavalry calls then in use for directing the evolutions of the Austrian cavalry, but to play a march, and an allegro by Weigl, which was accompanied by a full band of living musicians. The figure then retired, and, in a few minutes reappeared in the dress of a trumpeter of the French guard. The inventor wound it up on the left hip, another touch on the left shoulder, and forth came from the trumpet, in succession, all the French cavalry calls the French cavalry march, a march by Dussek, and one of Haydn's allegros again accompanied by the orchestra. In the '*Journal de Modes*' whence this account is derived it is declared that the tones produced by Maelzel's automaton were even fuller and richer than those got out of a trumpet by human lungs and lips, because a man's breath imparts to the made of the instrument a moisture which deteriorates the quality of the tone.

Vaucanson has however, never been outdone, after his flautist, he produced a figure which accompanied a flute, played with one hand, with a tambourine struck with the other. But his most wonderful achievements were his imitating animals. His duck became a wonder of the world. He simulated nature in the minutest point. Every bone, every fibre every organ, were so accurately constructed and fitted, that the mechanism waddled about in search of grain, and, when it found some, picked it up with its bill and swallowed it. "This grain" (we quote from the '*Biographe Universelle*') 'produced in the stomach a species of trituration, which caused it to pass into the intestines, and to perform all the functions of digestion.' The wonderful duck was not to be distinguished from any live duck. It muddled the water with its beak, drank, and quacked to the life. From men and ducks Vaucanson descended to insects. When Marmontel brought out his tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' Vaucanson obliged the author with a mechanical Aspid, in order that the heroine might be stung with the closest imitation of nature. At the proper moment the insect darted forth from the side-scenes, and settled upon the actress, humming all the while. A wit, on being asked

his opinion of the play, answered pithily, "I agree with the Aspic."

One never contemplates these wonders without regretting that so much mechanical genius should have been mis-expended upon objects by which mankind are no gainers beyond a little fleeting gratification. Vaucanson did not, however, wholly waste himself upon ingenious trifling. He was appointed by Cardinal Fleury, Inspector of Silk Manufactories, into which he introduced, during a visit to Lyons, some labour saving improvements. In return for this, the workmen stoned him out of the town; but he conveyed his opinion of their folly by constructing and setting to work a machine which produced a very respectable flower pattern in silk damask by the aid of an Ass. Had his genius confined itself wholly to the useful arts, it is not to be doubted that Vaucanson would have advanced the productive powers of machinery, and, consequently, the prosperity of mankind, at least half a century. In point of abstract ingenuity, his useless contrivances equal, if they do not exceed in inventive power and mechanical skill, the important achievements of Arkwright and Watt. Vaucanson's inventions died with him; those of our great English engineers will live to increase the happiness and comfort of mankind for ever.

Single mechanical figures, including the automaton Chess-player (which was scarcely a fair deception, and is too well known to need more than a passing allusion), although surprising for their special performances, were hardly more attractive than the groups of automata which have been from time to time exhibited. One of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences describes, in 1729, a set of mechanical puppets, which were at that time performing a pantomime in five acts. In 1746, Bienfait, the show-man, brought out "The Bombardment of the City of Antwerp," which was performed in the most soldier-like manner, by automata; all the artillery being served and discharged with that regularity which is always attributed to clock-work. A year or two later, the same artist produced "The Grand Assault of Bergem-op-Zoom," with unequivocal success. He called his company *Comédiens praticiens*.

The latest notable effort of mechanical puppet manufacture is exhibited at Boulogne at the present time. It is that of a jeweller, who has devoted eight years of his life to the perfection of a clock-work conjuror; which he has made a thorough master of the thimble-ric. Dressed in an Eastern costume, this necromancer stands behind a table, covered, as the tables of professors of legerdemain usually are, with little boxes and cabinets, from which he takes the objects he employs during the exhibition. He produces his goblets, and shows the balls under them; which vanish and reappear in the most approved style: now two or three are conjured into a spot, a moment before vacant; presently, these

disappear again, and are perpetually divided and re-united.

At every exclamation of the spectators, the little conjuror turns his eyes from side to side, as if looking round the house; smiles, casts his eyes modestly down, bows, and resumes his sleight-of-hand. He not only takes up the goblets from a stand, and places them over the balls, but leaves them there for a minute, and holds his hands up, to show the audience that he conceals nothing in his palm or sleeve. He then seizes the goblets again and goes on. This trick over, he puts his cups away, and shuts his cabinet. He then knocks on his table, and up starts an egg, to which he points, to secure attention; he touches the egg (which opens lengthwise) and a little bird starts into life; sings a roundelay, claps its enamelled wings—which are of real humming-birds' feathers, beyond any metallic art in lustre,—and then falls back into its egg. The little conjuror nods, smiles, rolls his eyes right and left, bows as before, and the egg disappears into the table; he bows again, and then sits down to intimate that the performance is over. The height of this little gentleman is about three inches; his table and every other thing being in due proportion. He stands on a high square pedestal, apparently of ivory. It is, however, of tin, painted white, and within it are all the wheels and works which turn the heart of the mystery.

This conjuror sold to a dealer, who re-sold to a Persian Prince, not long since, a Marionette dute-player; but whose fingering in the most elaborate pieces, although as accurate as if Drouet or Nicholson had been the performers, had no influence over the tune; which was played by a concealed musical box. It was, therefore, much inferior to those mechanical flautists we have already described. The jeweller has never ceased to regret having sold this toy. He could have borne to have parted with it if it had remained in Europe, but that it should have been conveyed, as he says, "to the other world," has been too cruel a blow. "Tout le monde," he exclaims, "*sera enchanté de mon ouvrage; mais, on ne parlera pas de moi, là-bas*"—all the world will be enchanted with my work, but no one will speak of me yonder,—by which distant region, he probably means Ispahan.

He is now perfecting a beautiful bird, which flies from spray to spray, and sings when it alights, somewhat similarly to the little Swiss bird which warbled so sweetly at the Great Exhibition.

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AN INDIAN WEDDING

In some parts of the East, and especially in the Island of Ceylon, there are many old customs which the progress of civilisation has not as yet cast away, and happily so, for they serve to keep up a kind and friendly feeling between the different classes and races of those countries. One of these time-honoured customs is the presence of European or burgher employers at the weddings or family festivals of their Cingalese servants, who never omit inviting their masters and families on such occasions. Being a guest of an old resident of Colombo, I received an invitation to be present at the nuptials of his head cook, a Cingalese of good family, who it appeared was to be united to a girl of the same name and rank, a daughter of a rich and influential man of the same name and rank. The bride and groom were both Catholics, and, as such, were to be married at one of the churches within the native section of the town about which I was. From some cause, my host could not attend on the eventful day. I was, therefore, left to make my way alone to the happy scene, which I learnt lay at some distance from our bungalow, at the further end of the long straggling outskirts.

Noon was the appointed time, the Church of Saint Nicholas the place, and in order that I might examine the locality I was about to visit, and which was entirely new to me, I left my quarters soon after our breakfast of rice and curry. It was a truly tropical day—the sea breeze had not commenced to blow, and the cool land wind had been fairly done up an hour since. In mercy to the horse and the runner by his side, I ordered the man to drive slowly. The sky seemed hot and coppery—too warm to look blue, and the great orb of light and heat had a sort of liquefied hue that was oppressive in the extreme. Round the Great Lake, past the dry, stagnant putrid fort ditch, into that part of the Black Town known as Ser Street. How different from the quiet, broad Dutch streets, or the cool shady lanes and their fine old burgher mansions! Here all was dust, and dirt, and heat. A dense crowd of people, of almost all the nations of the East, was passing to and fro, not, as with us, along the pavement—for there was no footway—but horses, bullocks, carriages, donkeys, and human

beings all hurried along pell-mell. Arabs, Moormen, Chinese, Parawes, Cingalese, Kandjans, Malays, Chitties, Parsees, and many others, were jostling each other in strange confusion. I shuddered as I beheld a brace of overheated bullocks, in an empty cart, rush madly past me into the midst of a whole host of men, women, and children, but, strange to tell, no one seemed any the worse. There was, to be sure, a little rubbing of shins, and a good deal of Oriental swearing on the occasion, but no more. A vicious horse broke away from his Arab leader, and dashed across the street, and down a narrow turning, where women and children seemed to be literally paving the way, the furious animal bounded over and amongst the living pavement, knocking down children of tender years, and scattering elderly females right and left, but still harmlessly. I felt puzzled at this, but concluded that they were "used to it."

The thronged street, long which I was slowly travelling, appeared to be the only thoroughfare of any length, shape, or breadth. From it diverged, on all sides, hundreds of dwarf carriage ways—turnings that had been lines in their younger days. They were like the Maze at Hampton Court, done in mud and masonry. I have often heard of crack skaters cutting their names upon the frozen Serpentine, and, as I peeped up some of these curious zigzag places, it seemed as though the builders had been actuated by a similar desire, and had managed to work their names and pedigrees in huts, and verandahs, and dwarf-walls. Into these strange quarters, if any, Europeans ever care to venture, the sights and the effluvia are such as they prefer avoiding with the thermometer standing at boiling point in the sun. Curiosity, however, got the better of my caution, and, descending from my vehicle, I leisurely strolled up one of those densely packed neighbourhoods, much to the annoyance of my horsekeeper, who tied hard, in broken English, to dissuade me from the excursion. Whether it be that the native families multiply here more rapidly, in dark and foul places, I know not, but never had I seen so many thrown together in so small a space. Boys and girls abounded in every corner. As I passed up this hot, dusty, crooked lane of huts, the first burst of the cool

breeze came up from the beach, glowing with health and life. I looked to see how many doors and windows would be gladly flung open to catch the first of the morning wind, and chase away the hot, damp, sickly air within, but I looked in vain. Not a door creaked on its rusty hinges, not a window relaxed its close hold of the frame, the glorious light of day was not to be thrown in upon the foul walls and floors of those wretched hovels.

There was business, however, going on here and there. The fisher and his boy were patching up an old worm-eaten canoe, ready for the morrow's toil, another son was hard at work upon the net that lay piled up in the little dirty verandah. Next door was a very small shoemaker, shoving the little front courtyard with a cooper, who did not appear to be working at anything in particular, but was rather disposed to solidquize upon buckets and tubs in general, and to envy the hearty meal which a couple of crows were making of a dead rat in the street. Further on was a larger building, but clearly on its last legs, for it was held up by numerous crutches. It was the inside red side to hold merchandise of any description, and as the owner did not desire the trouble and expense of pulling it down, he had let it out to a Malay, who allowed strangers to sleep in it on payment of a small nightly fee. As I passed by, a crowd of poor Malays just arrived from the opposite coast of India were haggling for terms for a night's lodging for the party, and not without some misgivings for some looked wistfully at the towering walls and pointed, with violent gestures, to the many prips.

Wending my slow way back towards the main street I came up in a busy carpenter's shop—a perfect model of the kind. In that country carpenters are likewise carriage-builders, and the place I then stepped to examine was one of that description. It was a long, low, rambling shed such as we might consider good enough to hold cinders or firewood, the thatched roof had been patched in many places with tattered matting, the crazy posts were undermined by the pigs in the next yard where they shared the mud and the sun with a heap of wretched children, and a score of starving dogs. Every kind of conveyance that had been invented since the flood, appeared to have a damaged representative in that strange place. Children's shattered donkey carriages, spavined old breaks, a rickety triacle of the Portuguese period, hackeries of the early Malabar dynasty, palanquins of (ingalese descent, Dutch goveinors' carriages, English gigs, were all pent up, with unrecoverable cart wheels, distorted carriage-poles, and consumptive springs. Had I possessed any antiquarian experience, I doubt not I should have discovered amongst the mass an Assyrian chariot or two, with a few Carthaginian howdahs

The master mind of this coach-factory was a genuine Cingalese, who, in company with a slender youth, was seated on his haunches upon the ground, chisel in hand, contemplating, but not working at, a felly for some embryo vehicle. After one or two chips at the round block of wood between his feet, Jussey Appoo paused, arranged the circular comb in his hair, and took another mouthful of betel, then another chip at the wood, and then he rose, sauntered to the door, and looked very hard up the little lane and down it, as though he momentarily expected some dreadful accident to happen to somebody's carriage in the next street.

Once more in my carriage, I threaded the entire length of Sea Street, with its little dirty shops, the sickly smelling airack taverns, the quaint old Hindu temple bedecked with flowers and flags inside, and with dirt outside, and the whitewashed Catholic churches. Little bells were tinkling at these churches, huge gongs were booming forth their brazen thunder from the heathen temples, there was a wild dance in one house to charm away some sickness, and a Jesuit in the next hovel confessing a dying man. There was a chorus of many tiny lunks at a Tamil school, chanting out their duties as in a dry verse, and a wilder, older chorus at the airack shop just over the way, without any pretence to time or tune. The strains of bullock drivers, the shouts of his keepers, the vociferations of loaded coaches, the screeching of rusty cart wheels, beginning to be greased, the din of the discordant chuckle of oil mill—all blended into a violent storm of sound made me glibly hasten on my way and leave the millinery chorus far behind. The open beach with its tall fringe of graceful coco-palms, and its cool breeze, was doubly welcome. I was sorry when we left it and drove slowly up a steep hill on the summit of which stood the Church of St. Nicholas my destination.

A busy scene was there. Long strings of curious looking vehicles were ranged outside the tall white church—so white and shiny in the sun, that the bullocks in the hackeries dared not look up at it. I felt quite strange amongst all the motley throng and when I started about and beheld those many carts, and palanquins, and hackeries, I fancied myself back again in Jussey Appoo's coach-factory. But then these were all gaily painted, and some were actually varnished, and had red staining curtains, and clean white cushions. Nearer the church, were some half-a-dozen carriages with horses, poor enough of their kind, but still horses. I glided in amongst the crowd, unnoticed, as I too fondly believed, and was about to take up a very humble position just inside one of the great folding doors, when I was accosted by a Cingalese, in a flowing white robe, and a gigantic comb in his hair, and politely led away captive, I knew not whither. Down one side aisle, and across a number of seats, and then up

another long aisle, and to my utter discomfort, I found myself installed on the spot, in the unenviable post of "Lion" of the day's proceedings. To a person of modest temperament, this was a most trying moment. There was not another white face there; the cookery had been disappointed, it seemed, in his other patrons, and knowing of my intended visit, they had waited for my appearance to capture me and thus make me add to the brilliancy of the scene.

I bowed to the bride, with as little appearance of uneasiness as I could manage, but when I turned to the bride-room I had nearly forgotten my mortification in a burst of laughter. The tall uncouth fellow had exchanged his wretched not ungraceful drape for a sort of long frock-coat of blue cloth, thickly bedecked with gay gilt buttons and shiny gold lace; some kind of a broad belt of many colours hung across his shoulders; he wore boots, evidently far too short for him, which made him walk in pain, and to complete the absurdity of his attire huge glittering rings covered half of his hands. The lady was oppressed with jewellery, which, on these occasions is let out as hire; she seemed unable to bend or turn for the mass of ornaments about her. White satin shoes and silk stockings gave a finish to her bridal attire.

As the party marched up to the priest I felt as a captive in chains gracing a Roman triumph. No one of all that crowd looked at the bride; they had evidently agreed among themselves to stare only at me. I felt that I was the bride and the father and the best man. I looked round once, and what a strange scene it was in the long white church! There were hundreds of black faces all looking one way—at me—but I did not see their faces; I saw only their white eyes glistening in the bright noon day sun, that came streaming through the great open windows as though purposely to show me off. I wished it had been midnight. I hoped fervently that some of the hackery bullocks would break loose, and rush into the church, and clear me a way out. I know nothing of how the marriage was performed, or whether it was performed at all; I was thinking too much of making my escape. But in a very short time by the clock, though terribly long to me, I found myself gracing the Roman triumph on my way out. The fresh air rather recovered me, and what with the drollery of handing the cook's wife into the cook's carriage, and the excitement of the busy scene, and the scrambling for hackeries, and the galloping about of unruly bullocks, I felt determined to finish the day's proceedings. I knew the worst.

I followed the happy couple in my vehicle, succeeded by a long line of miscellaneous conveyances, drawn by all sorts of animals. Away we went, at a splitting pace, knocking up the hot dust, and knocking down

whole regiments of pigs and children. Up one hill, and down another, and round two or three rather sharp corners, as best our animals could carry us. At last there was a halt. I peeped out of my carriage, and found that we were before a gaily decorated and flower-festooned bungalow, of humble build, the house of the conjugal cook. Up drove all the bullock hackeries, and the gigs and the carts, but no one offered to alight. Suddenly a host of people rushed out of the little house in the greatest possible haste. They brought out a long strip of white cloth and at once placed it between the bride's carriage and the house, for her to walk upon. Still there was no move made from any of the carriages, and I began to feel rather warm. At length a native came forward from the verandah, gun in hand, I suppose to give the signal to alight. The man held it at arm's length, turned away his head, as though admiring some of our carriages, and snip went the flint, but in vain. Fresh priming was placed in the pan; the warrior once more admitted our carriages, and upon the "snap" was unpotent. Somebody volunteered a pin for the touch-hole, another suggested more powder to the charge, whilst a third brought out a lighted stick. The pin and the extra charge were duly acted upon. The weapon was grasped; the carriages were admitted more silently than before; the fire-stick was applied to the priming, and an explosion of undoubted rectitude followed. The warrior was stretched on his back. Half the hackery bullocks started and plunged out of their harness, while the other half bolted. To add to the dire confusion, my villainous steed began to back very rapidly towards a steep bank, on the edge of which stood a quiet, old-fashioned pony, in a gig with two spruce natives seated in it. Before they could move away, my horse had backed into the pony-chaise, and the last I saw of them, at that time, was an indistinct and rather mixed view of the two white robed youths and the old fashioned pony and chaise, performing various somersets into the rice-field at the base of the bank.

Glad to escape from the contemplation of my misdeeds, I followed the bridal party into the little house. Slowly alighting from her vehicle, the lady was received by a host of busy relations, some of whom commenced saluting her, some scattered showers of curiously cut fragments of coloured and gilt paper over her and her better half—probably intended to represent the seeds of their future chequered happiness and troubles, and then, by way of inducing the said seeds to germinate, somebody sprinkled over the couple a copious down-pouring of rose-water. The little front verandah of the dwelling was completely hidden beneath the mass of decorations of flowers, fruits, and leaves, giving at first sight the appearance of some place between a fairy bower and a Covent Garden fruit-stall. The living dark stream

poured into the fairy bower, and rather threatened the floral arrangements outside: the door-way was quickly jammed up with the cook's nearest and dearest relations of both sexes; while the second cousins and half-uncles and aunts blocked up the little trap-door of a window with their grizzly grinning visages. The room we were in was not many feet square: calculated to hold, perhaps, a dozen persons in ordinary comfort; but, on this occasion, compelled to welcome within its festive mud-walls at least forty. A small oval table was in the centre; a dozen or so of curiously-shaped chairs were ranged about the sides, in the largest of which the bride was seated. The poor creature was evidently but ill at ease: so stiff and heavily-laden with ornaments. The bridegroom was invisible, and I felt bound to wait upon the lady in his absence. The little darkened cell was becoming fearfully hot: indistinct ideas of the Black Hole at Calcutta rose to my heated imagination. A feverish feeling crept over me, not a little enhanced by the Oriental odours from things and persons about me. The breeze, when it did manage to squeeze itself in, brought with it the sickly perfume of the myriads of flowers and herbs outside. Upon the whole, the half hour or so which elapsed between our arrival and the repast was a period of intense misery to me, and vast enjoyment to the cook's family circle. There was nothing to while away the hot minutes: I had to look alternately at the bride, the company, and the ceiling; while the company stared at myself and the lady; and while she, in her turn, looked hard enough at the floor, to penetrate through the bricks to the foundation below. In the first instance, I had foolishly pictured the breakfast, or whatever the meal was to be, set forth upon some grassy spot in the rear of the premises, under the pleasant shade of palms and mangoe trees.

But the vulgar crowd must be kept off by walls; and the little oval table in the centre of the cabin was to receive the privileged few, and to shut out the unprivileged many.

Dishes reeking hot, and soup-tureens in a state of vapour, were passed into the room, over the heads of the mob; for, there was no forcing a way through them. A long pause, and then some more steaming dishes, and then another pause, and some rice-plates; and at last, struggling and battling amidst the army of relations, the bridegroom made his appearance—very hot and very shiny, evidently reeking from the kitchen. He had slipped on his blue cloth, many-buttoned coat, and smiled at his wife and the assembled company, as though he would have us believe he was quite cool and comfortable.

It devolved upon me to hand, or rather drag, the bride to one end of the table; opposite to whom sat her culinary lord and master,

as dignified, and important, as though his monthly income had been ten guineas instead of ten rix-dollars. I seated myself next to the lady of the hut, and resigned myself to my fate; escape was out of the question. Nothing short of fire, or the falling-in of the roof, could have saved me. Our rickety chairs were rendered firm and secure as the best London-made mahogany-seats, by the continuous unrelenting pressure of the dense mob behind and around us. The little room seemed built of faces; you might have danced a polka or a waltz on the heads of the company with perfect security. As for the window-trap, I could see nothing but bright shining eyes in that place.

The covers were removed, as covers are intended to be; but, instead of curiously-arranged and many-coloured dishes of pure and unadulterated Cingalese cookery, as I had, in the early part of the day, fondly hoped for, there appeared upon them a few overdone, dried-up joints, *à l'Anglaise*; a skinny, consumptive baked shoulder of mutton; a hard-looking boiled leg of a goat; a shrivelled spare-rib of beef; a turkey, that might have died of jungle-fever; a wooden kind of dry lean ham, with sundry vegetables; made up this sad and melancholy show. All my gastronomic hopes, so long cherished amidst that heated assemblage, vanished with the dish-covers, and left me a miserable and dejected visitor. Ten minutes previously, I had felt the pangs of wholesome hunger, and was prepared to do my utmost; at that moment, I only felt empty and sick. Could I have reached the many-buttoned cook, I might have been tempted to have done him some bodily harm; but I could not move. The host had the wretch of a turkey before him. Well up to the knife-and-fork exercise, he whipped me, from the breast of the skinny bird, two slices of the finest meat—the only really decent cuts about it—and then, pushing the dish on to his next neighbour, begged him to help himself. Of course, I had to attend to the hostess. I gave her a slice of the sinewy lean ham before me, with two legs of a native fowl, and began to think of an attempt upon the boiled mutton for myself; but there was no peace for me yet. The bride had never before used a knife and fork, and, in her desperate attempts to insert the latter into one of the fowl's legs, sent it with a bound into my waistcoat, accompanied by a shower of gravy, and a drizzling rain of melted butter and garlic. Feeling more resigned to my martyrdom, I proceeded to cut up her ham and chicken, and then fancied the task was done; but not so. Her dress was so tight, the ornaments so encompassed her as with a suit of armour, that all her attempts to reach her mouth with her fork were abortive. To bend her hand was evidently impossible. Once, she managed to get a piece of ham as high as her chin; but it cost her violent fractures in several parts of her dress;

so that I became alarmed for what might possibly follow, and begged her not to think of doing it again—offering to feed her myself. Feverish, thirsty, and weary as I felt at that table, I could scarcely suppress a smile when I found myself, spoon in hand, administering portions of food to the newly made wife. Never having had, at that period of my existence, any experience in feeding babies, or other living creatures, I felt at first much embarrassed, somewhat as a man might feel who, only accustomed to shave himself, tries for the first time in his life, to remove the beard of some friend in a public assembly. Fortunately for me, the lady was blessed with a rather capacious mouth, and, as I raised tremblingly and in doubt a pyramid of fowl, ham and onions, upon the bowl of the Britannia metal spoon, my patient distended her jaws in a friendly and hopeful manner.

During my spoon performances I was much startled at hearing, close to our door, the loud report of several guns, fired in quick succession. I imagined at first that the military had been called out to disperse the mob, but as nobody gave sign of any alarm or uneasiness, that could not have been the case. So I settled in my mind that the friends of the family were shooting some game for the evening's supper. All that I partook of at that bridal party was a small portion of very lean, dry beef, and some badly boiled potatoes, washed down by a draught of hard, sour beer. I essayed some of the pastry, for it had a bright and cheerful look, and was evidently very light. I took a mouthful of some description of sugared puff, light to the feel, and pleasant to look at, but in reality a most heartless deception—a sickly piece of deceit. It was evidently a composition of bit in flour, brown sugar, stale eggs, and cocoa-nut oil, the latter, although burning very brilliantly in lamps, and serviceable as a dressing to hair, not being quite equal to good Lucka oil, when fried or baked. To swallow such an abomination was impossible, and, watching my opportunity, I contrived at length to convey my savoury mouthful beneath the table. This vile pastry was succeeded by a plentiful crop of fruit of all kinds, from pine apples to dates. Hecatombs of oranges, pyramids of plantains, shoals of sour sops, mounds of mangoes, to say nothing of alligator-pears, rhambutans, custard apples, guavas, jumbos, and other fruits, as varied in name and taste, as in hue and form, graced that hitherto graceless board. I had married for immediate destruction a brace of custard-apples, and a glowing, corpulent alligator pear, and was even on the point of securing them before attending to my dark neighbour, when a loud shout, followed by a confused hubbub, was heard outside in front. There was a cracking of whips and a rattling of carriage-wheels, and altogether a huge commotion in the street, which at once put a stop to our dessert, and attracted attention from

the inside to the exterior of the house. My spirits revived from zero to summer-heat, and thence up to blood heat, when I learnt that the arrivals were a batch of 'Europe gentlemen,' friends of the cook's master, who had come just to have a passing peep at the bride and the fun. Their approach was made known by sundry exclamations in the English language, and a noise as of suffling at the door. How our new friends were to get in, was a mystery to me, nor did the host appear to have any very distinct ideas upon the subject. He rose from his seat, and, with his mouth full of juicy pine-apple, ordered a way to be cleared for the "great masters," but he might as well have requested his auditory to become suddenly invisible, or to pass out through the key-hole. There was no such thing as giving way. A few of the first cousins grinned, and one or two maternal uncles coughed audibly, while the eyes of the distant relations at the window glistened more intensely, and in greater numbers than ever. The stock of British patience, as I rather expected, was quickly exhausted near the door, and in a minute or two I perceived some white faces, that were rather familiar to me at a certain regimental mess-table. Uncles and brothers in law were rapidly at a discount, and there appeared every prospect of mere connexions by marriage becoming relations by blood. Some giant of a native ventured upon the hazardous speculation of collaring an officer, who was squeezing past him, and received a friendly and admonitory tap in return, which at once put him *hors de combat*. The cook, enraged at the rudeness of his countryman, dealt a shower of knocks amongst his family circle, the visitors stormed the approaches, and at last carried the covered way, Cingalese gentry struggled and pushed, and tried in vain to repel the invaders, the *fair sex* screamed, and tried to escape, the *mêlée* became general and furious. I gave my whole attention to the bride, who kept her seat in the utmost alarm, her husband was the centre of attraction, of the combatants, and in the midst of a sort of "forlorn hope" of the native forces the heavily loaded table was forced from its centre of gravity. Staggering and groaning beneath the united pressure from fruit and fighting, the wooden fabric reeled and tottered, and at last went toppling over, amidst a thunder-storm of vegetable productions. It was in vain I pulled at the unhappy bride, to save her, she was a doomed woman, and was swept away with the fruity flood. When I sought her amidst the wreck and confusion, I could only discover heaps of damaged oranges, sour sops, and custard-apples, her white satin shoes, the Chinese fan, and the four silver meat-skewers. By dint of sundry excavations, the lady was fairly dug out of the ruins, and carried off by her female friends, the room was cleared of the rebellious Cingalese, and a resolution

carried unanimously, that the meeting be adjourned to the compound, or garden at the back. Under the pleasant shade of a tope of beautiful palms, we sat and partook of the remains of the feast. The relations, once more restored to good humour, amused themselves in their own fashion, preparing for the dancing, and festivity, and illuminations that were to take place in the evening. Our own little party sat there until some time after sunset and when we had seen the great cocoa nut shells, with their flaming wicks, lighted up, and the tom-toms begin to assemble, we deemed it prudent to retire and seek a whole some meal amongst our friends.

THE QUEEN'S HEAD

It is not of the "Queen's Head" under whose sign accommodation for man and horse is conspicuously vaunted; it is not of that very red portrait of a lady, in a sky-blue pill-box edged with spotted putty, whose pink brow is wedged into an ochre crown, whose fleshy arm is indented with a prodigious sceptre, and whose white figure is gibbeted in most English thoroughfares that we now intend to speak, but it is of the blushing Queen's head, whose gem-like prettiness, compact shape, beauty of linear execution and truthfulness of likeness are displayed upon nearly three hundred millions of the paper mummies which fly about this country every year, amongst every rank and grade of the Royal Original's subjects.

This miniature Queen's head—which Mr Rowland Hill's penny postage has called into existence—is the product of the system introduced into this country by Mr Jacob Perkins. It is to the means by which the prodigious numbers of these pretty little miniatures are produced by his successors Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, of Fleet Street, London that we are now desirous of drawing attention.

Some years ago, Mr Perkins sought and gained great, and by no means bubble, reputation at the (steam) cannon's mouth. As an inventor, he has indeed plied in his time many parts, his latest invention being a process for baking bread by steam—and, in a more wholesome manner than the old plan. Mr Perkins's special profession was that of an intaglio engraver. He was a native of Massachusetts, in America, and devoted, from his youth, a great deal of attention to the subject of engraving on steel. As a proof of his success in his own country, we may mention that the state of Massachusetts passed a law compelling all banks to use the peculiar form of bank-note which he had invented for the prevention of forgery. In 1819, acting on the advice of our minister, Sir Charles Bagot, he determined on removing to this country, to get the bank-note engraving to do for that great fountain of notes, the Bank of England. He came, bring-

ing with him four discoveries, the four elements of the work of his art. These were

- First A mastery in hardening and softening steel, which enabled him,
- Secondly To engrave on steel
- Thirdly A process for transferring figures from steel to steel, and thus multiplying the number of plates to be printed from
- Fourthly A new and elaborate style of ornamentation, by means of geometrical lathe work

The last of these inventions is that which produces the network looking ground on which Her Majesty's image lies in the postage stamp and was the invention of a Mr Spencer. It is the same, in its first principle, as that with which the backs of watches are 'engine-turned,' by the agency of that description of lathe called a 'Rose Engine.' Mr Perkins merely elaborated the machine, and applied it to engraving and printing from.

When the inventor reached England he fulfilled in convincing the Directors of the Bank of England of the efficacy of his plans for preventing forgery, and taking the advice of Sir Joseph Banks set up in business on his own account. The firm of "Perkins, Linnaman, and Heath," accordingly commenced as bank-note engravers; and, as the phrase goes, 'threw themselves on the country.' They got the printing to do for various banks—the Provincial Bank of Ireland the Bank of Manchester and the Scotch banks. Every body knew the dark and complicated look which a provincial bank-note has compared with the Bank of England notes. That is the result of the Perkins designs which are chiefly executed by machine engraving.

In making the postage label, the hardening and softening process comes first into play. The 'might of fire' is employed. A flat steel die—softened by having been put into a box surrounded with articles that have, when heated a strong attraction for carbon, and which thus draw the carbon out of it—was the first requisite. On it, thus prepared, the square of fine net-work from which the profile is relieved, was engraved by the aid of the improved Rose engine. A portion was then scraped out in the rude shape of a head, and over this, Mr Heath executed his exquisite vignette. The die once more went to the furnace, and being surrounded, this time, with articles having no affinity to carbon, was hardened again,—harder than it had originally been. This became the matrix the mother of that prodigious family of Queen's heads—amounting to two billions during the last dozen years—which have passed through the post-offices of the United Kingdom. This steel die is almost impishable, and its power of reproduction upon the plates from which the adhesive labels are actually printed, is all but inexhaustible. As every subsequent impression is primarily derived from this one original, not merely uniformity is produced,

but actual identity. The manner of the process of transferring the "Queen's Head" from the mother to her progeny is this. A circular steel die, or "roller," is softened. The dies go into a powerful pressing machine together—the hard and soft, the flat and circular. The intense pressure transfers the figure to the "roller" in relief,—which is also hardened in its turn, and is then in a condition to transfer, by indentation, the subject to the printing plates, by another passage through the press. After this, the flat die is seldom wanted. The roller assumes its office, and is used for the "plates."

The plates employed for printing the postage stamps are fine oblong pieces of steel—gleaming like the steel mirrors which the Roman girls used to see themselves in—(mirrors well adapted to such a stern people.) Each plate is large enough to have ranged upon it two hundred and forty penny "Queen's Heads,"—one pound's worth. The effect, therefore, is that of a beautiful mirror in which you see Her Majesty's countenance repeated two hundred and forty times in close lines. The security against forgery lies in the machine turning on the basis or ground on which the head is done in the great excellence of Mr. Charles Heath's design in the exquisite beauty of its execution and in the perfect identity—barring of course, the accidents of printing,—of every Queen's Head one with another. But the chief advantage of the invention is the power it confers of rapid production. The number of postage labels required for the public service is—casting out Sundays—upwards of one million a day; it was nearly three hundred millions for the three hundred and sixty-five days of 1841, fifty-two of them being Sundays. Let us see, then, what labour would have been required to keep pace with this prodigious demand, had Mr. Perkins's invention not been in existence.—If to let Mr. Heath a fortnight's hard work to engrave on the original steel die the profile which is the progenitor of all the rest. Had there been no power to transfer that work to other plates for printing, of course every head must have been separately engraved by hand on the printing plates, each at an equal expenditure of time. What, therefore, occupied originally a couple of weeks and which now occupies no more than a few minutes to manufacture plates for printing from, would have taken—how many years? We shall see—

Since the introduction of cheap postage, Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch have transferred the matrix upon one hundred and forty-two plates, each having two hundred and forty heads upon it, in other words, the number of single impressions given off from steel to steel has been thirty-four thousand and eighty. Every one of these but for the transferring process, must have been engraved laboriously by hand, at the expense of a fortnight's time. If the

Wandering Jew were an engraver and had that little order to execute, he could not have completed it under thirteen hundred and ten years. Had a Rowland Hill of the time of Henry the Eighth set him at work in 1542, he must have been "cutting away" ever since, and could not have laid down his graver yet. The thirty-four thousand and eighty heads which Mr. Perkins's plan has produced on steel, since 1840, would have occupied the miniature bayonets of an army of hand-engravers one hundred and ten strong! Had it not been, therefore, for the transferring process, the Government must have employed the less elegant and costlier appliances of stereotype plates and letter press printing, to produce postage labels at the inordinate rate *per diem* at which they are demanded by an immensely epistolary public.

Then comes the question of cost, to be computed from the data of upwards of a hundred engravers at work for a dozen years. Even, they must have had different degrees of skill, and the likeness of Her Majesty could not have been equally preserved, as it now is, in the billions of miniatures which the best hundred in the profession could have engraved.

We will now "walk up" to another section of this curious show—(to the printing-room behind Fleet Street, and see the printing going forward. Twelve presses are generally at work, it each of which presides its own proper mechanic, who turns out, on an average, four hundred sheets of two hundred and forty stamps each—equal to eleven hundred and fifty thousand stamps—per day. His work is not different from ordinary copper or steel plate printing. The workman's plate is kept warm by a gas light, and he lays it on the "bed" of the press before him. He then grasps a bunch of hard blanketing duly charged with red ink, and transfers the ink to the plate with a 'wriggling' motion, which fills up the engraved lines with the pigment. Next he carefully and delicately smooths the polished surface, leaving the ink only in the lines into which it has been forced. Now, he seizes a sheet of paper, supplied by Government—which bears a Crown and a border, composed of the words 'Penny Postage,' as water mark—and lays it on the plate. Now, he turns the wheel, which pulls it in between two cylinders, and they squeeze out the ink from the lines indented on the steel upon the paper, and it comes back to its master, radiant with crimson heads. This back movement is the pride of the press, it is caused by the form of the cylinder (a form which its name of D suggests), and saves the trouble of the mechanic drawing the plate back himself. Mr. Perkins claims this invention also.

The printed sheets are now taken up stairs, where, by a process like whitewashing, their backs are made adhesive with a peculiar gum. When gummed, they are placed in trays, where they become duly ventilated and

drud. A great alarm was got up a few years ago, in consequence of a report that the adhesive glaze used for the backs of postage labels was manufactured of a poisonous material. A prognosis was extensively circulated of a variety of diseases said to be engendered in the systems of rash letter-writers who used their tongues to moisten the labels. Even the cholera was traced to that pernicious practice. The dreadful ingredients of the diabolical manufacture were said to be a mystery. That dark secret we have succeeded in penetrating, and now reveal it for the benefit of our readers, in two words,—Potato Starch!

Here let us anticipate a very natural question—perhaps suggested to the reader's fancy ere this. Why are the stamps coloured red? For this reason—red is a "fugitive" colour, and would shrink and change under the influence of an acid, where as black is not fugitive, and were the stamps printed black, ingenious swindlers would apply acids to the obliterating ink used by the Post Office authorities to cancel the stamps, and so obliterate it.

Well, we take our readers to other parts of Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch's establishments, where their ordinary bank note engraving goes on, we might be present at the spectacle of the creation of Spanish Buds, but we "close our eyes in holy dread," as Coleridge says, and proceed from the Fleet Street factory to Somerset House to notice the manufacture of the Embossed Stamps,—those "Queen's Heads" embossed on a pink ground which appear on the postage envelopes. This process belongs to the department of Mr Edwin Hill, brother of the great originator of penny postage. Mr Edwin Hill's ingenuity has invented the very elegant "embossing press" used for the purpose.

Two of these embossing presses, each served by two boys, work away under a superintendent in one of the lower rooms facing the river Thames. Each belongs to the class known as "fly and screw" presses. The screw descends, with its regular perpendicular motion, to stamp with the die, the envelope below, and to print the head on it, by the agency of the head in relief, in leather, on which the envelope rests. At every blow, a "punch" strikes in, with a horizontal motion, to meet the envelope, and thus triples the number of blows, by shortening the distance of the fall. Another horizontal motion of the "inking apparatus" brings a row of elastic rollers, charged with red ink, from the "ductor" to the inking plate, to feed the die, and cover it with a blushing pink.

Two boys, as we said, attend each press, and supply the falling die with the envelopes,—one to place them under the fall,—the other to remove them. The envelopes are sent, in batches, from the contractor, and each parcel is first "fanned out," and then given to the

first boy. He places them one by one, (the "fanning out" being an arrangement to enable him to draw them nimbly, *singulatum*.) in the "guiding apparatus," under the fall of the die. This "guiding apparatus" is a neat form, suited to the shape of the envelope, so that no interruption—nothing approaching to a ruffle—ever takes place. The envelope glides in from the left—receives the stamp, which makes it worth a penny—and passes on with dazzling rapidity and neatness to the right. The beauty of the machine is in the harmony with which the various and contrary motions work together.

The daily issue of these envelopes averages sixty thousand,—a number, which, if laid to gather row by row would extend from four to five miles. They first came into use in 1841. The profile is the work of the late Mr William Wyon, the engraver to the Mint. The "Compound printing," or art of tinting the ground from which the Queen's Head is relieved by machinery, was the invention of Sir William Congreve.

Every body must have found it more or less troublesome to cut the postage labels one from another for useful purposes. It causes delay. Reflecting on this, a Mr Archer invented a machine to "notch" or "puncture" them in their natural hour, which would enable people to tear them away at once, without the application of knife or scissors. A correspondence with the "Stamps and Taxes" was then opened on this matter, and Mr Archer's proposal—particularly as he wanted no pay till the plan was successful—was favourably listened to.

A "Return" containing the Correspondence on this matter and occupying thirty two pages, measuring some sixteen inches long by twelve broad of type, lies on our table. The most ardent admirer of blue book literature will hardly wade through the mass of dulness it contains. Such, however, is the astonishing power of human industry, that the actual essence even of a Parliamentary paper is come at able by its agency, and we have been able to boil down the crude mass to the following sentences.—Mr Archer was offered by the Treasury four hundred pounds for the purchase of his perforating machine, and two hundred pounds as a remuneration for the invention. Dissatisfied with the sum proposed, Mr Archer offered to furnish the stamps *en masse*, at a cost which would save the country one thousand five hundred pounds per annum. Of course, this proposal made the authorities prick up their ears—a piece of economy that would cut down no official, being just the thing—but, instead of giving the inventor the benefit of his device, they wrote off to Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, and made Mr Archer's proposal a lever to screw down those gentlemen in their charges,—in which the "Stamps and Taxes" succeeded, and, satisfied with

this noble achievement, "Their Honours" left Mr Archer to his fate.

Up to the present moment, Mr Archer's misfortune—good, bad, or indifferent—remains unused, somewhere in limbo. Either "the authorities" desire to throw away six hundred pounds of the public money upon Mr Archer uselessly, or the public is deprived of the great advantages which that gentleman has offered to them in respect of the Queen's Head.

CHIPS.

A DISAPPEARANCE CLEARED UP

It will be remembered, that amongst the narratives detailed under the head of "Disappearances," at pages 249 and 305 of the third volume of *Household Words*, was one of a physician's boy at North Shields, who, after having some medicine to a patient, disappeared, and was not heard of for seven years afterwards. We are now put in possession in the following letter, of some singular and painful circumstances which occurred to the family of the patient and which we lay before our readers, in a letter from his son, in justice to him and to his relatives—

SIR—On taking out your *Household Words* from a library I am a subscriber to I was much surprised on reading in the publication of 7th June 1851 under the head of "Disappearances," an account of the disappearance of a young man from North Shields. I enclose you an account of a meeting held at North Shields on the 9th of May 1854, just seven years after the young man's disappearance, in which the whole mystery is explained, by which you will perceive that the young man enlisted into the East India Company's service and was sent out to India. I have a painful recollection of the circumstances, for in consequence of it being to my mother that he brought the medicine (which he delivered at the door, and was no more heard of till the seven years afterwards,) a most scandalous report was raised, that our family had murdered him, and sold his body for dissection. Such was the belief in this story, that from doing a very respectable business as confectioners, with every prospect of making a comfortable living, our trade fell off to such a degree, that the stuff spoiled upon our hands, and as much money was not taken as would pay the shop rent, and if it had not been that, fortunately, about two years previous, my brother and myself had got employment in a glass manufactory, by which we were enabled to support the family they would have been reduced to parish relief, and yet our masters were many times (as they have since told us, on the mystery being cleared up) solicited by very respectable people to dismiss us, in consequence of these reports, but nobly refused to do so.

"The parents of the young man, but especially the mother, when she met any of our family in the street, always accused us of murdering her son, and such was the sympathy of the public aroused in their favour, that, had we stopped to resent it, I have no doubt but we should have been destroyed by the mob that it would have soon arisen. And for seven long years did we bear this stigma, and when the affair of Burke and Hare came out it revived it, so that our house was nightly surrounded by a mob, and had it not been that one or two of the magistrates took our part, I have no doubt but it would have been pulled down about our ears, and the whole family murdered."

"At length we were obliged to prosecute two men separately who accused my father of the murder of the young man in the White Hart Inn, at Newcastle, and it seemed to me that the jury and the court were prejudiced against us, as though we got verdicts, yet one was for only twenty shillings, which did not cover costs and the other for five pounds, and the judge would not certify."

"We have always been regular in our attendance on divine worship, and our moral character stood as high as any family in the kingdom. It is true, several of the most active propagators of the scandal seem to have met with retributive justice. The parents died, both of them comparatively young, and of three of the most active propagators, one was drowned in a very curious manner, another committed suicide, and another, from being one of the most affluent men in North Shields, is now receiving parish relief. But what benefit are these things to us? We are still struggling with difficulties brought on by this scandal. My mother is still living, aged eighty-one. My father died, aged seventy-four, as easily as ever man died in the world. My brother and I are old bachelors, for although we could keep our parents and family, we could not do it if we had married and got families."

"In conclusion, I beg to say, that you are left entirely at liberty to make any use of this communication or not, as you think proper, but I could not resist the temptation of informing you of the true circumstances of the case."

"I am Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN GAUNT

"*Coatham, near Redcar,*

"*Jan 26, 1852*"

To this Mr Gaunt's brother adds—

"SIR,—I have just come home, and see what my brother has written, and wish to add, that we had at that time a brother, Ellis Gaunt, Surgeon, Idle, near Bradford (since dead), and the North Shields public sent police and constables there, and searched his house, and two or three houses on either side to see if he had the missing youth there for

dissection, and should they have found any limbs under course of dissection I have no doubt my father would have been tried for murder.

"Your most obedient servant,
"WILLIAM GAUNT"

From the documents read at the meeting, convened by the magistrates and one hundred and thirty of the clergy, gentry, and tradesmen of North Shields, on the 9th of May, 1834, it appears that the missing youth, having enlisted in the East India Company's service, died of cholera, on the 12th of November 1832. The resolutions passed were strongly expressive of sympathy for the unimputed sufferings of the Gaunt family for so many years, and of admiration for the exemplary patience with which they had borne them.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

CONCERNING A TALE OF DEMONS.

DEPT in a valley at the foot of the mighty Schneeberg stands a little village of a few scattered houses. The inhabitants are a rude primitive set of people, full of wild legends and strange uncouth poetry. Even the title of snug Vienna citizens that sets in every summer towards the enticing spot has not yet quite spoiled it, and glimpses of old world manners and old world people may be got here, now and then by a quiet traveller, which will amply pay him for turning out of his way to go there.

The name of the village is Buchberg. How pleasantly the memory of it rises in my mind, as I pause, pen in hand! First comes the veteran of the neighbourhood the unforgotten Schultes, not unlike one of the figures of a Dutch picture, a short, brown, healthy old man. Then follow two of his colleagues—Schmidt, who blows the horn, and one Weidman, the laziest and most amusing of guides. It was a strange simple, uncouth, piping, dancing, loveable company, in which I paused a few days far from the state, the turmoil and sorrows of life.

Very near to Buchberg, at a place called the 'Schneebergdörfel,' there lived not long ago an old man, the pleasure of whose life was to accompany travellers up the famous mountain, as their guide, philosopher, and friend. He had gone with Fumel as far as the famous Kaiserstein. In 1811 he had pointed out the loveliest points of view to Moser and Mohr, the two illustrators of the Austrian Mount Blanc, some of whose paintings were recently sent by the Emperor of Austria to Queen Victoria, and which are beautiful as ballads. But his great glory was that of having been present at the visit of the Emperor Francis, and having enjoyed the honour of social intercourse with that monarch. In preceding the Imperial party, his foot had slipped, and a loose stone rolled back and

struck his Majesty. The Emperor reproached him in a short but expressive address, and the words were engraven for ever on his mind.

It is Sylvester Eve, a festival in Germany among high and low, and our old friend is seated in the midst of a large circle of relations—young and old. The room is very different to that of a cottage in England, and is of considerable size, although rudely furnished. They have all gathered round the ample earthen stove, and are roasting chestnuts. The heat is intense. In the city it would be stifling, but here, chunks enough let in the inn, and the snow has fallen round the house in such heavy masses, that you cannot see the glow of the blazing even at the other end of the courtyard, where supper is preparing. The old uncle's married daughter, his son-in-law, and their children ranging in size like the pups of an organ form the members of the pleasant circle round him.

The eldest of his grandchildren—named, in the sweet provincial diminutive, *Loisl*—is one of those peasant beauties of the furthest order with light hair, and brown healthy complexion—childlike in her simplicity and frank innocence. The type is fast wearing out, and it is only in such out of the way places that one ever meets with it. Late her mother she wears the Buchberg peasant cap, from the peculiar fashion of which learned pens have tried to explain the origin of the first settlers in the valley. How modest the girl looks, in her graceful costume! One hardly knows which pleases most, the dress or the wearer. Perhaps, for a city beauty, she would be thought to have too little expression in great blue earnest eyes, and the lines of the mouth are a little too strongly marked. But she has the pleasantest laugh in the world, and is altogether a charming little sweetheart for the Count's forest, not to speak of the young woodman, who always contrives to be going to mass at the same time as "*Loisl*" on Sun days.

Supper is over, and the thrifty woman-kind have cleared away the fragments, when the mother raises her voice cheerily to the old "*Feller Franz*," and says, "*Comme, lieber Ahnl,*" (dear grandfather!), "*we shall sit up a little longer to night. I have thrown a new log on the fire and here is your cup of hot wine. If you ask grandfather pitifully, children, perhaps he will tell us a story.*"

"What can I tell you, children," answers the old man, brightening up with a loquacious look of great promise, "*that I have not already told you a hundred times? Of the Turkish war in '89 where I was wounded, of Kaiser Joseph, and how I saw him with my own eyes, at Newstadt, of the French who twice paid us a visit, of Kaiser Franz, or of Prince Johann*, of Don Miguel, whose guide I was one day, when the old fellow† was so*

* The Archduke John, the darling of the peasantry, from his domineering propensities, and country tastes.

† The Mountain.

hazy that we lost ourselves. All this I have told you already."

"No, no!" cries the owner of a flaxen head of hair among the little ones, "tell us something to make us afraid, something where it is quite dark, and there's a noise, and—"

"I know, Toul, what you like," the grandfather exclaims, and then, imperceptibly sinking his voice, "I know what you like to hear more than I like to tell." The old man's face grows more and more mysterious as he adds in a hushed voice, "The Bergmandl!—is not that it?"

As he pronounced this awful name, the children gathered closer together, and picked up with a fearful pleasure for what was to follow, and even then father and mother looked towards Felmur Franz with faces not wholly undisturbed, as he thus began—

"There was a time, my dear children, when things were not quite so lively in our valley as they are now. Once or twice, perhaps, in the year, a couple of young men would come here to mount the Schneeberg, but seldom of number, for the city gentlefolks are mortally afraid of walking. Even the few travellers who did come had generally empty pockets and were mostly students—quite young lads. The landlady yonder, in Buchberg, kept neither horse nor ass and I—I was the city guide. At this time the way over the 'Hengst' was not so good as it is now and the wood was thicker, so that you might sometimes fancy, when you looked up that God had made a sky of green leaves. There was no use for the wood then, railways had not begun, and the Vienna lords were not obliged to send so far for fine wood—Well, once upon a time, just as it was growing dusk, the landlady sent her little boy over here to say that two travellers, with huge, huge beads had arrived, and that they wished to go up the Schneeberg that evening to be able to see the sun rise in the morning. Young and fresh as I was then I threw my jacket over my arm, seized the crooked stick you all remember, and picked up, without thinking any more about it, to go along with them. There was something, however, in the appearance of the travellers which did not please me from the first. They spoke in a language which I was sure no good man could understand, and they had eyes for all the world, like the eagle that Count Hovos's game-keeper shot last Christmas, and then they laughed in a very strange way whenever I looked at them or they at me. Still I would not let myself be frightened, and went on boldly with them, with the basket full of provisions slung over my shoulder, trying to whistle as we wound slowly up the valley. It was quite dark when we reached the wood and began to climb the mountain-side. Now you must know that it was St. Algid's day (1st of September), which is the greatest of all holidays to us country-people. So, when we got deeper into the wood, and I noticed that,

though the two travellers were following me, I could not hear their footsteps, I began to pray to the good saint with all my might, for I leave you to guess who I thought they were."

At this appeal to their discernment there was a slight stir among the listeners, and the grandfather continued—

"A little further on there is an opening in the wood, forming a sort of meadow, in the midst of which is the stump of a great tree, which was hewn down long ago. One side being much higher than the other, you can sit down and lean against it, just as if you were sitting in a chair. Indeed, it looks very like a chair. I knew long before from my grandfather that it was here the Bergmandl loved best to seat himself, and I always crossed myself piously whenever I passed the spot, even in the day time. I was now, however, too hot and excited to think of it. I had already taken a drop or two of schnapps at Buchberg while waiting for the travellers, who had kept me a long time before they were ready, and since, upon the road, I had drunk some several times more, to keep up my spirits, which were getting very much disturbed. As we came to this meadow, the moon was shining solemnly through the trees, and I saw—mercy on me!—The Bergmandl sitting on the stump of the tree, and looking and winking at me, and pointing significantly at my companions, as if to warn me from going any further with them."

"What was the matter? they called out from behind."

"My good kind gentleman," cried I, "in the name of the Virgin, let us go back! I tell you that we shall never get on any further without some dreadful accident happening to us."

"Ay! why shall not we go on?" asked the eldest.

"Don't you see the Bergmandl sitting on the stump yonder, threatening, and making signs to us? I said."

"Blockhead!" cried the other, "there is nothing sitting there, and, to show you that there is not, I will go and sit there myself. So saying, the demon, as I cannot help thinking him, really went up to the tree stump, and the Bergmandl, motioning to me with his finger in a threatening manner, then vanished. I grew more and more afraid to go on with men whom, it was now plain had made a contract with the Evil One, and did not mind openly showing that they had done so. I cannot remember very clearly what followed, except that they forced me on with them, by the Klittenwasser and the Waxriegel, to the Ochsenboden. How beautifully the sun rose! The Kaiserstein glowed like a man in armour. I had just sat down to rest myself a little, when, all at once, I missed my two companions. They had vanished as mysteriously as they came, and I never saw them more."

"But what did you do for your money, grandfather?" asked a practical little maiden.

"You shall hear, directly. As I went slowly down the mountain, taking another road, that I might not again see the Bergmandl, I heard an uncouthly voice, which seemed to come from the ground, say, 'In fourteen days I might find my money laid on a stone, either at the Grunschacher, (ahns, Alnipsel, or the Raxdlm *.' However, I took good care not to answer, as I suppose you will think.

There was a slight movement of ascent, which was stopped by the narrator, continuing:

"But the story is not yet ended. Ten years afterwards our honoured pastor sent for me, and gave me ten ducats as the gift of two gentlemen whom I had guided up to the Kaiserstein, and who had then disappeared. I would not touch the money, until the pastor how it all happened, and I insisted on his giving the money to the poor, as I knew there would be no luck in it.—This was the first time that I saw the Bergmandl."

"And did you ever see it again?" asked the children, with one tongue.

"Yes. Not half a year ago," returned the grandfather.

"But, grandfather, we have never heard you tell us anything about that."

"Well, then, I tell it you now. You know that last summer two gentlemen took it into their heads to have no other guide than old Linder Franz to take them up the Schneeberg. They had everything very comfortable, they had servants to carry every thing, and a pack horse for the provisions, so that I could walk up quite free. We set off, towards evening, from Buchberg, and I don't know how it was, but there seemed something about the two gentlemen that reminded me of my old adventure with the Bergmandl, perhaps, it being the same fine sort of moonlight night might have had something to do with it. But, however, it happened, when we got to the stump of the tree, there was the moon shining through just as before, and there sat the Bergmandl. But how was he dressed? a coat of Styrian cloth, a Styrian hat, with a feather and a goat's beard, and there, as I'm alive, beside him sat a girl, a young winsome thing, that I suppose he must have just married, for they seemed to be so taken up with one another that they did not even notice me. So, I got on with my party as quickly as I could, and thought it was better not to look at them, for fear the Bergmandl should grow angry."

To this view of the question the children readily assented.

"But what is the matter with 'Loisl,' grandfather?" asked the careful mother.

"Loisl," who, during the latter part of her

grandfather's story, had appeared particularly thoughtful, now turned so pale, that her mother led her off to her bedroom at once, and on her return, bitterly reproached the "Fellner" for the harrowing effect of his tale.

"Let well alone," said the old man, laughing. "I hear a hound and his master that will soon put all to rights," and as he spoke, the Count's forester, accompanied by a fine dog, entered the room, and, shaking the snow from his coat, greeted them heartily. He was a fine, frank looking fellow, of some two and twenty. An hour more might have passed when Fellner Franz went gently to a chamber-door,—"Loisl, are you still awake?" he called, softly.

"I shall not close an eye all night, grandfather."

"But come out you little puss. The Count's master is here, and nobody knows anything. He is a brave lad, and his betters all like him. Come, come, you are not angry with me, 'Loisl'! I have not really deceived you. And, now that you are going to be married, it is all the same."

Instead of an answer, "Loisl" came out, and threw her arms round the neck of the kind old man. He is not altogether such a bad person for a grand daughter to coax, for it is more than whispered Fellner Franz has got no small sum in silver hidden in the ground, according to the custom of his class, who consider that the surest way of laying by their savings is to bury them.

The Bergmandl is still a mystery and a terror to the family. I, however, got it partly cleared up by the pastor of the village, who permitted me to copy the letter which enclosed the long withheld guide fee. The "two demons" who wrote it, were, at the time it was dated, already struggling their names as great men, into history, where they have since been indelibly recorded. This is the letter —

"Worthy Sir,

"The writers of these lines are obliged to take these means of relieving their consciences of a debt which they incurred, when students, ten years ago. Will you be kind enough to give the enclosed gold pieces to the man who then acted as guide up the Schneeberg to two youngsters, and, after fancying he saw the Bergmandl, was still farther alarmed by our sudden disappearance at the Kaiserstein? I dare say you will easily find him out. We had then light purses and silly heads. Finding, when we got to Buchberg, that we had spent all our money, instead of openly confessing it, and leaving something behind us as a pledge, we took the far less proper means of running away to get out of our difficulties. Trusting to your courtesy to excuse our boldness, we

Here follow two names famous all over Europe. A history of the honeymoon of

* Well-known heights of the Schneeberg

one of these two celebrities might explain the mystery of the second appearance of the Bergmand!

WAR

Two Mothers lifting prayers unto one God,
In alien language, and on hostile sod

Two Maidens wailing in a diffident tongue,
The gory mass of silent men among

Two Monarchs on thrones in indolent repose,
Reaping Ambition by their subjects throes

I see that have never done each other ill
Friends, whose sole union is the aim to kill

Burnt and hid in fire—the death grasp of the brave—
A tutored rage that glorifies the grave

Far rolling smoke above a vulture plain
Artillery piled on ramparts of the slain

Nature swathed round in one dark crimson shroud
Black spectral shadows of the low thunder cloud

The fields untilld the rich Heavens raining death
Weeds in the garden weeping by the hearth

Now, in the Land of Shades two Mothers meet,
Mourning, embracing,—with ensanguined feet

Two Maidens clasp one urn that doth enclose
The ashes of their lovers, who were foes

Two Kings in silence meet—in silence part—
They find, too late, they have a human heart

Nations of slain whose crimes were not lost,
Mingle their shades—Death holds no hostile ghost

Then records shall instruct with heartfelt moan,
Their sons to combat with life's ills alone

Nations, who strove to waste each others' lands
Now swears to ploughshares for their common hands

Oh, misery! that day can come,
When friends may thrust their flags in many a home

TRAVELS IN CAWDOR STREET

To the unobservant peripatetic, Cawdor Street is merely a thoughtless, leading from Soho to Oxford Street, just as the "Venus de Medici" would be the stone figure of a lady, and nothing more, and the "Transfiguration" of Raphael simply so much canvas, covered with so much paint. To the ordinary street loungeur, even Cawdor Street can only offer a few musty shops, filled with ancient furniture, half a dozen dingy book stalls, some brokers' shops, and a score or more receptacles for cloudy-looking oil pictures in tarnished frames.

And, perhaps, this is the most sensible way of looking, not only at Cawdor Street, but at things generally. Why the plague should we always be making painful and blue-looking anatomical preparations, when we should be satisfied with the nice, wholesome-

looking, superficial cuticle? Why should we insist on rubbing the plating off our dishes and sugar-basins, and on showing the garish, ungenteel-looking copper beneath? Why should we lift up the corner of the show and pry out who pulls Punch's legs, and causes Shallalaba to leap? Why can't we take Cawdor Street, its old curiosity shops, brokers book stalls, and picture-halls for granted?

We ought to do so, perhaps, but we can't. I am sure that I cannot. Cawdor Street is to me a fearful and wonderful country to be explored. There are mysteries in Cawdor Street to be unravelled, curiosities of custom and language to be disentangled on, causes to be ascertained and effects to be deduced. Though from eight to ten minutes' moderately rapid exercise of the legs with which Nature has provided you, would suffice to carry you from one end of Cawdor Street to the other, I am sojourner for many hours in its mysterious precinct. I am in old time, when in Cawdor Street, and it may not be unwise to impart to you some of the discoveries I have made during these my travels.

I will spare you the definition of the geographical boundaries of Cawdor Street. I will be content with observing that its south westerly extremity is within a hundred miles, as the newspapers say, of Princes Street, Scotch. The climate may, on the whole, be described as muggy, though appear to have a facility in getting in, and a difficulty of getting out of it. The coy and reserved Scotch mist, and the bolder and more pronounced pelting snow, linger pertinaciously on its pavements, and when it is muddy in Cawdor Street—it is muddy.

Cawdor Street has public houses, and butcher shops, and dining rooms, as other streets have. It has the same floating population of ragged children, policemen, apple women, and domestic animals. The inhabitants, I have reason to believe, pay rent and taxes, cabulistic metallic plates point out the distance of the fire plug from the foot pavement, and the banners of Buckley and Perkins, conjointly with those of Combe and Delafield, of Trumpton, Highbury, and Buxton, and of Sir Henry Mux, hang out, as in other streets, upon the outward walls.

The intelligent reader will, I dare say, by this time begin to ask, why, if Cawdor Street resembles, in so many points, hundreds of other streets, I should be at the trouble of describing it? Patience, and I will unfold all that Cawdor Street has of marvellous, and why it is worth travelling in. It is the seat of a great manufacture,—not of cotton, as is Manchester the grimy and tall-chimneyed, not of paper mache, as is Birmingham the red brick and painfully-paved, not of lace, as is Nottingham the noisy and pugilistic, but of Art. Those well-meaning but simple minded men who, two

or three years since, set about making spoons and dishes, bread-baskets and cream-jugs, after artistic designs, and which they called art-manufactures, thought in their single heartedness, they had originated the term. Why, bless them! Cawdor Street has had extensive art-manufactures for scores of years. It has been manufacturing Art, artistic furniture, and artistic boots almost since the time that Art came into England.

For in Cawdor Street, if it is understood dwell the great tribe of manufacturers of spurious antiques, of sham *moyen-age* furniture of fictitious Dresden china of delusive Bohemian violins. In Cawdor Street abide the mighty nation of picture dealers, picture forgers, picture clobberers, picture owners and other picture traffickers, whose name is legion. In Cawdor Street are sellers of rare Rembrandt etchings etched a year ago, of autographs of Henry the Eighth written a week since in Cawdor Street finally are gathered together (amongst many respectable and conscientious dealers) some rapacious gentry who sell as genuine the things that are not and never were, who minister to the folly and credulity of the ignorant rich on whom they fatten, who hang on the outskirts of Art seeking whom they may devour who are the curse of Art and the bane of the artist.

I often wonder what Raphael Sanzio of Urbino Gerrard van Rijn commonly called Rembrandt Michael Angel Buonarroti and other professors of the art of painting would think if coming with a dial from the shades (Elysian I trust) they could behold the daubs to which their names are appended. I often wonder how many hundred years it would have taken them to have painted with their own hands the multitudinous pictures which bear their names. Nay if even the most celebrated of our living painters could see, gathered together the whole of their 'original' works which Cawdor Street dealers have to sell they would I imagine be sore astonished (anvassas they never touched, compositions they never dreamed of effects of colour utterly unknown to them, would start before their astonished gaze. For every one white horse of Wouvermans five hundred snowy steeds would paw the earth. For every drunken boor of Rembrandt, Ostade or Adrien Brouwer, myriads of inebriated Hollanders would cumber Cawdor Street. Wonderful was the facility and exuberance of production of Turner, the dead Academician would stare at the incalculable number of works imputed to him. Oh Cawdor Street, thoroughfare of deceptions and shams! Oh, thou that sulliest bright mirrors with ignoble vapours! thou art not deceitful, but art deceit itself!

Here is the collection of ancient furniture, armour, old china, cameos, and other curiosities and articles of *virtu*, forming the stock in trade of Messrs. Melchior Saltabadil and

Co. A magnificent assemblage of rare and curious articles they have, to be sure. Not a dented breastplate is there but has its appropriate legend, not a carved ebony crucifix but has its romance, not a broad sword or goblet of Bohemian glass but has its pedigree. That china monster belonged to the Empress Maria Louisa that battered helmet was picked up on the field of Naseby, that rusted iron box was the muniment chest of the Abbey of Glastonbury, that ivory-hafted dagger once hung at the side of David Rizzio, and that long broadsword was erst clasped by one of Cromwells Ironsides. Come to the back of the shop, and Messrs. Melchior Saltabadil and Co. will be happy to show you a carved oak and velvet-covered prie dieu belonging to the Oratory of Ann of Austria. That shirt of mail, yonder hanging between the real Damascus sabre and the superb specimen of point lace, dates from the Crusades and was worn by Robin de Eblinnet at the siege of Ascalon. Step up stairs and Melchior Saltabadil and Co. have some exquisite needlework for your inspection, of a date coeval with that of the Bayeux tapestry. An astounding collection of curiosities have they, from worked altar cloths and richly stained glass of the fourteenth century, to Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses and dazzling tea and dessert services of genuine *Sèvres* china.

Chasuble Cope dealer in Ecclesiastical Antiquities has his *magasin* in just opposite to that of the before mentioned merchants. Mr. Cope is great in altar candlesticks, pyxes, rockets, faldstools, elaborately carved or brzen lecterns, mitres of the Middle Ages, illuminated missals and books of hours, and other specimens of the paraphernalia of Romish ecclesiology. He has the skeleton of a mitred abbot in the cellar and Bishop Blaise's crozier up stairs. Next door to him the Cawdor Street traveller will find perhaps the copious and curious collection of Messrs. Pagoli and Son, who more specially affect Egyptian, Chinese, and Indian curiosities. Curiously painted shells and fans, ivory concentric balls, wonderful porcelain idols, terr bottles, boxes of mummy, wheat carved Hindoo scriptures, brocaded draperies of astonishing antiquity—these form but a tithe of the Oriental riches detailed to view. Farther up Cawdor Street are establishments teeming with old furniture, and cumbering the pavement with their overplus of carved chairs, and bulky tables with twisted legs, the boards of which glistered, in Harry the Eighth's time, with those sturdv flagons and long spiral-columned glasses now resting quietly on the dusty shelves, and there are Queen Elizabethan cabinets, and stools on which Troubadours and Trouveres rested their harps when they sang the 'Roman du Rou' and the legend of King Arthur, in goodness knows how many 'fyttes'. There are small curiosity merchants in Cawdor Street, as well as ex-

tensive ones, humble dealers, whose stores resemble more the multifarious odds and ends in brokers' shops than collections of antiquity and *revelé*. These bring home the savage tomahawk, the New Zealand boomerang, the treasury of carved beads, to the poorest door, and render old armour, old furniture, old lace, and tapestry, comprehensible to the meanest understanding.

And why should not all these be genuine—real, undoubted relics of ages gone by? To the man of poetical imagination what can be more pleasant than to wander through these dingy bazars of the furniture, and armour, and knick knackery of other days? The sick and malvoistic, and hypocrites are gone, but, there are the flagons and bakers that held them. The mailed knights, and pious monks, have been dust these five hundred years—but there is the iron pincely, there are their hauberts and two handed swords—there are the beads they counted the roads before which they prayed, the holy volumes they were wont to read. Cromwell's name is but a noise, but those ragged buff boots may have enclosed his Protectoral excrements. The mattock, and the spade, and the earthworm have done their work with Diana de Portiers and Gabrielle d'Estrees, yet in that quaint Venetian mirror they may have dressed their shining locks, and mirrored back their sunny glances. That should have been the Black Prince's surcoat that Paul and ivory box, the jewel casket of Nunon del Enclos, that savage club, curved, beaded, and ornamented with tufts of feathers, who shall say it was not wielded once by Montezuma, or was an heirloom in some far South American forest, ere Columbus was born or Cortez and Pizarro heard of? Besides, are not the dealers in these curiosities respectable men? Are not little labels affixed to some of the rare articles, announcing them to have formed part of the Stowe collection of that of Strawberry Hill, of Fonthill Abbey, of Insdowne Tower—to have been bought of the Earl of Suchion's executors, or acquired at the Duke of So and so's sale? My friend, when you have travelled as long in Cawdor Street as I have, your poetical imaginings will have cooled down woefully, and your faith in Oliver Cromwell's boots, Edward the Black Prince's surcoat, and Nunon del Enclos's jewel box, will have decreased considerably. Some of the furniture is curious, and much of it old, but, oh! you have never heard, you have never seen (as I have) the art manufactures that are carried on in Cawdor Street garrets, in frowzy little courts, and mysterious back slums adjoining thereon. You do not know that wily armourers are at this moment forging new breastplates and helmets which being battered, and dented, and rusted, shall assume the aspect of age—and ages. You do not know that, by cunning processes, new needlework can be made to look like old tapestry, that the carved leg of an old chair,

picked up in a dusty lumber-room, will suffice, to the Cawdor Street art manufacturer, for the production of a whole set of carved, weather-stained, and worm eaten furniture—chairs, tables, stools, sideboards, couches, and cabinets enough to furnish half a dozen houses of families of the Middle Ages, 'about to marry.' You have not heard that cupulent man in the fur cap, and with the pipe in his mouth—and who eyed you shily just now as you were handling those curious silver mounted pistols of the Middle Ages—tell the swart artisan by his side that there is rather a run for mild Spanish crucifixes just now, and bid him make a dozen or two by the model he gives him. How many of those Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses are of Saxon origin, think you? How many of those squat, grinning, many coloured Pagods ever saw the light of an Indian sun? The *verru* shops of the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, swarm with spurious antiquities, the dealers in antiques, in Rome, make harvests out of credulous milords in the way of cameos procured at the rate of about two scudi, and sold at ten guineas each, in fragments of marble urns, statues and reliefs, purposely mutilated, buried in the environs of the Eternal City, and then dug up to be sold as ancient originals. How then, should Cawdor Street be exempt from deception?—Cawdor Street, standing as it does in the midst of that land, and of that city, so bursting so running over, with commercial competition that, putting to do business at any price, it cannot refrain from vending counterfeit limbs, spurious fragments, sham victuals and drink even. The worst of it is that, knowing how many of the curiosities and rarities in these seeming shops are cunning deceptions, a man is apt to get sceptical as regards them all. For my part I would rather, were I a collector of curiosities, rummage in old country public houses (I would I could remember the whereabouts of that one where, as I live I saw in the tap room a genuine and a beautiful Vandyck, smoke-grimed and beer stained!), or search in obscure brokers' shops, where, among rusty lanterns, beer taps, bird cages, flint irons, fishing rods, powder flasks, and soiled portraits of Mrs Billington in "Mandane," one does occasionally stumble on an undoubted relic of the past, and say, "here is truth."

But it is in the article of pictures that the art manufacturers of Cawdor Street have astonished the world, and attained their present proud pre-eminence. Pictures are their delight, and form their greatest source of profit. Take for example, the lion of Cawdor Street, the great Mr Turps, "Picture dealer, liner, and restorer." Pictures bought, sold, or exchanged. Noblemen and gentlemen waited upon at their own residences. To look at Mr Turps's shop, you would not augur much for the magnitude or value of his stock in trade. A small picture in panel of a Dutch Boor, booby, as usual, and bestriding a barrel

of his beloved beer, this and a big picture of some pink angels sprawling in or rather on, an opaque sky, these are pretty nearly all that is visible above the wire-wove blinds which veil the inner penetralia of Mr Turps's domicile. But, only walk in—arrive well dressed—come, ah, ve! all in a carriage—and the complaisant but voluble Turps will show you stacks at his albums of pictures. He deals only in deal masters. He has nothing to say to the moderns. There is an original Sebastiano del Piombo formerly in the Orleans collection, there the Malinconico Lombino of Raphael which my Lord Pembroke offered to swap with golden sovereigns would he, Turps only sell it to him. There is the "Prig and Reposing" by Salvator Rosa formerly in the Boggioni Palace, and smuggled out of Rome in an extraordinary manner. The Prince Cardinal Boggioni, Turps tells you, had been prohibited by the Papal Government from selling any of his pictures but being deeply in debt and wanting ready money sadly, he ceded to the importunities of the adventurous Turps, who purchased the picture but had another picture, "St Bartholomew flayed alive," painted over the original *ut in distemper*. With this he triumphantly eluded discovery, and, though Saint Bartholomew's feet too were nearly rubbed out by a careless porter, passed the Custom House and the Palace and brought his treasure to England. But here is a gem of gems, Turps's almost priceless picture—a little old, shabby panel, on which you can discover something dimly, resembling a man's head blinking through a dull brown fog. This is the Rembrandt "Three-quarter Portrait of the Burgomaster Six" painted in 1630. Wonderful picture! wonderful!

I have a great respect for Mr Turps (who has a pretty house at Stamford Hill) and can give you as good a glass of pale sherry when he likes, as ever you would wish to taste, but I must tell the honest truth. The Sebastiano del Piombo was bought at Smith's sale, hard by, for three pounds seven, and Turps knows no more who painted it, or where or when it was painted, than the Cham of Tartary does. The Boggioni Raffaele was a swop, being bartered with little Mo Isaacs, of Jewin Street for a Wouvermans, a millboard study by Mortimer and two glasses of brandy and water. As for the famous Rembrandt, Turps, in good sooth, had it painted himself on a panel taken from a mahogany chest of drawers he picked up cheap at a sale. He paid Young M Gulp (attached to a portrait club, and not too proud to paint a sign occasionally), just fifteen shillings for it, and a very good Rembrandt, now it is tricked up and smoked down, it makes, as times go,

At the top of Mr Turps's house he has two large attics, where, some half dozen of his merry-men manufacture pictures to order. According to the state of the market, and

the demand for the works of particular painters, so do they turn out counterfeit Claudes, Murillos, Poussins, Fra Bartolomeos, Guidos, Guercinos, Giulio Romanos, Leinsses, Ostades, Gerard Dows, and Jan Steens. If the pictures they forge (a hard word but a true one) are on canvases, they are on completion, carefully lined so as to resemble old pictures restored, if on panel, the wood is stained and corroded so as to denote antiquity. Little labels of numbers, bearing reference to sale catalogues are carefully pasted on and as carefully half torn off again. Sometimes, the canvas is taken off the stretcher, and rolled backwards, so as to give it a cracked appearance, anon the panel is covered with a varnish, warranted to dry in a very network of ancient-looking cracks. Then the painting is tricked or clobbered with liquid water, and other artful mixtures and varnishes, which give it a clouded appearance. Chemical substances are purposely mixed with the colours to make them fade, whites that dry yellow, and reds that turn brown. And then this picture painted for the hint of a mechanic, is ready to be sold at a princely price, to any British nobleman or gentleman who will buy it. Here lies Mr Turps's profit. The price of one picture will pay the expenses of his establishment for a twelvemonth and leave him heavy in purse besides. His victims—well, never mind who they are—perhaps mostly recruited from the ranks of the vulgar with money, who purchase fine pictures as a necessary luxury, just as they buy fine clothes and carriages and horses. There are magnates of this class who will absolutely buy pictures against each other, Brown becoming frantic if Jones possesses more Titians than he does, Robinson running neck and neck with Tomkins in Claudes, and beating him cleverly sometimes with a Canaletto. These competitions do good, you may believe me, to Mr Turps, and bring considerable quantities of grist to his mill. From his extensive collection also are the "original *chef d'œuvre* of ancient masters" which from time to time, are brought to the auctioneer's hammer, both in private houses and in public sale rooms. The "property of a gentleman, going abroad," the "collection of a nobleman, deceased," "the gallery of an eminent amateur,"—all these Mr Turps will supply at per dozen, and many score of his brethren in London are ready to do the same.

Not, by any means, do I wish to insinuate that there are no honest picture-dealers, and no *bona fide* picture auctions, in London. There are many—and there need be some, I am sure, to counteract the swarms of those which are mockeries, delusions, and snares.

Of the same kindred as Mr Turps, and having his abode in the same congenial Cawdor Street, you will find the celebrated Mr Glaze, who turns his attention almost entirely to modern pictures. His art-manu-

factures consist of Turners, Eitys, Mulreadies, Landseers—in short, of all the favourite masters of the English school. He has a band of artists, who, for stipends, varying from a pound to thirty shillings weekly, produce counterfeits of the works of our Royal Academicians by the yard or mile. These have their sale principally on the Continent, where English pictures (notwithstanding the doubts sometimes expressed by our neighbours as to whether we can paint at all) are eagerly sought after, and a genuine Landseer is a pearl beyond price. Occasionally, though very rarely, Mr Glue buys original pictures by unknown artists—Snooks of Cleveland Street, perhaps, or Tibbs of Cuenecester Place. He gives a few shillings for one—rarely half-a-sovereign. Then, according to the *genre*, or to some faint analogy in style or colour, the name of some celebrated living master is, without further ceremony, clipped on the unresisting canvas and, as a Mulready, a Webster, or a Creechick, the daub goes forth to the world.

Travelling yet through Cawdor Street, we come upon yet a lower grade of traffickers in pictures. These ingenious persons devote themselves to the art of picture dealing, in so much as it affects pawnbroking. They employ artists (sometimes—dublets more frequently) to paint pictures, for a low but certain price. These occasionally they pawn, selling the tickets subsequently to the unwary for what ever they will fetch, or, they buy tickets themselves, and remove them from one pawn broker to another, who, in their knavish experience, gives a better price for pictures. "My Uncle," however, it must be admitted, has got rather wary lately with respect to pictures and picture-pawners. He has been "done" by apparent noblemen driving up to his door in carriages and pur, and by the footman bearing a carefully-veiled picture into his private office, and telling him that "my Lord" *must* have fifty pounds this evening. He has been surfeited with pictures, new from the easel, painted by notorious artists in their extremity, and known in the trade as "pot boilers." So that, now, he "would rather not" lend you anything on a picture, and would prefer some more convertible article—say a flat iron, or a pair of boots—to all the Titians or Rembrandts you could bring him.

You might go on travelling up and down Cawdor Street for days, and find out some fresh proof of the deception and duplicity of this picture-dealing business at every step. It makes me melancholy to do so. And I think sometimes that not a few painters, who have had RA appended (and worthily) to their names, and have dined at the tables of live Dukes and Duchesses, may have thought of their old Cawdor Street days with a sort of tremor. More than one of them, I will be bound, as he has passed through Cawdor Street, has recognised an ancient master, or a

modern original, in the painting of which he had a hand, and a considerable one, too. Our own Wilkie, we know, had no other employment for a long time save that of counterfeiting Tenierses and Ostades, and he is not the only great punter who has done grinding-work for the picture dealers, and who has travelled wearily and sorrowfully through Cawdor Street.

Meanwhile,

Thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman!

CHOICE SECRETS

"LIGHT a room with spermaceti, anoint your face with the same substance, and you will seem to all beholders to have the head of a sperm whale upon your shoulders." "When you would have men in the house seem to be without heads take yellow brimstone with oil, and put it in a lamp and light it, and set it in the midst amongst men, and you shall see a wonder." These are two out of a large mass of facts which form a compact body of ancestral wisdom. They lie before us in a venerable volume, whose grave frontispiece is adorned with the portraits of Alexis, Albertus Magnus, Dr Bæde, Raymond Lully, Dr Harvey, Lord Bacon and Dr John Weckir. John Weckir, Doctor in Physic, first compiled the book, and Dr R Bæd augmented and enlarged it. "A like work never before was in the English tongue." It was printed in the year 1661, for Simon Miller, at the Starre in St Paul's Church Yard, and it is entitled, "Eighteen Books of the Secrets of Art and Nature, being the Summe and Substance of Naturall Philosophy, Methodically Digested." The book is one of considerable size and pretension, written by wise doctors in the good old time, two hundred years ago. Let us not be conceited and haip only on the strings provided to our fingers in the nineteenth century. For a few minutes, at least, it will not do us harm to get a little scientific information from our ancestors. We shall glean, therefore, some random facts out of the harvest-field of Doctors Mead and Weckir, selecting, of course, as most characteristic, those which our forefathers may call exclusively their own.

The volume opens with scientific information on the subject of Angels and Devils, including, of course, the fact that "Witches kill children, and divers cattle, which we find by various experience, and by relation of others that are worthy to be believed. But if you will say they are mere delusions of the Devil, whereby he makes foolish women mad that are entangled by him, that they believe they do those things which neither they nor the Devil can do, if we can so avoid it, we may as well deny anything else, be it never so evident."—If you deny that, you may deny anything—is a phrase not yet dead. Applied two hundred years ago to the experience

concerning witches, it has been industriously employed to the present day, and is employed still on behalf of a great many fresh delusions. As for the gentleman, whom truth is said to shame, he claimed his distinct chapter in the minds of old physicians because, as the book before us has it, he can cause many diseases, of the reasons whereof we are ignorant. Also he can do this: that being subtle, he can easily pass through all parts of the body, which I can bind, pull back, or torment otherwise.

Passing on now, as we follow the march of high philosophy, to secrets of the sun and moon, it may be worth while to understand, as our forefathers taught that 'it is easy to guess at the fortune of every year by the stars, if a man consider twelve, nineteen, eight, four and thirty.' Somebody wants to know what luck he will have in 1853. Let him consider 1811 (twelve years back) let him consider 1831 (nineteen years back) and for the eight, four and thirty, let him look back to the years 1845, 1849, and 1823. Let him reflect on the nature of his fortune in each of those years, look up his old diaries, combine them, consult an almanac that will give him the character of his fate in 1853. Jupiter is somewhat at the bottom of this, but we are too modern and ignorant to understand the author's explanation.

Among secrets concerning fire, are those two facts connected with spermaceti and by some incorrectly stated. Any one living in the country whom the crowing of the frogs may trouble at night, will doubtless be glad to hear of a remedy. Take the fat of a crocodile and make it up with wax while in the sun and make a candle of it and light it in the place where frogs are and when they see that they will presently cease crying. Where crocodiles are not to be had, the fat of a dolphin will do. Prescriptions abound, by the use of which men may appear to wear the heads of asses, horses, dogs, or to resemble elephants. There is a receipt also for making 'a fire light that the house may seem all full of serpents so long as the wick doth burn.' But we pass over these pleasant methods of illumination, simply remarking that if our wise ancestors were right, the volume now before us would prove a sudden fortune to the lazees of Vauxhall. By the use of some dozen kinds of cunningly prepared lumps the Royal Gardens might in good faith be charmed in its bills as a "scene of enchantment." At one turn of a walk, all visitors would show their heads and at another, none; in another grove they would be elephants, and in another they would look like angels. The Rotunda might be lighted for a diabolical effect, and the Dark Walk illuminated brilliantly with dolphins fat, funeral cloth and Azmat, whose light makes everybody invisible. This, again is no bad hint for a country tallow-chandler who supplies light to the ladies of a solemn village,

where he is annoyed by the neglect of any gaieties that would create large orders for composite or sperm. "*To make women rejoice mightily* Make candles of the fat of hares, and light them, and let them stand awhile in the middle where women are: they will not be so merry as to dance, yet sometimes that falls out also."

"It is a wonder that some report how that the tooth of a badger, or his left foot bound to a man's right arm, will strengthen the memory." Boys, who have lessons to learn, may like to know that fact; and teachers, who have idle pupils, must not flog but feed them upon cresses. "Cresses eaten make a man industrious." Young ladies, who believe in their ancestors will thank us for repeating their opinion that the use of a ring which has lain for a certain time in a sparrow's nest, will procure love. Nor need any dread the penalties of matrimony since the man who carries with him a harts horn 'shall always have peace with his wife (and also) the heart of a male quail carried by the man, and the heart of a female quail by the woman, will cause that no quarrels can ever arise between them.' The man who carries a quail's heart in his pocket may face his wife, and never have to feel his own heart quailing underneath his ribs.

Old Paracelsus prescribed upon serpents, not as is commonly expected upon pills. "It is known that stars renew their age by eating serpents, so the phoenix is restored by the nest of a serpent which makes to burn in. The pelican hath the same virtue, when he right foot if it be put under hot dung after three months a pelican will be reformed in it. Wherefore some physicians with some confessions, made of a viper and hellebore and of some of the flesh of these creatures do promise to restore youth and sometimes they do it." If the Zoological Society has proper respect for our ancestors, they will not delay to sow a hot bed with pelicans' feet. Young shoots of pelican would be much more appropriate beside the gravel walks than your mere vegetable pelargonium.

In the way of practice of medicine, we moderns say that anything like scientific principles, on which one can depend have only been attained in our own lifetime.

Doctors differed, and bumped against each other, only because all alike were feeling through the dark. In our own day there is light enough to keep doctors from differing very grossly,—gross difference springing generally more from the want of knowledge in an individual than in the profession generally, although there is yet a vast deal to be learned. In the first century Asclepiades dubbed the medical system of Hippocrates, "a cold meditation of death." Under Nero there arose a Dr. Thersallus, who taught that Nature was the guide to follow and obey in all diseases, and, therefore, under his system patients were simply to be liberally and rap-

padly supplied with everything they fancied Paracelsus, in the sixteenth century, looked for a patient's symptoms in the stars, so we must not be surprised if the "Secrets in Physic and Surgery," published among the other secrets in this volume now before us, contain odd information. Here is a nice cure for a quartan ague, which might tickle a patient's stomach sooner than his fancy. "Seven wig lice of the bed, wrapt in a great grape husk and swallowed down alive before the fit." Another cure is effected when the patient eats the parings of his nails and toes, mingled with wax. There are many remedies against the Plague, but that one which is recommended as "*The Best Thing against the Plague*," is for a man to wash his mouth with vinegar and water before he goes out drinking also a spoonful of the liquor, then to press his nose and stop his breath, so that "by the vapour and steam held in your mouth, the brain be moistened. In the following prescription we believe entirely '*For Melancholy*.' It is no small remedy to cure melancholy, to rub your body all over with nettles.

Book Five contains secrets for beautifying the human body. The following receipt which comes first, for giving people a substantial look, seems to be somewhat too efficacious to be often tried. *To make men fat.* If you mingle with the fat of a lizard, saffron, and cummin and wheat meal, hens fattened with this meat will be so fat, that men that eat of them will eat until they burst. A diet of fatness in hens equal to this will never be commended by our degenerate modern agriculturists. For the hair dyes, favoured by our forefathers we cannot, however, say much, for we must differ in taste very decidedly. It appears given for obtaining not only black, but white hair yellow hair red hair and 'To make your hair green.' Nobody in these days will use a course of the distilled water of cyprus to make his hair black like a meadow, and even, if anybody among us, too fastidious as we now are, wanted yellow hair, we do not think that he would consent to rub into his head for that purpose honey and the yolk of eggs. There are also in this part of the work some ungallant recommendations of substances which a man may chew in order that, presently breathing near a lady's cheek he may discolour it, and so detect her infidelity, if she should happen to be punted. Among 'secrets for beautifying the body,' we cannot but think this also indicative of an old taste. "If you would change the colour of children's eyes, you shall do it thus: with the ashes of the small nut shells, with oil you must anoint the forehead of their head, *it will make the whites of children's eyes black; do it often.*"

Concerning wine, it is worth knowing that to cure a man of drunkenness, you should put cells into his wine. Delightful dreams will visit the couch of him who has eaten mode-

rately, for supper, of a horse's tongue, and taken balm for salad. This is "A means to make a man sleep sweetly," which we recommend to the attention of all restless people, who have proper faith in their forefathers. As we have passed over a good many pages, and come to the "secrets of asses," we may put down, *à propos* to nothing, that "If an ass have a stone bound to his tail he cannot biaz."

The following may be tried in a few months by ladies in the country, who rise early on a fine spring morning, they may thus earn the delight of exhibiting to their friends one of the prettiest balloon ascents that anybody can conceive. 'In May, fill an egg shell with May dew, and set it in the hot sun at noon—da and the sun will draw it up."

The secrets of gardening, known to our forefathers annihilate all clamour in Sir Joseph Paxton to the commonest consideration. They taught how to get blue roses by manuring with indigo, or green roses by digging verdigris about the roots. They taught the whole art of perfuming fruit by steeping the seeds of the future tree in oil of spike, or rose-water and musk. If, say our ancestors, you would have peaches plums, or cherries without any stone you have only, when the tree is a twig to pick out all the pith before you set it. To get your filbert trees to bear you must plant the kernel you have only to crack a nut, and sow the kernel only, covered with a little wool. And very much more marvellous, in the annals of gardening, is the receipt for getting peach trees that bear fruit covered with inscriptions. "When you have eaten the peach, strip the stone two or three days in water and open it gently, and *take the kernel out of it* (?) and write something within the shell with iron graver what you please, yet not too deep, then wrap it in paper and set it, whatever you write in the shell, you shall find written in the fruit." Such shrewd hints mingled with the more ordinary knowledge of our ancestors upon affairs of gardening.

It will be seen that for many of these "facts" there was a "reason" close at hand. Our forefathers were wise enough to know that everything required properly accounting for. Thus, for example, in 'the Secrets of Metals'—"Some report that a candle lighted of man's fat, and brought to the place where the treasures are hid, will discover them with the noise, and when it is near them it will go out. If this be true, it ariseth from sympathy for fat is made of blood, and blood is the seat of the soul and spirits, and both these are held by the desire of silver and gold, so long as a man lives, and therefore they trouble the blood, so here is sympathy."

If a man would prevent hail from coming down, he is to walk about his garden, with a crocodile—stuffed of course—and hang it up in the middle. Pieces of the skin of a hippopotamus, wherever they are buried, keep off

storms. A thunder-storm also can be put to rout by firing cannons at it, "for by the force of the sound moving the air, the exhalations are driven upward"—(In the same way, the plague was said to yield before a cannonade) "Some who observe hail coming on, bring a huge looking glass, and observe the largeness of the cloud and by that remedy,—whether objected against, or despised by it, or it is displeased with it or whether, being doubled, it gives way to the other," (in some way or other one must find out a reason,) 'they suddenly turn it off and remove it. An owl stuck up in the fells, with his wings spread, served also as a scarecrow to the tempests. As lightning conductor on a roof, it was thought wise to put an egg shell out of which a chicken had been hatched on Ascension day. Thunderbolt stones were said to sweat during a storm, which was not thought a more wonderful fact, than the perspiration streaming out of glass windows in winter when the stove is hot. Our ancestors were far too wise to be surprised at anything.

Secrets of alchemy, magic and astrology are, of course, very profound, we pass over these and many more, among secrets of cookery we pause a moment. Whipping young pigs to death, to make them tender eating, used to be quite usual enough, and some of our own hidden devices in the meat trade are even now, equally revolting, but here we meet with a device of the wise ancestors which may perhaps stand at the head of all culinary horrors. Remembering that these cooks were also apt at roasting men, we will inflict this illustration on our readers—"To roast a Goose alive. Let it be a duck or goose, or some such lively creature, but a goose is best of all for this purpose, leaving his neck pull off all the feathers from his body, then make a fire round about him, not too wide, for that will not roast him within the place set here and there small pots full of water, with salt and honey mixed therewith, and let there be dishes set full of roasted apples, and cut in pieces in the dish, and let the goose be basted with butter all over, and laid to make him better meat, and he may roast the better, put fire to it, do not make too much haste, when he begins to roast, walking about, and striving to fly away, the fire stops him in, and he will fall to drink water to quench his thirst, this will cool his heart, and the other parts of his body, and, by this medicament, he loosens his belly and grows empty. And when he roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet his head and heart with a wet sponge but when you see him run maddening and stumble, his heart wants moisture, take him away, set him before your guests, and he will cry as you cut off any part from him, and will be almost eaten up before he be dead. It is very pleasant to behold."

Degenerate moderns would most certainly be unable to enjoy such hospitality, and would be cured as thoroughly of any appetite as if

their host had employed another of the secrets of our ancestors "That guests may not eat at table, do this. You must have a needle that dead people are often sewed up in their winding sheet, and at beginning of supper secretly stick this under the table, this will hinder the guests from eating, that they will rather be weary to sit than desirous to eat take it away when you have laughed at them awhile.

Take it away, we must say now to the old book. As we have said, our specimens drawn from an immense mass of the same kind, do not represent the sole character of the volume. It states, also, a very large number of facts, confirmed and explained in the present day, being a fair transcript of the average standard of opinion among learned doctors upon a great number of things. Have we not made a little progress since those good old times, and would it be a pleasant thing to get them back again? To come home to every man's breakfast table, we may ask the public to decide between the coffee now made, and the coffee of the good old times. In a somewhat expensive book, addressed only to wealthy readers, Drs Reid and Weckir disclose this secret of good coffee, for the ladies and gentlemen of 1860—"Take the berry, put it in a tin pudding pan, and when the bread hath been in the oven about half an hour, put in your coffee, there let it stand till you draw your brew, then beat it and sift it, mix it thus first boyl your water about half in hour, to every quart of water put in a spoonful of the powder of coffee, then let it boyl one third away, clear it off from the setlings, and the next day put fresh water, and so add every day fresh water, so long as any setlings remain. *Ofun tried*

STRINGS OF PROVERBS

"Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs." This proverb seems in a fair way to become obsolete, considering the extraordinary number of instances in which we grandsons have improved upon the practice of our ancestors, even in the most homely things—public baths and wash houses to wit, cooking utensils, tools of gardening and husbandry, farm utensils, such as the patent churn, &c. The proverb seems to be derived from the Arabic—"The lamb came to teach its father how to feed."

"Reckoning your chickens before they are hatched." Not only a very agreeable occupation, but one that is quite inevitable, so long as there are sanguine temperaments, speculators, and calculators—in fact, as long as there is Hope in the world. The unwise part of the performance is, simply, when no sufficient care has been taken to procure sound eggs, and to give attention to the hen who is patiently labouring at the hatching.

"Das Glück klopft wenigstens einmal an Jedes Thor," Fortune knocks once, at least,

at every man's door. This seems probable, though none of the unfortunate can be expected to believe it, especially after waiting many years, and never hearing the knock. It may be said that they were asleep at the very moment they should have been awake, or, perhaps, Fortune knocked, but they did not know the stranger.

"*The pulpit (pulpit) had hand my friends but it had tak the kirk to hand my relations*" True friends are rare, and so far from being confined to a man's family, that it is quite as uncommon to find one in his small domestic circle, as in the whole range of society where no ties originally exist, and all has to begin from a first meeting, introductory note, or extraneous circumstance.

"*A fine verse like a stream may run through a course of ages*" (Chinese). And it often does so, sweetening the heart, fertilising the imagination and purifying the mind.

"*The first glance marks the intention of fate*" (Chinese). Generally, but men must 'allow for the wind,' besides free will and human energy.

"*Prostrate thyself before the udded monkey in his day of power*" (Arabic). Of a similar kind from the same source is—"A tyrannical sultan is better than constant broils." One would have said that such a sentiment could only have found favour in a despotic country, enslaved for ages, had we not a living example of the same opinions and actions before our eyes, in a prostrate country, at the present moment.

"*Do no good, thou shalt not find evil*" (Arabic). No good either. If the proverb is a keen cut at ingratitude, another view of it shows that acts of kindness are seldom long continued where there is no reciprocity.

"*Stolen fruits are sweetest*" The imagination enhances the value of a forbidden pleasure, or object desired, and the will is excited by opposition, or the challenge of a difficulty in its way. But it sometimes happens that the sweetness of the forbidden fruit is more than matched by the bitterness of the consequences.

"*Penny wise and pound foolish*" The majority of people are instances of this. We are full of reason, caution and carefulness, if not economy, in trifles for which we have no great desire, but the moment an object starts up which really excites us, then all our thrifty notions fly to the winds or, perhaps, we make use of a little apologetic sophistry to ourselves, whereby it appears that the present indulgence in the pound, is in reward for our many previous self-denials in pennies.

"*Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit*," he who follows two hares is sure to catch neither. That is, if he follows, or tries to follow, them both at the same time. The practical wisdom of this proverb is sufficiently obvious. It is very superior to the English one of having "too many irons in the fire," because we often see enterprising men, of

capacious heads for business, manage very successfully with a number of "irons in the fire."

"*The nearer the church, the farther from God*" This proverb admits of two constructions. First, that a church being a material structure of masonry and conventional forms, the more strict the observance given to the 'letter' the further you are from the 'spirit.' Secondly, that the closer a hypocrite may take shelter under the walls of the church, the further he is from any pure religious feeling. Either way, we hand the proverb over to be settled by the Bench of Black Aprons.

"*The shortest way's the longest home*" (Scotch). Beware how you jump at conclusions, lest it cost you many a fall, or a long journey round to recover it.

"*Ce qui vient par la flûte, s'en va par le tambour*," that which comes by the flute, goes with the tambourine. What is gained in dissipation, is lost in it, or what is gained in one battle, is lost by another. "Lightly come, lightly gone."

"*The wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill wheel*" (Spanish). Good luck obtains a more rapid result than industry. So does bad luck.

"*One swallow does not make a summer*" We are but too ready to accept the first isolated sign of success, as a proof of its aggregate presence, or forthcoming, whereas, any one actual and entire success requires a combination of favourable circumstances (with a sharp sprinkling of the unfavourable too, by way of spurs and spices), more numerous and intricate than could ever be present, or even seen after they had occurred.

"*L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur*" (Rochefoucault). The intellect is always the dupe of the heart. On the contrary, it is not guided by it half enough, for man's goodness, purity, and wisdom. We see this "duping," as the cynic calls it, in childhood, and it is more deeply to be regretted than any other change we know, that, as man advances in knowledge of the world, he ceases to be a child and act upon his feelings—but becomes a very knowing fellow, and acts only upon his reason, as he considers it, while in most cases it is only his prejudices and self interest, in the narrowest sense. Happy the man who remains, essentially, a child, if he has at the same time a man's intellect and experience, his "childhood" will have a good chance of making him a genius.

"*Veritas odium parit*," truth produces hatred. No doubt of it, so few can endure to hear it. The imperfections of man, as well as the great artificialities of society, are too numerous and entangling to permit so tranchant a principle to have its full vent without constant opposition. There is another reason for it in another Latin proverb—"*Vincit omnia veritas*," truth overcomes all things. There is, also, no doubt of this, and how vast a majority of mankind hate by instinct, if

with no direct consciousness the conqueror of all their falsehoods and worst prejudices.

"*It never rains, but it pours*." Good luck, and all luck, never come single. The news of one success is scarcely cool before you hear of another piping hot—and, on the contrary, if you meet with a misfortune, the very day after it you are pretty sure to hear of another. Receive a note which tells you of the breaking down of some profitable arrangement, or loss of money, and by the next post comes a bill which you had expressly intended to pay with the money you have just lost.

"*What proof of penetration is it to tell the hour when the clock strikes?*" (Chinese.) In a dicule of those who prophesy after the event.

"*To the connoisseur the smell of salt fish is never faded*" (Chinese.) Jesters may be educated to anything. Nothing is *caute* to the connoisseur.

"*Deprived of the harmony of the lute and guitar, of what importance is the difference of perfume between the lilies and the wallflowers*" (Chinese.) The lily is the most beautiful species of mushroom. How exquisitely Chinese is the suggestion of refined luxury and delicate dissimulation! The delicacies of delicious perfumes can only be rightly appreciated by the aid of romantic music.

"*Appearances are deceitful*" (Chinese.) One is fairly surprised at finding these old familiar proverbs come from such remote places and times. The above one is accompanied in China by a little metaphysical comment, which is left to only Chinese. On opening my eyes I see very well that *he is not me*. But, on starting from sleep, the question is often asked, 'Who am I myself?'

"*One fool makes many*." A jocular fellow once had a bet that he would resemble a large crowd in the streets of London in ten minutes who should all gaze at nothing and inquire earnestly about it. Accordingly he stopped abruptly in Holborn and pointed with one finger just over a chimney pot, following the tip of his finger with his eyes, most intently. In the course of five minutes he had set a dozen people looking in the same direction, and these dozen acting upon the minds of passers by, produced a crowd of fifty or sixty people within five minutes more, all looking up, and inquiring of each other what it was. The same thing applies in politics, in literature, in the fine arts, in trade, in fashion. But does the conwise hold? Does one wise man make many? Certainly not, but his influence is pretty sure at some time or other, to render many less foolish than they otherwise would be, and to sow the seeds of future wisdom in a few.

"*Hab' auf Deine Gänse Acht, wenn der Fuchs den Pfarrer macht*," when the fox turns preacher, take care of your geese. Most people would do this, but the difficulty is to know the fox in his various disguises. He is seldom found out till too late.

"*Birds of a feather flock together*." This is

another version of "Show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are." A certain man of genius being introduced to a literary lady, said to her, "Shall we dispense with all ceremony, and understand each other at once?" "By all means!" replied the lady. "Well, then," said he, "who are your philosophers and poets?"

"*It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back*" (Arabic.) How often do we see an oppressive conduct continued to the utmost extent, only just short of the last feather, so that when the poor drudge dies, no one can say he was killed by the last feather. His oppressor simply says he was worn out. History, both ancient and modern, displays striking examples of this, the last feather, however in these cases, breaking the back of the people's endurance and sometimes breaking the back of the tyrant that overloADED them. The proverb of "Do not overload the willing horse," is of the same family as the above, and may be regarded as a preliminary caution.

"*Nullum in vulgum ingenium in turba demerit*" (Sancer.) No great genius with out a certain degree of madness. This is just the kind of saying which pleases commonplace people, who thus escape the uneasy sense which superiority so often gives to self-love. That an intense devotion to some special development, and the predominance of certain special faculties are apt to produce corresponding characteristics in the individual, is natural and, perhaps, inevitable, and in this sense we suppose that a certain (or rather, in uncertain) degree of what ordinary people mistook for madness was exhibited by Homer and Shakespeare, Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, Bacon and Goethe, but it does not appear in their works. We prefer a better term—inspiration.

PIPE CLAY AND CLAY PIPES

I HAVE an eccentric friend, whom I meet occasionally. He cannot be said to have an unquenching turn of mind, or usually to busy himself with the science of industrial economy. Babbage is an unknown writer to him, and he has not yet contrived to "get up" any interest in the recent Reports on Her Majesty's Customs. In fact, I should not be surprised if he never opened the interesting volumes in question. He is a man with an active mind, nevertheless, but this activity is expended, as a rule, in eccentric pursuits. He has one confirmed antipathy—he hates a purpose. Since he heard that I had written a paper on the wrongs of factory children, he has treated me with marked coolness. Yet he is a man with an excellent heart. Let me at once give the key to his character. Most people have one serious object in life, therefore he is opposed to all serious objects. Lately, I met him walking briskly on his way homeward, and I consented to accompany him. Suddenly, he

remembered that he must make a call before he entered his chambers.

This call led us out of a great thoroughfare, through two or three narrow and dark streets to the door of a dingy house. As we paused on the threshold, my companion asked me if I had ever seen a tobacco-pipe manufactory. I expressed my inexperience, and having been cautioned against sermons on what I was about to see, followed my eccentric friend down a dark passage, which terminated in a very dirty and a very dark warehouse. A few samples of tobacco pipes lay upon a counter, and one side of the warehouse was skirted with drawers full of "jays of clay"—my eccentric friend's ordinary expression when alluding to his pipes. In a dark corner, a strong man was savagely punching huge blocks of clay with a heavy wooden bar. In another corner lay a huge pile of clay blocks in the rough state—apparently a heap of dirt of little use to anybody. A mild woman—the wife of the manufacturer—showed us about with a cheerful manner. My friend who took an evident interest in all the processes we witnessed still contrived to maintain his eccentric habit, by continually expressing his unconcern. As we looked at the skilful action of the workmen's fingers, my friend allowed that they played the fiddle well but added that they could not play the fiddle. However, I left him to pursue his eccentric way and wandered about with unforgotten curiosity.

Turning from the muscular fellow who was beating the rough clay with the wooden bar, and moistening it, that it might yield to the pressure of the mould, I suddenly saw a black gaping mouth before me that seemed to be in the agony of swallowing a dense stack of tobacco pipes. This, I learned was the pipe kiln. The pipes were arranged in exact rows and in vast quantities. I ventured to express my astonishment at the number of pipes in the capacious kiln, whereupon the clay beater paused from his labour, and with a smile that expressed pity for my ignorance, declared that there was a more handful on the premises.

"There are a few still up there," he added, pointing to the roof of the warehouse.

I followed the direction of his finger, and saw above me a roof of tobacco pipes piled in regular rows on brackets. The number appeared incalculable, but the clay beater contemptuously pronounced it insignificant. He informed me that I might see "a few more," if I would have the goodness to go up stairs. My eccentric friend vowed that the trouble was excessive—that our business was with the pipes when they had tobacco in them, and not with the people who made them, and, as he remarked (having had a sharp pecuniary altercation with the manufacturer's wife), who took particular care to charge a remunerative price for them. But he mounted the stairs, in spite of his objections, and followed me into the room where the battered clay of the beater below was

undergoing other processes. Here and there men seemed to be printing off pipes—the action of their arms, and the movement of their presses nearly resembling those of hand-printing. A pale woman sat in the centre of the room with a counter before her and two or three delicate tools, but we went past her at once to the man who had a mould of soft grey clay before him. He was working busily. He first seized two lumps of clay, each of the average size of an apple and having carefully kneaded them with his fingers seemed to throw them contemptuously upon the board before him. Then, with the palms of his hand he rolled them sharply out on the board leaving one end of each lump very thick and producing altogether two clay tadpoles of a large size. These he took up, and placed with others in a row, all pressed and sticking together. The apparent unconcern and indifference with which the entire operation was performed struck us particularly. When we had sufficiently noticed the manufacture of gigantic tadpoles we crossed the room to an opposite bench where a man was working rapidly. Here we found a confused heap of clay tadpoles ready to be run through and burnt into seemly pipes.

We watched the operations of the second skilled labourer with intense interest. First, with a wary air he took up a bundle of lump clay tadpoles and threw them down close beside him. He then took a fine steel rod in his left hand and seizing a tadpole drew its long slender tail on to the rod. This operation was so dexterously performed that the rod never protruded the least to the left or to the right but was kept by the true touch of the right hand fingers, exactly in the centre of the tube. The spittle tadpole was then laid flat in the lower half of the metal pipe mould. The upper part was pulled down over it, and then pressed. On lifting the mould from the press the workman quickly cut away the superfluous clay that stood up beyond the bowl, opened the mould and disclosed to the undisguised admiration even of my eccentric friend, the graceful flow of his usual 'yard of clay.' But it was not yet ready for smoking, very far from it.

It was still a damp leaden grey pipe, with two broad seams of clay projecting from it, throughout its entire length. It was ragged too. On these deficiencies my friend began to offer a few pungent remarks, when the workman interrupted him by pointing towards an industrious woman, who seemed to be in a desperate hurry, yet she was not at all excited. My friend suggested that steam must be circulating in her nimble fingers, instead of blood. She smiled at the plesantry, and said meekly enough, that it was custom. She was as clumsy as I should be when she began—but long, long days of experience—there, sitting before that board, and cutting incessantly those seams that curl so neatly off the

rough pipes, give that dexterity, and it is well, perhaps severely, paid for. The workwoman wears a serious, dull face generally. It struck me, as I watched the repetition of her movements, that in their dreadful monotony there must be a deadening influence upon the mind and heart. I even thought that she must find it a relief now and then to break a pipe, or drop one of the glistening steel rods. First, she took up one of the rough pipes, and with a sharp steel instrument, smoothed all the rough clay about the bowl. Then she smoothed the stem with a flat instrument—then she cut the mouth-piece even. Having thus rapidly travelled over the moulder's work, she withdrew the fine steel rod from the tube, blew down the pipe to assure herself that the air passed from the bowl to the mouth-piece, and then carefully added it to a row, placed upon a frame beside her. The finished pipe was hardly deposited in its place before another was in her hands, and in rapid process towards completion.

A roaring fire crackled in the grate, and the heat of the atmosphere was oppressive. Above were more endless rows and galleries of pipes, waiting to be baked, and in a fair way, I thought, of undergoing that process where they lay. I could hear the dull, heavy sounds of the clay-beater's weapon below, and in the room the incessant click of the closing moulds. The workmen were proud to show their dexterity, as they well might be. Our friend in the farther corner, as he talked pleasantly to us on various subjects, still carelessly made his clay tadpoles; the woman never paused from her rapid work when she exchanged occasional sentences with a boy who stood near her; and the wife of the manufacturer surveyed the busy scene with sparkling eyes.

I thought once or twice of the damp clay streaming about these workpeople; and of the hard, stern work going on to provide receptacles for lazy men's tobacco. Pipe-clay seemed to force itself everywhere; about the rafters, on the benches, on the floor, in the walls. My friend's curiosity was soon satisfied; for his anxiety to avoid contact with the raw material of his favourite manufactured article, drove every other consideration from his mind. He vowed that he did not wish to appear in the streets of London in the guise of a miller—that, generally, he preferred a black coat to a piebald one, and that not being a military man, the less pipe-clay he took away in the nap of his clothes, the better. But I had one or two questions to put to the tadpole-maker;—not with the view, as my friend stoutly asserted, of writing a sermon, but perhaps with an object sufficiently laudable. I learned that a workman, "keeping to it" twelve hours, can make "four gross and a half" of pipes per day.

My friend was struck with this astonishing fact; and, forthwith, began to prove from this assertion that he ought to have the half-

gross he wanted at a very low price indeed. It was only when the workman paused, for the first time, from his work to discuss the beauties of various pipes, that my friend felt himself quite at home in the manufactory. Hereupon, the workman placed a variety of pipes in juxtaposition, and began to talk of their relative excellencies and beauties with the tact of an artist. This man was not without a shrewd sense of art; he had his ideal of a tobacco-pipe, as the political dreamer has his ideal of a model state, or a sculptor of his ideal beauty. He had shrewdly unanswerable reasons for a certain roundness in the bowl; his eye wandered critically down the graceful bend of the tube, and his hand tested nicely the finish of the surface. His skill lay, certainly, only in the manufacture of tobacco-pipes; but, still, herein his mind was active, and his taste was cultivated.

"What would become of you if smoking were put down by Act of Parliament?" my friend asked, with a sarcastic air. But the man was a match even for the practised eccentricity of my companion.

"Why, sir," said the man, "most likely more snuff would be consumed instead, and I should shut up the kiln, and take to making snuff-boxes."

My friend was silenced; and, as we walked away from the manufactory, down the dark narrow streets, he allowed, in a whisper, that there was wisdom in the pipemaker's answer. And then he began to make calculations as to how many people flourish in every country on the bad habits and vices of their fellow-citizens. He wove a chain of terrible length, to show how many men were interested in the drunkenness of the country. A man reeled past us in the imbecile, singing stage of the vice. "That man," said my eccentric friend, "has done the state some service to-night. He has been helping to swell the Excise returns; presently he will create a disturbance; a policeman will gallantly walk him off to the station-house, and be promoted; his hat will be broken, to the great advantage of a hatter; his shirt front will be torn, to the benefit of some poor, lone sempstress; and there, he has broken his yard of clay, to the advantage of the manufactory we have just left. Delirium tremens will come at last; and with it a surgeon; and, with the surgeon, herbs which are now growing under the burning heat of Indian skies." Thus my eccentric friend ran on, and I did not interrupt him; for, in his words, I detected sparks of light that led us merrily forward to our journey's end, where we found half-a-gross of "yards of clay;" "a perfect picture," according to my friend,—lying, all white as snow before us, trimmed, I knew, by the serious, nimble-fingered woman we had seen at her work. And she is at it now, still cutting the seams off, and blowing down the tubes!

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BETTER TIES THAN RED TAPE TIES.

A VERY old friend of mine, and—according to the best sense of the word—one of the most respectable men with whom I have the pleasure of an acquaintance, is Mr. Richard Delver. Mr. Delver is excelled by no man in his parish in the digging of a sewer, or dissecting out the gas-pipes of a district. Maggie, his wife, has three little boys, to whom she used to pay such motherly attention, that their experience in puddles was inferior to that of all the other children in their neighbourhood. All the money that he earned, except the value of a little beer, used to be duly brought by Mr. Delver for deposit in the household purse; and Maggie was to him a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nevertheless, there were no shillings to spare, and in bad weather there was always debt contracted at the greengrocer's, to be paid off when the season mended.

Mr. Delver and his wife had never been indebted to their parish for assistance; but they both looked with a misgiving and a sense of awe at the relieving officer whenever he went by. Dick might fall sick, or age would come, and with age loss of independence.

One day, about a twelvemonth since, Dick, on his way to work, met the two sons of Widow Broad, in charge of a policeman. Jack Broad had been a coalheaver, a steady man, and Dick had very lately been a mourner at his funeral. He left no will, nor money to dispose of; and his wife, compelled to labour for the children's bread, had not the necessary leisure left to keep them out of evil company. Dick's heart ached for the little Breads, and then his head turned to the little Delvers, and his fancy painted his own Maggie left without him, after he had been suffocated in a foul drain—which might occur; as a similar fate had occurred, not long ago, to one of his acquaintances. "I wish that I could see my way before me," Dick began to ponder to himself; and in the like spirit pondered Maggie with him, when he told her that the little Breads were sent to prison. While their thoughts were painfully excited in this manner, a friend of theirs, who was about to emigrate, infused into their minds, by his hopeful talk, a wish to follow his example.

Very soon after this wish was formed, Dick

was a truant from his work one day. He was off to Park Street, Westminster, to see the Emigration Commissioners.

If red tape were a plant, the Park Street office would carry off a medal at a flower show. Dick, who is a rough-looking fellow, had considerable difficulty—to begin with—in passing the porter. He waited a whole morning patiently, and then he saw a clerk, who asked two or three questions, in a way that made him feel very uncomfortable, then gave him a paper to fill up, and said "Call again."

The paper—as Mr. Delver said to me, while telling his own story, (he was then sitting on the trough of the pump, in my back-yard, where he was engaged upon a little gas-pipe business),—was a puzzler.

There was one question in it that he did not like putting to his Maggie at all; and then, as to the certificate of baptism, why, he did not exactly know where he was born; it was in some village in the north, when his parents were tramping for work. A general consultation of the whole court could not help Dick out of his difficulty; even the cobbler, who was the leading politician, pronounced it a Government mystification.

Dick went up again to Park Street, and spent another day there, but his turn did not come. This was expensive; the two days cost him six shillings worth of wages. But he had courage enough to try his fortune a third time, and after waiting from ten in the morning until only half-past two, he was at length ushered into the awful presence of the Board.

Was he an agricultural labourer? No. Nor a gardener? No; just a town labourer; never saw a plough in his life; was married; had three small children: youngest three year old.—Was he going to work for wages? Of course he was, but not longer than he could help; hoped to get hold of a bit of land (according as he was told) in a few years. After a little consultation, Dick was informed that he was not considered suitable.

This adventure rather damped him; still, like most people who have only one idea at a time and who hold that stubbornly, he continued to spell out or attend to everything about emigration, until one Sunday he read in the weekly newspaper about a Mrs. Chisholm, who was willing to see poor people

of an evening. Accordingly, one Monday evening, after his wife had made him tidy to her heart's content, Dick walked off, with Maggie on his arm, to Charlton Crescent, Islington.

There, not a surly porter, but an old woman of a homely appearance, opened the door, and directed him up a remarkably narrow passage into a small room fitted like a school, with benches and a tier of broad shelves in one corner, which he was told formed an exact copy of the berths or beds on board Mrs Chisholm's ships. Dick was early, only a few people had assembled, he got into conversation with his neighbour, a pale thin young man who was emigrating to be a shepherd because he was not able to stand the work of a white-head factory. He had read a great deal in books and told Dick all about Australia. Mrs Delver had in the mean time been chatting with a stout, comfortable widow woman, with a rosy daughter of fifteen. These were going out to join the widow's son who had been five years gone, and had sent home twenty pounds to pay their passage. Presently, the proceedings were commenced by Mrs Chisholm who read a few letters from Australia, and then answered several questions put by the company. A gentleman, who seemed to know all about it, then gave a short plain account of the colony. Dick Delver found himself among a roomful of people, all of his own mind, some of his own sort, many about to join relations, and in the course of an hour he learned more about emigration and Australia from conversation and real letters, than he could have learned in any other way in a twelve-month.

After the meeting was over and when the people had settled all their private business among themselves (of which they seemed to have a great deal), Dick went down stairs with his wife, and saw the lady herself.

He told her he had made up his mind to go, and that he thought of asking the parish to give him some assistance. "The parish!" said the lady, "pray, how tall are you?" "Why, six foot and a inch."—"And what do you weigh?" "Why, about thirteen stone."—"I suppose you could work it a pinch, for a day and a night too, if you were well paid?" "Well, I have done it afore now."—"And you could fight a bit, I suppose, if it were needed?" "Well, I ain't one for quarrelling, but I can stand up for myself. If anybody gives me anythink unpleasant, I give it of him back."—"Well," said the lady, "a stout, hard-working man like you, who can earn from sixteen to twenty-four shillings a-week, ought to be ashamed to count upon the poor rates. If you really want to emigrate, you must put by something every week, until you have enough to pay the passage money. If at the last you should be short by a few pounds, perhaps the Society will lend them you, but first see what you can do for yourself."

There was something about the lady's way—continued Mr Delver, as he told me his story—that made my wife nudge me, and we pulled out a couple of shillings, and put down our names. Bless your heart, sir, I've been a different man ever since. Says the lady to me, "You need not waste any time while you're staying until you can pay the money. You can learn to write and to measure your own work. When you go digging wells in Australia, you will find it a capital thing to be able to mark out your own bill and measure your own work. There's a man up stairs that will teach you, I'm sure. We all help each other in this Society." So she calls him down (he's an engineer) by the name of Filer,—and he has given me a lesson twice a week ever since. Besides which, my Maggie has made shirts for him, and seen to his things, for he's a bachelor, and his sweetheart is in service. I've a matter of eight pound laid by, now and can pay five shillings a week most weeks, and I begin to cipher pretty well. Bless you, I'm a different man! The relieving officer the other day, stood and looked back when he passed me. Oh! said I to myself, you may look it's me. No more touching of this! I can look straight in the face of any man. So, thanks, I say to Mrs Chisholm!

This name is in vogue in my humble homes a household word. Let us know now, a little more of the Society with which it is honorably connected.

Founded, or rather brought before the English world, in May, 1850 it has so far acquired the confidence of the emigrating classes of the working order that two thousand have become members of it, paying from one shilling and sixpence to ten shillings a week. The first ship, the *Stuns Castle*, was despatched on the 28th September, 1850. It contained two hundred and thirty three passengers, among which there were ten wives going to husbands, and twenty children travelling to parents. The two hundred and thirty three persons paid by instalments, to ward their own passage one thousand four hundred and three pounds, and some of them received loans, varying from one to six pounds. The *Blundell* sailed with two hundred and sixty passengers who paid one thousand nine hundred and forty two pounds, and received loans of from one to four pounds per head. The *Athenian* sailed with two hundred and sixty eight passengers, who paid two thousand and ninety-two pounds, and received an average loan of two pounds per head. The *Mariner* sailed on the 26th February, with about two hundred and eighty passengers. These emigrants have been collected by the exertions of a lady, living in a small house, rented at some thirty pounds a-year, in an obscure street, at Islington with one paid clerk, and one old woman, at four shillings a-week, to open the door. The letters, in answer to the inquiries of emigrants, have

cost about one pound a-week for ninety weeks, on the last week of January, eighty letters were received in a day. The whole expenses—including four public meetings, and twenty four group meetings—have been under three hundred pounds.

This success—founded on such small pecuniary means—is due neither to chance nor to patronage. It has been attained, in spite of great opposition, by working the following details of a plan, the result of long experience.

Every Monday evening at eight o'clock, a "Group Meeting" is held, which persons who are interested personally in the question of emigration may attend. This meeting is a real *conversazione*, there are almost always some persons present who have relations in Australia, with whom they are in correspondence. The strangers get into conversation with the older members, letters from Australia are handed round, the wives establish confidence, and, in an easy manner, a great deal of useful information is exchanged. The formal part of the business consists in the reading of any new regulations, in reports of progress concerning a new ship, in the introduction of new members to the groups, and in affording in a conversational tone any practical information needed. Sometimes Australians attend. A man who went out as a labourer and has returned rich enough to take back with him some relations, gives the result of his experience, or some competent person gives a candid account of the pleasures and pains of an emigrant's life. A stranger, who after this meeting may desire to join, enters his name, and full description of family, trade, and so forth, in a small office below stating what sum he can afford to pay weekly, he produces a certificate of character, and pays a shilling registration fee. He then presents himself to the next meeting as a candidate to join a group. A group consists of not less than three families, or more than eight. Before a stranger can be admitted into a group, he must satisfy the members of it that he is in morals and temper, a desirable associate. The heads of groups make these inquiries for themselves in works' ops, clubs, and other sources of impartial information. Each group undertakes to act for the protection of such number of single girls and young children as may be assigned to it, and enters into a solemn pledge to this purpose, and also undertakes jointly to pay a fine of ten shillings for each defaulter. On an appointed day the husbands in each group meet and produce their marriage certificates, after which they proceed to settle, by lot or otherwise, the turn in which each man shall act as captain of the mess on board ship each taking the duty on himself for a fixed number of weeks.

The men of the groups also elect, each, one to form three committees on board ship. One of these is the "Mess Committee," which under-

takes to see that the provisions are of the weight and quality provided by the Society, and to represent in a respectful manner any cause of complaint to the Captain or Surgeon. This committee also arbitrates in case of a dispute among the emigrants themselves. The other two committees in this time, are, one for the department of Instruction, and the other of Public Amusement.

The Monday night Group Meetings enable all these persons to become acquainted with each other, they go on board ship a body of patients, an active and compact association.

Many important and economical arrangements have been made at these Group Meetings. On one occasion, three families living in three separate lodgings agreed to take a small house between them for the six months that would elapse until they emigrated. By this arrangement they of course made a considerable saving, afterwards, when in their new house they arranged that one mother should stay at home and look after all the children, while the other two went out to wash and char.

A tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter benefited at once themselves and a number of groups, by making chests, boots and clothes, on shore and on board, at very reasonable rates. So far, the business of the Association is chiefly done by the emigrants themselves. When about two hundred individuals have paid, in weekly instalments, two thirds of the passage money, the Society has to consider to whom and to what amount it will advance loans. The Society has never had, during the two years of its existence, more than two thousand pounds at its disposal. It has never been a fashionable Society, although it has received the countenance and aid of the active philanthropy of such men as the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Sidney Herbert, and of a thorough man of business, Mr. Jidd Pratt. The loans, which never exceed one third of the passage money, are for two years, and are charged with a fee of ten shillings, payable in the last instalment, in lieu of interest. These loans are only made to people capable of earning their own living by the labour of their hands. The emigrants sent out by the first vessel have already begun to repay their loans, those settled in or near Adelaide having commenced repaying by weekly instalments.

After the distribution of the loans is settled, the next business is the hiring of a ship to make the voyage to Australia. The Society requires a ship of the best description or, as it is termed technically, A 1, on Lloyd's Register. It gives ten per cent more space to the passengers than the Government Emigration ships. It supplies provisions of a superior quality. It permits the emigrant to have in store, for use in journeys up the country, any portion which he may not have consumed. This, on an average, will amount to from fifteen to twenty-one days' provisions.

of salt meat, and flour, or biscuit, with other comforts. To secure to the emigrant his due allowance, a system of checks, or tickets, corresponding to each week's allowance, has been introduced.

The whole ship is at the disposal of the emigrants, all are on an equality, there is no sacred quarter-deck. All the berths are enclosed within doors with fixed Venetian blinds, each family, in fact, having its little closet to sleep in. In Government ships, husbands, wives, and children sleep publicly in open berths. Improvements in ventilation and the supply of water are important features of the arrangements in fact, each ship is an improvement on the last, because experience leads slowly to the production of a model system of ship-fitting and victualling.

The career of the originator of this plan, as a colonist, may be briefly told. In 1839-40, she arrived in Sydney from India with her husband, a captain in the Madras Native Infantry, on sick leave and with her children.

At that time the discontinuance of transportation and the manumission by lapse of time of assigned prisoners had rendered it necessary for the pastoral proprietors, or 'squatters,' to replace the unpaid prisoners by paid emigrants or freed men. It was an epoch of rapid transition from slave labour to free labour. Employers who had been accustomed to exercise almost uncontrolled authority over servants to whom they paid no wages, or a mere voluntary trifle, and whose eventual liberty depended on their masters' reports, were feverishly impatient when obliged to deal with free servants, who claimed to make contracts for food and wages, and to enforce them, servants who could leave a master with whom they were not content, and whom no magistrate could order to be flogged. Even before the abolition of assignment, the rapid increase of flocks and herds had caused a cry for labour. This change, and the land speculations mentioned in "Three Epochs of Colonisation," raised wages to famine price. Under the excitement of these high wages, the huge sums obtained from the sale of land were devoted to the importation of emigrants on what was called the Bounty System. The Crimping System would have been a better term. Parties in England, Ireland, and Scotland, by employing agents, and publishing hand bills after the model of Mr Recruiting Sergeant Kite, collected ship loads of emigrants. These on landing in Sydney had to pass the examination of a board, and for each that passed, the shippers were to receive a bounty of some twenty pounds. The result was organised fraud, perjury, cruelty, and bribery. Great numbers of unsuitable persons were introduced, and the female emigrants included the refuse of our seaport towns. The treatment of the emigrants on board ship was often shameful, and in the highest degree immoral.

The whole system, from beginning to the end, festered with abuses.

The emigrants began to arrive in fleets just at a time when the wealthy classes were suffering from their imprudent land speculations. The Governor desired to worry the squatters into buying land—the squatters wished to worry the Governor, and drive down wages to an European level. The slave-owner feeling was still strong in all.

Sydney was filled with emigrants unhired, especially young women, many of them stout girls unfitted for town life, though invaluable in the country and very suitable to be the wives of shepherds and stockmen. There were also a number of young women of education, who, without some care and training, were fit for neither town service nor country work. A great number of mechanics were employed on Government wages in executing Government work—of course, a fictitious labour test. Large families were lodged in tents drawing Government rations, and extremely well contented to do nothing.

Mrs Christolm, from the time of her arrival, had been busy in teaching the most willing and ignorant of the unemployed emigrants how to help themselves. Thus she acquired a large amount of confidence among the working classes. She determined to save the young women who were endangered by want of protection and employment. So resolved, she offered to manage, gratuitously, a 'Home' in which single women should be lodged and provided with situations through a 'Register,' if Government would give a building for the purpose. After a long and obstinate struggle, in which the jealousies of many parties, and the decided opposition of the Red Tape of the Emigration department, had to be overcome, the Governor gave up a store room, infested with rats, for the lady's bedroom, and a sort of barrack for the women, on receipt of a guarantee that the Government should incur no expense. The Home was filled, the Register opened, hundreds of friendless girls found protection, and went from the Home to situations.

But one depot for a colony extending into the pastures, or Bush, many hundred miles, was insufficient. A correspondence was opened with the interior, the want of servants was ascertained, and, when there was a difficulty about the means of sending the girls forward, the lady took them herself at her own risk, for the cost of the steam-boat. Six depôts were thus established in the interior, under the charge of clergymen, and respectable residents.

While a provision was thus attempted for the women, the distress of the men concentrated in the towns continued great. A committee of the Legislative Council sat to consider this distress, took evidence, and obtained a list of many thousands out of employment. This list is still in existence.

A public meeting called upon the Colonial

Government to employ these people upon public works. The scheme was then enlarged, and the registration office extended to all servants. Disputes between master and man having occurred frequently, a simple legal form of agreement was prepared and printed. At the time of hiring, three copies were executed—one for master, one for man, and one for registration. After this precaution, out of some thousand agreements, only seven were the subject of dispute before a magistrate. To obtain employment, it was necessary to ascertain, by letter, what quantity of labour could be absorbed in the country. This required extensive correspondence, so in the next place the privilege of franking letters in reference to the emigrants' registration office, was obtained—much to the indignation of red tapists.

The next problem to be solved was, how to send the people into the interior, where they were so much needed. The emigrants especially those who had families, timid through ignorance, shrunk from the journey. Mrs Chisholm determined to lead them into the wilderness herself: she applied for support through the papers to the settlers, they came forward nobly, drays, bullocks, flour, meat, &c., were placed at her disposal. She set out again and again with from three to eleven waggon, the women and children with the tired men, and their stores, in the drays, the stout men walked. She sat on the leading waggon, or mounted her saddle horse, and galloped out right and left to call at stations, and find out where there were situations to be filled. She wrote to the Sydney newspaper in 1842, 'I wish you would use your interest to try to borrow a horse and covered cart for me, I require a cart to sleep in at night, and carry the little children by day, I have a saddle horse for my own use. The weather is very changeable, and I require a covered cart to continue my exertions.' She afterwards used a light cart with a tandem, and carried a side saddle, so as to be able to unharness and mount the leader when the road was too rough, or there was any hard work to be done.

On the first journey, with one hundred female emigrants, by steamer, to Maitland, in the Hunter district, no gentleman on board offered even a cup of tea, they thought it an absurd mission, and feared to be associated with a failure. But that feeling soon passed away in the face of energy and business-like arrangements. At inns, they soon came to refuse to accept payment for accommodation, and insisted on presenting provisions for the succeeding day. Coach proprietors carried female emigrants without charge, and every small settler was willing to aid her exertions with supplies of necessaries. The greater part of the journeys were, however, through the Bush. The party was encamped at night, and the supper was cooked, after antique fashion, in the open air.

Thus, without putting the Government to any expense, distress was not only removed from Sydney, and relief extended to some thousand people, but there was opened up an unknown, and apparently inexhaustible, demand for emigrants—especially for females—among a class of settlers, whose wives obtained servants, and whose sons obtained wives. Besides this great benefit, the abuses of the emigration system were laid bare, and a sweeping reform necessitated by personal and written representations to the Governor, the Council, and the Press. A notable example was set by the successful prosecution of the officers of an emigrant ship, guilty of atrocious conduct to emigrants.

On commencing the journeys into the interior, Mrs Chisholm drew up and printed a form on a folio sheet, for obtaining 'Voluntary Information from the small settlers.' These forms contained a series of thirty-six questions in the margin with a blank space for the answers, then followed space for remarks by the clergyman of the district, by the police magistrates, and by the adventurous traveller. The latter generally gave a description of the furniture and stores, if any, of bacon, wheat, &c., in the cottage of the settler. After the questions had been answered, each paper was endorsed with a number—the name of the settler, his birth place, county, English, Irish, or Scotch, and district of New South Wales where living.

Of these voluntary statements of the condition of the humbler thriving classes of Australia, upwards of seven hundred were collected. The desks upon which they were written down were trunks of trees just felled, ploughshares, drays, and the tops of huts, and they were written in every description of dwelling, from the shepherd's hut to the squatter's villa.

These statements proved the constantly increasing demand for labour, the want of colonisation by families, the fertility of the soil, and the success of small leaseholders and freeholders, in a manner which could not be contradicted.

Thus, it will be seen, that between 1839 and 1846, one person, with very moderate means, with no colonial rank or official influence, and in spite of the opposition which all new reformers must encounter, succeeded in protecting and providing for friendless female emigrants, in reforming the Bounty Emigration system, in removing the distress of thousands of unemployed labourers in Sydney (the list is still in existence, with the name and trade of each), in establishing eleven thousand souls chiefly in the interior, and in collecting an invaluable body of evidence on the resources and character of the settlers of New South Wales.

In 1846 this lady returned with her husband and family to England, having received on her departure a testimonial of trifling value, to which all parties in the colony contributed.

She was charged with two missions, one from the prisoners, and the other from the emigrant population.

Fifteen years previously, the prisoners had received an official promise that if well conducted, they should have their wives sent out to them. In the first instance the promise was perfumed, but the objection then raised by the squatters against wives and children living on their stations, put a stop to a measure of no less policy than justice.

Among the emigrants were numbers who had been compelled, by the management of the agents of the Emigration Commissioners to leave children behind to the extent of some hundreds each for by their respective parishes. Armed with precise statements of the facts of these cases, the friendly missionary travelled, day by day, backwicks and forthwicks, in a hard snowy winter between her lodgings and the Home Office and the Emigration Commissioners' Office, until, at length, the orders were given for the sending out of all these wives and children.

The idea of family colonisation naturally arose out of successful efforts for the reunion of families. The Society started from a single subject—a discontented Christian carpenter whose mother was in the workhouse. He was taught (and his wife with him) how to save two shillings and sixpence a week, how to get his mother out of the workhouse, how to pay, with the aid of a loan, their passage to Australia. I do not say whether self-supporting emigrants could exist in the face of Government free passage for the crowds who in 1845 the year of famine besieged the Emigration Commissioners' Office were closely observed day after day. In time a body of emigrants was collected, a few influential names of patrons and promoters were got together, and a little money was raised. Thus then it became known that since the scheme of family colonisation was announced, in May, 1850, by loans varying from one to six pounds (averaging less than three pounds)—without any of the usual expensive machineries of Colonising Societies—one thousand emigrants, of no low means and independent spirit, have been forwarded to Australia.

A FORGOTTEN CELEBRITY

"Time and chance," as King Solomon says "happen to all," and this is peculiarly the case in the matter of fame and reputation. Many who have done much, and have enjoyed a fine prospect of a name that should survive them, have scarcely earned an epitaph whilst others, by a mere accident, have rolled luxuriously down to posterity, like a fly on the chariot-wheels of another's reputation. "The historic name" as a very careless jade, and many names with which she has undertaken to march down to latest times, have been lost

by the way, like the stones in the legend that fell through the Devil's apron when he was carrying them to build one of his bridges. The chaffonniers of literature pick up these histories from time to time, sometimes they are valuable, sometimes only curious. Mademoiselle de Gournay's story is a curiosity.

Marie de Jars, Demoiselle de Gournay, was born at Paris in 1566. She was of a noble and ancient family. Her father, at his death, left what in those days was a handsome fortune, but Mademoiselle de Gournay his widow, had an unfortunate mania for building which devoured it. When she took her place beside her husband in his grave, she left little but mortgages behind her.

Judging from the portraits prefixed to her works, Marie de Jars must in her youth have possessed some personal attractions, in spite of her detractions. Her figure was of middle height, her face rather round than oval, but with a pleasing expression, and adorned with a pair of large black eyes and a pretty little mouth. Her own account of herself in a copy of verses addressed to her friend Mademoiselle de Rigny, is, that she was of a very lively and obliging disposition. That she was obliging in kind beated many circumstances of her life could prove, but for liveliness we are inclined to think that she flattered herself nothing could further removed from liveliness than her works—they are pompously serious.

Her father died when she was very young, leaving five children—two elder and two younger than Marie. The eldest daughter married, the second joined the army, and Marie the eldest of the remaining three, seems to have been left pretty much to follow her own devices. From her earliest years she had a passion for reading, and showed a wonderful sagacity in the choice of books. Her favourites were Amyot, Ronsard, and Montaigne, to these authors she afterwards added Ruan. She was so faithfully exclusive in her taste, that she never cared to read any others. It was in 1580 that Montaigne published the two first volumes of his *Essays*. Marie de Jars was scarcely fourteen when they fell accidentally in her way, and her admiration amounted to enthusiasm. She sent a friend to tell Montaigne, who was then in Paris, how much she admired him, and the esteem in which she held his book. This proceeding from so young a person, who was moreover "fort demoiselle," flattered Montaigne very sensibly. He went the very next day to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de Gournay. Her conversation and enthusiasm won the heart of the philosopher. In their first interview Montaigne offered her the affection of a father for a daughter, and Mademoiselle de Gournay proudly assumed the title of the adopted daughter of Montaigne, and in a letter addressed to him, which is still to be seen, she says, "that she feels as proud of that title as she should be to be called the mother of the

Muses themselves." This friendship never failed or diminished, it was the best thing Marie ever achieved in this life, and is her chief claim on the sympathy and interest of posterity. But Marie de Jars became possessed by the demon of wishing to become a distinguished woman on her own account. To accomplish this, she set to work to learn Greek and Latin, and though she brought more zeal than method to her studies, she worked with so much perseverance as to obtain a good insight into both languages.

Montaigne, in the next edition of his *Essays*, added the following passage to the seventeenth chapter of the second book—"I have taken a delight to publish in many places the hopes I have of Marie de Gournay de Jars, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with more than a paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being. I have no regard to any thing in this world but to her. If a man may preserve from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things, and amongst others of that perfection of friendship of which we do not read that any of her sex could yet attain at, the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it, her affection towards me more than superabundant, and such is that there is nothing more to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end from the five and fifty years I had reached when she knew me, might not so much afflict her."

The judgment she made of my first *Essays*, being a woman so young, and in this age, and alone in her order, place, and the notable vehemence with which she loved and desired me, upon the sole esteem she had of me before ever she saw my face, are things very worthy of consideration."

Any woman might justly have been proud of such a tribute, and one feels to like Montaigne himself all the better for it. In 1568 Montaigne went with Mademoiselle de Gournay and her mother to their chateau at Gournay-sur-Aronde and spent some time with them.

In the year following she published her first book, calling it "*Proumenoir de M. de Montaigne*." She dedicated it to him, and sent a copy to him at Bourdeaux, where he was then residing. That must have been a very proud day for Marie! This "*Proumenoir*" was not, as its title might suggest, any account of Montaigne, or relics of his conversation, but only a rambling Arabian story, which if gracefully told by Marie herself, might perhaps have been interesting during the course of a walk, but which, set down upon paper, is insipid to a degree, and of an interminable length. Montaigne is answerable for the sin of having encouraged her to write it, thus adding to the weary array of books that nobody is able to read.

At her mother's death, Mademoiselle de Gournay did something much better also

took charge of her younger brother and sister, and administered the affairs of the family (which, as we have said, Madame de Gournay had left in great embarrassment) with so much discretion and judgment, that she redeemed all the mortgages, paid off all the debts, and was in possession of about two thousand pounds in money.

Montaigne died in 1592, at Bourdeaux. Enthusiastic and devoted, Mademoiselle de Gournay set off as soon as she was informed of it, and, providing herself with passes, crossed almost the whole kingdom of France alone, to visit his widow and daughter, to console them as best she might—and to weep with them the loss they had sustained.

Madame de Montaigne gave her the *Essays*, enriched with notes in her husband's handwriting in order that she might prepare a new and complete edition of them. This was a labour of love to Marie: she revised all the proofs which were executed with so much correctness that she is well entitled to call it, as she does, "*le bon et vieux exemplaire*." It remains to this day the principal edition as regards authenticity of text, and one of the handsomest as regards typography. It appeared in 1595 (Paris, Abel Langlier). Mademoiselle de Gournay wrote a preface, which is not without eloquence. She vigorously repels all the objections that had been raised against the work, and alludes to her adoption by Montaigne with genuine feeling. We translate the passage—"Reader, having the desire to make the best of myself to thee, I adorn myself with the noble title of this adoption. I have no other ornament, and I have a good right to call him my true father, from whom all that is good or noble in my soul proceeds. The parent to whom I owe my being, and whom my evil fortune snatched from me in my infancy, was an excellent father, and a most virtuous and clever man—and he would have felt less jealousy in seeing the second to whom I gave this title of father, than he would have felt pride in seeing the manner of man he was. The good lady's style is of the most intractable to render into common language."

With Montaigne's death, the whole course of Mademoiselle de Gournay's life seemed to be arrested. Henceforth all her strength and enthusiasm were expended in keeping herself exactly where he had left her. She resolutely set her face against all the improvements and innovations which were every day being brought into the French language, which was making rapid progress, but Mademoiselle de Gournay believed that she had seen the end of all perfection when Montaigne died. Not only in her style of writing, but also in her mode of living, she remained obstinately stereotyped after the fashion of the sixteenth century, during the first half of the seventeenth. Whilst still young, she became a whimsical relic of a by-gone mode, a caricature out of date. She resided in Paris, where

there was at that time a mania for playing practical jokes; and Mademoiselle de Gournay, with her pedantry and peculiarities, was considered as a lawful game; many unworthy tricks were played upon her by persons who, nevertheless, dreaded the explosions of her wrath on discovery, which on such occasions were of an emphatic simplicity of speech, startling to modern ears. The word "hoaxing" was not then invented, but the thing itself was well understood. A forged letter was written, purporting to come from King James the First of England, requesting Mademoiselle de Gournay to send him her portrait and her life. She fell into the snare, and sat for her picture, and spent six weeks in writing her memoirs, which she actually sent to England—where, of course, no one knew what to make of them. But when Marshal Lavardin, who was the French ambassador in England, returned to Paris, the parties who forged the letter did not fail to tell Mademoiselle de Gournay that the King of England had spoken most highly of her to the ambassador, and had shown him her autograph, which occupied a distinguished place in his cabinet. As M. de Lavardin died almost directly after his return, Mademoiselle de Gournay ran no risk of being undeceived.

For a short time she abandoned literature and the belles lettres to plunge into alchemy, for which she had a mania. Her friends remonstrated in vain; they told her how many other people alchemy had ruined, but she not the less persisted in flinging the remains of her fortune into the fire. Like all who have been bewitched by this science, Marie fancied that her experiments were arrested by poverty at the moment of success. She retrenched in every way; in food, in clothing, reduced herself to barest necessities; and sat constantly with the bellows in her hand, hanging over the smoke of her furnace. Of course, no gold rewarded her research, and she was at length absolutely obliged to abandon her laboratory, and betake herself afresh to literature. As generous in adversity as she had been in prosperity, Mademoiselle de Gournay was not hindered by her poverty from adopting an orphan child, the daughter of Jamyn, the poet, and friend of Ronsard. In the society of this young girl, and of a cat which she celebrated in verse, Marie de Gournay allowed everything in the world to change and progress as they might, fully persuaded that the glory of French literature had died with her adopted father, and that she had had the honour of burying it.

This cat deserves a special mention, as it was a very noticeable animal in its day. It rejoiced in the name of *Piallion*, and during the twelve years it lived with Mademoiselle de Gournay, it never once quitted the apartments of its mistress to run with other cats upon the roofs and gutters of the neighbouring houses; it was, in all respects, discreet and dignified, as became a cat of quality, and

above all, as became the cat of such a mistress as Mademoiselle de Gournay. If Mademoiselle de Gournay had been young and handsome, *Piallion* would, no doubt, have been as celebrated as Lesbia's sparrow; as it was, however, it only shared in the satires and caricatures that were made upon its mistress. When Mademoiselle de Gournay renounced alchemy, and began again to busy herself in literature, she unfortunately mixed herself up in some controversy of the day where the Jesuits were in question; we forget what side she took, but she brought down upon herself much abuse and scandal; among other things, she was accused of having led an irregular life, and of being even then "*une femme galante*!" This charge distressed her greatly, and she appealed to a friend to write her vindication. He told her, by way of consolation, that if she would publish her portrait, it would be more effectual than a dozen vindications! Poor Mademoiselle de Gournay had long since lost whatever good looks she had possessed in early life, and her alchemical pursuits had added at least ten years to her appearance.

In the midst of all the disagreeable circumstances of her lot, she was not without some compensation. She kept up her relation with the family of Montaigne, and went on a visit to them in Guyenne, where she remained fifteen months. In all her distresses, Mademoiselle Montaigne, and her daughter Mademoiselle de Gamaches, never deserted her. There is a touching passage in one of her works, in which the name of the "*bonne amye*" is not mentioned. There is little doubt but that it refers to one of these ladies; it is as follows:

"If my condition be somewhat better than could have been expected, from the miserable remnant of fortune that remained to me after the quittance of all my debts, liabilities, and losses, it is the assistance of a good friend, who took pleasure to see me keep up a decent appearance, which is the cause of it."

Mademoiselle de Gournay also brightened the dull realities of her existence with brilliant ideas of the fame she was laying up for herself with posterity—hopes which neither Mademoiselle Jamyn nor *Piallion* were likely to damp. In 1626, she published a collection of her works, in prose and verse, which she entitled "*L'Ombre de Mademoiselle de Gournay*," and sat in her retirement expecting the rebound of the sensation she had no doubt of producing throughout Europe.

The book was written in imitation of Montaigne's "*Essays*"—all manner of subjects treated of, without any regard to order or arrangement; long dissertations, rambling from topic to topic in every chapter, without any rule but her own caprice. It may be imagined what advantage such a work would give to those disposed to find matter for ridicule; the spirit of mystification and love of hoaxing were not extinct. There was

a pitiless clique of idle men attached to the Court, and circulating in society, who were always on the watch for victims, at whose expense they might make good stories, or whom they might make the subjects of a practical jest. Mademoiselle de Gournay had fallen into their snares years before, and she seemed a still more tempting victim now. A regular conspiracy of wicked wits was formed against the poor old woman, who was then not much under sixty years of age. Her vanity had grown to enormous magnitude, her credulity was in proportion, whilst her power of swallowing and digesting any flattery, how ever gross, was something fabulous. No tribute that could be offered exceeded her notion of her own deserts. She certainly offered fair game for ridicule, and she was not spared.

Louis the Thirteenth, who laboured under the royal malady of ennui, enjoyed the accounts of the mystifications that were constantly put upon the poor old lady.

They told her (and she believed them) that there was nothing talked about at Court but her book, and that his Majesty, Louis the Thirteenth, was her warm admirer. Mademoiselle de Gournay not unnaturally expected that some solid proof of the royal admiration would follow, but nothing came. Louis, well content to be amused by absurd stories about her, never dreamed of rewarding her for them. She was made to believe that her portrait adorned the galleries of Brussels and Antwerp, that in Holland her works had been published with complimentary prefaces, that, in Italy, Cambraccio and Charles Pinto had celebrated her genius in their own tongue, and spread the glory of her name from one end of the peninsula to the other, and that no well educated person in Europe was ignorant of her name and works. Marie de Gournay, after having been adopted by Montaigne, found all these marvels quite probable and easy of belief. These splendid visions of fame and success were quite as good as reality, they alled her poverty, and invested her privations with a dignity more than regal. Among many other mystifications played off upon her, there was one which has since, in different forms, made the plot of farces and vaudevilles without number, but it was for the behoof of Mademoiselle de Gournay that it was originally made and invented. The poet Racan, whose works were some of the few Mademoiselle de Gournay condescended to read, had received a copy of "L'Ombre," and prepared to pay her a visit to return thanks. It must be borne in mind that they had never seen each other, the conspirators chanced to hear of his intentions. Such a fine occasion was not to be neglected, having ascertained the time appointed for the interview, they took care to be beforehand. The first who presented himself was the Chevalier de Bresire; he caused himself to be announced

by Mademoiselle Jamyn (the orphan she had adopted now her friend and companion,) as M. Racan. He was clever and agreeable, and flattered Mademoiselle de Gournay with so much grace, that she was enchanted with him. He had scarcely departed, when M. Yviande arrived "Announce M. Racan," said he to Mademoiselle Jamyn.

"M. Racan has only this moment left us."

"Some vile trick!" said he, with indignation.

Mademoiselle de Gournay, seeing a young man, still handsomer and more agreeable than the other, and whose compliments were still more poetical, was easily pacified, and received him graciously. A few moments after he had left, the poet himself made his appearance. He was absent, nervous, shabbily dressed, awkward and half more over, a ridiculous pronunciation. He called himself "JACAN."

The old lady was now out of all patience. "Must I, then, see nothing but Racans all the days of my life!" she exclaimed, and, taking off her slipper, she flung it at his head, abusing him vehemently for daring to impose upon her, and drove him out of the house.

Of course, this story was much too good not to have a great success, it circulated, not only through the Court, but all over Paris, and came at last to the ears of poor Mademoiselle de Gournay herself, who could not be consoled, as it revealed all the tricks to which she had been a victim. The illusions thus rudely destroyed were far more precious than the philosopher's stone she had so vainly sought, and involved a disappointment infinitely more painful. Who can help sympathising with the poor woman, who thus saw all her fairy treasures resolved into their intrinsic worthlessness!

However, good came out of evil. Cardinal Richelieu—who had been especially delighted with the story of the three Racans, and was never weary of hearing it repeated—took the fancy of wishing to see her, that he might try to make a good story out of her himself. He sent for her, and indulged in some very clumsy pleasantry, of which he had the grace to feel afterwards ashamed. Willing to make her some amends, he settled a pension upon her, in order that, for the rest of her days, she, and her friend, and her cat, might live on something better than dry bread.

Under the influence of this gleam of sunshine, Mademoiselle de Gournay edited another edition of Montaigne's works, with an abridgment of her former preface. She also published a fresh work of her own, entitled, "Avis et Présens de Mademoiselle de Gournay," which had a moderate success. Another edition of "L'Ombre" was also called for. All this, in some measure, consoled her for past humiliations.

Her prosperity lasted until the death of

Cardinal Richelieu. Mademoiselle de Gournay, then in extreme old age, still survived him. When the list of pensions granted by the Cardinal was submitted to the King, her name caught his eye. Louis the Thirteenth—who might have had some grateful recollection of the many hearty laughs his Royalty had enjoyed at her expense—declared that the Cardinal must have been mad to grant such a woman a pension, and ordered it to be suppressed. Mademoiselle de Gournay passed the few remaining years of her life in a state of poverty painful to reflect upon. She died somewhere about 1646, at the age of eighty.

Poor as she was, she made her will, as became a person of her birth. She bequeathed her clothes to Mademoiselle Jamyn, who, old and infirm, survived her, a few books she left to different friends, and a curious old Map of the World, to the poet Gombauld—a personage as eccentric as herself, and one who lived and died in still greater penury, but who valued her legacy, and transmitted it to his heirs as the most precious treasure in the world.

STRINGS OF PROVERBS

"*A miss is as good as a mile*" The chance of good or ill is just the same, if it does not touch you, whether it be far off or close at hand. To throw the number next to the prize is no better than to be at the bottom of the list. Yet there are exceptions. The captain of a vessel of war in a South American patriot service, was standing on the mole head of Vera Cruz one morning, in company with several junior officers. They were espied, across the bay, by some artillerymen on the batteries of St. Juan Ulloa, and a shot from a forty-eight pounder was sent at them, which so nearly struck the spot that the whole party were splashed with the water. "A miss is as good as a mile!" shouted the captain laughing. But it was more than as good as a mile, for the artillery officer on the batteries correcting his aim by his miss, sent a second shot, which knocked the captain into the sea.

"*God helps those who help themselves*" This is from the French—"Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera." La Fontaine derived it from Æsop. It is illustrated by a waggoner whose waggon having stuck in a slough, he began to call aloud upon Jupiter—"Goad your oxen, set your shoulder to the wheel, and Heaven will help you!" A counsel of thorough practical wisdom. There is another saying founded upon this, but it takes the form of a profoundly bitter satire—"Help yourself, and your friends will love you." When you need no assistance, they will give you that which costs them nothing—their love, in doing which they may also serve their own interests, by sharing in your successful perseverance. But there is another point of view from which this latter saying may be looked at. Friends

who are wealthy, or have great influence, do not always feel their love increased by your having succeeded well without their help. Their self-love has lost the opportunity of "patronising."

"*What can ye expect fræe an oole-pig*" (oil-can) "*but oole?*" A more quaint and graceful version of our "What can you expect from a hog but a grunt?" though the latter is turned into a more angry personal satire. It is curious and laughable to trace how, by a blunder in the meaning of "oolie-pig," our own proverb has been derived.

"*Fine relics are precious as the relics of a Saint*" (Chinese). And the people consider them so, in most countries, but only when they have become relics.

"*In truth, it is not man that creates obstacles, but Heaven and how can we help it?*" (Chinese). We think the truth lies directly on the contrary. The saying is characteristic of an enslaved people, or people of little energy.

"*Virtue is its own reward*" This comes originally from the Chinese, with whom it stands thus "Virtue is, at last, its own reward."

"*Fine feathers make fine birds*" The Chinese have a wiser saying—"Rich clothes cannot conceal a clown."

"*A child may take a horse to water, but ten men cannot make him drink*" It is often easy to make first beginnings, in cases where there is the greatest difficulty in accomplishing a thing. This is a very forcible (though, of course, quite unintentional) comment in opposition to the French saying of "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*"—the first step is the great difficulty. Yet, though one directly contradicts the experience of the other, both are equally derived from sound experience. "Truth," says Hazlitt, "is not one-sided, but many-sided, and an observation may contradict another, made by the same person, without any inconsistency, according to the point of view from which it is looked at."

"*L'angle d'une maison est un sot dans un autre*;" the eagle of one house is the goose of another. Admiration dwells in different circles, which either scoff at the idols of each other, or ignore them. Of a similar tendency is the proverb of "One man's meat is another man's poison." Since any special thing, if desired by everybody, would soon be exhausted, how fortunate it is that "tastes differ," and how amusing it is to see how each one, being quite satisfied with his own, treats the rest with contempt, as expressed in the additional epithet of "*Chacun à son mauvais goût*"—every one to his bad taste.

"*Is for a penny, in for a pound*;" a proverb which not only expresses the recklessness, or, at least, the touch of desperation, that often follows on taking the first step in an imprudence, but is also quoted continually as a sort of excuse and encouragement—a thing that must be. Of the same class is the

vicious saying, "As well be hung for (stealing) a sheep as a lamb."

'Eine Hand wascht die andere;' "one hand washes the other. An extremely terse and suggestive proverb, not easily reducible to literal terms. One thought assists another, one action another, one event clears up another. What one hand does wrong, the other sets right, one thing excuses another, self-love balances itself with itself.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Those who often get themselves into broils are very likely to get burnt. The proverb expresses a disagreeable and dangerous position to perfection, where the only retreat is to something worse.

'Much virtue in 'if.' That is, there is much depend on a qualifying term. Sometimes the whole question turns upon it, or is reduced to nothing as expressed in the old Swedish saying, 'If no *if* had come between, then had the old woman bitten the bear'—instead of being eaten by him.

'What is sown in the snow comes up in the thaw' (Swedish). It is a prudent thing to begin in an ungenial and apparently premature time, when you can foresee that you will still be sure of the future. By these means you will be in advance of all those who do not see so far.

Handsome is that hand and our cloth. A very handsome and manly proverb. We believe it is derived from the Spanish.

Happy is the child whose father is not the devil. From its quaint and graphic Romanism we should conjecture this proverb to come from Spain. It smacks of the *auto da fe*. The vices of a father may cause a revolution in the mind of a child, but unfortunately, we often see that the son goes the same way as the father.

'His gown is full of holes, he can thrust his hand out at any one of them.' (Arabic). There is full freedom of action in poverty.

'In grief at having no house, she bought a bonnet.' (Arabic). The slightest fancy consoles some people for the loss of a great reality. We may laugh at them, but, as things go, they are happily constituted.

'When they came to shoot the Pasha, a horse the beetle stretched out his leg.' (Arabic). This is exquisite, we commend it to the attention of Hans Christian Andersen.

'The dirtier the corner,' the dirtier the warmer. This is a Scotch proverb, and might equally well have been an Irish one. It is one of the many instances which show that proverbs (excepting those from the East) are seldom derived from the wisdom of educated people, but from the daily experience of the vulgar,—not the less practically wise on that account, when they really are wise.

'It's ill taken the break off a Highlandman.' You cannot rob a man of "nothing." Do not go to law with a pauper. The same meaning lies in the Latin proverb, *Jurnal—'Vas curus cantat coram latrone venter,'* "the man

with an empty purse sings (whistles) in presence of the robber.

'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' This is the same as "washing the blackamoor white." All the education in the world will not change a strong original nature, or law of nature, it may modify and improve, but the inherent principle—the raw material—will always remain the same. 'What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.'

'Now you walk!—as the old crab said to her daughter.' This, and the "pot calling the kettle black," is a modern version of the old scriptural parable of the mote and the beam; just as 'Look at home,' is a modern paraphrase of the saying of Solomon, *Trubi seavtor—know thyself*.

'Mach dich zum Schaf im Spass, bist du der Wolfe Feind,' make yourself a sheep in jest, and the wolf will eat you in earnest. Place yourself in the power of a greedy man, a tyrant, a bully, or a bitter satirist in an unguarded moment and he is sure to take advantage of it. 'Do not play with edged tools.'

'Like the holy whale the sun shines.' Manifestly of English origin, and derived from the clumpty, though in substance it is the same as the Latin, *Cripe diem*—seize the opportunity—a maxim of Epictetus, verified by Horace.

'The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be; the devil got well—the devil a monk was he.' The sick bid resolutions, or hypocritical vows while in calamity, of those who are inherently wicked are worthless.

'El vicio nunca consigo, el necio, no.' The wise man alters his mind—the fool never. A dangerous saying, if literally taken, as it seems to excuse vacillation and compromise. But, rightly understood, it is an excellent maxim. The wise man is able to alter his mind (on conviction), the ignorant man is not.

'Dry reeds still keep company with the fire.' (Arabic). No chances of destruction prevent some companionships, perhaps there is even a fascination in it. One often wonders why people live at the foot of a volcano, or in towns subject to earthquakes.

'May her envious stumble over her hair.' (Arabic). A richly Oriental saying. May the hair of the woman, who is pursued by envy, grow to a luxuriance that shall entangle the feet of her enemies, may detractors be ruined by the increased success of those whom they sought to injure.

'The camel has his projects, and the camel-driver has his projects.' (Arabic). The wishes and intentions of the people are different from those of their rulers—in all countries. The consequences of this very ancient truth are about to be developed in our own day, though the final solution is not so near at hand.

'God bless those who pay visits—short ones.' (Arabic). A capital saying, though one would

have thought that Arabia was the very last place it could have come from. The visitor had only to propose to relate a story, and he might stay as long as he liked.

"*Too many cooks spoil the broth.*" The Arabians say, "If the sailors become too numerous, the ship sinks." An admirable comment on the mischief that arises from conflicting counsels of superiors; but the Scotch have a similar saying far more humorous, graphic, and pungent; "Ower mony masters—as the frog said to the harrow, while it passed over him."

"*It's difficult to get three heads under one hat.*" (German). To make three people, independent of each other, meet in one spot, is by no means an easy thing to do at all times.

"*Man proposes, but God disposes.*" (Scotch) So Shukspere says, in the line, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

"*Necessity huth no law.*" (Latin). It has its own law.

"*Respect and contempt spoil the world.*" (Italian). Only when they are misplaced; but rightly placed, they would reform the world.

"*When the heart is past hope, the face is past shame.*" And when the face is past shame, there is no hope in, or for, the heart. There is no test of character greater than this. The power of out-facing anything, shows that all inward emotion is lost, or good for nothing.

"*Familiarity breeds contempt.*" That is to say, a gross, vulgar, and impertinent familiarity—a familiarity dealing in uncleanly talk and practical jokes; but familiarity, in the sense of companionship, ought to breed nothing but mutual regard and esteem, or else it ought to cease. He who said that "no man was a hero to his valet de chambre," was well answered by (Carlyle said it, we think,) the remark—"that was the fault of the valet."

"*En tout temps le sage veille;*" the wise man is always awake. We should rather say, the cunning man, the politician, or the worldly-wise, because true wisdom does not trouble itself with constant suspicions, nor with constant alertness of mind. It has too much matter for profound thought to be always awake to external things. If a wise statesman be meant, then it is all right; but not if applied to a philosopher. Most of the following (not all) are of the same class, and apply only to men of the world:—"Le sage se conforme à la vie de ses compagnons,"—a wise man conforms to the ways of his companions. "*Le plus sage se tait,*"—he is wisest who holds his tongue. "A fool wanders, a wise man travels." He knows where he is going, and what he would have. "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." (We should rather say—wise men make feasts, and many people eat them—but fools, never). "The wisest man," says Boileau, "is he who regards others with mildness, and himself with severity." "The wise man," says Confucius,

"inquires of himself the cause of his faults, the madman asks others." "Wisdom," says Socrates, "adorns riches, and shadows poverty," (protects? poverty.) "The wise man," says Bossuet, "ought to learn to profit by all things—by the good and the ills of life, the vices and the virtues of others, by his own faults and his good actions." "The wise man," says Molière, "is prepared for all events." "The seat of knowledge," says Hazlitt, "is in the head; of wisdom, in the heart. We are sure to judge wrong, if we do not feel right."

A CRY FROM THE DUST!

Nor less immortal that, from birth,
I was a Pariah on the earth.

Nor less a daughter, that my sire
Cursed me, his child, in drunken ire.

Nor less a sister, that my brother
Led from a broken-hearted mother.

God made me gentle; hunger came,
And fanned rebellion into flame.

God made me modest; who could dare
To taint what he had stamped as fair.

God made me beautiful and true;
But, oh, stern Man! what could I do!

I sickened, and I loathed the food
Bestowed with taunts and gibings rude.

I went in vain from door to door;
I begged for work—I asked no more.

Work—work—methought they might have given,
And earned another prayer in Heaven.

Work—work—they heeded not my cry;
God, too, seemed silent up on high.

I would have worked all night, all day,
To keep the hunger-fiend away.

I went again from door to door;
This time I begged for bread—once more.

They spurned me thence; 'twas then I fell,
And bade Hope, Virtue, Heaven, farewell.

NEEDLES.

WE have been to Redditch, that remarkable little Worcestershire town, to see needles made. While on that perch—for Redditch crowns a high hill—while looking abroad, in all directions, over a true English country scene of hill and dale, orchard and sloping fallow, humble church-tower, and comfortable farmstead, we were compelled, by our errand, to contrast this with some very different places in which we had studied needles. People who invent and use such articles of convenience as needles must have a good deal in common, however widely different they must appear on the whole. How many wants and wishes, designs and plans, efforts and achievements, must be common to

the minds of all sorts of persons who sew things together to make garments, and do it by means of the same invention,—of an instrument which shall pierce the material, and draw a thread after it, to tie two edges together! We could not but think, while on the table-land of Redditch, of the odd places in which, at intervals of years, we had observed this process, or the records of it.

In the Lebanon, high up among the detiles and rocky platforms, which succeed each other till the celebrated cedars are reached, there is a village, nestling among mulberry groves and orchards, called Eden and believed by many people in the East to be the real first home of Adam and Eve. We did not when we were there see anybody sewing, leaving together, but we mention that place, not only because it is a wide spread belief that the first sewing ever done was done there, but because we had, a little while before going there, seen a piece of sewing, of extremely old date. The work that we saw was a piece of darning, with the threaded needle still sticking in it, after the lapse of several thousand years. The old Egyptians had a custom of burying in their handsome, roomy rock tombs, specimens of the works and possessions of the deceased, and the cotton fabric that we saw, with the pretty unfinished darn (more like herring bone stitch than our ordinary darning), and the needle sticking in it was no doubt, the property and the handiwork of the lady in whose tomb it was found. It may be seen in Dr. Abbott's collection of curiosities at Cairo. Those old Egyptians seem to have known the use of steel. They used it for armour, but not we suppose for needles; for this needle—the one remaining needle from the world of above five thousand years ago, is of wood. The wood is hard, and the needle is made as small probably, as it can be, but it is sadly clumsy,—harder to use, no doubt, than the steel makers' needles we saw under the file at Redditch. It is a curious thing, however, to glance back, through all those thousands of years, to the Egyptian lady sitting in her elegant chair, mending her muslin garment (whatever it might be), while surrounded by her children,—one of whom was playing with her doll (still in mummified existence), with a face and hair uncommonly like the Sphinx—and another, a baby, handling—not a woolly bow-wow dog like those that yelp in our nurseries—but a little snapping crocodile, of wood, with a loose under jaw. And then—what a long step it is over space and time!—to the place where we have seen another sort of needle, with its thread—no more to be compared with the Redditch needles than the Egyptian one,—the green shores of Mackinaw, in Lake Michigan, where, in some of the long row of wigwags, there are, at this day, Indian women, sewing with a needle of stout porcupine quill, and thread of the sinews of the deer. Again, among those that we have not seen, there are the fish-

bones that the Greenlanders and the South Sea Islanders use,—the women of the one race sitting in their snow burrow, stitching by the light of their oil lamps, and the women of the other race wearing, while at work, a great palm-leaf on their heads for shade, and cooling themselves occasionally by a swim in the calm water within the coral reefs. Again,—but we must not stop to tell of all the different kinds of needles used in the world—though the list would now be a short one. It would be a short list, because our English needles of to day are spreading all over the known world, wherever exchange of commodities is going on.

Some of us may feel uncomfortable at this thought,—uncomfortable at the recollection of a sad story about that. Do we not know of certain purchases, made of certain simple Africans—the purchase money on our side being needles—'Whitechapel sharps,' duly guided at the head,—which were found, after the departure of the traders, to be without eyes? It is a sad story. The Redditch makers, who used to prepare gilt 'Whitechapel sharps' for the African market, say that they don't believe it, that the needles were of a coarse and ill-finished kind, but that they were never 'blind.' Yet the testimony is so strong, and the effects of the cheat were so serious in damaging our commercial character among the savages, that we fear there can have been no mistake. It was, no doubt, a painful case with that of the Anglo-Saxons who sold a handful of gunpowder for a bale of furs to the Red Indians, instructing their customers to sow the gunpowder in furrows, to get valuable crops next summer; and with that of the Dutch traders who used their own hands and feet for weight—the haul for half a pound, and the foot for a pound, and utterly astonished the Indians at the quantity of furs they had to heap up, and squeeze into the scale, to weigh down the Dutchman's pound. If we laugh at such stories, it is with a weeping heart, for tricks like these, done in any corner where new races are found, are a grave misfortune to the whole human race.

How is it that 'Whitechapel sharps' are, or were, made at Redditch? It is supposed to be because Elias Krause lived in Whitechapel, giving a good name to needles, which they long preserved. And who was Elias Krause? He was a German, who came over in 1565, and was the first maker of needles in this country,—that is, of course, of the modern kind of needle. And who taught the Germans? The Spaniards,—if we may judge by the importation of 'Spanish needles' into England and other countries before the Germans made them. And who taught the Spaniards? Nobody seems to know, so it is reported that they invented the true needle—made of steel, with a point at one end, and an eye at the other.

What pains Elias Krause took with his work, we may judge by what some living

persons could tell us of needle-making in their young days. Cyclopedias of the present century—within the last thirty years, even—give such an account of the formation of a needle, as appears quite piteous to one who was at Redditch yesterday. We read of such hammering, and rolling, such heating and cooling, such filing and punching, of each separate needle, that we wonder how any sempstress ever dared to break an eye, or turn the point, of a thing which had cost so much pains. And the needles of thirty, twenty, ten, five years ago, cost something much more serious than pains and toil. They cost human life, too, at a terrible rate. It never was true, as it is often said to have been, that needle-makers rarely lived beyond thirty years of age, but it was for a long time, true that every needle that was pointed helped to shorten some man's life.

The facts were these. Needle-pointers lived, while at their work in an atmosphere thick with stone dust and steel dust generated by the dry grinding of the needles upon the wheel just under their noses. Instead of windows there were many little doors in the places where they worked in order to carry off as much dust as possible, and one consequence of this was that the men sat in a thorough draught. Their only precaution was to go out about once in an hour and rinse their mouths, a poor device enough, while their noses, throats and whiplashes were mistle, like their dress and their skin, with myriads of sharp points of cruel steel. They died of consumption in a few years. If boys tried the work, they were gone before twenty. If men, with a consolidated frame and good appetites, (for the largest eaters lived longest) set to this work, they might possibly hold on to forty,—a case here and there occurring of a needle-pointer who reached forty-five. But morals always attend a permanent state of insecurity of life and bad health, and so it was in this case. Very high wages were given. Some men earned a guinea a day, none less than two guineas a week. It became an established fact, that the needle-pointers (then about forty in number in a population of one thousand five hundred, in Redditch, and in a similar proportion, as the population increased) were a set of debauched young men who tempted by the high wages, braved their doom, and entered upon the business at twenty, or soon after,—counting the years they supposed they might live, and declaring their desire for 'a short life and a merry one.' They married, and always left their widows and children to the parish. Following their notion of a merry life, they would at times drink ale, day and night, for two or three weeks together. Then, they would go back to their benches, raise a prodigious dust, and choke over it, almost without pause, for three weeks or a month, to clear off scores, then, they would have another drinking bout. This was a sight which no

humane employer could endure; and many were the consultations and attempts entered upon by the masters to save or prolong life. All such attempts exasperated the victims themselves. They insisted upon their right to die early, if they chose, and they were sure their employers were in reality wanting to lower their wages. A good man invented a wire-gauze mask, which, being magnetised, must prevent the steel-dust from entering the mouth. The men would not wear it. This mask could be little or no protection against the dust from the grindstone. Another device was therefore joined with that of the mask,—a canvas cylinder, brought down close over the grindstone, up which, it was hoped, the dust would make its way, and be carried off. In one night, the canvas cylinders, throughout Redditch, were cut into strips and the needle-pointers declared themselves under intimidation from their fellow workers, about wearing the mask. It was pretty clear at the time, that the men agreed among themselves to cut one another's cylinders, and to threaten each other,—that it was a matter of collusion from end to end.

Other inventions were devised from time to time, but were never got into use. The new generation of needle-pointers (and an employer of fifty years old has seen four generations of them) was less ignorant, and somewhat less vicious than their predecessors, but still the sacrifice of life went on. It had become a point of honour, or of self will, with the men, besides their dread of a lowering of wages not to use any means of self-preservation, and so they went to their early graves as fast as ever, until four years ago. Then there was a strike among the Redditch needle-makers. It lasted three months, at the end of which time the men became very hungry, very sad, and very humble. They made no objection to the terms offered by the employers, and the employers saw that now was the time to save the needle-pointers from their own folly, and they made it a prime condition of renewed connexion between masters and men, that a certain sanitary apparatus should be faithfully used. The promise was given, the trial was made, the men soon found the comfort and advantage of it, they seem, now, likely to live as long as other people, and the stranger observes that they seem to show off the arrangement with a certain complacency and pride, which prove that it works in excellent accordance with their will. What this arrangement is, we shall tell hereafter, when we have carried our commodity up to the need of being pointed. The number of needle-pointers in Redditch, now, is about one hundred and ten; a large company to be saved from an early and painful death.

It is not so very long since every needle of every size was made separately, from beginning to end, as sail-makers' needles and packing needles are made still. It is hard to say

which is most perplexing to the imagination. the old method, by which nails, hooks and eyes, and needles, were separately fashioned by hand; or the present amount of production by machinery. We saw, the other day, hooks and eyes made by a machine, which gave us a strong impression of its being alive (some one said it could do everything but speak), by which one manufactory sends out a ton per week of hooks and eyes. No comment can add to the marvel of the thought—a ton of hooks and eyes per week! In needle-making there is no such marvellous machinery: the marvel consisting chiefly of the dexterity attainable by human fingers, but the monstrous numbers made are simply overwhelming. We saw, on a counter of a warehouse yesterday, a set of little parcels, such as a lady might carry home all at once in a hand-basket, and found that they contained a quarter of a million of needles! Comparing that set of parcels with what else the room contained, we gave up the attempt to comprehend what we saw. The room was surrounded by compartments, each of which was filled with similar packets. The effort to imagine their contents, when in use, was like undertaking to count the crams of a square yard of sea-beach. Yet this was only one room of one manufactory of one little town!

Needle-making is now, however, almost gone out everywhere else. There was, once, a famous manufactory at Long Clendon, in Oxfordshire, but it has languished so long that it has nearly expired. The people intermarried with remarkable exclusiveness, exchanged ideas with nobody else, heard, or would hear, of no improvement, chose to remain as they were, therefore, of course, they sank. The population of Redditch has, meantime, increased from fifteen hundred to nearly five thousand, of whom almost every man, woman, and child lives by needles. The neighbouring villages contain a population of from four thousand to five thousand more: a large proportion of whom are employed by the Redditch manufactories. The lawyers' and doctors' fees were once needles, and the shopkeepers' profits, and the maid servants' wages, and the houses, and the schools, and the land-allotments, and the flower-show prizes, and all the good things that may be found there now, were once needles too. Finding such things come of needles, let us see now how the needles come into being.

We are allowed to go over the Victoria Works, the manufactory of Mr. John James, and, moreover, into any of the houses of his work-people who carry on their business at home. which is the case with about three-fourths of them. Those who work on Mr. James's premises are well off for air, light, and cheerfulness. Some of the rooms overlook his pretty garden, and all have plenty of windows. When once we have left the furnaces and boilers, all the rest is clean and there is no sign of ill health in any of

the intelligent faces. Intelligent they are, for these people have had a good school education. Mr. James admits no children under ten years of age to his employment. He cannot prevent some of his people from hiring the help of children under that age; but his rule is enforced to the utmost of his power. Of the work-people, thirty-eight can read and write; fourteen read, but do not write, and only three can do neither. Those three are—a boy, just arrived from elsewhere; a man, of great natural intelligence, who earns two guineas a-week, and a half-wit, who can turn a wheel, but cannot learn his letters.

In going over the premises, we must pass rather and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and even take a drive to a certain country mill and return, in order to present in their natural order the processes of needle-making.

The best wire comes from Yorkshire; the inferior from Birmingham. There is a small chamber, really pretty in its way, from being hung round with coils of bright wire, suspended from hooks. This wire is of all thicknesses, from the stout kind required for fish-hooks for Newfoundland cod, and for packing and sail-making needles, to the finest for cambric-needles. In the dark and dingy rooms below, bits of wire, each the length of two needles, are cut by a pair of vast shears, well fixed to the wall. The "measure" is a steel instrument, furnished with a screw, which determines the length of the bundle of wires cut at once. Two non rings, about five inches in diameter, are placed on edge, and nearly filled with the cut wires, of which there is thus a pretty large faggot before us. These wires, having come off coils, are curved, and they must be straightened. A sort of hooked poker is thrust into the rings, and transports the faggot to the furnace, where it is presently heated red-hot. It is taken out, a curved iron bar is laid between the rings, and the bundle is rolled backwards and forwards on a table until the wires are straight. This is called "rabbing straight."

We now find ourselves in a mill in the country—a pretty place, with its pond, its unceasing gush of water, its little ravine, its cheerful farmstead, its fields with cows grazing, even at this season. There is a miller peeping out at us. What does he do here? One end of the mill is let for grinding flour, the other, for grinding needles. We go down some steps to a basement-room, where straps are revolving with all possible zeal. The water-wheel is under our feet, and round us are placed four grindstones. Each grindstone is furnished with a cap or cover, like a collapsing Dutch oven. It does not fit closely, but leaves a space, through which the deadly dust is blown. Here is the secret of the salvation of the dry-grinders. A comfortable-looking needle-painter is seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of

wires, and applies the ends to the grindstone. While doing this, he has to roll every wire between his finger and thumb. Backwards and forwards he makes them revolve, in contact with the wheel, and off flies a shower of sparks. One end being done, he presents the other, for it must be remembered that these wires are of the length of two needles. As he works, we see the dust rushing under the cover, quite away from the workman's face, and we are invited to go and see what he comes of it. There is a covered fan wheel in the middle of the chamber, turned by water power, and this it is which sucks away the dust from all the four grindstones at once. We pass outside to the end of the building, and go down some more steps, to the brink of the stream which is flowing away down the little ravine. We observe that a patch of the opposite bank, some way down, is whitened—crusted over with dust, and, looking carefully, we see puffs, as of a thin smoke coming from behind a grey stone on our side of the bank. Behind that stone is the outlet from the fan-wheel and the whitening on the grass and brambles is the dust which would have hung about the men and within the men, if they had not consented to this saving measure.

It is a plan which costs a little money in the first instance, although it saves a vast deal in the end. That fan wheel uses up a third of the water power appropriated to this chamber. The men have nominally the same wages as of old, but they pay their share of this loss at the rate of about a shilling a week. This is their toll for life and health. The masters bear a much larger share, and with extreme content. It may be mentioned here that from the nominally high—extremely high—wages of this class of men must be deducted the mill rents they pay, and the cost of their tools—amounting altogether to ten or twelve shillings a week.

We now have the wires straight, and pointed at both ends. We next find ourselves in a workshop, in the next street to Mr James's. Here, we see a stamping machine and die, which flattens and points a space precisely in the middle of each bit of wire. The point shows where the eye is to be, and at the same time the "guttering" is done—the forming the little channel seen in the heads of all needles. The workman strikes off five thousand of these in an hour, that is, he flattens and "gutters" the heads of ten thousand needles per hour—rather an advance upon the old method of doing each one by hand! Then comes the punching of the eyes. The punch is double, of course, and the boy who works it, perforates four thousand wires, or eight thousand needles per hour. This is dexterous work, the wires being laid and removed almost faster than the eye can follow.

The next boy we noticed was seven years old, a little fellow hired by the woman under whom he worked. "This boy," we were told,

"earns his living by spitting. He is not an American; yet he passes his days in spitting." Before him lay bits of wire almost as fine as hairs, and these wires he was running through the eyes of the twin needles which had come from the punch. He ran a wire through each line of eyes, "spitting" two dozen or so on his two wires. A woman, whose wrists and arms were obviously of unusual strength, received these spitted needles, laid them on a prepared steel plate, and filed off all roughness on both sides. The twin needles had yet to be separated, and the fragments of flattened steel surrounding the heads to be removed. This was done by a woman crouched at hand, who sat before her little anvil, filing with precision between the rows of heads, so that they separated easily, and then, by another movement, clearing away all extraneous bits and sharp edges, delivering her spiteful of needles complete in form.

They are still rough and rusty looking, and what is worse, they are soft,—so soft as to bend with a touch. The hardening comes next. They are heated, in batches, in the furnace, and, when red hot are soured into a pan of cold water.—Next, they must be tempered, and this is done by heating them (all lying the same way) on a very hot metal plate, where a man with a metal slice, called "a knife," in each hand, shifts them incessantly backwards and forwards, upon each other taking care that all get, as nearly as possible an equal quantity of heat. If any get too little, they bend in the using, if too much, they break. As they turn blue upon this plate they are removed, the shade of blueness showing when they are tempered enough.

The polishing remains to be done. The best needles are polished no less than six times, and there are three stages of polishing for all. The final scouring is the most emphatic affair. To see it, we must find ourselves at the mill again. The water power there appropriaes to it moving half a dozen mangles and very like mangling the process is. On a very coarse cloth, which lies upon another coarse cloth, needles are spread, to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled upon them, and soft soap is daubed by spoonfuls on the cloth. The whole precious mess is then rolled up compactly, and tied at both ends, and round and round, as tight as pack-thread can bind it, and we have before us a disgusting black "poly poly" dumpling. Several of these are put into one of the mangles, where they roll to and fro for eight hours. By that time, the emery is worn smooth, the packets are taken out, and the needles are dressed with fresh emery, oil, and soap, and another eight hours' mangling succeeds. From this, the needles come out dirty enough, and smelling horribly, but they are capable now of showing their bright---

They are washed with hot water and cleansing materials in iron pans, by boys, who seem to enjoy the shaking and boulding of the needles with real zest. When clean, the needles are tossed into sawdust, and tossed about in it until they are dry, and then the sawdust is tossed out from them, they are tossed into bundles, and sent to the manufactory, to be sorted and put up for sale.

We shall not come back to the unsavoury mill any more, so we will ask what that boy is doing, and how any stone breaking can be necessary to the making of needles? He is breaking into smaller pieces these not large white stones, from which emery powder comes. We follow his hurried path of pieces into a little shed and find that the water power is working, up and down the jostle of a great mortar, where the boys' fragments are broken into dust. A man is sitting what comes out of the mortar and returning whatever will not go through his sieve.

Once in it in the manufactory, we find the faulty needles separated from the perfect. Among so many, some must be broken, some bent, some with bad eyes or dull points. We inquire what becomes of the refuse, which is called 'scrap,' and the answer appears to us so curious that we are glad we did not miss the information. The bright needles, which happen only to have lost their heads, are eagerly bought by picture framemakers and cabinet makers. They are invaluable for delicate fastenings for veneering, in which a nail is wanted of extreme fineness and without a head. The rest of the 'scrap' is equally prized for another object,—for making gun barrels. It is sold by cart loads as the finest tempered steel that gun barrels can be made of. What an it is this gives,—or would give if we could receive it,—of the extent of the manufactory!

The manufactory is now complete, but the making ready for sale exhibits a miracle of dexterity, at least, to unpractised eyes.

A handful of needles, lying in manner of wavy, is put into a tray, which is shaken backwards and forwards, until the needles lie all one way. Those whose points lie left, from those whose points lie right, are separated. A little girl spreads a heap on her counter into a rough row, wraps a bit of cloth round the forefinger of her right hand, shakes the needles a little, and brings out a batch, with their points sticking lightly in the cloth, and their heads supported by her other forefinger. These she lays aside, and does the same thing again, until all are separated. A heap is thus separated more quickly than we can tell how it is done. But these needles are of different lengths. How should we set about sorting them? Certainly not in the actual way. The operation just described is called "heading." This is called "handing." A narrow piece of wood, like a thick flat ruler, is heaped with as many needles as will lie upon it, almost from end to

end. A woman feels along both sides with the lower edge of her hands and lifts from the rest, with her little fingers and the palms of her hands, the longest needles which she places on one side. Then follow the next longest which she places on the other side. It is altogether an affair of tact and fine must be the touch, and long the experience, required to do such sorting with accuracy.

Then, we arrive at the seat of another wonderful woman, who is pronounced by her employer the most rapid worker he has ever seen. Her business is to count the needles into quarter hundreds, and paper them up. The squares of paper lie ready, the needles are before her. She separates twenty five of them whips them into a paper, and counts again with incredible rapidity, folding the folded papers when about half a dozen are ready. We are so persuaded that our readers could never believe how many packets this woman folds in a day, that we will not say how many thousands they number. That so many should go forth into the world from one house, is wonderful enough, that one woman should put them up for their journey, is more than any reader not needle maker could be expected to believe on the declaration of an anonymous writer.

Next, we come among boys and girls. One little boy is cutting out the painted labels, which have had their figures neatly filled in by an older lad. A third is spreading the cut labels on a board smeared with paste. A girl is putting them on the packets of needles. Another is putting on the warranty ticket, in like manner. Another is 'tucking,' slipping one end of the needle paper into the other. A lad is looking to the drying of the papers in the warm drying closet, in the same room where they remain about two hours, and he and another are tying up the papers into packets. Finally, we return into the warehouse, and see the piles of gay boxes, which are to be filled with an assortment of needles for presents or for foreign sale. These boxes are a branch of industry in themselves, with their portraits of the Queen and Prince, and their copies from popular pictures, such as Raphael's Madonna in the Chair. As a further temptation, these pictures in the lids are so fitted as to be disengaged and hung up. They are probably to be seen on the walls of many a log cabin in America, and chalet in Switzerland, and bungalow in India, and home of exiles in Siberia. It seems as if all the world of needlewomen, of every clime, were supplied by England. One man has gone from among us to set up the business in the United States, but the Americans are not known yet to be making for themselves. In all directions, our hundred-weights and tons of this delicate article are going forth.

We should have liked to know what the consumption of sail makers' needles is at home but this we could not learn. These

formidable affairs are separately forged, as their finer companions once were. The flattening, and guttering and filing of the heads, is done on grooved anvils, and so is the hammering of the lower half into a three-sided surface. The pointing is done by one at a time being held in a revolving cylinder of a grit stone brought from Bristol, and then there is another rubbing against a "buff,"—a cylinder covered with leather dressed with emery. The eyes are punched separately, and by repeated strokes, and punches given to the finishing of the heel by flattening its sides and filing all smooth. The process is nearly the same with picking needles, but, as we know, their pointed ends are considerably flattened and bent.

We must deny ourselves the pleasure of describing the other miniature which goes on in the same place—that of fish hooks. The pattern books of the concern show specimens of all sorts, from the strong coil hook, for the Newfoundland Banks and the salmon hook for the Newey straits, to the most delicate little barb that can be hidden under a stick of feather. I saw in the inside character of a fly on the surface of an English rivulet. We find here and there hooks too—like very large button hooks. Without these the submitter could not hold together the edges of the uncommonly heavy fabric he has to sew.

The women and girls in this establishment are rather more numerous than the men and boys. Their employment accounts for the superiority of all in health and understanding and morals to the last generation. By citing the results of the Sunday schools of Redditch and the good free school there. He may be quite right but there is something in the tone of the intercourse between himself and everybody on his premises, which convinces a stranger that there is also somebody else to thank for the improvement which drives out all the stranger's preconceptions of the wretchedness of needle makers. For our own part we must say that a load has been removed from our mind—a burden of sorrow and commiseration—by our visit to the Victoria Needle works at Redditch.

GABLE COLLEGE

We do not exactly hold with Parson Adams's enthusiasm on the subject of the pedagogical art inasmuch as we do not esteem a schoolmaster the greatest of characters, nor ourselves the greatest of school masters. But we have a sufficiently high standard of praise, by which to appreciate the efforts of good and practical men in this most difficult and most important vocation.

With all our love for the home education, received at a mother's hands in early life, with all our preference—even despite the

improbability of our ever arriving at an Etonian impeccability on the subject of false quantities—for the quiet perseverance and patient reprimands of a private tutor, to the off-hand discipline of a public school, still we love the dashing emulation which a school always inspires. But this emulation is swayed by directors as various as are the motives by which it is impelled. The passions and feelings of youth are entrusted to men as remotely different in character as are the characters that make up the anomalous population of that little world in miniature, a school.

When the golden reign of the Busby school swayed the dreaded sceptre beneath which the hands and backs of juvenile delinquents daily and hourly quailed, Latin and Greek, Euclid and hexameters, flourished at the expense of self-respect and boyish dignity. The remembrance of a flogging might suggest the precise quantity of *a, e, i, o, u* and a certain circumstance, but the scholar seldom became a poet on the strength of such inspiration. The birch and the bayonet were by no means friendly, and the operation of being "horsed" seldom led the sufferer to inscribe it on the back of Pegasus. Quick boys get on without the cane, and stupid boys not only become more stupid, but grew doggedly indifferent (canning is very like other violent stimulants, and loses its effect by being taken too often) if it do not quite ruin the mental constitution of the patient.

And the heroes of the Busby school were men of inveterate obstinacy, who resented the licks and cuffs of their school days, by kicking and cuffing in turn when they grew older. Discipline had hardened into the mere scholastic what might have been the scholastic man. Others sent their sons to school to enjoy the earnings they had experienced in their own time, and their sons, in turn, bequeathed the same inherent vice to their successors. Who knows how many a cruel judge, callous bishop or selfish dean and chapter, do not trace their absence of human feelings to their birch fostered studies in *lutei et humanioribus*?

Nor were morals bettered by the reign of terror. Boys only sunned with more secrecy, and told falsehoods with more consistency than they would have done, had their consciences been appealed to rather than their backs. There is nothing attractive in a caning, and what poor human nature will often do to obtain a place under government, or a piece of church preferment, it will, in earlier years, and with better extenuation, do to defend its tender skin from the lash of the pedant. It is dangerous to punish a boy for telling a falsehood, when you terrify him from speaking the truth. The ancient test of horseponding witches shows nearly as enlightened views of human nature.

Again, the love of home was too apt to degenerate into indistinct ideas of a place whence "pocket-money" and "prog" came, while more tender and more soul-subliming associations were forgotten, or scoffed at, as childish. Coldness to those who ought to be best loved, was a natural result of daily suffering the tyrannous cruelty of one who seemed paid by best friends to act as a persecutor. Those, moreover, who had once lost the power of loving, soon became clever in cruelty, and when they saw their companions winning under the ingenious tortures of the local Dionysius, grew proportionately insensible to the sufferings of cats, birds, or younger boys.

Cane was not the only enemy to whom the Buebian school might lay their grievances or deficiencies. The plan of education too often made a bad scholar of a good business man, a cynical parson out of an acute lawyer, and an ignorant one out of a youth who might by steady perseverance, have arrived at the post of managing partner in a drysalter's or a mercer's. The stiff uniformity, the chop-and-stark steak and chop system of education, which rang the changes on Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, in one ever-recurring series of combinations, it once served to curb and stifle originality, and to force a class of study upon youths, suited neither to their prospects in life, nor their abilities.

Still worse was its effect on literature. That a good knowledge of Latin and Greek is highly conducive to chastening and heightening an English style, especially where the application of derivatives is concerned, no one will deny. But, in the restricted system of the last age of education, Latin and Greek were too much held up as the one and only standard, as the line of demarcation that was to separate the educated from the illiterate. Whatever might be the general accomplishments or acquisitions of a man, he was no scholar, and no company for scholars, without a knowledge of languages no longer spoken, and in Oxford man despised learning French as much as a man is now underrated who will not learn German.

Besides this direct tendency to lower the standard of original English literature, this exaggerated estimate of the utility of the dead languages went far to deteriorate the purity and freshness of the English language. Terms and foreign Saxon words gave place to elaborate, but inexpressive, coinages of four syllables. We know a man to this day who cannot call a place "marshy," but speaks of its "paludosity" such an example is but one of infinite thousands, which may be culled in handfuls from many a "standard English divine's" best and most instructive pages.

The retention of old phrases derived from the Roman law, or clumsily modelled and modelled thereupon, has overloaded

our legal phraseology with redundancies and tautologies, which have no other purpose than increasing the waste of parchment, and proportionately of costs, and occasionally leaving room for a dangerous quibble. Why we cannot have English law in the English language, is a far greater puzzle than the authorship of Junius.

But, although a taste for some preposterous mediæval revivals has developed itself of late years, few attempts have been made to restore the cane to its original dignity, and wholsal flogging is as little appreciated in our days as the burning of heretics. Bodily punishment (and that with considerable restriction) is for the most part confined to acts of daring defiance of authority, deliberate disobedience, or fraud. In the latter case it may fairly be doubted whether the expulsion or temporary suspension of the "black sheep" is not a better punishment for the delinquent, as well as a more lasting and forcible lesson to his comrades.

We have been led to these remarks and reminiscences on the subject of thrashing, by a recent visit to an establishment where both cane and birch would have found the means in a *tertium comparatæ*, and where we found nothing, but contrast to the old system, and better still, no contest that was not an improvement.

Whizzing through the tunnel just past the Doric Square station we found ourselves running along, with flat country and slightly distant hills on either side. Everything looked very cheerful, fresh and out-of-Londonish. Not that we ever dislike London. We only leave it, to nerve our senses with fresh air, and return to appreciate its greatness, and penetrate its secret sorrows, with awakened imagination and with hearts made kinder by our brief converse with trees, fields, and the sky above us.

At length we stopped at a little wooden station and, as we got out, marvelled at the quarter-of-a-mile long train of luggage trucks arriving from some out-of-town London in the north. Away from the station we turned aside into a little lane, with lofty trees on either side, where we could not even see the line of railway. We forgot town, and thought only of where we were going.

When we came in sight of the "Gable College," as it is called—from some grotesque peculiarities in the rough red brick structure that forms the educational domicile—we could not help being struck with the cheerfulness of the whole appearance, despite its solitary situation. The number of narrow bedroom windows, opened for ventilation, and with the pale white curtains flapping to and fro, were suggestive of a healthy, home-like comfort, strangely unlike the two-in-a-bed, thirty-in-a-room one-windowed, curtainless "ward," or "dormitory," which used to chill our blood and benumb our half-clad limbs, as we crept to bed within the

allotted five minutes, at St Sourbriar, in Millgate, Launcester

The porch, overgrown with honeysuckle and creepers, looked as unbidding a school-house entrance as one would wish to see, and the servant-maid who opened the door seemed to be cut out of the same pattern of neatness as the white bedroom curtains. We speedily found ourselves in the presence of the matron. The Reverend Lucas Springer and his lady lived at the Rectory, and the matron, beyond occasional consultations, chiefly of a financial character, had all the domestic arrangements to herself. She was a good tempered, well spoken, bunch of keys at her waist sort of personage, who never seemed at a loss about anything. On producing my card she seemed fully satisfied for my visit and requested me to wait in the library until tea was prepared for me after my journey.

I had leisure to take a brief but most satisfactory survey of this important part of the establishment. I will well remember the magic stock at schools in by-gone times, when a copy of 'Livingtons at Home' would go about in the hands of every one but its possessor, who in turn monopolised 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the odd third volume of the 'Travels of Orlando.' Between these, an odd 'Speaker' or 'Leader,' or so, and a few puerile story books, we might have started for reading had not some elderly boy, of revolutionary principles, now and then smuggled in a newspaper, which he read in company with a select and confidential circle. Happy and proud was the boy who could gain the entrance to that exclusive set, and strange and persevering was the course of that juvenile politician, until he made his maiden speech in the House.

But, here was something calculated really and truly to develop and foster the mind of a boy, enough to furnish and expand ideas, without being enough to drive the imagination riot or to deprive the reasoning faculties of a definite stand-point. Good sound histories and gazetteers, the best encyclopædies, a few practical and comprehensive works on arts and sciences, were blended with a complete collection of such classics as without coming within the limits of a regular course of school study, might yet be available for reference. Nor were the more fascinating studies excluded. Poetry and the drama found their best and purest representatives, and the whole collection gave the idea of a good private library, purchased without ostentation or affectation of rarity, and arranged with a sole view to utility and improvement. Above the cases, hung various specimens of drawings by some boys, and of calligraphy by others, the variety of subjects showed that whilst ruined cottages and water-mills were drawn with taste by the boys who treated drawing as an accomplishment, others had made the steam-engine and the coast-battery subjects of satisfactory, but of course less

profound, study, and had, even at an early period, found sufficient encouragement to cheer on their juvenile enthusiasm until opportunity might perfect its efforts. Some of the writing was no less suggestive of the banker's ledger. In short, the trophies thus exhibited told a distinct tale of the desire to develop individual capacity, not to rack and distort it upon the Procrustean bed of mere line and rule.

Our meditations were cut short by the approach of tea, and the return of the matron. I had already seen enough to raise my curiosity, nay, almost enough to make me believe that a model school was not the chimæra which previous experience had led me to maintain. Despatching my two cups of tea with a readiness worthy of Dr Johnson, I followed my good natured escort.

The bedroom story was evidently the favourite hobby of the matron, whose life might have been well high spent in looking after clean towels, seeing that the filters (there was one in every room) were filled, and the windows kept open. But she was a great favourite with the boys, the confidante of all their sorrows, and they did all in their power to save her trouble. The plain, cheap, and furniture of these little chambers was faultlessly clean, everything was uniform and compact, yet of the simplest, plainest, and most substantial make. A beautiful incentive to holy thoughts on beginning or ending the toil or sports of the day was the number of little prints of scriptural subjects which adorned the wall that faced the bedstead—silent and unobtrusive, yet pleasing and impressive companions to the Bible and Prayer book that graced every table.

The most fastidious scrupulousness could not have found a fault with the arrangements of these pretty little rooms, especially when one reflected on the saving of health and cleanliness, and the incentive to neatness of habits, thus practically inculcated, by making every boy answerable for the state of his own room. What a contrast to St Sourbriar! How different was the struggle for the soap or the jack towel! How replete with combats, and personal danger, a visit to the already cracked looking glass! and how severely visited, at the same time, was any offence against tidiness!

We now entered the chapel—a plain, neat building, free from trivial affectations of ornament, and invested with nothing calculated to distract the thoughts from simple, boyish prayer. Then we passed on, through a small corridor to the school room.

Five or six boys were busy, and all in different ways. School was over, but work was not. One was elaborately transcribing some algebraic figures, which made our head ache, another was copying out music, with great neatness, while a third was copying a Christ's head in chalk. Neither seemed to interfere with the rest, and all seemed to be

interested in their occupation. They could play, however, as well; for the matron informed me that the mathematical young gentleman was the best bowler, either in the school or the village; and that the musical one was hugely given to private theatricals, on a stage where even pasteboard heroes looked important. Another boy was designing a plan for a new wing and outbuildings for the school; and the elaborate completeness of the details proved that, if not quite a master mason, he had, at all events, some knowledge of wood, bricks, and mortar. With eyes beaming with pride, he conducted us to the ("carpenter's shop," where he and two others, of like constructive tastes, had been employed upon a perfect town of pigeon-houses and rabbit-hutches, besides some joiner's work, of a more refined and difficult character. All three were destined to professions, for which their early amusements—without depriving them of the refinements of a fair general education—tended to qualify them; but I found that, as scholars, they were behind the rest. The old Latin and Greek system recurred to my mind; and I again thought how many useful men had been lost to the world through a one-sided system of instruction.

Everything in the school-room was neat and orderly; the communication with the library was direct; so that if a doubt or discussion was raised during lesson time (an event which the master never sought to discourage), information was readily to be had. The walls were decorated with specimens of the pupils' talents, less artistic than those in the library, but more rigidly useful. Maps, carefully copied, on a large scale; comparative charts of history and chronology—all the work of boys, some of whom were still hovering about the head class—were sufficient stimuli to a healthy emulation.

The diary, or daily plan of study, was especially worthy of notice. While every boy was bound to observe the same hours as the rest of his class, in spelling, writing, and other too-often neglected items of English education, the residue of his time was divided in a manner calculated to develop the peculiar bent, and to furnish means of attaining the object, of each. Those who were pursuing classics devoted their time to them, and were not compelled to fritter away time in vain attempts to study mathematics, or other sciences, for which they had no taste. Above all, everything seemed done with reference to an end; as though education were really the means of gaining a living, instead of a mere concession to a conventional custom of society.

I regretted that it was not school-time, that I might have witnessed the daily enforcing of a system framed upon principles so open and so natural; but the specimens of labour, taste, and study, which met my eyes, as fresh boys came in, and unfolded

their "lockers" to my view, were the proudest testimonials that a master could have wished to exhibit. No natural bent, consistent with propriety, seemed to be discouraged; and yet, in the clear, sensible language of the boys, I discerned an attention to the fundamental points of a good English education, widely different from the slipshod false shame which appear to be the essence of school-boy English in general. Moreover, each boy seemed to have been taught to make one thing his strong point, and to seek for means of substantiating his own views thereupon; but to yield, in turn, to those better informed upon other points.

Just as I was proceeding to visit the playground and gymnasium, the Reverend Lucas Springer entered. He briefly, but warmly, apologised for his absence; but would not allow me to leave the boys until I had seen what I found was neither a neglected nor an uncherished portion of the model school of Gable College.

The number of ingenious contrivances for twisting the body into those fantastic attitudes, which, comical as they are, are nevertheless of no small use in strengthening and increasing muscular tone, were enough to provoke the energetic rivalry of these juvenile acrobats, and my fear for their necks and limbs was hardly quieted by the softness of the sandy loam which formed the substratum beneath. But, few of those young fellows could not have vaulted on a pony, as well as on the shapeless four-legged block that now seemed as great a favourite among them as Bucephalus was with Alexander. To be sure, a bruise did happen now and then, but the matron was always ready with brown paper and vinegar, and had been known to connive at "breakfast in bed," sometimes at stray bits of supper, for the invalid gymnast. Moreover, she believed greatly in Dredge's Heal All, and so did those boys who were most given to breaking their shins or elbows. If clothes were torn, too, and best suits deranged, who but the matron could "fine draw" so deceptively?

A glorious piece of greensward, quite large enough for a fair game at cricket, and enclosed swimming-bath, and a kind of poultry and rabbit yard, completed the arrangements of the playground. Yet, complete as were all the arrangements for amusement, nothing more important seemed neglected. Every boy seemed to get on, because he was led in the path that Nature pointed out, and inclination followed. Where each boy is spending on the average one third or one half of his time in studies that he has neither head, inclination, nor opportunity to profit by, and this, perhaps, to the exclusion or half neglect of the very pursuit that might have led to greatness, the amount of idleness in an ordinary school or college may readily be calculated. Again, there is some industry to be learnt, even at play. A listless, indolent boy

can as ill enjoy vaulting or trap-ball, as he can penetrate the difficulties of the *Digamma*, or appreciate the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. But if boys are taught to emulate each other, and to aim at excellence, even in their amusements, the principle of industry thus seductively implanted, will radiate and expand itself in all directions, grasping every subject that inclines it will permit, and illumining every difficulty by that light which the love of study alone can shed forth.

Amid such reflections, I shook hands with my juvenile exhibitors, mentally viewing a handsome contribution of looks to their library, and returning through the kitchen (which in educational establishments is always right worth seeing), I joined the master of the Model School, having first used in intense admiration upon six huge urns of tea and nine levithan piles of bread and butter and water cresses, that were just stating out to the refectory. The bread and butter were thoroughly home made—and I should have guessed so even if the matron, with a slight air of pride on her good-natured countenance, had not told me so.

As we walked down to the Rectory, the head master modestly received my praises, but warmed with honourable enthusiasm as he spoke of some of his best boys. I could have listened for ever to have heard how young Downton, who had been bored with mathematics until he had been prostrated with brain fever, had recovered health and intelligence at the Model School and had become one of the most clever landscape painters albeit adequately educated upon other points. Another equally promising musician, already offering as organist to a college in conjunction with the present establishment owed all his success to having been allowed to practise on Miss Springer's pianoforte—having been universally condemned as a "slow boy," from his inability to comprehend or remember the intricacies of veils in *M*. Such praise came with the greater disinterestedness from this admirable clergyman, who was himself a thorough scholar and profound divine, and who, without having any time for the lighter studies and the less recondite, but more compulsory, business of ordinary life, knew well, not only how to appreciate all human tastes and talents at their own real value, but like wise took the best means, and employed the best agents, for their development and perfection.

In the course of a most agreeable evening's conversation, he unfolded to me the plan of the institution to the foundation and carrying on of which he had made no small personal sacrifices. Many of the boys were admitted free of expense, but neither themselves nor the rest were acquainted with the fact. Thus a large amount of bad feeling, painful humiliation, and vulgar vanity, was wiped in the bud, and a sense of equality served to bring forth and ripen nobler feelings of inde-

pendence and self-reliance. The payments made by the rest varied according to the means of parents or friends, and private subscriptions and gifts from parties whose names seldom transpired, had already placed the "Model School" in a fair condition to last and to increase.

As to the system of education pursued, although in nothing omitting the standard features of a classical routine, it embraced a large field, and did not render classics compulsory upon those who, when once capable of having any tastes at all, showed decided dislike for them. At the same time, if a boy evinced a disposition to return to a pursuit he had once cast off, he met with encouragement enough to make him wonder he had ever disliked it. To mature the germs of natural thought, not to forcibly engraft a conventional set of ideas upon a speculative stem was the principle of the Reverend Lucas Springer, and on this principle he had filled a school with boys, few of whom seemed likely to disappoint the friend who had supplanted the hobgoblin dynasty of the Barbican.

Willing towards the railway, and dozingly musing in the carriage on my way home, on what I had seen, I reached London.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNALISM

IM French live, move and have their being for "effect." Truth and nature are nothing unless they can be made to produce something astonishing. Even in their newspapers, which shall be faithful mirrors of society, the taint of this taste for spurious interest is everywhere to be found. Compare their police reports with ours. Except in the '*Gazette des Indes*'—which being solely devoted to judicial reports, is bound to be scrupulous—there is no stamp of truth upon them. Each case is a little romance. The story is developed, the characters are grouped, and the dialogues conducted with artistic and exaggerated love of effect. The dry business of a charge, and the prisoner's account of himself, are exchanged for the romantic style of an episode in *Gil Blas*. In a case of robbery, the sumner is described as a "fair daughter of Eve"—the sinner against as the "tender, but imprudent, *Sieur F*—". In cases of assault, it is generally the porter, or the porter's wife, who have been quarrelling with one of their lodgers or it is the wine shop keeper, who has been resisted in his efforts to turn out a turbulent customer—a very possible case, and suggestive of a germ of truth in the report. Frequently the mere manner of telling the story casts a doubt upon it. The narrative—for it is delivered in the narrative form—always commences with a sketch of the career and personal appearance of one of the parties. The dialogues are invariably

dressed up to convey an idea of the rank and manners of the class to which the prosecutor, or culprit, or witness belongs. They are usually sustained at the rate of one word, with a hyphen before it, per line. For porters and their wives, conversations in bad grammar and slang orthography are substituted for what was really said. Sublime expressions of superlatively generous ascription to lenient prosecutors. Almost every minor criminal is portrayed as of a comic turn of mind. He generally pilfers or cheats, or assaults the executive for the fun of the thing, and his defence consists of epigrams and bon mots. Great criminals are utterly useless to a newspaper until some halo of romance has been thrown around their crimes. The prisoner murdered his uncle or poisoned and robbed his landlord, or persecuted and rifled his dearest friend, to achieve a stranger from the pangs of hunger, to buy his dying mother some delicacy she was longing for, or to marry the idol of his soul, and to establish himself in life with comfort and respectability. When no feasible sublimity of that degree of intensity can be called upon, an atrocious and confessed smuggler and nakedly a murderer, and nothing but a murderer, the reporter—to suit the taste of the present editor in chief of the French press in general—renounces the wretch to either a Republican or a Socialist.

In those little ruptures which break the private tenour of domestic life, it not uncommonly appears that vice triumphs and virtue is unrewarded. When a money-loving father and a jolly agreeable young prodigal are at issue, all the amusement which is got out of the case, by the romantic reporter extracted at the expense of the close-fisted parent. The elderly husband, who presumes to bring his young wife into court—however great her crimes, and however severe his sufferings—will be sure to find himself caricatured in the next morning's papers. Although the decision on the issue may be just yet, as the magistrate seldom appears in the story, it is not always given.

In every French newspaper there is a column or two, headed "Various Facts," purporting to contain all the fearful accidents, melancholy catastrophes, and lamentable occurrences of Paris and the provinces, which the papers are that day called upon to record. There is a suspicious air about most of them. You fancy you have heard something like them somewhere before, especially if you have read many French romances. Nothing but initials of the parties are given, with a few romantic exceptions. Why that secrecy? Is it tenderness for the feelings of *Sieur de P—*, who has strangled his sweetheart with his own hair? Is it hyper-Gallic gallantry towards *Madame B—*, who has broken the neck of her husband, by suddenly closing the window upon him, when the unfortunate man was looking out to observe the state of the weather? The locality, too, is generally

vague. If it be in the provinces, the reader is given a whole *arrondissement* to guess at, if in Paris, the quarter only is mentioned. Why that mystery?

One remarkable feature in the "Various Facts," given under one head in all French newspapers, is the straightforward manner in which they are recited. There is an official air about the "*Sieur de So-and-so*," and a laconism in the narrative, which distinguishes them entirely from the Police Reports. They are only suspicious from their curt improbability. Thrilling incidents would appear to be too plentiful in this department to require any stretching out from the narrator. They have no headings, they relate the circumstances only, leaving to the judgment of the reader whether they constitute an accident or occurrence or catastrophe—feeling probably that no title in howsoever large type, could add or take away from the truthfulness, melancholy or lamentable nature of the fact. The state of alarm or excitement—considerable or otherwise—into which the neighbourhood may be thrown, is excluded as irrelevant, anything which can be better conceived than described, they leave to be conceived and say nothing about it. But for this conciseness, who could have hoped to comprehend the complicated tricks and counter-tricks of lover, wife and husband, related in the "*Droit*," the other day, ending, of course as all such stories do in France—whether in drama, novel or ballad—with the complete defeat of the husband's schemes and the final triumph of the wife and lover? Related in the English style of newspaper narrative, who could have unravelled that tangled skein of blunders which finally left the injured husband a prisoner in the station house, and secured to the happy pair twenty-four hours' fan-tastic fun for the frontier? Twenty lines suffice for the tragic story of a young couple whose bodies were found in the Seine, near the capital, bound together by cords, with a statement of the heartless conduct of relatives, "who had endeavoured to separate those who now united themselves forever, wrought in needle-worked letters, upon the bosom of the white frock of the unfortunate young woman. Their remains may be vainly sought in the "*Moigue*," for nothing had been heard there of the melancholy occurrence. In thirty-six lines, we were told, in the "*Estafette*," a short time since, how the *Sieur X—* was a barber, in the department of the Seine and Marne, (the author of the spelling books, by the way, could think of no one but *Xerxes* when an owner for this scarce letter was wanted,) how he had a pretty wife, how a customer coming incessantly to be shaved and have his hair cut, aroused his suspicions, how a friendly neighbour confirmed them, and how, when the unsuspecting customer delivered over his head, on the next occasion, into the hands of the *Sieur X—*, with a careless inquiry of "What news?" the irritated barber replied by

narrating the circumstances of his wife's infidelity so closely, that although fictitious names only were stated, the guilty lover, touched to the quick by the resemblance with his own misdeeds, looked up tremblingly, in time to see, in the looking-glass, a sinister expression upon the features of the barber; who, immediately after, illustrated the climax of his narrative, by cutting off the left cheek of his customer. The same thing, or something very much like it, fills nine volumes from the pen of a celebrated romancist. But novel-writing is one art, and the recording of "Various Facts" is another.

The following little sample of scenes that (according to the newspapers) are constantly occurring in the French capital, is extracted from the "*Ordre*" (a daily paper) of the 8th of November, 1861. It forms a portion of the weekly article, headed "Review of Paris," signed Eugene Guinot, (a journalist of some celebrity), and containing remarks on musical news, books, and all remarkable events of the week, being generally written with gravity, and purporting to contain facts only. The scene is the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"On Sunday afternoon last, two funeral processions were observed to approach the cemetery about the same time. Coming by opposite roads, the two parties converged at the gates, and entered the grounds in close succession. They mounted the sorrowful steep; followed the same path for some moments; then turning to right and left, they separated, each seeking the chosen place where the tomb was prepared.

"Certain signs indicated that one of these parties followed to her last home a female friend; while it was evident that the other party deplored the loss of a brother or husband.

"The double ceremony ended, and the parties had retired; one person might have been remarked, standing alone at each of the graves. Near the tomb of the one was a gentleman in an attitude of sorrow: beside the other, a lady in deep mourning. Long time they prolonged their farewells; each quitting at the same moment that spot where they had left interred a part of themselves; a portion of their hearts.

"Proceeding with a slow and sad step, it happened, that the two mourners arrived together at the point where the paths formed an angle with the broad walk. Their eyes met; and they exchanged a tearful look, and an exclamation of surprise.

"Is it indeed you, madame?"

"And you, monsieur?"

"This is a strange chance, madame. Ten years ago an amicable arrangement separated us, whom the rites of matrimony had joined together."

"It is a sad chance that has conducted me hither, monsieur."

"It is to a no less sad one that I am indebted for this meeting. This day I have

performed my last duty towards one who was dearer to me than life."

"Ah! she is no more! I too have lost my dearest friend on earth—he who was indeed the consolation of my life. Receive my assurance of sympathy, monsieur."

"Believe me, madame, I feel for you most sincerely."

"So saying, they walked on for some moments in silence, side by side, giving way to thoughts, whose melancholy nature revealed itself in frequent sighs—reflecting upon the past—upon the future;—bitter reflections, which the sequel of their conversation betrayed

"Alas!" said the husband, "henceforth, how hollow, how colourless, must life appear!"

"And mine!" exclaimed the wife, in a broken voice.

"What could recompense the loss of those kind attentions?"

"To whom shall I confide my sorrows?"

"Where now shall my evenings be passed?"

"Upon what arm shall I lean?"

"And each added mentally that it was now, perhaps, too late to take up those ties that had been so long loosened.

"Does there not appear to you," said the husband, "a singular coincidence in this event, that strikes us on the same day, and isolates us at the same time?"

"The hand of fate reveals itself in this meeting."

"It reunites us, that we may mutually console each other. Who does not know how to feel for the misfortunes which he has himself suffered?"

"Do we understand each other?"

"You speak of her?"

"And you, of him?"

"Has not experience taught us to be indulgent?"

"It has, and many things besides."

"They arrived again at the gate, where two carriages awaited them; one of which they dismissed. The two mourners, who had come separately, returned together; doubtless never to part again."

This romantic little anecdote is, by no means, an unfair specimen of the facts recorded in the "*Revue de Paris*." Histories, no less striking, are to be found every day related as truths with the utmost gravity, and in the most conspicuous parts of the Parisian journals. We trust we have, in former pages, given enough to show that, if the French portraits of the English include a few eccentricities, we are amply revenged by certain Frenchmen's pictures of society in France.

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AN UNPAID SERVANT OF THE STATE

THE public is just now suffering the inconveniences connected with a change of servants. Every housekeeper knows what that is, and so does every politician. The servants of the public have a great deal of work to do and many little hopes and little interests depend on their attention. When there is a change made in the tenants of the office at Downing Street, not only do many prominent and much discussed intentions perish unfulfilled, but many quiet plans and promises for evil or for good, of which the world hears little, take a blight at the same time. It concerns us now to speak of one of these.

The public must be well aware that it has servants out of Downing Street, and one such servant, who has for years been working quite as hard as any ploughman for the public good, without either asking or expecting any payment, has, by disinterested labour broken down his health. He is a poor man, who after twelve hours of daily labour for his own support, has for the last fourteen years given to his country duty—in an unpretending way—as much time as is usually included in the hours of business at a public office. The wild man, who has been so foolish as to do all this without a penny of remuneration, and who more foolishly still than this, has spent upon the public all that could be wrung out of his earnings as a weekly labourer—who has produced, in his quiet, silly way, results that will hand his name down as a tender recollection to our children's children—is Mr. Thomas Wright of Manchester.

We never heard of Mr. Thomas Wright of Manchester, some of our children possibly may say.

Children, as yet the world, sometimes, does not talk most about its best inhabitants! Perhaps you may grow old, in a day when Thomas Wrights will receive public honour, although they do not court it, and when Lord Tomnoddies will take to modesty as the most popular way to place and pension. But now, in our day, to return to the point from which we set out, namely, the falling of small things with great, of worms with mountains, while the propriety of giving a scanty return—pension they call it—for his public

services to Mr. Wright, was being recognised by Government, the Government fell down, and it remains to be seen what may be done by those who are perhaps destined to come (like Jill) tumbling after!

Who is Mr. Wright? The fathers probably have heard his name, if so, let us instruct our children of his doings. Thomas Wright, of Manchester, is a worn but not a weary man of sixty three, who has for forty seven years been weekly servant in a large iron foundry of which he is now the foreman. His daily work begins at five o'clock in the morning, and closes at six in the evening; for forty seven years he has worked through twelve hours daily, to support himself and those depending on him. Those depending on him are not few, he has had nineteen children, and at some periods there have been grandchildren looking to him for bread. His income never has attained two hundred pounds a year. This is a life of toil. Exeter Hall might plead for him as a man taxed beyond the standard limit, but he had bread to earn, and knew that he had need to work for it. He did work with great zeal and great efficiency, obtaining very high respect and confidence from his employers. A man so labouring, and leading in his home an exemplary, pious life, might be entitled to go to bed betimes and rest in peace between these days of industry and natural fatigue. What could a man do in the little leisure left by so much unremitting work? Poor as he was—loiling as he did, a modest man of humble origin, with no power in the world to aid him but the wonderful spiritual power of an earnest will—Thomas Wright has found means, in his little intervals of leisure, to lead back, with a gentle hand, three hundred convicted criminals to virtue, to wipe the blot from their names and the blight from their prospects, to place them in honest homes, supported by an honest livelihood.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Wright visited, one Sunday, the New Bailey Prison, at Manchester, and took an earnest interest in what he saw. He knew that with the stain of gaol upon them, the unhappy prisoners, after release, would seek in vain for occupation, and that society would shut the door of reformation on them, and compel them, if they would not starve, to walk on in the ways

of crime. The gaol mark branding them as dangerous, men buttoned up their pockets when they pleaded for a second trial of their honesty, and left them helpless. Then, Thomas Wright resolved, in his own honest heart, that he would visit in the prisons and become a friend to those who had no helper.

The chaplain of the New Bailey, Mr. Dagshaw, recognised in the beginning the true practical benevolence of the simple-minded visitor. On his second visit a convict was pointed out on whom Mr. Wright might test his power. It was certain power. From the same ground of a comparative equality of station he pleaded with his fellow workman for the wisdom of a virtuous and honest life. Heaven does, and Earth should, wipe out of account repented evil. Words warm from the heart, backed with a deep and contagious sense in the hearer of the high-minded virtue shown by his companion, were not uttered, like lip sympathy, in vain. Then Thomas Wright engaged to help his friend to get employment for him, and, if necessary, to be surety with his own goods for his honourable conduct. He fulfilled his pledge, and that man has been, ever since, a prosperous labourer, and an upright member of society.

So the work began. So earnest, so humble, yet, like other earnest, humble efforts, with a blessing of prosperity upon it. In this way, during the last fourteen years by this one man working in the house of twelve hours daily toil, hundreds have been restored to peace. He has sent husbands repentant to their wives, he has restored filial to the fatherless. Without incurring debt supporting a large family on little gains he has contrived to spare out of his little contenting himself with a bare subsistence, that he might have clothes to give and bits of money where they were required to reinstate an outcast in society.

Mr. Wright is a dissenter—free, of course, from bigotry, for bigotry can never co-exist with charity so genuine. Although a dissenter working spiritually in the prison, he never comes into jarring contact with the chaplain. He makes a point of kindling in his outcast friends a religious feeling, but that is not sectarian, he speaks only the largest sentiments of Christianity, and asks only that they attend, once every week, a place of worship, leaving them to choose what church or chapel it may be. And, in the chapel he himself attends, wherever his eye turns, he can see decent families who stand by his means there, men whom he has rescued from the vilest courses, kneeling modestly beside their children and their wives. Are not these families substantial prayers?

Very humbly all this has been done. In behalf of each outcast in turn, Mr. Wright has pleaded with his own employer, or with others, in a plain, manly way. Man now work under himself, in his own place of occupation, his word and guarantee having been

sufficient recommendation. Elsewhere, he has, when rebuffed, persevered from place to place, offering and laying down his own earnings as guarantee, clothing and assisting the repentant unemployed convict out of his own means, as far as possible, speaking words, or writing letters, with a patient zeal, to reconcile to him his honest relatives, or to restore lost friends. Bare sustenance for his own body by day, that he might screw out of himself little funds in aid of his good deeds—and four hours' sleep at night, after his hard work, that he might screw out of his bed more time for his devoted labour—these tell their tale upon the body of the man, who still works daily twelve hours for his family, and six or eight hours for his race. He is now sixty-three years old, and working forward on his course worn, but unwearied.

No plaudits have been in his ear, and he has sought none. Of his labour, the success was the reward. Some ladies joined, and working quietly, as he does in an underground society. After a while he had from them the aid of a small charitable fund, to draw upon occasionally, in the interest of the poor friends for whom he struggled. Prison inspectors found him out, and praised him in reports. At first there were a few words, and a note told of 'this benevolent individual. His simple unostentatious but earnest and successful labours on behalf of discharged prisoners are above all praise.' After a few years the reports grew in their enthusiasm, and strung together illustrations of the work that has been done so quietly. Let us quote from this source one or two examples—

'Five years ago I was' owns a certain G. J. 'in the New Bailey, convicted of felony, and sentenced to four months imprisonment. When I was discharged from prison, I could get no employment. I went to my old employer to ask him to take me again. He said, I need not apply to him for if he could get me transported he would, so I could get no work until I met with Mr. Wright, who got me employed in a place, where I remained some time, and have been in employment ever since. I am now engaged as a screw cutter—a business I was obliged to learn—and am earning nineteen shillings and twopenny a week. I have a wife and four children, and but for Mr. Wright, I should have been a lost man.'

Others tell how they were saved by the timely supplies of Mr. Wright's money, which "kept their heads above water" till they obtained the trust of an employer. Another, after telling his career, adds "I am now, consequently, in very comfortable circumstances, I am more comfortable now than ever I was in my life, I wish every poor man was as comfortable as I am. I am free from tipping, and cursing, and swearing, have peace of mind, and no quarrelling at home as there used to be. I dare say I was as wicked a man as any in Manchester. I thought if I

could once get settled under such a gentleman as Mr Wright, I would not abuse my opportunity, and all I expected I have received. I have got Bibles, hymn-book, prayer-book, and tracts, and those things I never had in my house since I have been married before. My wife is delighted. My boy goes to school, and my girl also."

Were the spirit of Mr Wright diffused more generally through society, the number of fallen men—who, being restored with all due prudence to a generous confidence, would not abuse their opportunity—would tell decidedly on the statistics of our criminal courts and prisons. To labour as Mr Wright has done must be the prerogative of few, though all the indolent may note by way of spur, how much a man even like Thomas Wright poor, humble, scantily instructed, may begot of good out of an earnest will.

Mr Wright's toil has of course chiefly been in Manchester and Salford, but he has visited also various prisons in Lancashire, Scotland, and London, and has been a friend to many of their inmates. Mr Wright's name, like the odour of a violet, has quietly become diffused and public journals have, from time to time, in paragraphs and notices made recognition of his virtues. To those who needed information, we have now supplied a hint of what might be disclosed by a large narrative of obscure labours. We may revert now to the idea with which we first set out.

On the 12th of January, in this year, the Justices of Peace at the Salford Quarter Sessions drew up a memorial to Lord John Russell, showing that Mr Wright had devoted to the public service, unremunerated, time and labour, and even money, which he might have applied to his own private good, that for this reason, he has not, in his approaching age, any provision which will enable him to relax in toil for his own livelihood, and that the unwearied labour to which he has submitted, has impaired his strength. Having shown this, the memorial prays for such recognition from the Government as shall acknowledge Mr Wright's past services, and enable him to devote his future labours more effectually to the public good.

A month after the signing of this memorial by the Justices of Salford, the excellent people of Manchester backed it by a public meeting. Government did not deny, we believe Mr Wright's title to a little pension. It is but just to the late Government, and more especially to the late Premier, to say that there has been no want of right feeling or a manly sense of responsibility in this respect. We are afraid to think how many and how great salaries are paid to public servants who keep, or don't keep, falcons, or attend, or don't attend, to other things. Mr Wright having worked for his country in reforming criminals, saving their future gaol expense, and making their good working-men—having worked in this way for fourteen years, six

hours a day, gratuitously, over and above the close duties of his calling—having spent even his own money on the public—may be considered very well entitled to a salary of public halfpence. Gold, to be sure, is wanted for the buckhounds and the falcons, but the public, probably, will not be sorry if it should happen that the change in Downing Street does not quash the memorial from Salford, and that any little pile of pennies which may have been left by the outgoing servants on the mantelpiece, may be found labelled, "Thomas Wright's Pension," and bestowed accordingly.

The wish of the Manchester people, whose movement Thomas Wright himself has not said a word to stimulate, is to ensure to their citizen, for the remainder of his life, an income equal to that which he now derives from his employment in the foundry, or with a few pounds added—say two hundred pounds a year. This with the aid of Government, might probably be raised in their own town, but Mr Wright is a man whom one would prefer to honour in the name of England, rather than of Manchester. It is very certain, that in whatever form either Manchester or England may pay to such a man a salary so trifling, though sufficient to enable him to spend his whole time upon prison labours, his exertions will give more than value for it year by year. And still there will remain the gift from Mr Wright, of a largeness of well spent time and most efficient, earnest labour. No acknowledgment, which this country is likely to make of services so modest, will suffice to turn the scale of obligation, and make Thomas Wright its debtor.

TIME AND THE HOUR

PROUD as we are apt to be of our achievements in science and art, it sometimes strikes some people that we do not reverence and admire enough the results of the sagacity, patience, and courage of men of a former generation. For instance,—what an achievement is the discovery that the earth is not flat,—the discovery of its actual form,—the discovery of its relation to other parts of the system,—discoveries clinched by the fact, that we can predict future starry occurrences, account for apparent planetary errors in our own days, and explain, by means of the history of the solar system, some dubious incidents in the ancient history of man! It seems inexpressibly astonishing that men, on their little anthill, should be able to make out the facts of regions which they can never reach, and where they could not live to draw a single breath, that such imperceptible insects as they must appear, if heard of, in the sun and moon, should lay down, without mistake, and to demonstration, the laws of the sun and moon in their external relations. It is as if the aphides on a rose-bush under a

window in the Isle of Wight, were to make out, by means of some wise aphid dwelling under a vein in a leaf, the mathematical facts of the Edinburgh and Perth Railway. When we think of it, our minds reel under the burden of this knowledge.

Somewhat in the same way, but less emphatically, we cannot but marvel at the perfection that men have reached in recording the passage of time. There are natural helps to this which diminish the wonder—but still it is a wonder of great magnitude. When we look at the matter on one side, we see that time is given out, as it were, from the magnitudes and motions of the stars, and in that view, it seems a deed almost beyond estimate that man should have caught this product, and made it record its own lapse from moment to moment. When we look at the other side, and see how the sun presents man with a natural clock, by simply shining where a shadow can be cast, whether of a sapling or an Egyptian pyramid, our wonder lessens to an endurable degree. We know that, in fact, the sick man measures his bitter hours by the sunshine or shadow on the wall of his chamber, and the shepherd in the wilds by theclipse he has drawn for the hours round the solitary tree, and that the old Egyptians are said to have learned much more than the time of day by measuring the sharp line of shadow drawn on the glaring sands of the desert by the mute and immovable Pyramid of Cheops, and a compulsion from the relentless sun which there never withdraws behind clouds but by some magic captures. Between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon the great dial may rest—but only then may it refuse to show the hours. From making dials, in imitation of these natural ones, to making clocks, in which the circumstance of the shadow is dropped altogether, is, however, a long stride, and there is room for rational admiration when we consider what a true and lasting relation and accord man has established between the jog of the wheels in his pocket watch and the spinning of the planets in space, between the tick which announces the baby ear learning against his breast, and the harmonics of the stars in their courses. This appears a great thing to us when we meditate upon it in a walk, or when the tick of the watch tells upon the ear in the darkness of the night. But, to receive the full impression, we should go into the workshop where scores of men and boys are busy in making and arranging the materials,—the hard, dead mineral materials,—which are to give out something intangible, unutterable, as real as themselves, yet purely ideal in its connection with us. That men by putting together brass and steel, and a jewel or two, and some engraved marks, should present to us, as in a mirror, the simultaneous doming of the stars in the sky, seems to raise the work room into a place of contemplation or eloquent discourse.

Thus did it appear to us yesterday, when we entered a fine range of rooms, where a great number of men and boys were occupied in the business of watch making for the Messrs Rotherham. There was no resisting the sense of the seriousness of their work in comparison with that (though equally delicate and intently pursued) by which baubles are produced. There is something serious about the whole business. It is a serious thing that it is science and labour which gives its high value to a watch, and not the costliness of the material. A cable was put into our hands, the steel of which was worth nothing that could be specified, whereas, in its present form, it was worth two shillings. Each link, almost too small to be seen by the naked eye, is composed of five parts, each of which is made and placed for a purpose. The mere metal of the whole interior of a watch is worth, we were told, perhaps sixpence, whereas, the labour and skill worked up in it raise its value to many pounds. All is very quiet in these large apartments, where scores of men and boys are plying over their work. The quadrangle of rooms has windows completely round both sides. Under the windows a counter extends, completely round also. Almost every workman has a small magnifying glass, which he fits to the right eye, for the finest part of his work. Of course, the right eye fails, sooner or later. (One man was spoken of as having worked for this house between forty and fifty years—but this was a remarkable case.) The eye is usually worn out in a much shorter time than that. Besides the long rows of poring craftsmen here, we were told that there were two hundred more in their own homes employed for the same fin. Having heard of their house as the largest watch manufactory in the inland counties, it not in the kingdom, it was with great interest that we received the details of the history and extent of their business.

It appears that some where about 1783, one Vile saw that there was an opening in Coventry for the making of watches, and he set up the business now conducted by the Messrs Rotherham. From that day to this, great difficulty has arisen from the prejudice against country made watches. If there ever was any sound reason for this distrust of Coventry watches, there is not now, yet the difficulty exists, and occasions some curious embarrassments. Ten years ago the annual production of watches by this firm was about six thousand, it is now nearly nine thousand. If we consider the durable character of a watch—that a single one generally serves us for a lifetime—this will be seen to be a large production. But there seems to be no doubt that the demand would be larger, but for the prejudice against Coventry watches which is akin to that against Birmingham jewellery. The dispute lately pending between a great Coventry house and the Assay Office at Birmingham, is a curious illustration of the way

this prejudice works. There is an Act of Parliament, about thirty years old, which obliges manufacturers to send their gold productions to the Assay Office at Birmingham, if they reside within thirty miles of it. Messrs Rotherham send the greater part of their watch cases to the Birmingham office, but they feel it hard, while labouring under the disadvantage of the old prejudice, to be prevented from getting their gold assayed at any office they prefer. Their alternative is between having their watches despatched on account of the local mark, and buying their cases in London. They are obliged to buy so many cases in London, that it makes the difference of thirty pounds a week in the wages of labour that they pay in Coventry.

While we are speaking of legislative impediments which annoy the manufacturer, we may as well mention two or three more, which would be scarcely credible in our day, if they did not happen to be true. There seems to be a natural relation between the English and the Swiss, in regard to watch-making. Though the law does all it can to part them, they are perpetually at work in combination, a combination which it would be convenient to make honest and easy. The tools—various and most delicate—used by watch-makers, are purchased chiefly from Warrington in Lancashire, but the best of them are fashioned in Switzerland. Lion is sent over from England, and returned by the Swiss in the shape of tools so exquisite that we cannot rival them. Swiss watch-makers live in Clerkenwell, to make the fuses of our watches, an article in which fashion is as capricious as in any department whatever. Now, it would be much easier and pleasanter for these Swiss to live at home, and work in their own beloved dwellings as numbers of their countrymen, and many more of their countrywomen are always doing. But, while Swiss watches are admitted entire into England at a duty of ten per cent, the importation of parts of watches is totally prohibited. Swiss watches, as a whole, are not to be compared with English, but in the making of some parts, the Swiss excel us. By this absurd prohibition we must either buy entire watches, to help us to the parts we want, or we must try to smuggle, or skilled Swiss must come and live here. We need not say that the one thing which we never think of, is going without anything which is proved to be the best of its kind. We, on the other hand, are excluded altogether from the European trade in watches. The prohibition, as regards all Europe, is complete, while we trade with Asia, Africa, and America. In the United States, again, there is a duty which so affects the importation of watches, as to give rise to a whimsical state of things. Our watches go "in the frame," packed naked, as it were, and they are clothed with cases there. The Americans cannot compete with us in making the works, but the making of

the cases is now an important business with them. What confusion, and trouble, and waste, are caused by all these legislative meddlings!

It is painful to see that further difficulties are made by the selfishness of certain persons at home, concerned in the making of watches. One cause of the cheapness of Swiss watches, which preserves their popularity, in spite of their inferiority to ours, is the comparative cheapness of their production. Throughout the valleys of Switzerland, there are multitudes of women busy in their own homes, about the delicate processes of watch-making.

Work can be more suitable for women than any other kind of labour, inasmuch as the fineness of sight and touch required seems to mark it out as a feminine employment, and it can be pursued at home, if that is desired, just like needle-work, or any other feminine business. But the men of Coventry will not allow women to be employed. The employers desire it, the women desire it, all rational observers desire it, but the men will not allow it. The same man who sends his wife and daughter to weave at the factory, will not hear of their engraving 'brass work' at home. It is a curious thing to pass in forty minutes from Birmingham to Coventry, and to mark the difference between the two places in this matter. In the one, we see hundreds of neatly-dressed and well-behaved women, doing work suitable to their faculties and their strength, and earning the means of support for themselves, and education for their children, by making screws, gold chains and many other things; while, in Coventry, the workmen will not allow a woman to put bits of floss silk upon a card, or to mark the figures upon the face of a watch. With regard to the ribbon manufacture, they have had to give way. At the reels and looms we see women employed by hundreds. The rest will follow. The women will obtain whatever liberty of occupation is reasonable, because whatever is reasonable becomes practicable, sooner or later. We know of a beginning made no matter where, or by whom. The respectable and educated wife of a superior mechanic chooses to aid her husband's earnings, by employing her leisure in a process of watch-making—that of 'engraving' the 'brass work' in the interior of a watch. As soon as it was discovered that she was thus employed, an outcry was raised. Every opposition was made, but she has persevered. A sort of case of apprenticeship has been made out, by witnesses having affirmed that, in their presence, she had seen her father do the work she had undertaken. She would have preferred another branch of the work, but she found there was no chance of her being permitted to do the same thing that her husband wrought at. She is instructing her two daughters, however, in her own branch, and there can be no doubt that her example will be followed. At present, hers is considered a singular case.

The watchmakers are now supposed to be to the ribbon manufacturers, in Coventry, as one to ten. The proportion will, probably, have changed before the next census. It should be considered however, that the ribbon-weavers are distributed over neighbouring districts, while the watchmakers live within the city.

Various parts of the watch come hither from widely distant places. We have said that the most delicate tools are made in Switzerland, and the ornamented faces of the watches in London. The jewels come from Holland. The diamonds are cut abroad, but their framing in steel is done at home. We saw many hundreds of them in a little box. We saw some rubies, rough and some cut, round and very small, some chrysolites, also. The cutting can be done only with diamond dust. The engine turning of the cases is done in private houses, in Coventry, and so is the making of enamelled faces. The glasses come chiefly from the neighbourhood of Dublin where they are made more cheaply than anywhere else. No place, but Newcastle upon Tyne, can compete with the Irish glasses. The smallest wheels are made at Fribourg, in Lucerne. All the other parts of the watch, if we remember right, are made in the establishment.

We saw the strip of stout brass out of which the 'frames' were to be cut. The cutting these brass circles piercing them with the necessary holes joining them, inserting the jewels into the holes, fitting on the wheels and the chain, inserting the spring, engraving the brasses and the gold making the cases, and finishing off the whole—this is the work done here. One boy may be seen fitting the pignons into the frames, another polishing the pignon with his small fiddle stick—for such his tool appears to be, another delicately handling the escapement, another showing to us a hair spring, as an instance of the value given by labour to a material of low cost,—this almost imperceptible string of steel being "more valuable than gold," as he says. The careful workman covers his work from dust (such of it as is finished, or waits) with a little inverted tumbler. The apprentice lads earn about four shillings and threepence a week, the higher order of workmen average twenty-eight shillings or thirty shillings. We were curious to know how low and how high the price of watches goes here in the wholesale establishment. The lowest we heard of was three pounds; the highest thirty-five pounds, but few are sold of a higher value than twenty pounds, wholesale price which mounts up to a good deal more in London shops.

The most interesting class of watches, to us, was that of the agricultural labourers. We were glad to hear that agricultural labourers bought watches, a fact which we should hardly have suspected. The number demanded is rapidly decreasing. If one hundred and fifty

watches are made weekly, eight or nine or them may be for agricultural labourers, and the proportion was formerly much larger. They are of a wondrous size, about two inches thick. There is silver to the value of two pounds in a watch which costs four pounds. The thing looks as if it could never be lost—hardly broken, and it is inconceivable that damp or soil could get in. On its broad face is painted a gay picture—Speed the Plough, or the Foresters' or the Odd Fellows' Arms. Next in bulk to these are the watches for the Scotch market. The Scotch seem to like to feel that they have a watch in their pocket. In remarkable contrast with them are the watches, scarcely bigger than one's thumb nail, which are intended for presents to very little ladies. As little ladies' time is not supposed to be very valuable, it is not insisted that these should go well. From these the article reaches in value to the thirty pounds watch, exquisitely chased, back and face and of beautiful form and proportions. Of the watches for exportation, those made for the market of Alexandria are perhaps the most remarkable. They are in form, hunting watches, the marking of the hours is Arabic, and there is no ornament whatever. No figures of any living thing must be looked at by a Mohammedan, and it appears as if, to make all safe, the Arabs would not countenance any graven image of fruit or flower, leaf, or tendril. While talking of the wretched misnomer of this delicate article of manufacture, we were surprised to find how many watches are sent about the kingdom by post—not for cheapness, but for security. It is an expensive method, but a convenient one. This house sends out by post sometimes thirty in a week.

Having never seen engine turning, and having, in truth, not the least idea how it was done, we gladly accepted an invitation to a neighbouring dwelling, where an elderly man and a boy were busy about the process. The next apartment, the shining machine, the courteous old gentleman in his spectacles and clean apron, anxious to show us whatever we wished to see, made a very pleasant impression upon us. The principle of the process is understood at a glance, but not the less wonderful does it appear to us that any man should ever have thought of it. The invention is French, and nearly a century old, but it is only lately that it has reached its present perfection. The machine is expensive, costing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Fieldhouse is admitted to be the best maker. The main part of the machine, to the eye of the novice, at least is a barrel, which is bound round with strips of copper of various patterns, sinuous, or undulating, or other. The revolution of this barrel, with one of the strips pressing against a steel tip or bolt, causes a vibratory motion, in accordance with the copper pattern, in whatever is connected with the vibrating steel. The

watch case is so connected. It is fastened at the end of a bar, and, while it is vibrating there, a graver is brought up to it, on a sort of miniature railway, and it peels off the gold in the pretty pattern required. We saw a ribbon like circular pattern, concentric rings and vertical ornamentation, and we were told that by the combination of the patterns provided for by the machine before us an endless variety might be obtained of changes from a peal of a dozen bells.

With all its prettiness this process, and every other connected with the ornamenting of the watch was less interesting to us than those which relate to its time showing properties. We were not sorry that the last stage of our sight seeing was the preparation of the enamel face, with its indices of hours and minutes.

We went to the little workshop of a superior artisan who works here but lives in the country. His intelligent daughter helps him in the lettering department of his little business, and very pretty work it is for them. The affair is simple enough. Round pieces of copper are cut with scissors out of a strip which comes from the rolling mill the size being determined by a brass pattern. The edges are slightly turned up in order to hold the enamel when melted, and the necessary hole in the middle has its edges turned up on the same side for the same reason. The enamel is made of putty powder and several other materials. In its unground state it looks just like a bit of thick catenwire—like white very white, the cream-colour very pure. This is ground down in a mortar extremely fine mixed with water to about the consistency of soft clay, and spread smoothly over the copper ground. Half a dozen of these faces are put down before the open mouth of the little furnace to heat gradually in order to avoid the horrible mischief of a crack. When they have done recking they are ready for further cooking. With a little pair of tongs one at a time is carefully placed upon a stand in the furnace. Presently it begins to shine. It is turned round and round that the whole may be equally done. When it is all over white heat, it is brought out and another is put in. When cool the surface is rubbed smooth with sand, inequalities are filled up, another coating is given, it is "fired" again and then polished to the degree we are accustomed to see.

Then comes the part which the novice must be extremely shy of undertaking, so very important as it is,—the making the hour figures. The face is throughout placed on a little wooden platter, which revolves with a touch. On this platter it receives its polishing and all other treatment. It is now turned round, to be ruled with the utmost exactness, with as many radiations from the centre as are wanted. Thick strokes are laid on where the figures are to be, of a metallic paint, com-

posed of copper, iron, and other ingredients, prepared in a peculiar manner. The decisive figure-strokes are then cut in with the help of an essential oil, and the surplus paint brushes off with a touch of the brush. There is a mystery in most houses of business. The secret here is how the minute face is sunk in the hour face. We could understand however, how the excessively small figures were done though hardly how human eyes could stand such a trial. Our host proved to us what the faculty of sight becomes capable of, by relating an achievement of his own. Some years ago he wrote in enamel, "the Lord's Prayer, with every a dotted, and every t cross l in the space of half the wing of a house fly." He keeps it framed as a locket, and it is the wonder of all strangers who see it. He was advised to send it up to the Exhibition but he dreaded its being lost. He paid very dear for his enterprise, as we should think, but he seems rather to glory in the result than regret it. By working in a blaze of sunlight he "aged" his sight thirty years in a single fortnight. He now requires strong magnifiers to work at all.

We observed here the glass globe of water, whereby the gashlight is concentrated for evening work, which is seen among the Birmingham burnishers. It is sad to think how the senses and faculties of some are overstrained to minister to the luxuries of others. If we could reconcile ourselves to this at all it would not be in the case of any toys be their beauty and the money value of them what they may, but in the production of this exquisite talisman, the watch, which can tell us, in the intervals of tides and sunsets where the stars are and what they are doing behind the veil of the noonday light and the midnight cloud.

A GENTLE ESTABLISHMENT

In my hot youth, I once wanted some money. I do not mean to say that this was the only time that I have ever experienced a similar want during that excited period. But I have particular reasons for referring to that especial occasion.

I had not arrived at the age which is known as "years of discretion," indeed, even at the present moment it is the opinion of some of my friends—But that is a consideration into which it is needless to enter. Let it suffice to state, that my money was "locked up" in the hands of a guardian—a gentleman of the old school, who devoutly believed that he was acting the part of my best friend by depriving me of any free agency in the management of my own affairs, and letting me spend as little as possible. Accordingly, through this very considerate conduct on the part of my "best friend"—who was personally a perfect stranger to me, living in a distant and absurd part of the country—I found myself unable to touch a guinea without his permission.

Such was the state of affairs, when I experienced the necessity to which I have alluded. My state of dependence was too absurd. Accordingly, one fine morning I resolved to make a bold stroke for my emancipation,—

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow—

and the blow that I proposed to strike was to induce my guardian to sign a certain deed which would have the effect of placing a considerable portion of my property at my own disposal.

I knew that to effect this object, a letter would be useless. To tell the truth, I had already gone through the epistolary phase of supplication in all its varieties. I had tried every style—the dutiful, the jocular, the insinuating, the desperate, the menacing, and the conciliatory, after the most approved models. I had invested fanciful friends with imaginary necessities, and expressed most philanthropic wishes to relieve them. I had contracted impossible debts at games which I never played in my life (for the first time, on my honour as a gentleman), I had even found sudden necessities for large sums to enable me to prosecute my studies by expensive additions to my library—which happened to be singularly complete—all to no purpose.

I now mustered up courage to make my “last appeal,” and this appeal I determined to make in person. I have said that I was a stranger to my guardian and to his establishment, but they were old friends of my family, and I had moreover been in the receipt for several years past of that unmeaning civility known as a “general invitation.” This was sufficient, and behold me ostentatiously driving up to the house one morning, supplied with baggage enough to stand a campaign of six months.

The “people of the house” upon whom I had so desperately intruded, maintained the reputation during their short visits to London, amongst my set, of being “crack people.” I accordingly expected to be received with a certain ducal magnificence which, however, I was subsequently given to understand, had not been known in the house since the time of some mysterious “old Sir Walter,” about whom nobody knew anything in particular, and whom I strongly suspect to be a myth.

The fact was, that though coming from the old Norman family of De Musherewin, my entertainers were a very plain, homely family, with—as in the master of the house was concerned—not much more pride than can be considered appropriate when one has nothing to be proud of.

As for the lady, the case was somewhat different. She had a great notion about keeping up “the dignity of the family,” and I know I annoyed her mortally by the abruptness of my descent,—“taking them quite unprepared,”—as I heard her say to one of the servants, in giving directions about my room. This lady was the only person

from whom I heard anything of the apocryphal “old Sir Walter,” the mystery about whom I have never been able to clear up, owing to Burke having, most unpardonably, forgotten to mention the family, in his History of the Landed Gentry.

But the most interesting member of the family—to me—was a cousin of Mrs De Musherewin considerably better looking than that lady, and enjoying besides the additional advantages of blue eyes and only nineteen summers. She was inclined to be sentimental and had just enough sense of the ridiculous (which I take to be sense of a very high kind) to be somewhat ashamed of it. Altogether, she was what her friends called “a riddle,” and suited me capitally, so we became excellent friends at first sight. Moreover, her name was Amy, and I need not say how great an attraction a lady of that name is to a young gentleman addicted to quoting Locksley Hall. You may be sure then that in my readings of *Templeton*—which were conducted with due decorum in the back drawing-room—the allusions to the “cousin shall we parted” and the Amy mine no more, excited their due degrees of confusion, and contributed their share to a mutual good understanding.

At an early period of my visit I had broken its object to the old gentleman but without immediate success. He sided my allowance amply sufficient, he had no lack of young men persisting in being young men, he acted for my good,—and so forth. After ten days stay in the house I began to think the case hopeless, and made up my mind to return to town. I should have done so immediately but for the “shallow-hearted cousin,” who having it seems, gained some inkling of my plans, advised me, in confidence to “wait a little longer, under a promise, made somewhat mysteriously, that she would try to arrange it for me.” To tell the truth, I did not feel reluctant to find an excuse for remaining, and it was fortunate that I did so, for the next morning an incident occurred which was destined to have some influence upon the success of my plans.

I must premise that the De Musherewin domestics were to me a most mysterious race. There were only a couple of men who might be considered as in attendance upon the family, the footman and the coachman. The family drove nothing more ostentatious than a Brougham, and the services of the footman were, therefore, confined to waiting at table, and to in-door duties. Then there was a gardener, who seemed to exercise his vocation only very early in the morning before the family were up, but whom I saw constantly so employed, when I have risen at unholy hours for the purpose of reading or walking.

At such times I have frequently seen this gardener in conversation with a young—no, not a lady, and yet she was scarcely so low

as what we understand by an "individual," or a "party." A "young person" is the word. I saw him frequently talking to a young person of what the newspapers call "prepossessing exterior," and whom I subsequently discovered to be "lady's maid" at a house not a hundred yards distant. Morning after morning I watched the pair from my window talking and walking together, and making in their manner towards each other a certain respect and deference, a certain air of distance, mixed with one of familiarity, which obviously meant mystery, not much mystery to me, for I carelessly set down the affair as what they call "a case," and there was an end of it.

No, not quite an end of it, for, one morning, I was taking my usual walk before breakfast, with a book in my hand, when, in a lane a short distance from the house, I saw the lady's maid—the obvious betrothed of the gardener—walking with—our friend! Oh! the caprice of women! Why does not some good-natured friend tell the unfortunate John of Sprules of the peril that awaits him? Poor fellow! The rival lover seemed somewhat confused, I thought, as he touched his hat in passing, but did not look like a very guilty man with any great weight upon his conscience. He waited at breakfast afterwards with his usual composure.

Meantime, I found myself no nearer to a settlement of affairs with my gardener, and began to think the "shall we heartily discuss" had been making fun of me. Time went on, and it was plain that I must soon go off. I resolved however to trust to the chances of a few more days. I had been much amused by the caprice of my friend, the lady's maid, I was willing to see to what it might lead. An incident which speedily occurred made the case only still more mysterious.

One morning I had been persuaded to accompany Mrs de Mushetwin and her sister to pay one of those deucey compliments known as "morning calls," to the Twaddletons who lived a few miles off—ten or twenty, or thirty, perhaps, which is considerable nothing in the country. They were very nice people, the Twaddletons, talked genteelly about high life, and never told an anecdote of anybody under an ambassador. I used to humour them in this weakness, and tell them incidents which had happened to my dear friend Grinler (who was plucked, the other day, at Cambridge, for the Voluntary Theological), as the adventures of my friend—for the nonce—the Duke of Mount Mornington, or that adventurous fellow, Lord John High-toplover. It is wonderful how stories improve by this system. I remember, once—when in one of my most audacious moments I had given one of Grinler's exploits to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg—the Twaddletons were absolutely entranced, and I know that, from that moment, they pronounced me

one (for a mere commoner) of the most amusing and well bred persons of their acquaintance.

I have said, we were going to pay a morning visit to the Twaddletons. The carriage had been ordered early, and while waiting for it, and for the descent of the ladies, I turned out to stroll for a few minutes. Passing the coach-house, I saw the brougham standing at the door with the horses in, and all ready, and, close by, the coachman, engaged, with a reckless disregard of his master's time, in conversation with my old friend, the lady's maid, the undoubted *huncree* of the gardener and the suspected *chère amie* of the footman! The pair had arrived at that most interesting period in interviews of this description—the parting; and they were prolonging the "sweet sorrow" in the usual manner, under cover of the carriage, not suspecting that a witness was so near. The final farewell did at last take place, and I will not—considering all circumstances—say *how* affectionate it was. The lady then tripped off. I made a point of vanishing with considerable dexterity, and, as the brougham drove round to the fantastically impatient ladies, I thought I had never seen a coachman look more innocent and serene.

That day I was doomed once more to be puzzled by this extraordinary establishment of domestics. Returning from the Twaddletons, I felt somewhat depressed, and was not in one of my best humours. (I should have mentioned by the way, that the Twaddletons are very nice people, but that they once had the misfortune to live for six months in Paris. They had quite time during that period to adopt the accent of the natives; but this they had certainly not done, and the principal thing they seemed to have brought away with them from France, was the very reprehensible custom of *not* giving refreshments at my description to morning callers—in opposition to our dear old English country custom, which relieves calling from so much of its dullness.) I felt somewhat depressed in spirits, and was rallied on the subject by the "shallow hearted cousin," who told me that I must brighten up in time for dinner next day, when there was to be a grand assemblage of all the "county families," and great guns of the neighbourhood, who could be persuaded to come. This led to the expression of some fears on the part of Mrs de Mushetwin as to the efficiency of "a young man who had been highly recommended," and who had been accordingly engaged is a supernumerary to assist in waiting at table on the great occasion. In other words, he had been engaged to make himself "generally useful," and it was of course anticipated that he would prove particularly useless instead.

"You see," said Mrs de Mushetwin, turning round with her usual grand manner to

me, "of all our own servants, Charles" (that was the footman) "is the only one upon whom we can depend. The rest know absolutely nothing out of their own departments and they are so stupid, that I am afraid it would be useless to attempt to instruct them for this occasion."

"I should have thought otherwise," said the cousin, with a look which, after much consideration and with considerable reluctance, I am obliged to pronounce malicious, "the gudgeon seems to be a quick intelligent young man, who would adapt himself to circumstances and John who is now driving us I have often thought more fit for domestic duties than driving. He is neither old enough nor heavy enough to be quite proper for a coachman."

There was a dead pause. Neither of the cousins spoke during the remainder of the drive. The elder lady maintained a look of portentous severity, while in the younger I thought I observed several times a tendency to laugh.

At dinner that day Mrs de Musherewin's temper was not much improved by an incident which would have inspired my notice, but for the evident amyness which it occasioned her. Old De Musherewin whom I have already mentioned as a good humoured, unpretending country gentleman made an observation to Charles (who was as usual in attendance) about the state of the kitchen garden which he had been inspecting during our absence in the morning, and consulted him as to the propriety of planting some mangel wurzel for the cows on that piece of waste ground in the corner.

"I wonder," said Mrs de Musherewin, with a severe look at her husband "that you do not talk of these subjects in the proper quarter. What can Charles know of them? It is the gardener's business."

De Musherewin looked confused, as if he had made a 'confounded mull'—to use an expression of his own—about something, and drank off a glass of sherry, rather nervously. His wife subsided into her established air of severity, the young lady was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, Charles did not seem quite at his ease, and I was the only uncomfortable person present. I had been once before somewhat amused at the old gentleman asking the coachman. If he thought that old port had been put in a damp part of the cellar! But Mrs de Musherewin not being present at that time—to give prominence to the remark by going into hysterics, or making any demonstration of the kind—I had thought no more of the occurrence.

Meantime the affair of the lady's maid became more mysterious. A few days after our visit to the Twaddletons, I went out with old De Musherewin to have a pop at some pheasants. He began to talk about "his preserves." I had never known that he indulged in any such luxury, and to this day I am convinced, from

my experience on that occasion, that the game could not have been very plentiful, otherwise we must have succeeded in finding something to hit. But my object in mentioning our day's sport, was to state that we were accompanied by "the gamekeeper," whom I had never before seen or heard of. In appearance, he was a most unexceptionable person—got up with velvet and fustian, game pouches, guns, and powder belts in a most orthodox manner.

In the course of our march over the stubble, De Musherewin (who is always affable to his dependants) good naturedly rallied the gamekeeper upon the fact that he was going to be married very speedily. The gamekeeper grinned and admitted the soft impeachment, his master promised to 'do what he could for him towards setting him up,' and so the matter dropped. But it so happened that, shortly afterwards I was walking on in advance with my host when I happened to ask him who was to be the bride of our friend the gamekeeper?

'Oh,' was the answer "he considers that he is making a good thing of it. Good looking you know, and all that she is the personal and confidential servant of the wife of old Sir Sykes Slimpenny, our next door neighbour. I may say for our respective parks only divide the two mansions." (So the De Musherewin lawn and surrounding meadows was a park.)

'Are you sure?' I asked dubiously.

'Certain, the wedding clothes have as I have been told been purchased.'

'Mystery upon mystery!' Was this desirable young person going to marry the whole neighbourhood? I was fairly puzzled and perplexed.

That day at dinner De Musherewin made a casual remark, relative to the approaching marriage of the gamekeeper to which Mrs de Musherewin observed that she was not aware that the event was to take place for several weeks.

"He told me it was to come off in a few days," said De Musherewin. "He leaves my service, you know, in less than a week having engaged himself in another part of the country."

There was another awkward pause such as I had before noticed. Mrs de Musherewin was visibly agitated and the rumour of the dining ceremonial passed off in perfect silence. The next morning early, I received a message from the master of the house, who desired to see me in the library. I found him alone with his fishing tackle, a parchment deed, a pheasant (from the poulterer's), and an attorney. He opened his business very abruptly. He had taken my request into consideration, and was prepared to make the concession that I required. Not a word of his former very excellent reasons for refusing. It was evident that in the teeth of all his previous opinions, he had suddenly come to the conclusion that it was very proper that young men

should be young men, that control over their own property was not an unreasonable demand, that, in short, young men, being young men, should be allowed to come and to go (strong emphasis on "go"), without restriction or restraint. For myself puzzled and astonished as I was I made no remark but very quietly went through the necessary formalities, and stood up a responsible being—the *bona fide* proprietor of actual and negotiable Bank of England notes.

On considering, in the course of the morning the possible reasons which could have induced my guardian so suddenly to change his resolution it occurred to me that he had been ruled in the matter by his wife. For what object? Possibly by satisfying my demands to put a termination to my visit. Such a thing was certainly conceivable, especially as I had already made a stay of several weeks, and the sting of the sharp tone of his violently accented "go" still tingled in my ears. It would not perhaps be very delicate to take a precipitate flight immediately on the settlement of my affairs, still I preferred that alternative to the possibility of interfering with a family domestic arrangement, so I resolved to "go" at all hazards, on the following day. Unexpected and important business is of course speedily improvised in such cases. It was evident that, for some reason of their own they wanted to get rid of me. I did not want to go, but I went.

Not quite soon enough, however, for I was not destined to depart without hearing more of the mysterious movements of the servants. The next morning, at breakfast I noticed that the habitual Charles did not make his appearance, and that we were attended by a female domestic. Waiting until she had disappeared from the apartment Mrs de Mushetwin explained the phenomenon.

"You see, it is very annoying, I don't know what to do for a few days. There has been a slight disagreement in all of our men servants have left us—left us last night."

"All—surprising and inconvenient unanimity!"

"Yes, it is a fact. They had arranged to go upon that day, then term was up, but I had certainly expected as a piece of common civility that they would have waited until the family were provided with others."

"Certainly, it would be only a piece of ordinary courtesy," I said for the sake of saying something.

But the fact was, they had all arranged to be married that morning and would not put off the day.

Impenetrable mystery! It was the first time I had ever heard of such a proceeding. But I had no time to think about such matters now.

It happened that, after breakfast, I was taking a farewell of some of my favourite haunts where I had been accustomed to ramble, when, passing the village church, I

saw some gaily-attired persons issuing forth. I remembered that there were no end of persons to be married that morning, and I planted myself accordingly among the mob of rustics who were gaping about, to see them pass.

To my astonishment, there was only one couple, that is to say, one married couple. I recognised the bride at once—my pretty friend, who seemed so generally sought after. But the bridegroom puzzled me. He was dressed in what—in continental distinction to livery—we call plain clothes, though, I must say, that they could not be so designated in any other acceptance of the term. There was a mulberry coloured coat, a brimstone waistcoat, and a nosegay, uncommonly large, and dazlingly variegated. The Berlin glove (too long in the fingers) sparkled in the sun with whiteness. I knew that all the de Mushetwin domestics were to be married that morning, and I knew that this fine gentleman was one of them. There could be no mistake—that singular command of feature, and that curious undulating twist of the mouth, belonged to Charles, and to nobody but Charles. But, whether the gamekeeper had been made a happy man, and the coachman, footman, and grooms were blighted in the flower of their several affections, or whether any other one out of the four had been made happy, and any other three been blighted as aforesaid, I have never been able to determine. I had never seen any of the servants in "plain" clothes, and the test was most embarrassing. Now, I felt convinced that the gardener was the benedict, then, an expression came over his face which convinced me that it was the coachman, but, no sooner was this satisfactorily settled, than a reminiscence of the gamekeeper made me again a sceptic in like manner, a sudden gesture of the footman would set me wandering once more. The bridegroom was as difficult of recognition as the late Charles Mathews, in one of his monopolylogues.

In my anxiety to clear up the mystery, I even felt inclined to prolong my stay, but that could not be. I accordingly adhered to my original arrangements, and could not help thinking, as Mrs de Mushetwin mingled her regrets with her adieux, that she was not disinclined to part with me.

I had not entirely forgotten this domestic mystery, in my renewal of town habits and town enjoyments, when one day, at breakfast, glancing over the advertising columns of a morning paper, my eye fell upon the following advertisement.

"WANTED, in a family of distinction, residing in the country, a young man, of good education and address. He must be able to drive, and attend to a pair of horses, wait at table, take charge of a kitchen and flower-garden, and act as gamekeeper when required. Address, by letter (post-paid), to

Reginald de M, Esq, Hautonbank Hall, Billberryshire."

I verily believe the family are not suited to this day! They will, in deed, have to spend a large sum in advertisements, before they succeed in finding so charitable a Proteus in Plush as Charles.

How much of my freedom and of the premature possession of my fortune I owed to the diplomacy of the "shallow heated cousin," I have yet to learn. My opinion at present is that she was my good genius throughout. I shall know all about it some of these days, I hope and trust, for now I have got thus far and I found informing the reader—in confidence—that I have "intentions in that quarter."

THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.

He stood upon the summit of a mount
Waving a wand above his head uplifted
And smote the ground, who nee gushed as if in pain
A sparkling stream, with many virtues filled.

It filled the air with music as it fell
Merely bounding, ever full and full
And swiftly to the distant plain it swept
Gurgling, a challenge to the winds to follow.

Onward and onward, putting as it ran
A thousand streams to form the parent river,
It rolled among the furthest haunts of men
Wearing the sunlight on its breast as if a river.

Where it flowed, it fed the dewy earth
With wholesome aliment its verdant nourish
Quickening its treasures into rippling life
And bidding golden harvests spring and flourish.

Fair thriving cities rising on its banks,
Gathered the noble and the humble
The mid with the happy in their various ranks,
Thy road proud domes that ages hence could
emulate.

The Great Magician from his lofty height
Beheld the world with boundless plenty teeming
And his eye kindled with a sense of might
He pulled, yet softly, at the purple gleaming.

"I wrought in deed 'rich blessings' rain and sun
I've thrall'd with happiness the hearts of mortals
And I am well wait upon her wings of wind
The deeds of Peace to earth's remotest corners.

ZOOLOGICAL STORIES.

TRAVELLERS' tales have a peculiar reputation for the marvellous, and many travellers have been accused of fiction. Whether zoologists' tales are in all cases to be trusted, we have now and then, a doubt. They are true in the main, but sometimes, possibly, the first narrator of an unusually good story has judiciously abstained from sitting it, and once in the Zoological Story-Book, the pleasant tale has stood on its own merits and been handled tenderly, as is the way with ornaments, no man too roughly scratching at them to find out of what materials they are composed. The pleasant books of Mr Broderip and Mr

E P Thomson—"The Note-Book of a Naturalist," and "The Passions of Animals"—have lately overwhelmed us with good stories about animals, nine in ten true, undoubtedly and one in ten, perhaps, almost too good to be true. Having lately read these books, and, moreover, the "Zoological Recreations," published some time ago, by Mr Broderip, we find our brains so clogged with anecdotes of animals, that we are compelled to let a few of them flow out, lest we be stupefied by a congestion.

Of course we accept legends as legends. It was once believed of crocodiles, that, after they had eaten a man comfortably, and left only his skull, at the sweet kernel of which—the brain—they could not get, their tears were shed over the bone until they softened it, and so the skull was opened, and the brain devoured. When that is told us as a legend, we say, certainly, it was a very quaint thing to believe of the traits of crocodiles. Then, travellers' tales of the proverbial kind are next of kin to legends. Here is a very marvellous one, which Mr Broderip tells humorously. Let us be bold and say that we believe it. It is this. An Indian, having tamed a rattlesnake, carried it about in a box with him, and called it his great father. M Pinnissance met with him as he was starting for his winter hunt, and saw him open the box and give the snake his liberty, telling it to be sure and come back to meet him, when he returned to the same spot next May. It was then October. M Pinnissance laughed at the man, who immediately saw his way clearly to a speculation in rum, and betted two gillons that his snake would keep the appointment. The wager was made, the second week in May arrived, the Indian and the Frenchman were on the appointed spot. The great father was absent, and the Indian, having lost his wager, offered to repeat it, doubled, if the snake did not return within the next two days. That wager the Frenchman took and lost. The snake, who (had he speech) might have apologised for being rather behind his time, appeared and crawled into his box. We believe this. Rattlesnakes are teachable, and, in this instance, the keeping of the appointment seems to us only an apparent wonder. Snakes are not given to travel in the winter, and the Indian's father, turned out of the box, made himself snug at no great distance from the place of his ejection. Winter over, the Indian came back. His great father may have been dining heartily, and indisposed to stir, but, as he grew more brisk, the accustomed invocation of his little son became effectual, and brought the tame snake to the box as usual.

Mr Thomson classifies his tales of Animals according to the traits of character which they evince. Spiders have ears for music. Disjonval—the authorities we transfer from our accessible friends and chroniclers, Mr. Broderip or Mr Thomson—Disjonval knew a

spider (such a spider was a person to know) who regularly placed himself upon the ceiling over a young lady a head whenever she played the harp, and followed her if she changed her position. The celebrated violinist, Berthome, (it is our shame never to have heard of him) when a boy, saw a spider habitually come out to hear when he was practising; this creature at last became familiar and took rest upon the desk. Lenz tells of a goose who followed a harp-player wherever he performed, probably to hiss him out of self-respect. Lingels tells of a pigeon in the neighbourhood of a young lady who played brilliantly on the harpsichord, the pigeon did not greatly care about her playing, except when she played the song of "Sperst," from Handel's opera Admetus; then it would come and sit by the window testifying pleasure, when the song was over, it would fly back to its dovecote, for it had not learnt the art of clapping wings for an encore.

In the matter of experience, we can believe the story of a dog who either was *not* blessed with a love of music, or had a master given to the perpetration of atrocities against his canine ear: the dog whose peace was broken by his master's practice on the violin took every opportunity to hide the stick. Plutarch's story of the mule we are at liberty, we hope, to set down in the list of pleasant fables. The mule laden with salt hindered, by chance, into a stream, on coming out it found its load to be so agreeably lightened, that it afterwards made a point of taking a bath upon its travels. To cure it of this trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, and then when the mule came out of the water with the sponges saturated, it felt a load that it had reason to remember.

Dr Pelican saw a party of rats round the bung-hole of a cask of wine dipping their tails in and then licking them. Mr Jesse tells of rats who performed a similar feat with an oil bottle. But this is nothing in comparison with the acuteness of Dugrandpre's monkey. Left with an open bottle of muscad brandy, he sucked what he could from it with tongue and fingers, and then poured sand into the bottle till the rest ran over. Le Vullant, the African traveller, had with him dogs and a monkey. When the monkey was weary he leapt on a dog's back for a ride. One dog on such occasions quietly stood still. The monkey, fearing to be left behind would presently jump off and hasten to the caravan; the dog, with studious politeness, took good care to give him precedence. An elephant—we must at once append one tale about the elephant, whose great sagacity makes him the hero of a thousand and one—an elephant belonging to an officer in the Bengal army, was left during the long absence of his master to a keeper, who, as ever elephant ostlers will do, cheated him of his rations. When the master came back, the poor half-starved elephant testified the greatest joy, the keeper, in his

master's presence, put, of course, the full allowance of food before the elephant, who immediately divided it into two parts, one representing his short commons which he devoured greedily, the other representing the amount to which he had been defrauded in his dinners, he left. The officer of course understood the hint and the man confessed his breach of trust.

We must get rid of another story of an elephant, like the last, perfectly credible. Elephants have more sagacity than dogs, and of dogs few tales that are current are doubtful. This is the tale of an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, for which we are obliged to Mr Broderip. A painter used to study from the animals in the garden, and was minded once to paint the elephant. But of course he must paint him in an attitude, and even the sagacity of an elephant failed to understand that the artist wished him to keep his mouth open, and hold up his trunk. The artist, therefore, got a little boy, and entrusted to his care a bag of apples, which he was to throw into the elephant's mouth one by one, obliging him in this way to keep his trunk uplifted. "The apples," says Mr Broderip, "were numerous, but the painter was not a landowner, and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was tedious. By the master's directions, the boy occasionally deceived the elephant by a simulated chuck and thus checked out the supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the balked expectant, his *gourmandise* checked his irritable impatience, and keeping his eye on the still well filled bag he bore the repeated disappointment, crunching an apple, when it chanced to come with unobtrusive glee. At length the last apple was thrown and crunched, the empty bag was laid aside, and the elephant applied himself to his water-tank as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture when an overwhelming *douche* from his well adjusted trunk obliterated the design and drenched the disappointed painter. Having, by this practical application of retributive justice, executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the mere instrument of wrong, marched proudly round his enclosure, loudly trumpeting forth his triumph."

We have left that story in the pleasant words of its accomplished narrator. Mr Thomson now shall tell us one in his way, and then we will go on with our own random recollections of the pleasant books, by means of which these gentlemen have poisoned our heads with tales. This illustrates the faculty of imitation—"An oran otan, brought up by Père Carbasson, became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him, whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting him

up in a room. Once, however, the animal swayed and followed the father to the church when, silently mounting the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in a grotesque manner, that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their intention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and actions, these he imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves but burst out into a loud and continual laughter. Of course a friend stepped up to acquaint the preacher with the existence of a second person above the sounding board co-operating with him zealously. And of course the culprit was taken out by the servants of the church with a face expressive of insulted innocence.

There was a dog trained to run on all fours for his master, who was trotting home one evening along a by-road with a basket containing hot pies for his master's supper when two highwaymen dogs burst out upon him and while he dogfully fought one the other buggeriously broke into his basket. The dog who was wily and saw instantly that fighting would not save the pies, the pies must go and it resolved itself into a question who should eat them. He at once gave up his contest with the adversary, if the pies were to be eaten—among dogs, at least—his night was the best, so he immediately darted on the basket and devoured all that remained.

A story of an elephant again comes to the surface. At Macassar an elephant driver had a coconut given him which he wantonly struck twice against the elephant's forehead to break it. The next day they were passing by some coconuts in the street exposed for sale. The elephant took up one and began to knock it on the driver's head. The result, unhappily, was fatal. Elephants commonly discriminate so well, as to apportion punishment to the offence against them they are considerate, merciful, and magnanimous. Another story of an elephant, we think, occurs in one of Mr. Broderick's books. A visitor to an elephant at a fair, having given to him one by one a number of good gingerbread nuts thought it a good joke to end by giving him at once a big full of the hottest kind. The elephant, distressed with pain, took bucket-full after bucket full of water and the joker, warned of his danger, had barely escaped over the threshold before the bucket was flung violently after his departing figure. A year afterwards, the foolish fellow came again, with gingerbread in one pocket and hot spice in the other. He began with his donations of gingerbread and then modestly substituted one hot nut. The moment it was tasted by

the elephant, the offender was remembered, and caught up into the air by his clothes, his weight tore them, and he fell leaving the elephant his tails and some part of his trousers. The animal putting them on the floor set his foot upon them, and having deliberately picked out of the pockets and eaten all the gingerbread that he considered orthodox, he trod upon the rest, and threw the tails away.

The Cape baboons appear to have a tact for battle like the Cistees. Lieutenant Shipp headed twenty men, to recapture sundry coats and trousers stolen by a Cape baboon. He made a circuit to cut off the marauders from their caverns, they observed him, and detaching a small troop to guard the entrance, kept their posts. They could be seen collecting large stones under the active superintendence of an old grey-headed baboon, who appeared to be issuing his orders in a general. The soldiers rushed to the attack, when down came an avalanche of enormous stones and Britons left baboons the masters of the situation.

Of monkey tricks the Indians have an amazing fable. A man went on a journey with a monkey and a goat, and he took with him for his refreshment rice and curds. Arrived at a tank the man resolved to bathe and dine. While he was in his bath the monkey ate his dinner, and, having wiped his mouth and paws on the goat's beard, he left the goat to settle his account. When the man came out of the bath, and found his dinner gone it was quite easy to see by the goat's beard who had stolen it.

The monkey was no ass. The sense of asses is not rated very high, but that is a mistake about them. They are shrewder people than we take them for, and kind-hearted as well. A poor higgler, living near Hawick, had an ass for his only companion and partner in the business. The higgler, being palsied was accustomed to assist himself often upon the road, by holding to the ass's tail. Once on their travels during a severe winter man and ass were plunged into a snow-wreath, near Ruk Water. After a hard struggle the ass got out, but, knowing that his helpless master was still buried he made his way to him, and placed himself so that his tail lay ready to his partner's hand. The higgler grasped it, and was dragged out to a place of safety. Zoologically speaking, it ought not to be thought disrespectful in a man to call his friend 'an ass.'

Elephants, again. They show then good taste and are very fond of children. Dr. Darwin says. The keeper of an elephant, in his journey in India, sometimes leaves him fixed to the ground by a length of chain, while he goes into the woods to collect food for him, and, by way of reciprocal attention, asks the elephant to mind his child—a child unable to walk—while he is gone. The animal defends it, lets it creep about his legs, and, when it creeps to the extremity of the chain,

he gently wraps his trunk about the infant's body, and brings it again into the middle of the circle

And now we cannot clear our minds of elephants without unburthening a story which we have heard from a tale teller with Indian experience, and which we imagine to be now first told in print. It causes us to feel that in a Parliament of animals, elephants would have divided in favour of a ten-hours bill. There was a large ship's rudder to be floated, men were busy about it one evening when a file of elephants were passing, on the way home from work, and it was proposed and carried that an elephant might as well save them their pains, and push the thing into the water for them. So an elephant was brought, and put his head down, and appeared to push with might, but not a beam stirred. Another was brought to help him, with the same result, and finally, as many elephants as the rudder would allow, seemed to be busy, and did nothing. So the elephants went home. They had stuck, and declined working out of business hours. Next morning on the way to work one elephant was again brought, and pushed the rudder down into the water almost as a man might push a walking stick.

Stories illustrative of the kindness, gratitude and kindred feelings of which animals are capable have no end, one follows on another, for, in fact, the animals, bird, beast and fish, are all good fellows, if you come to know them properly. A rat tamed by a prisoner at Genf slept in his bosom. Punished for some fault, it ran away, but its anger or its fear died and its love lived on. In a month it returned. The prisoner was released, and in the joy of liberty it did not come into his mind to take his old companion with him. The rat coiled itself up in some old clothes left by his friend, and that was left of him, abstained from food, and died in three days.

A surgeon at Dover saw in the streets a wounded terrier, and like a true man took it home with him, cured it in two days and let it go. The terrier ran home, resolved to pay the doctor by instalments. For many succeeding weeks he paid a daily visit to the surgery, wagged his tail violently for some minutes and departed. Tail wagging is dog's money, and when this dog thought that he had paid in his own coin a proper doctor's bill, the daily visit to the surgery was discontinued.

CHILPS

A VISIT TO THE BURRA BURRA MINES

FROM Adelaide to Burra Burra, ninety-six miles before us,—so many miles of exquisite enjoyment, should the weather only hold as brilliant as it is at starting. The "caller air" laden with the aroma of gum-trees, and infinite wild shrubs and flowers, considered even in a mere sensual light, leaves all the aldermanic

class of pleasures out of sight. We amble on, towards our first stage, Gawler Town, which is some two-and-twenty miles from Adelaide. We glance at the numerous snug little farms on either side of us. Harvest was long since ----- Everything had been, and was soon to be, in fields of wheat, barley, and oats, fields of maize, fields of lucerne, noble haystacks, here a well stocked kitchen garden, there a quarter of an acre, or so of gigantic pumpkins. At this door is a chubby little rogue of four or five summers, in friendly contest with the great shaggy dog. Pleasant is it, too to see the little fixen heads amongst the clumps of vines, and the ruddy-faced youngsters shading their eyes with their hands from the sun, that they may get a good look at us in passing. Then there are the clucking of ducks, the grunting of unsexed pigs the mastery of the strutting turkeys, and the solemn strings of geese.

We are in sight of Gawler Town, the horses know it for they prick their ears, and bestir themselves, expectant of the sweet lucerne hay, and the cobs of Indian corn. Gawler Town is an embryo, the seed of a town just coming up, as yet, an unpretending village, but vigorous striving prosperous butchers, bakers, grocers, tailors, shoemakers, all the artists necessary to the nice physical man. Our innkeeper you would consider to be a man too good for his business, if he did not make you so comfortable. A man of decent education and of tact, he readily accepts our invitation to be seated, he has narrative talent, so that we enjoy being Tom Jones or Parson Adams for a night, and luxuriate in our emancipation from the passionless community of waiters.

Next morning, before daylight, we are once more in the saddle. Farms again picturesque, creeks groups of cattle, flocks of sheep, an occasional black fellow, or a twaddled horseman, smoking a 'cutty' pipe. By mid-day we reach Captain Bagot's Kapunda mine, at the village of that name. This is one of the first discovered copper mines in the country, and ranks in productiveness next after the Burra Burra. We are treated most hospitably by the gallant and fortunate proprietor, and, after spending the rest of the day and the following night with him, are sent onwards the next morning rejoicing.

There is no change in the character of scenery, except that it has more hill and less wood. A singular deficiency of wood becomes observable as you advance still further, and the sterility of the earth for many miles before you reach Koorunga, suggests to you that the wealth beneath the surface is only reasonable compensation for the poverty above.

Yet one night more on the road. We are now only about fifteen miles from the famed Burra Burra. But the dusk of the short twilight of this latitude comes upon us, and compels an election between a squalid

looking little "public" on the way side, or the risk of losing our way if we proceed. The inn, at which we now seek entertainment, is a mere weather board hut, about eighteen feet long, by about ten feet wide, and this moderate space is again subdivided into bar, parlour, and dormitories.

By eleven o'clock the next morning we are comfortably housed in the Koorunga hotel, and our journey is at an end. When we reached Burrumbidgee, three or four directors, with their secretary, had just arrived in a carriage and four, for the purpose of making the monthly inspection of the mines. I arranged to accompany them.

Accordingly, we all wended our way together across the hilly pass which lies between the front of the hotel and the mine. As we came to the top of this pass, we could command a perfect view of the hollow or basin under which the treasures of the Burrumbidgee lie. Numerous cottages, long sheds, and ranges of stalls for horses, high ladders, immense beams, wheels, and winzes, were spread about upon a surface of some nine or ten acres. Vast mounds of copper ore of the richest quality were piled up on every side, but the occasional apparition of a red-shirted miner, issuing from or disappearing down a hole, reminded us that the principal interest was subterranean.

'Going below,' is a proceeding for which one must dress. Under the guidance of Mr. Burr, the then manager of the mine, we repaired to one of the cottages, and having substituted red mining shirts for our coats, we were all soon collected together at the mouth of one of the shafts. The mining captain, a very muscular and curly-looking Cornish man, with a necklace of tallow candles, next presented to each of us a lighted dip, to be held in the left hand as we descended. He then stepped upon the perpendicular ladder with the confidence of a cat, and in an instant was out of sight. A director followed him. Then another director, and another, until all the directors had disappeared. At last, the 'Now then, sir' of the worthy secretary, put me upon the ladder too. The sensation of descending is a peculiar one to the novice who reflects that there is a hole two hundred and forty feet deep down which he must be precipitated before he feels the earth once more under his feet. Once, however, that his foot is firmly planted on the floor of the uppermost gallery, he feels perfectly comfortable, and not a little delighted, at dazing branches of ore, reflecting the light of the miners' lanterns, glittered in caves, hung over our heads, and cropped out in huge bunches, in every direction. From this gallery, we were led to another, and another, and another, ascending and descending to higher and lower levels,—all brilliant with walls, floors, and ceiling, green, and red, and blue. Upwards of two hundred miners were employed underground, and, of course, many hundreds more

were working on the surface. Yet the works scarcely extend over a dozen of the ten thousand acres of mineral land possessed by the company.

We continued under ground during two or three hours. When we came up, some new "discoveries" were to be "christened," and this is always done in Champagne and pale ale. I eluded the kind invitation to share in the ceremony, and made my escape.

Albeit this mine has, both directly and indirectly, so greatly advanced the material prosperity of the colony, yet it may reasonably be doubted whether it has proved equally beneficial to the morals of the people. A certain gambling spirit is almost necessarily engendered amongst all classes. It is known that the five pound Burrumbidgee shares have been paying forty pounds a year in dividends, and that gentlemen who put five hundred pounds originally into the concern have been and are still enjoying four thousand pounds of annual income as interest for their money. Such facts as these take a strong hold of irritable imaginations, and ruin has awaited many who have been allured from steadier pursuits by the fascinations of a mining enterprise.

A NOVELTY IN RAILWAY LOCOMOTION

We entered lately a large shop belonging to an upholsterer in the City Road, where we were politely directed to the cellar stairs. These we descended. A descent into a cellar usually suggests some such ideas as my horse imagined of the who made the Alps their stairs to walk down into Italy, a land of wine. Such ideas did not suggest themselves to our minds in the present instance. To be sure, wine was the first thing that we saw, neatly decanted, and placed with sundry establishments on a white tablecloth, at the foot of the said cellar stairs; but that was accidental to the occasion upon which we went. We went where there were sundry gentlemen, gray and grave gentlemen, who had in that cellar matter to think about, and Britons like to eat and drink when they are thinking. Our own digestion being limited to a fixed number of daily supplies, and not being blessed with the power of taking lunch an indefinite number of times in one day, we turned from the little table with the tablecloth upon it, to the large table on which miniature railway trains were rolling to and fro.

It was a large long cellar, lighted by gas, and a buzz of gentlemen intent upon their business settled about us, ready to supply all useful information. Down the whole length of the long cellar ran a narrow table, which, with the necessary furniture of plates and paupers, would have looked like an indefinite extension of a workhouse dining table. On this table were laid down miniature rails, and it was in fact established there to represent, on a reduced scale, a line of railway, for the purpose of exhibiting a working model of

"Messrs. Cunningham and Carter's Railway Haulage Patents."

Whether the plan proposed by Messrs Cunningham and Carter be a good plan or a bad plan, we are disqualified from assesting. To us it presented itself simply as an ingenious idea displayed in a model, pretty enough as a large toy, and perhaps valuable as the sign of what will hereafter be done in solid earnest. In this spirit, with which we came away, neither of hope nor of despondency, waiting for verdicts of more value than our own, we propose now to relate briefly what our eyes provided us to tell.

There was in the corner of the cellar, worked by steam, a substantial air-pump, exhausting a main-pipe, which ran like a little gas-pipe in the model by the side of the very long table, or the miniature line of rail. The pipe, at which the great engine is always sucking, connects the great or mother engine with a brood of little ones, attached in pairs, one on each side of the line, and with a short distance between pair and pair. Now these little engines are air-engines. The touching of a little spring opens a little vent, admits the air into exhausted pipes, where its force of course acts as the force of steam commonly acts, and sets machinery in motion. The machinery produces the revolution on each side of wheels directed horizontally towards the train. The arrival of a train touches a spring, admits the air, and sets the machine in motion. The wheels on each side revolve, and gripping the train between them by a line of rail fastened on purpose for them to the carriages, they shoot the said train on. It has no other motive power. It is not dragged by a locomotive; but the lateral wheels, fixed to the railway, playing upon the train, they do the work. The last act of a train, before leaving one pair of engines, is, by touching a second spring, to shut out the air it had admitted, and either a new pair of wheels bites the train by its nose before its tail has escaped from the last impetus, or else these little stationary engines are so close together, that the impulse communicated by a first shoots the train to a second, where it is again tossed on before its speed had time to dwindle, as a shuttlecock in motion might, by expert players, be made to run along a line of battle-boards.

If it be requisite to stop, retard, or accelerate the train, of course there is a break, but the chief agency depends upon the movement of a handle, which increases or diminishes the width between the lateral rails fixed to the carriages, which fit into the wheels fixed to the railway line. If these be contracted beyond a certain point, they do not touch the wheels at all, and the train soon stops for want of propelling power. If they be expanded up to a certain point, expansion increases the firmness of the grip, and increases also the decision with which the impulse is communicated by each pair of engines; but beyond a certain point

expansion makes it more difficult for the train to squeeze its way through, resistance is created, and the train retarded in its speed. Upon a circular railway in a corner of the cellar, we saw trains revolving on this principle incessantly, and upon the long line of table, or railway, we saw all the various contrivances put into play with perfect success.

How this application of the atmospheric principle, so pretty in a model, would work in the reality, we are not competent to say. Our ignorance has various misgivings, but in such matters, and many others, it would be an excellent rule if all who are incompetent to judge would refrain from the expression of a judgment.

On the scale of nature there would be along a line of railway one great air pump every ten miles, and the main-pipe of each would then serve one hundred and fifty pairs of air-engines moving the wheels, which, by contact with the rails affixed to each side of the carriages, give motion to the train. The air-engines would, therefore, be stationed along the whole line, at distances of one hundred and fourteen yards apart. The trains would be as they now are, with the side-rail apparatus fitted to them, and the great steam-horses, the locomotive engines, will follow the fate of the coach horses, whenever—if ever—the present motive power is superseded by Messrs Cunningham and Carter's plan of Haulage. The report of a civil engineer has been placed in our hands, by which the pounds, shillings, and pence account is calculated to be very greatly indeed in favour of the new plan.

When we had seen this, and heard much more than this, we thought that we had spent quite enough time in the bowels of the earth. So we returned through the upholsterer's shop into the enjoyment of as much sun as usually shines in February on the pavement of the City Road.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE

THERE are many ways of showing ourselves sensitive, but we now have to dwell only upon one. Some weeks ago ("Household Words," vol. iv, p 403), we called attention—in an article, entitled "New Discoveries in Ghosts"—to the experiments of Baron Reichenbach on people more than usually sensitive to the impressions of odylc force. These people, in rooms absolutely dark, see the odylc light streaming from the poles of strong magnets, &c; and are acted upon, to a notable extent, by odylc currents in the earth, and in human or other bodies. We said—following Reichenbach's first treatise—that he had found these sensitives in hospitals chiefly, and among people of peculiar nervous habit—one patient was cataleptic; and that, occasionally, healthy people had been found to manifest a high degree of this species of sensibility.

By a competent authority, our attention is

now directed to the fact, that if we had read—as we had not read—Reichenbach's second treatise, we should have found that he not only confirms what he before stated, but pushes on his ground, by declaring that, with more experience, he finds the sensitives to be not at all confined to sickly constitutions, that a very large proportion of the healthy people whom we meet with in society, are capable of seeing the phenomena of the odyle light and of confirming, in their persons his experiments. He states that he now prefers to experiment on healthy people, and that he believes one third of the population to be sensitive.

We think it important not to omit giving the experiments of Baron Reichenbach the opportunity which this statement affords of easy confirmation or rejection. If anything near one person in three is sensitive, then it is only necessary for an institution like the Polytechnic (for example, to carry a large magnet into its Lecture Theatre, to give to the public a short preliminary sketch of Reichenbach's doctrine, and then darken the room effectually. Those who are sensitive to the odyle light may then declare themselves, and if they stand this test, more of Reichenbach's experiments can readily be made. Baron Reichenbach himself desires inquiry, his facts are important, and it becomes all good philosophers to repeat his experiments as, and if they are able.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH

It was now the year of our Lord one thousand and two hundred and seventy-two, and Prince Edward the heir to the throne, being away in the Holy Land, knew nothing of his father's death. The Buons, however, proclaimed him King immediately after the Royal funeral, and the people very willingly consented, since most men knew too well by this time what the horrors of a contest for the crown were. So King Edward the First, called, in a not very complimentary manner, LONGSHANKS, because of the slenderness of his legs, was peacefully accepted by the English Nation.

His legs had need to be strong, however long, and thin they were, for they had to support him through many difficulties on the fiery sands of Asia, where his small force of soldiers faunted, died, deserted, and seemed to melt away. But his prowess made light of it, and he said, "I will go on, if I go on with no other follower than my groom."

A Prince of this spirit gave the Turks a great deal of trouble. He stormed Nazareth, at which place, of all places on earth, I am sorry to relate, he made a frightful slaughter of innocent people, and then he went to Acre, where he got a truce of ten years from the Sultan. He had very nearly

lost his life in Acre through the treachery of a Saracen Noble, called the Emir of Jaffa, who, making the pretence that he had some idea of turning Christian and wanted to know all about that religion, sent a trusty messenger to Edward very often—with a dagger in his sleeve. At last, one Friday in Whitsun week, when it was very hot, and all the sandy prospect lay beneath the blazing sun burnt up like a great overdone biscuit, and Edward was lying on a couch, dressed for coolness in only a loose robe, the messenger, with his chocolate-colored face, and his bright dark eyes, and white teeth came creeping in with a letter, and kneeled down like a tame tiger. But, the moment Edward stretched out his hand to take the letter, the tiger male springing at his heart. He was quick, but Edward was quick too. He seized the traitor by his chocolate throat, threw him to the ground, and slew him with the very dagger he had drawn. The weapon had struck Edward in the arm, and although the wound itself was slight it threatened to be mortal for the blade of the dagger had been smeared with poison. Thanks, however, to a better surgeon than was often to be found in those times, and to some wholesome herbs, and above all, to his faithful wife, LIFANOR, who devotedly nursed him, and is said by some to have sucked the poison from the wound with her own red lips (which I am very willing to believe), Edward soon recovered and was sound again.

As the King his father had sent entreaties to him to turn home, he now began the journey. He had got as far as Italy, when he met the messengers who brought him intelligence of the King's death. Hearing that all was so quiet at home, he made no haste to return to his own dominions, but paid a visit to the Pope, and went in state through various Italian Fovons, where he was welcomed with acclamations as a mighty champion of the Cross from the Holy Land, and where he received presents of purple mantles and prancing horses, and went along in great triumph. The shouting people little knew that he was the last English monarch who would ever embark in a crusade, or that within twenty years every conquest which the Christians had made in the Holy Land at the cost of so much blood, would be won back by the Turks. But all this came to pass.

There was, and there is, an old town standing in a plain in France, called Chalons. When the King was coming towards this place on his way to England, a wily French Lord, called the Count of Chalons, sent him a polite challenge to come with his knights and hold a fair tournament with the Count and his knights, and make a day of it with sword and lance. It was represented to the King that the Count of Chalons was not to be trusted, and that, instead of a holiday fight for mere show and in good humour, he

secretly meant a real battle, in which the English should be defeated by superior force.

The King, however, nothing afraid, went to the appointed place on the appointed day with a thousand followers. When the Count came with two thousand and attacked the English in earnest, the English rushed at them with such valour that the Count's men and the Count's horses soon began to be tumbled down all over the field. The Count himself seized the King round the neck but the King tumbled him out of his saddle in return for the compliment, and jumping from his own horse and standing over him, beat away at his iron armour like a blacksmith hammering on his anvil. Even when the Count, who himself defeated and offered his sword the King would not do him the honor to take it but made him yield it up to a common soldier. There had been such fury shown in this fight that it was afterwards called the little Battle of Chalus.

The English were very well disposed to be proud of their King after these adventures, so, when he landed at Dover in the year one thousand two hundred and seventy-four (being then thirty-six years old) and went on to Westminster, where he and his good Queen were crowned with great magnificence, splendid rejoicings took place. For the coronation feast there were provided among other eatables four hundred oxen, four hundred sheep, four hundred and fifty pigs, eighteen wild boars, three hundred flitches of bacon and twenty thousand fowls. The fountains and conduits in the streets flowed with red and white wine instead of water, the rich citizens hung silks and cloths of the brightest colours out of their windows to increase the beauty of the show, and threw out gold and silver by whole handfuls to make scrambles for the crowd. In short there was such eating and drinking, such music and capering, such a ringing of bells and tossing up of cups, such shouting and singing, and revelling, as the narrow overhanging streets of old London City had not witnessed for many a long day. All the people were merry except the Jews, who, trembling within their houses, and scarcely daring to peep out, began to foresee that they would have to find the money for this revelity sooner or later.

To discuss this sad subject of the Jews for the present, I am sorry to add that in this reign they were most unmercifully pillaged. They were hanged in great numbers, on accusations of having clipped the King's coin—which all kinds of people had done. They were heavily taxed, they were disgracefully badged, they were, on one day, thirteen years after the coronation, taken up, with their wives and children, and thrown into beastly prisons, until they purchased their release by paying to the King twelve thousand pounds. Finally, every kind of property belonging to them was seized by the King, except so little as would defray the charge of their taking

themselves away into foreign countries. Many years elapsed before the hope of gain induced any of their race to return to England, where they had been treated so heartlessly and had suffered so much.

If King Edward the First had been as bad a King to Christians as he was to Jews, he would have been bad indeed. But he was, in general, a wise and great monarch, under whom the country much improved. He had no love for the Great Charter—few kings had, through many many years—but he had high qualities. The first bold object that he conceived when he came home was to unite under one Sovereign England, Scotland and Wales, the two last of which countries had each a little King of its own about whom the people were always quarrelling and fighting, and making a prodigious disturbance—a great deal more than he was worth. In the course of King Edward's reign he was engaged besides, in a war with France. To make these quarrels clearer, we will separate their histories and take them thus: Wales first, France, second, Scotland, third.

LLEWELLYN was the Prince of Wales. He had been on the side of the Barons in the reign of the stupid old King, but had afterwards sworn all grace to him. When King Edward came to the throne, Llewellyn was required to swear allegiance to him also, which he refused to do. The King, being crown'd and in his own dominions, three times more required Llewellyn to come and do homage, and three times more Llewellyn said he would rather not. He was going to be married to ELIZABETH DE MONTFORT, a young lady of the family mentioned in the last reign, and it chanced that this young lady, coming from France with her youngest brother, LEMERIC, was taken by in English ship, and was ordered by the English King to be detained. Upon this, the quarrel came to a head. The King went, with his fleet, to the coast of Wales, where, so encompassing Llewellyn, that he could only take refuge in the bleak mountain region of Snowdon in which no provisions could reach him, he was soon starved into an apology and into a treaty of peace, and into paying the expenses of the war. The King however, forgave him some of the hardest conditions of the treaty, and consented to his marriage. And he now thought he had reduced Wales to obedience.

But, the Welsh, although they were naturally a gentle, quiet, pleasant people, who liked to receive strangers in their cottages among the mountains, and to set before them with free hospitality whatever they had to eat and drink, and to play to them on their harps, and sing their native ballads to them, were a people of great spirit when their blood was up. Englishmen, after this affair, began to be insolent in Wales, and to assume the air of masters, and the Welsh pride could not bear it. Moreover, they believed

in that unlucky old Merlin, some of whose unlucky old prophecies somebody seemed always doomed to remember when there was a chance of its doing harm, and just at this time some blind old gentl man with a harp and a long white beard, who was in excellent person, but had become of an unknown age and tedious, burst out with a declaration that Merlin had predicted that when English money should become round, a Prince of Wales would be crowned in London. Now, King Edward had recently forbidden the English penny to be cut up into halves and quarters for halfpence and farthings, and had actually introduced a round coin, therefore, the Welsh people said this was the time Merlin meant, and rose accordingly.

King Edward had bought over Prince David, Llewellyn's brother, by heapin' favors upon him, but he was the first to revolt, being perhaps troubled in his conscience. One stormy night, he surprised the Castle of Harwarden in possession of which an English nobleman had been left, killed the whole garrison, and carried off the nobleman a prisoner to Snowdon. Upon this, the Welsh people rose like one man. King Edward with his army, marching from Worcester to the Menai Strait crossed it—men to whom the wonderful tubular iron bridge now in days so different, makes a passage for half way Tunnus—by a bridge of boats that enabled forty men to march abreast. He subdued the Island of Anglesea and sent his men forward to observe the enemy. The sudden appearance of the Welsh created a panic among them, and they fell back to the bridge. The tide had in the meantime risen and separated the boats, the Welsh pursued them, they were driven into the sea, and there they sunk, in their heavy iron armor, by thousand. After this Victory Llewellyn, helped by the severe winter-weather of Wales, gained another battle, but, the King ordering a portion of his English army to advance through South Wales and catch him between two foes and Llewellyn bravely turning to meet this new enemy, he was surprised and killed—very meanly, for he was unarmed and defenceless. His head was struck off and sent to London, where it was fixed up on the Tower, encircled with a wreath, some say of ivy, some say of willow, some say of silver, to make it look like a ghastly crown in ridicule of the prediction.

David, however, still held out for six months, though eagerly sought after by the King, and hunted by his own courtiers. One of them finally betrayed him with his wife and children. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and, from that time this became the established punishment of Traitors in England—a punishment which is wholly without excuse as being revolting, vile, and cruel, after its object is dead, and which has no sense in it, as its only real degradation (and that nothing can

blot out), is to the country that permits on any consideration such abominable barbarity.

Wales was now subdued. The Queen giving birth to a young prince in the Castle of Carnarvon, the King showed him to the Welsh people as their countryman, and called him Prince of Wales, a title that has ever since been borne by the heir apparent to the English Throne—which that little Prince soon became by the death of his elder brother. The King did better things for the Welsh than that, by improving their laws and encouraging their trade. Disturbances still took place, chiefly occasioned by the avarice and pride of the English Lords, on whom Welsh lands and castles had been bestowed, but they were subdued and the country never rose again. There is a legend that to prevent the people from being incited to rebellion by the songs of their bards and harpers Edward had them all put to death. Some of them may have fallen among other men who held out against the King, but this general slaughter is I think, a fancy of the harpers themselves who I dare say made a song about it many years afterwards, and sang it by the Welsh firesides until it came to be believed.

The foreign war of the reign of Edward the First arose in this way. The crews of two vessels, one a Norman ship and the other an English ship happened to go to the same place in their boats to fill their casks with fresh water. Being such angry fellows they began to quarrel, and then to fight—the English with their fists, the Normans with their knives—and in the fight a Norman was killed. The Norman crew, instead of revenging themselves upon those English sailors with whom they had quarrelled (who were too strong for them, I suspect), took to their ship again in a great rage, attacked the first English ship they met, laid hold of an unoffending merchant who happened to be on board, and brutally hanged him in the rigging of their own vessel with a dog at his feet. This so enraged the English sailors that there was no restraining him, and whenever, and wherever, English sailors met Norman sailors they fell upon each other tooth and nail. The Irish and Dutch sailors took part with the English, the French and Genoese sailors helped the Normans, and thus the greater part of the numbers sailing over the sea became, in their way, as violent and raging as the sea itself when it is disturbed.

King Edward's fame had been so high abroad that he had been chosen to decide a difference between France and another foreign power, and had lived upon the continent three years. At first, neither he nor the French King PHILIP (the good Louis had been dead some time) interfered in these quarrels, but, when a fleet of eighty English ships engaged and utterly defeated a Norman fleet of two hundred, in a pitched battle fought round a

ship at anchor, in which no quarter was given, the matter became too serious to be passed over. King Edward, as Duke of Guenne, was summoned to present himself before the King of France, at Paris, and answer for the damage done by his sailor subjects. At first, he sent the Bishop of London as his representative, and then his brother EDMUND, who was married to the French Queen's mother. I am afraid Edmund was an easy man, and allowed himself to be talked over by his charming relations, the French court ladies, at all events, he was induced to give up his brother's dukedom for forty days—as a mere form, the French King said, to satisfy his honor—and he was so very much astonished, when the time was out, to find that the French King had no idea of giving it up again, that I should not wonder if it hastened his death, which soon took place.

King Edward was a King to win his foreign dukedom back again if it could be won by energy and valour. He raised a large army, renounced his allegiance as Duke of Guenne, and crossed the sea to carry war into France. Before any important battle was fought, however, a truce was agreed upon for two years, and, in the course of that time, the Pope effected a reconciliation. King Edward, who was now a widower, having lost his affectionate and good wife Eleanor, married the French King's sister MARGARET, and the Prince of Wales was contracted to the French King's daughter ISABELLA.

Out of bad things, good things sometimes arise. Out of this hanging of the innocent merchant, and the bloodshed and strife it caused, there came to be established one of the greatest powers that the English people now possess. The preparations for the war being very expensive, and King Edward greatly wanting money, and being very arbitrary in his ways of raising it, some of the Barons began firmly to oppose him. Two of them, in particular, HUMPHRY BOHUN, Earl of Hereford, and ROGER BIGOD, Earl of Norfolk, were so stout against him, that they maintained he had no right to command them to head his forces in Guenne, and flatly refused to go there. "By Heaven, Sir Earl," said the King to the Earl of Hereford in a great passion, "you shall either go or be hanged." "By Heaven, Sir King," replied the Earl of Hereford, "I will neither go nor yet will I be hanged!" and both he and the other Earl sturdily left the court, attended by many Lords. The King tried every means of raising money. He taxed the clergy in spite of all the Pope said to the contrary, and when they refused to pay, reduced them to submission, by saying, "Very well, then they had no claim upon the government for protection, and any man might plunder them who would—which a good many men were very ready to do, and very readily did, and which the clergy found too losing a game to be played at long. He seized

all the wool and leather in the hands of the merchants, promising to pay for it some fine day, and he set a tax upon the exportation of wool, which was so unpopular among the traders that it was called "The evil toll." But all would not do. The Barons, led by those two great Earls, declared any taxes imposed without the consent of Parliament, unlawful, and the Parliament refused to impose taxes, until the King should confirm afresh the two Great Charters, and should solemnly declare in writing, that there was no power in the country to raise money from the people, evermore, but the power of Parliament representing all ranks of the people. The King was very unwilling to diminish his own power by allowing this great privilege in the Parliament, but there was no help for it, and he at last complied. We shall come to another King by-and-by, who might have saved his head from rolling off, if he had profited by this example.

The people gained other benefits in Parliament from the good sense and wisdom of this King. Many of the laws were much improved, provision was made for the greater safety of travellers, and the apprehension of thieves and murderers, the priests were prevented from holding too much land, and so becoming too powerful, and Justices of the Peace were first appointed (though not at first under that name) in various parts of the country.

And now we come to Scotland which was the great and lasting trouble of the reign of King Edward the first.

About thirteen years after King Edward's coronation, Alexander the Third, the King of Scotland, died of a fall from his horse. He had been married to Margaret, King Edward's sister. All their children being dead, the Scottish crown became the right of a young Princess only eight years old, the daughter of Eric, King of Norway, who had married a daughter of the deceased sovereign. King Edward proposed, that the Maiden of Norway, as this Princess was called, should be engaged to be married to his eldest son, but, unfortunately, as she was coming over to England she fell sick, and landing on one of the Orkney Islands, died there. A great commotion immediately began in Scotland, where as many as thirteen noisy claimants to the vacant throne started up and made a general confusion.

King Edward being much renowned for his sagacity and justice, it seems to have been agreed to refer the dispute to him. He accepted the trust, and went, with an army, to the Border land where England and Scotland joined. There, he called upon the Scottish gentlemen to meet him at the Castle of Norham, on the English side of the river Tweed, and to that castle they came. But, before he would take any step in the business, he required those Scottish gentlemen, one and

all, to do homage to him as their superior Lord; and when they hesitated, he said, "By holy Edward, whose crown I wear, I will have my rights, or I will die in maintaining them!" The Scottish gentlemen, who had not expected this, were disconcerted, and asked for three weeks to think about it.

At the end of the three weeks, another meeting took place, on a green plain on the Scottish side of the river. Of all the competitors for the Scottish throne, there were only two who had any real claim, in right of their near kindred to the Royal family. These were JOHN BALIOL and ROBERT BRUCE: and the right was, I have no doubt, on the side of John Baliol. At this particular meeting John Baliol was not present, but Robert Bruce was; and on Robert Bruce being formally asked whether he acknowledged the King of England for his superior lord, he answered, plainly and distinctly, Yes, he did. Next day, John Baliol appeared, and said the same. This point settled, some arrangements were made for inquiring into their titles.

The inquiry occupied a pretty long time—more than a year. While it was going on, King Edward took the opportunity of making a journey through Scotland, and calling upon the Scottish people of all degrees to acknowledge themselves his vassals, or be imprisoned until they did. In the meanwhile, Commissioners were appointed to conduct the inquiry, a Parliament was held at Berwick about it, the two claimants were heard at full length, and there was a vast amount of talking. At last, in the great hall of the Castle of Berwick, the King gave judgment in favour of John Baliol: who, consenting to receive his crown by the King of England's favour and permission, was crowned at Scone, in an old stone chair which had been used for ages in the abbey there, at the coronations of Scottish Kings. Then, King Edward caused the great seal of Scotland, used since the late King's death, to be broken in four pieces, and placed in the English Treasury; and considered that he now had Scotland (according to the common saying) under his thumb.

Scotland had a strong will of its own yet, however. King Edward, determined that the Scottish King should not forget he was his vassal, summoned him repeatedly to come and defend himself and his Judges before the English Parliament when appeals from the decisions of Scottish courts of justice were being heard. At length, John Baliol, who had no great heart of his own, had so much heart put into him by the brave spirit of the Scottish people, who took this as a national insult, that he refused to come any more. Thereupon, the King further required him to help him in his war abroad (which was then in progress), and to give up, as security for his good behaviour in future, the three strong Scottish Castles of Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick. Nothing of this being done; on the contrary, the Scottish people concealing

their King among their mountains in the Highlands and showing a determination to resist, Edward marched to Berwick with an army of thirty thousand foot, and four thousand horse; took the Castle, and slew its whole garrison, and the inhabitants of the town as well—men, women, and children. LORD WARRENNE, Earl of Surrey, then went on to the Castle of Dunbar, before which a battle was fought, and the whole Scottish army defeated with great slaughter. The victory being complete, the Earl of Surrey was left as guardian of Scotland; the principal offices in that kingdom were given to Englishmen; the more powerful Scottish Nobles were obliged to come and live in England; the Scottish crown and sceptre were brought away; and even the old stone chair was carried off and placed in Westminster Abbey, where you may see it now. Baliol had the Tower of London lent him for a residence, with permission to range about within a circle of twenty miles. Three years afterwards he was allowed to go to Normandy, where he had estates, and where he passed the remaining six years of his life: far more happily, I dare say, than he had lived for a long while in angry Scotland.

Now, there was, in the West of Scotland, a gentleman of small fortune, named WILLIAM WALLACE, the second son of a Scottish knight. He was a man of great size and great strength; he was very brave and daring; when he spoke to a body of his countrymen, he could rouse them in a wonderful manner by the power of his burning words; he loved Scotland dearly, and he hated England with his utmost might. The domineering conduct of the English who now held the places of trust in Scotland made them as intolerable to the proud Scottish people, as they had been, under similar circumstances, to the Welsh; and no man in all Scotland regarded them with so much smothered rage as William Wallace. One day, an Englishman in office, little knowing what he was, affronted him. Wallace instantly struck him dead, and taking refuge among the rocks and hills, and there joining with his countryman, SIR WILLIAM DOUGLAS, who was also in arms against King Edward, became the most resolute and undaunted champion of a people struggling for their independence that ever lived upon the earth.

The English Guardian of the Kingdom fled before him, and, thus encouraged, the Scottish people revolted everywhere, and fell upon the English without mercy. The Earl of Surrey, by the King's commands, raised all the power of the border counties, and two English armies poured into Scotland. Only one Chief, in the face of those armies, stood by Wallace, who, with a force of forty thousand men, awaited the invaders at a place called Cambrakeneth, on the river Forth, opposite to Stirling. Across the river there was only one poor wooden bridge—so narrow, that but two

men could cross it abreast. With his eyes upon this bridge, Wallace posted the greater part of his men among some rising grounds, and waited calmly. When the English army came up on the opposite bank of the river, messengers were sent forward to offer terms. Wallace sent them back with a defiance, in the name of the freedom of Scotland. Some of the officers of the Earl of Surrey in command of the English with their eyes also on the bridge, advised him to be discreet and not hasty. He, however, urged to immediate battle by some other officers and particularly by CRESSINGHAM, King Edward's treasurer, and a rash man, gave the word of command to advance. One thousand English crossed the bridge, two abreast. The Scottish troops were as motionless as stone images. Two thousand English crossed, three thousand, four thousand, five. Not a feather all this time, had been seen to stir among the Scottish bonnets. Now, they all fluttered. "Forward, on my foot, to the foot of the Bridge!" cried Wallace, "and let no more English cross!" The rest down with me on the five thousand who have come over, and cut them all to pieces. It was done in the sight of the whole remainder of the English army, who could give no help. Cressingham himself was killed, and the Scotch made whips for their horses of his skin.

King Edward was abroad at this time, and during the successes on the Scottish side which followed and which enabled the bold Wallace to win the whole country back again, and even to ravage the English borders. But after a few winter months the King returned and took the field with more than his usual energy. One night when he came from his horse, as they both lay on the ground together, broke two of his ribs, and a cry arose that he was killed, he leapt up into his saddle, regardless of the pain he suffered, and rode through the camp. Day then appearing he gave the word (still of course in that bruised andaching state) "Forward!" and led his army on to near Falkirk, where the Scottish forces were seen drawn up on some stony ground, behind a morass. Here, he defeated Wallace, and killed fifteen thousand of his men. With the shattered remainder Wallace drew back to Stirling, but being pursued set fire to the town that it might give no help to the English, and escaped. The inhabitants of Perth afterwards set fire to their houses for the same reason, and the King, unable to find provisions, was forced to withdraw his army.

Another ROBERT BRUCE, the grandson of him who had disputed the Scottish crown with Baliol, was now in arms against the King (that elder Bruce being dead), and also JOHN COMYN, Baliol's nephew. These two young men might agree with Bruce in opposing Edward, but could agree in nothing else, as they were rivals for the throne of Scotland. Probably it was because they knew this, and knew what troubles must arise even if they

could hope to get the better of the great English King, that the principal Scottish people applied to the Pope for his interference. The Pope, on the principle of losing nothing for want of trying to get it, very coolly claimed that Scotland belonged to him, but this was a little too much, and the Parliament in a friendly manner told him so.

In the spring time of the year one thousand three hundred and three, the King sent SIR JOHN SEGRAVE whom he made Governor of Scotland, with twenty thousand men, to reduce the rebels. Sir John was not as careful as he should have been, but encamped at Rosslyn, near Edinburgh, with his army divided into three parts. The Scottish forces saw their advantage full on each part separately, defeated each and killed all the prisoners. Then, came the king himself once more, as soon as a great army could be raised, he passed through the whole north of Scotland, laying waste whatsoever came in his way, and he took up his winter quarters at Dunfermline. The Scottish cause now looked so hopeless that Comyn and the other nobles made submission and received their pardons. Wallace alone stood out. He was invited to surrender, though on no distinct pledge that his life should be spared, but he still defied the useful King, and lived among the steep crags of the Highland glens where the eagles made their nests and where the mountain torrents roared and the white snow was deep and the bitter winds blew round his unsheltered head as he lay, through many a pitch dark night, wrapped up in his plaid. Nothing could break his spirit, nothing could bow his courage, nothing could induce him to forget or to forgive his country's wrongs. Even when the Castle of Stirling, which had long held out, was besieged by the King, with every kind of military engine then in use, even when the lead upon cathedral roofs was taken down to help to make them, even when the King, though now an old man, commanded in the siege as if he were a youth, being so resolved to conquer, even when the brave garrison (then found with amazement to be not two hundred people including several ladies) were starved and beaten out and were made to submit on their knees, and with every form of disgrace that could aggravate their sufferings, even then, when there was not a ray of hope in Scotland William Wallace was as proud and firm as if he had beheld the powerful and relentless Edward lying dead at his feet.

Who betrayed him in the end, is not quite certain. That he was betrayed—probably by an attendant—is too true. He was taken to the Castle of Dumbarton, under SIR JOHN MENTEITH, and thence to London, where the great fame of his bravery and resolution attracted immense concourses of people to behold him. He was tried in Westminster Hall, with a crown of laurel on his head—it is supposed because he was reported to

have said that he ought to wear, or that he would wear, a crown there—and was found guilty as a robber, a murderer, and a traitor. What they called a robber (he said to those who tried him) he was, because he had taken spoil from the King's men. What they called a murderer, he was, because he had slain an insolent Englishman. What they called a traitor, he was not, for he had never sworn allegiance to the King, and had ever scorned to do it. He was dragged at the tails of horses to West Smithfield, and there hanged on a high gallows, torn open before he was dead, beheaded, and quartered. His head was set upon a pole on London Bridge, his right arm was sent to Newcastle, his left arm to Berwick, his legs to Perth and Aberdeen. But if King Edward had had his body cut into inches, and had sent every separate inch into a separate town, he could not have dispersed it half so far and wide as his fame. Wallace will be remembered in songs and stories, while there are songs and stories in the English tongue, and Scotland will hold him dear while her lakes and mountains last.

Released from this dreaded enemy, the King made a fairer plan of Government for Scotland, divided the offices of honor among Scottish gentlemen and English gentlemen, forgave past offences, and thought, in his old age, that his work was done. But he deceived himself. Comyn and Bruce conspired, and made an appointment to meet at Dumfries, in the church of the Minorites. There is a story that Comyn was false to Bruce, and had informed against him to the King; that Bruce was warned of his danger and the necessity of flight, by receiving, one night as he sat at supper, from his friend the Earl of Gloucester, twelve pennies and a pair of spurs; that as he was riding angrily to keep his appointment (through a snow-storm, with his horse's shoes reversed that he might not be tracked) he met an evil-looking serving man, a messenger of Comyn, whom he killed, and concealed in whose dress he found letters that proved Comyn's treachery. However this may be, they were likely enough to quarrel in any case, being hot-headed rivals; and, whatever they quarrelled about, they certainly did quarrel in the church where they met, and Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, who fell upon the pavement. When Bruce came out, pale and disturbed, the friends who were waiting for him, asked what was the matter? "I think I have killed Comyn," said he. "You only think so!" returned one of them; "I will make sure!" and going into the church, and finding him alive, stabbed him again and again. Knowing that the King would never forgive this new deed of violence, the party then declared Bruce King of Scotland; got him crowned at Scone—without the chair; and set up the rebellious standard once again.

When the King heard of it he kindled with fiercer anger than he had ever shown yet.

He caused the Prince of Wales and two hundred and seventy of the young nobility to be knighted—the trees in the Temple Gardens were cut down to make room for their tents, and they watched their armour all night, according to the old usage: some in the Temple Church; some in Westminster Abbey—and at the public Feast which then took place, he swore, by Heaven and by two swans covered with gold network which his minstrels placed upon the table, that he would avenge the death of Comyn, and would punish the false Bruce. And before all the company, he charged the Prince his son, in case that he should die before accomplishing this vow, not to bury him until it was fulfilled. Next morning the Prince and the rest of the young Knights rode away to the border country to join the English army; and the King, now weak and sick, followed in a horse-litter.

Bruce, after losing a battle and undergoing many dangers and much misery, fled to Ireland, where he lay concealed through the winter. That winter, Edward passed in hunting down and executing Bruce's relations and adherents, sparing neither youth nor age, and showing no touch of pity or sign of mercy. In the following spring, Bruce re-appeared and gained some victories. In these frays, both sides were grievously cruel. For instance—Bruce's two brothers, being taken captive desperately wounded, were ordered by the King to instant execution. Bruce's friend Sir John Douglas, taking his own Castle of Douglas out of the hands of an English Lord, roasted the dead bodies of the slaughtered garrison in a great fire made of every moveable within it; which dreadful cookery his men called the Douglas Larder. Bruce, still successful, however, drove the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Gloucester into the Castle of Ayr and laid siege to it.

The King, who had been laid up all the winter, but had directed the army from his sick-bed, now advanced to Carlisle, and there, causing the litter in which he had travelled to be placed in the Cathedral as an offering to Heaven, mounted his horse once more, and for the last time. He was now sixty-nine years old, and had reigned thirty-five years. He was so ill, that in four days he could go no more than six miles; still, even at that pace, he went on and resolutely kept his face towards the border. At length, he lay down at the village of Burgh-upon-Sands; and there, telling those around him to impress upon the Prince that he was to remember his father's vow, and was never to rest until he had thoroughly subdued Scotland, he yielded up his last breath.

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A SLEEP TO STARTLE US.

At the top of Farringdon Street in the City of London, once adorned by the Fleet Prison and by a diabolical jumble of nuisances in the middle of the road called Fleet Market, is a broad new thoroughfare in a state of transition. A few years hence, and we of the present generation will find it not an easy task to recall, in the thriving street which will arise upon this spot, the wooden barriers and hoardings—the passages that lead to nothing—the glimpses of obscene Field Lane and Saffron Hill—the mounds of earth, old bricks, and oyster-shells—the arched foundations of unbuilt houses—the backs of miserable tenements with patched windows—the odds and ends of fever-stricken courts and alleys—which are the present features of the place. Not less perplexing do I find it now, to reckon how many years have passed since I traversed these byeways one night before they were laid bare, to find out the first Ragged School.

If I say it is ten years ago, I leave a handsome margin. The discovery was then newly made, that to talk soundingly in Parliament, and cheer for Church and State, or to consecrate and confirm without end, or to perorate to any extent in a thousand market-places about all the ordinary topics of patriotic songs and sentiments, was merely to embellish England on a great scale with whitened sepulchres, while there was, in every corner of the land where its people were closely accumulated, profound ignorance and perfect barbarism. It was also newly discovered, that out of these noxious sinks where they were born to perish, and where the general ruin was hatching day and night, the people *would not come* to be improved. The gulf between them and all wholesome humanity had swollen to such a depth and breadth, that they were separated from it as by impassable seas or deserts; and so they lived, and so they died: an always-increasing band of outlaws in body and soul, against whom it were to suppose the reversal of all laws, human and divine, to believe that Society could at last prevail.

In this condition of things, a few unaccredited messengers of Christianity, whom no Bishop had ever heard of, and no Govern-

ment-office Porter had ever seen, resolved to go to the miserable wretches who had lost the way to them; and to set up places of instruction in their own degraded haunts. I found my first Ragged School, in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life, under every disadvantage. It had no means, it had no suitable rooms, it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any authority, it attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence: with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other; seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out and made its way. Some two years since, I found it, one of many such, in a large convenient loft in this transition part of Farringdon Street—quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established.

The number of houseless creatures who resorted to it, and who were necessarily turned out when it closed, to hide where they could in heaps of moral and physical pollution, filled the managers with pity. To relieve some of the more constant and deserving scholars, they rented a wretched house, where a few common beds—a dozen or a dozen-and-a-half perhaps—were made upon the floors. This was the Ragged School Dormitory; and when I found the School in Farringdon Street, I found the Dormitory in a court hard by, which in the time of the Cholera had acquired a dismal fame. The Dormitory was, in all respects, save as a small beginning, a very discouraging Institution. The

air was bad, the dark and ruinous building, with its small close rooms, was quite unsuited to the purpose, and a general supervision of the scattered sleepers was impossible. I had great doubts at the time whether, excepting that they found a crazy shelter for their heads, they were better there than in the streets.

Having heard in the course of last month, that this Dormitory (there are others else where) had grown as the School had grown, I went the other night to make another visit to it. I found the School in the same place still advancing. It was now an Industrial School too, and besides the men and boys who were learning—some, aptly enough, some with painful difficulty, some, sluggishly and wearily, some, not at all—to read and write and cipher, there were two groups, one of shoemakers and one (in a gallery) of tailors, working with great industry and satisfaction. Each was taught and superintended by a regular workman engaged for the purpose, who delivered out the necessary means and implements. All were employed in mending, either their own dilapidated clothes or shoes or the dilapidated clothes or shoes of some of the other pupils. They were of all ages, from young boys to old men. They were quiet and intent upon their work. Some of them were almost as unused to it as I should have shown myself to be if I had tried my hand, but all were deeply interested and profoundly anxious to do it somehow or other. They presented a very remarkable instance of the general desire there is, after all even in the vagabond breast, to know something useful. One shock-headed man when he had mended his own scrap of a coat drew it on with such an air of satisfaction, and put himself to so much inconvenience to look at the elbow he had darned, that I thought a new coat (and the mind could not imagine a period when that coat of his was new!) would not have pleased him better. In the other part of the School, where each class was partitioned off by screens adjusted like the boxes in a coffee room, was some very good writing, and some singing of the multiplication table—the latter, on a principle much too juvenile and innocent for some of the singers. There was also a ciphering-class, where a young pupil teacher out of the streets, who refreshed himself by spitting every half minute, had written a legible sum in compound addition, on a broken slate, and was walking backward and forward before it, as he worked it, for the instruction of his class, in this way:

Now then! Look here, all on you! Seven and five, how many?

SHARP BOY (in no particular clothes) Twelve!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twelve—and eight!

DULL YOUNG MAN (with water on the brain) Forty-five!

SHARP BOY Twenty!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twenty. You're right. And nine?

DULL YOUNG MAN (after great consideration) Twenty-nine!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twenty-nine it is. And nine?

RECKLESS GUESSER. Seventy-four!

PUPIL TEACHER (drawing nine strokes). How can that be? Here's nine on em! Look! Twenty-nine and one's thirty, and one's thirty one, and one's thirty two, and one's thirty three and one's thirty four, and one's thirty five, and one's thirty six, and one's thirty seven, and one's what?

RECKLESS GUESSER. Four and two pence tarden!

DULL YOUNG MAN (who has been absorbed in the demonstration) Thirty-eight!

PUPIL TEACHER (restraining sharp boy's ardor). Of course it is! Thirty-eight pence. There they are! (writing 38 in slate corner). Now what do you make of thirty-eight pence? Thirty-eight pence how much? (Dull young man slowly considers and gives it up under a week). How much, you? (to slippy tcy, who stares and says nothing). How much, you?

SHARP BOY. Three and twopence!

PUPIL TEACHER. Three-and twopence! How do I put down three and twopence?

SHARP BOY. You puts down the two, and you carries the three.

PUPIL TEACHER. Very good. Where do I carry the three?

RECKLESS GUESSER. T' other side the slate!

SHARP BOY. You carries him to the next column on the left hand and adds him on!

PUPIL TEACHER. And adds him on! and

eight and three + eleven, and eight + nineteen,

and seven + what?

—And so on.

The best and most spirited teacher was a young man himself reclaimed through the agency of this School from the lowest depths of misery and debasement, whom the Committee were about to send out to Australia. He appeared quite to deserve the interest they took in him, and his appearance and manner were a strong testimony to the merits of the establishment.

All this was not the Dormitory, but it was the preparation for it. No man or boy is admitted to the Dormitory, unless he is a regular attendant at the school, and unless he has been in the school two hours before the time of opening the Dormitory. If there be reason to suppose that he can get any work to do and will not do it, he is admitted no more, and his place is assigned to some other candidate for the nightly refuge of whom there are always plenty. There is very little to tempt the idle and profligate. A scanty supper and a scanty breakfast, each of six ounces of bread and nothing else (this quantity is less than the present penny-loaf), would scarcely be regarded by MR. CHADWICK himself as a festive or uproarious entertainment.

I found the Dormitory below the School with its bare walls and rafters, and bare floor, the building looked rather like an extensive coach-house, well lighted with gas. A wooden gallery had been recently erected on three sides of it, and, abutting from the centre of the wall on the fourth side, was a kind of glazed meat-safe, accessible by a ladder, in which the presiding officer is posted every night, and all night. In the centre of the room, which was very cool, and perfectly sweet, stood a small fixed stove, on two sides, there were windows, on all sides, simple means of admitting fresh air, and removing foul air. The ventilation of the place devised by DOCTOR ARNOT, and particularly the expedient for relieving the sleepers in the galleries from receiving the breath of the sleepers below, is a wonder of simplicity, cheapness, efficiency, and practical good sense. If it had cost five or ten thousand pounds, it would have been famous.

The whole floor of the building with the exception of a few narrow pathways, was partitioned off into wooden troughs or shallow boxes without lids—not unlike the fittings in the shop of a dealer in corn and flour, and seeds. The galleries were parcelled out in the same way. Some of these berths were very short—for boys, some, longer—for men. The largest were of very contracted limits, all were composed of the bare boards, each was furnished only with one coarse rug, rolled up. In the brick pathways were iron gratings communicating with trapped drains, enabling the entire surface of these sleeping-places to be soured and flooded with water every morning. The floor of the galleries was cased with zinc, and fitted with gutters and escape pipes, for the same reason. A supply of water both for drinking and for washing, and some tin vessels for either purpose, were at hand. A little shed, used by one of the industrial classes, for the chopping up of fire wood, did not occupy the whole of the spare space in that corner, and the remainder was devoted to some excellent baths available also as washing troughs, in order that those who have any rags of linen may clean them once a-week. In aid of this object, a drying closet, charged with hot air, was about to be erected in the wood-chopping shed. All these appliances were constructed in the simplest manner with the commonest means, in the narrowest space, at the lowest cost, but were perfectly adapted to their respective purposes.

I had scarcely made the round of the Dormitory, and looked at all these things, when a moving of feet overhead announced that the School was breaking up for the night. It was succeeded by profound silence, and then by a hymn, sung in a subdued tone, and in very good time and tune, by the learners we had lately seen. Separated from their miserable bodies, the effect of their voices, united in this strain, was infinitely solemn. It was as if their souls were singing—as if the outward

differences that parted us had fallen away, and the time was come when all the perverted good that was in them, or that ever might have been in them, arose imploringly to Heaven.

The baker who had brought the bread and who leaned against a pillar while the singing was in progress, meditating in his way, whatever his way was, now shouldered his basket and retired. The two half-starved attendants (rewarded with a double portion for their pains) heaped the six ounce loaves into other baskets, and made ready to distribute them. The night officer arrived, mounted to his menial site, unlocked it, hung up his hat, and prepared to spend the evening. I found him to be a very respectable looking person in black, with a wife and family, engaged in an office all day, and passing his spare time here, from half past nine every night to six every morning, for a pound a week. He had carried the post against two hundred competitors.

The door was now opened, and the men and boys who were to pass that night in the Dormitory in number one hundred and sixty-seven (including a man for whom there was no trough, but who was allowed to rest in the seat by the stove, once occupied by the night officer before the meat was warm) came in. They passed to their different sleeping-places, quietly and in good order. Every one sat down in his own crib, where he became presented in a curious and somewhat manner, and those who had shoes took them off, and placed them in the adjoining path. There were, in the assembly, thieves, cadgers, tramps, vagrants, common outcasts of all sorts. In casual wars and many other Refugees, they would have been very difficult to deal with, but they were restrained here by the law of kindness, and had long since arrived at the knowledge that those who gave them that shelter could have no possible inducement save to do them good. Neighbours spoke little together—they were almost as uncompanionable as mad people—but everybody took his small loaf when the baskets went round, with a thankfulness more or less cheerful, and immediately ate it up.

There was some excitement in consequence of one man being missing, "the lame old man." Everybody had seen the lame old man up-stairs asleep but he had unaccountably disappeared. What he had been doing with himself was a mystery, but, when the inquiry was at its height he came shuffling and tumbling in, with his palsied head hanging on his breast—an emaciated drunkard once a composer, dying of starvation and decay. He was so near death, that he could not be kept there, lest he should die in the night; and, while it was under deliberation what to do with him, and while his dull lips tried to shape out answers to what was said to him, he was held up by two men. Beside this wreck, but all unconnected with it and with the whole world, was an orphan boy with burning cheeks and great gaunt eager eyes,

who was in pressing peril of death too, and who had no possession under the broad sky but a bottle of physic and a scrap of writing. He brought both from the house-surgeon of a Hospital that was too full to admit him, and stood, giddily staggering in one of the little pathways, while the Chief Samaritan read, in hasty characters underlined, how momentous his necessities were. He held the bottle of physic in his claw of a hand, and stood, apparently unconscious of it, staggering, and staring with his bright glazed eyes; a creature, surely, as forlorn and desolate as Mother Earth can have supported on her breast that night. He was gently taken away, along with the dying man, to the workhouse; and he passed into the darkness with his physic-bottle as if he were going into his grave.

The bread eaten to the last crumb; and some drinking of water and washing in water having taken place, with very little stir or noise indeed; preparations were made for passing the night. Some, took off their rags of snock frocks; some, their rags of coats or jackets, and spread them out within their narrow bounds for beds: designing to lie upon them, and use their rugs as a covering. Some, sat up, pondering, on the edges of their troughs; others, who were very tired, rested their unkempt heads upon their hands and their elbows on their knees, and dozed. When there were no more who desired to drink or wash, and all were in their places, the night officer, standing below the meat-safe, read a short evening service, including perhaps as inappropriate a prayer as could possibly be read (as though the Lord's Prayer stood in need of it by way of Rider), and a portion of a chapter from the New Testament. Then, they all sang the Evening Hymn, and then they all lay down to sleep.

It was an awful thing, looking round upon those one hundred and sixty-seven representatives of many thousands, to reflect that a Government, unable, with the least regard to truth, to plead ignorance of the existence of such a place, should proceed as if the sleepers never were to wake again. I do not hesitate to say—why should I, for I know it to be true!—that an annual sum of money, contemptible in amount as compared with any charges upon any list, freely granted in behalf of these Schools, and shackled with no preposterous Red Tape conditions, would relieve the prisons, diminish county rates, clear loads of shame and guilt out of the streets, recruit the army and navy, waft to new countries, Fleets full of useful labor, for which their inhabitants would be thankful and beholden to us. It is no depreciation of the devoted people whom I found presiding here, to add, that with such assistance as a trained knowledge of the business of instruction, and a sound system adjusted to the peculiar difficulties and conditions of this sphere of action, their usefulness could be increased fifty-fold in a few months.

My Lords and Gentlemen, can you, at the present time, consider this at last, and agree to do some little easy thing! Dearly beloved brethren elsewhere, do you know that between Gorham controversies, and Pusey controversies, and Newman controversies, and twenty other edifying controversies, a certain large class of minds in the community is gradually being driven out of all religion? Would it be well, do you think, to come out of the controversies for a little while, and be simply Apostolic thus low down!

GUNS AND PISTOLS.

WOULD it not be a strange thing if—old as the world is, and countless as are the generations of men who have quarrelled and fought—we should now find ourselves coming round to the use of the same sort of weapons—the same in principle—as were used in the earliest warfare!

We do not mean that we are coming to fisticluffs with our enemies. It may be said, that the first arms used by fighters were the arms that grew from their own shoulders. No doubt, the first men who quarrelled about wells, or camels, or anything else, on the plains of the East, might, and probably did, knock one another down; though the people who live in those places now are more fond of making a show of such a thing than of doing it in reality—throwing themselves about in a desperate way, and seeming dreadfully angry, but somehow producing no terrible results. Such boxing might be the first fighting; but we are speaking now of weapons which are not bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It is commonly agreed that the first weapons we know of were bows and arrows; and the next, the sling and stone. The bow was probably used first against beasts, and turned to homicidal uses on occasion of some human quarrel. Its use in warfare, conducted in deserts or on plains, where there was room for escape, or among mountains, where archers could defend a pass below them, and where cavalry were concerned, is obvious enough; it therefore remained in use and in favour, not only until the invention of gunpowder, but for two centuries or more after gunpowder became one of the main resources of war, even till the lighter sorts of firearms became common. The cutting and thrusting instruments of battle took their turn, when men fought hand to hand. We must think that the most terrible kind of fighting of any yet tried—the most terrible to human feelings (the most glorious, also, if you will), though by far less destructive of life than weapons that kill from a distance. Men who fought in pairs, with the valour and obstinacy of a Falstaff, “a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,” or with the endless devices of Homer's heroes, could not be killed off at a rate nearly approaching that which was seen at Cressy, when King Edward's archers

made such a clearance of the foe in double-quick time. It was upon her archers that our Queen Elizabeth relied, though, as visitors to Dover Castle are aware, she had her own "pocket pistols"—the sixty pounder at Dover Castle, which carries a ball seven miles, being so called. Gunpowder had then been in use in war, on our own soil, full two centuries, yet was the bow the favourite weapon, from the sovereign to the peasant. Names of honour, or of fondness, were lavished on cannon. The Portuguese named theirs after their saints, Louis the Twelfth of France, christened his after peers of his realm, the Emperor Charles the Fifth had a dozen choice pieces, which he called his Twelve Apostles. At Bremen there are two named Messengers of Bad News, others are called the Thunderer, the Terror, the Devil and, as we have seen the Queen's Pocket pistol. But the yearnings of warrior hearts were still towards the bow.

These firearms were so dreadfully unwieldy—not only the cannon but the musket. In 1620 and onwarls—when the musket was first used—the soldier who had to wield it must often have wished it had never been devised. It was all very well to rest it on the wall of a town, and fire it at leisure against the foe in the fort, but when it came to such an arm being carried into the field it might easily be found that only men of extraordinary size and strength could manage it. The gun itself was so heavy, that the soldier could not raise and point it; he must have something to rest it upon. That something was a "fork," the handle of which was studded with iron and pointed, that it might stand firm in the ground, and when it was found that the soldier was liable to utter while reloading the "rest" was armed with a spike, either projecting from one prong or thrown out from the staff by a spring—these "Swedish Feathers," as they were called, keeping the enemy from charging till the gun was ready for another explosion. This "rest" had to be carried by the musketeer, or an attendant, and the match must be looked to. The match was not heavy, but it was a rather anxious affair. It was a piece of prepared hemp, loosely twisted, and with a creeping and smouldering fire always in it. Sometimes it was carried in a tin tube, bored with holes, but often in the pocket, and oftenest between the head and its covering, which was the place most strongly recommended by those who had not to carry it themselves. Then, there was the ammunition. A soldier was usually furnished with twelve charges of powder, and these were put into twelve little boxes, of wood, tin, or leather, which were fastened to the belt that crossed his left shoulder. There was nothing very feather-like in this load, and this is the burden that was carried by the soldiers of Charles the First and Cromwell.

There was a stronger objection to the use

of these muskets than even their weight. Good aim was out of the question with them, and in this was the arrow again regretted. It was not only that firing off this musket was such slow work that an enemy—whether in siege or battle—was sure to have moved before he could be hit, it was also that it would have been difficult to hit him if he had stood stock still to be shot. The objection belonged, and it belongs still, to muskets of every sort, however much improved in the muzzle in lightness, and by the introduction of cartridge boxes in the place of bandoleers. The difficulty is this. It is found impossible to fit any ball so precisely to any musket-bore as that it shall not, in passing out, rub more against one side of the barrel than the other. It thus leaves the muzzle with some inclination however little to the right or left, and up or down, and the impulse is sometimes in one direction sometimes in another. Moreover the divergence in velocity at a vast rate with every foot of distance. Thus there seems to be no great use in taking aim with a musket, and the mischief done by it in war, is pretty much a matter of chance. It was found that a musket properly charged, is far as the powder was concerned, but with a bullet too small for the bore, made quite noise enough but shot nothing, light being thus thrown on the secret by which certain cunning persons successfully pretended to be invulnerable. It was also ascertained that of all rare things the rarest was to find a ball and a bore that so accurately fitted each other, as that the ball went where it was meant to go. It followed that the thing to be attended to was to make the bore and the ball fit each other. Out of this question arose the rifle, of which at present we are hearing so much talk. It was known that an arrow feathered in a spiral line, whirled as it flew, and goes straight and strong to its mark. It was considered that if this quality of the arrow could be imparted to the balls of firearms, such a weapon would be the best ever devised for warfare with an enemy anywhere within sight. This has been done, not to perfection by any means but so far as to change essentially the character of warfare. What the method is, will appear in the course of our account of what we have just been seeing of the manufacture and proving of firearms at Birmingham,—at Birmingham, where, during the last war muskets were made at the rate of more than one in a minute, every working day. The rate of manufacture was a thousand a day of finished muskets, and two thousand a week of muskets made in parts, and sent to be finished in London and Dublin.

One day last week we took shelter from a shower, under the gateway of a timber yard, which at once struck us as being unlike any other timber yard we remembered to have seen. There were some few squared trunks of trees, but most of the wood was cut into

odd-shaped blocks for seasoning. Carrying our eye down from the larger to the smaller blocks, it struck us, that these last were gun-stocks, set on end, or piled in airy heaps, to season. The value of such stocks, when brought to the gunmaker's, is from twenty-one shillings to thirty-five shillings apiece. We saw piles of them at the manufacturer's, mounting up to the value of many thousands of pounds. They are of walnut, almost exclusively; and, when possible, of English walnut. The stock of a gun must bear cutting without the slightest splintering or cracking; and walnut, grown in England, is almost the only wood which answers to this condition. It seems almost a pity that it should be so, when one thinks of the numbers of walnut-trees in the Kentucky and Canadian woods, and how the people of Damascus live upon walnuts more than on any other food; and how thousands upon thousands of the tree overshadow the Pharpar and Abana—the streams beloved by Naaman the leper. But the foreign wood is not of so good a grain as is necessary for such close fittings as those of the furniture of guns to the stocks. A little ash is used, and also maple. They are harder than the walnut, but not so tough. Perhaps more American maple might be used if the wood was not so spoiled in the felling as it is. The back-woodmen hack and hew away with their axes, without any idea of the nicety required; and thus lose a good deal of prime custom. Beech is used only for an inferior article—for the African trade; that is, for the arms ordered by the Kaffirs, the rifles which are now picking off our soldiers. It is an inferior article from Birmingham which has been slaughtering our soldiers at the Cape for months past. One wonders whether they know the fact, and whether it aggravates the pain of their wounds and their shame. Traders on the African Coast ascertain the wants of the inhabitants, in regard to firearms among other things; they send their orders to London merchants; London merchants order the article of the Birmingham manufacturers, and, after a time, if a Kaffir is disarmed, his piece is found to bear the name or mark of a Birmingham gun-maker. "We make firearms for both parties, in all wars," said a manufacturer to us yesterday. As such is and must be the fact, we like the plain avowal of it; but it is a strange-sounding truth.

The stock is brought in rough;—merely hewn into a resemblance to what it is to be. It is dressed smooth, as we see it finally; and a workman cuts in it, with anxious care, the recesses and holes where the steel "furniture" is to be inserted. Then it is "chequered" by the steady chisel of a spectacled old man, who pores over his work, dicing the wrought part of the stock into the minutest squares; at once ornamenting it, and affording a hold rougher than the varnished part. Then it is varnished and polished by the

hands of girls; and then the finisher inlays it with any little plates of silver or carved steel with which it is to be adorned. So much for the stock;—a much less important affair than the barrel.

The barrel is made from stub nails, the refuse of the farriers' shops, and of "scrap,"—the refuse of the needle manufactory, where the steel is very finely tempered. A ball of "bloom" is a curious affair;—a handful of nails fused together, in preparation for being melted down for the barrel. After the steel and iron are rolled into thin plates in the rolling-mill, the plates are cut into strips; and alternate strips of iron and steel compose the bar of which the barrel is to be made. They are welded together by heat and a powerful steam hammer; they are beaten and twisted, and melted and tortured, till they mix thoroughly; and then they are coiled in a spiral line round a "core," as closely as possible, and the edges of the coil are welded together. The outside of the barrel is afterwards carefully treated; but infinitely greater is the care required for the inside. The outside has to be corroded by a diluted acid (after being hammered and filed as smooth as hammer and file can make it), and then polished to the brightness which attracts the eye of the youthful sportsman. The acid brings out a pattern which indicates, pretty accurately, the value of the article. The iron and steel are marbled,—veined very beautifully, when properly wrought together; and so much is this veined appearance prized, that inferior barrels are actually stained to look like the better sort. As for the inside of the barrel, it requires more care than any other part of the gun. It must be mathematically straight, and it must be of the most perfect smoothness throughout, or the ball will go in some wrong direction or other. The execution done by balls of all sorts in action is said to be only one in eighty-five; and yet our muskets have been considered as nearly perfect as the weapon could be made. If there was any relaxation from the great conditions of the straightness and smoothness of the bore, there would be an end to all encouragement to use the gun. The price of a barrel rises from twelve shillings to six guineas; but all will be found to be straight and smooth in the inside. What firearms could do before there was machinery to render these processes unerring, it is difficult to imagine. The finest machinery and the extremest care will not content us now. We must have rifles; and our muskets, and our cannon themselves, must be rifled.

We looked closely into this rifling. We saw a barrel grooved in the inside with two shallow grooves, running the whole length. The grooves twist round, to the extent of three-quarters of a turn in a length of three feet. On the ball is a belt, answering to the grooves, by which it fits into them. Thus, it

must turn three-quarters round before it quits the barrel, and must spin in its subsequent flight, through the impulse thus received. It is the principle of the arrow, spirally feathered, and the result is the same,—the missile goes straight and strong to its mark. We saw a more formidable device still,—terrible as the belted ball looked under the idea of its crashing into human bones and flesh. We saw a specimen of the Minié ball (of which we are now hearing so much), and learned how the barrel was to be fitted for it. The barrel is to have four grooves instead of two, but shallower. The ball is hollow, and of sugar-loaf form, with three rims round its larger end. An iron capsule fits into the hollow. By the pressure of the discharge, the rims of the bullet will be forced to fit the grooves. Half a turn in a length of three feet is enough of a twist in this case. As we are told this ball reaches its mark at a distance of sixteen hundred yards. On a recent occasion of trial of Birmingham rifles, on a common a few miles off a bit of wood, seven inches in diameter, painted white, was placed against a bank, and was perforated by five balls in eight, at a distance of eight hundred yards. This looks like knowing what we are about, and it looks very little like the musket execution we have been satisfied with hitherto. It is no wonder that muskets are sent in large numbers to be rifled at Birmingham, and that the newspapers are teeming with letters on the subject of the two weapons. We peeped into a variety of barrels, admiring the smoothness of all, and perceiving how the groove of the rifle twists round in curious perspective,—more curious in the case of two grooves, perhaps, than of many.

Then we turned to the pistols. The most ordinary pair costs six shillings, and it is probably much the same sort of barmitz affair that silly lads brandish when they shoot at Queens in the streets—pistols that make novices shudder, but are not likely ever to kill any body. From this price, we saw pistols of various lignities, mounting up to twelve guineas, or twice twelve guineas, if inlaid expensively with silver, adorned with engraving. A gentleman may contrive to spend a great deal of money on firearms, if he will order ornament enough, and we could understand the temptation, the engraving is so beautiful. Every bit of metal left visible, except the barrel, bears engravings, in the most expensive pistols and fowling pieces. Not only graceful arabesques, but figures of game, wild beasts, hunters, &c., are beautifully executed by men who make from four to five hundred pounds a-year by their art; that is, three guineas a-week as wages, and apprentice-fees to a large amount. The lowest order of engravers earn about fifteen shillings a-week. One little landscape, engraved on a small steel plate of a fowling piece, was admirable for spirit and finish—a tiger in a

jungle, watching the approach of an elephant, bearing a howdah, with two men in it. The designer and engraver of this is one of the artists who are making a handsome income by their skill. They are so far from trying to concentrate gas-light in water bottles, that they find gas-light too strong, and work by the light of a candle sheltered from draughts. There is a foreign gun on the premises, which might excite the emulation of the most skilful. Nobody knows where it comes from. There is a tradition of its being Persian, but this can hardly be true, the owners think. It is inlaid with ivory, wherever the wood can be made to admit the ivory, and the arabesque patterns are beautiful. The carving, along the upper ridge of the barrel, is the wonder, however, it could not be excelled, we were told, anywhere at this day.

Among the pistols, we saw Colt's revolver; and we compared it with the best English revolver. The advantage of Colt's over the English is, that the user can take a sight, and the disadvantage is, that the weapon requires both hands. The American has one barrel, with a revolving chamber behind it, that does not interfere with the eye. The English consists of six (or fewer) barrels, which revolve in the act of shooting, so that the ball issues, not from the uppermost barrel, but the next. Thus, if the user could take a sight (which he cannot), the ball would baffle his aim, by coming out on one side. But then the advantage is great—for instance, to an Irish land agent on horseback, or to a farmer riding or driving home, and attacked by footpads—to have the left hand at liberty for bridle or rein, while the enemy is near enough to demand no very nice aim.

It was amusing to observe, in this manufactory, how small a proportion of warlike ideas was involved in the discussion of weapons. We were told that the parts made on the premises were those of the best guns—the locks and other furniture of "the rest" were made elsewhere, and principally in villages round Birmingham. We found that "the best" meant fowling pieces, and "the rest," weapons of war. This is natural enough. The purchaser of a gun thinks more of precision of aim in hitting a pheasant than in going out against Sikhs and Kaffirs; or he has done so till now, when we hear, on a sudden, so very much of the rifle-practice and skill of the French soldier and the Kaffir skulker. We were, indeed, shown some duelling pistols, and instructed in the mild and prudent law of honour by which pistols with the hair-trigger, and on full cock, are decreed as the only admissible weapons, because they are pretty certain to go off before the duellist can take aim, especially if they are to fire together. And, to be sure, they do pop off so easily, that they shall certainly be our weapon when we next go

out—so very little vigour is necessary for the discharge, and so strong is the probability that we shall escape hitting anything, or being hit. But now, like the manufacturer, we turn with relish to the weapons which are not made for manslaughter, in any form.

Here is a walking stick. It looks heavy. Let us feel it. Heavy, indeed! What does it mean? It is a walking-stick which is in high favour with anglers, who have good opportunity for fowling. You seldom see an angler who has not a passion for remarkable birds. This stick is a disguised fowling piece, which can lie, loaded, on the bank beside the basket, and be caught up in a moment, if water fowl appear among the sedges, or any rare wading bird is seen carrying on a rival fishing in the stream. The piece is also curved a little, towards the stock end, so as to be convenient for carrying the basket. Then, there is a "whip gun," the handle of which is a gun. And there is a "plantation gun," for the detection of poachers not for their destruction, for the law no longer allows it, but just to show where they are. It is somewhat like a little steel Pius pipe, with four holes. A spring is set on a string being touched, the spring snaps, and up goes a blue rocket, or a detonating ball or both. The English have lately been pointed out as well fitted for self defence by their sporting and poaching habits, and such a spectacle as this room, with its cases of sporting wear, makes us fancy that the English have not been untruly characterised.

Leaving this armoury we go over the premises, on either side of the yard where the target is placed, affording an aim of forty five yards. We see processes which we need not describe in detail as the hardening and tempering of steel, and the grinding, polishing, and engraving of metal are much alike, in whatever manufactory they are seen. It will answer a better purpose to show what goes to the making of a gun. We saw, in the proprietor's books, that when an order for military arms arrives, twenty four items of manufacture have to be attended to, involving thirty-two trades, at the least. A brief glance at these will give the best idea of the process.

1 The barrel, of which we have said quite enough, except that the managing of the iron and the welding are separate trades.

2 The lock. Locks, varying in cost from half-a-crown to three guineas, are made in the neighbourhood of Birmingham.

3 The stock, already discussed.

4 The furniture, the various metal parts, made by almost as many artificers.

5 The platina, and, 6 The silver, for ornamenting.

7 The rod, and the tip, of ivory, separate trades.

8 The ironwork.

9 The finishing, the putting the parts together.

10 The bag to contain it.

11 The stocking, preparing the stock to receive the metal work.

12 The polishing of the steel portions.

13 The engraving.

14 The browning, bringing out the veining of the barrel, with diluted acid, and polishing with a brush of fine steel wire.

15 Ribbing, connecting the barrels of a double barrelled gun with a rib of steel.

16 Varnishing, the stock.

17 Percussing, opening the screw holes, and connecting the barrel and lock.

18 Break off fitting, connecting the stock with the fore part of the gun.

19 Hair trigger.

20 Shooting, trying the weapon.

21 The bayonet.

22 The mould for making the bullets.

23 Sights and swivels. The sight is a brass frame, about three inches by one, which lies down or stands up before the eye of the soldier, and is traversed by a slide which enables him to estimate distance in taking his aim. All our muskets are henceforth to be furnished with sights.

24 Rifling, of which enough has been said. Add to these, the carriage of the article, and we have twenty five items of separate charge for a gun, and the dispersion of the work among thirty two orders of artificers accounts for so few people having witnessed the manufacture of a gun.

We are not going home yet. There is the Government Proof House to be seen before we can feel that we have done with guns. In this place every barrel must be sent to be proved under a penalty of ten pound per barrel. To insure the Proof House mark is a serious offence punishable by high fines and imprisonment in default. At present, the proving is going on at such a rate that it requires some management to step in at an hour when the establishment is open, and escape the explosion. Guests at a house two miles from the place are apt to announce thunder in all seasons, and all sorts of weather, till taught to distinguish the explosions of the Proof House from those of the sky. It may well be a striking sound to strangers, for no fewer than one hundred and thirty seven gun barrels are discharged at once. The place in which this is done is a room, partly underground, cased in iron plates, strongly bolted together. The door is iron, and towards the yard the side of the room is closed by massive iron shutters, which are fastened up before the train is fired. A great heap of black sand, a thick bank of it, faces the muzzles, and receives the balls. The barrels are laid in a row, separated by bars of lead, and all their touch-holes communicating with a train of gunpowder. The train is lighted at one end, everybody draws off from the spot, and then comes the boom and bang, which is heard, through all the iron casings, miles off. In a minute or two, when the smoke is supposed to have subsided a little, the shutters and

door are opened, and the barrels are examined. Two or three in that long row may have burst, but the proportion of unsound barrels is very small. Some that have given way in the strangest manner are hung up against the walls as curiosities. One has its torn half doubled in two, one gapes with a ragged wound, one is split into ribbons, and one has its spiral strip unwound for a good part of its length. It was badly welded.

In the centre of the establishment stands the magazine, isolated and blank looking. In one apartment, three persons are handling powder and balls—loading the barrels for proof, with a charge many times greater than they will have to carry. In another, in old iron is casting bullets—with his simmering lead in the copper, and his ladle, and his bullet moulds, and the bright rows of clean balls he turns out of them. Elsewhere, we see piles and faggots of musket barrels—immense, rusty, and ugly at present—both those that have undergone proof, and those that are waiting for it. And again, we see elsewhere the punching of the Government muck on the proved barrels. It is a strange and dismal sort of place inhabited by civil and intelligent people who do their best to make a stranger interested in this side-long peep at the horrors of war.

Government thinks it right to examine bayonets too. Some military authorities say that our great reliance, in regard to self defence at least, must be on the bayonet, and others aver that no living soldier has seen two lines of infantry come to close quarters with bayonets, actually pushing and thrusting. Both these accounts may be true considering how terrific striking weapon the bayonet is, and how much of modern warfare has been vague explosion, sanguinary enough upon occasion, but not always very much so, and wholly different in character, and in its requirements from the soldier, from the hand to hand fighting of old times. It seems to be supposed, by some qualified judges of our case, that the increased precision of aim conferred by modern rifle operations, will necessitate a closer hand to hand fighting, as sharpshooters are not good at a close combat, and are not fitted, either by training or the arms they carry, to meet a charge, while the greater their proficiency in their own style, the more eager will their adversaries be to stop their fire. However this may be, and whatever attention it behoves us to give to weapons which will be wanted in places and situations in which rifles cannot be used, it is clear that the British mind is at present animated with a desire to overtake the proficiency of foreign soldiery and colonial savages in the use of the rifle, and the tamest citizen cannot go through a Birmingham gun manufactory without a certain thrill of the nerves, and animation of spirits, which indicate that hearts will not be wanting to the defence of the principles of liberty,

if there be but due and timely training of hand and eye, under the guidance of military discipline.

FROM A SETTLER'S WIFE

At last, after a weary voyage of four months and fourteen days, the welcome sight of land repaid us for all our troubles. We reached Auckland, our destined home, the seat of Government, and the capital of New Zealand, on the 18th December.

Having had contrary winds almost from the North Cape, and making way only by what the sailors call a "long leg and a short one," a fair wind now sprang up within a mile of the harbour. It was early morning, and the commencement of a day such as only shines upon the South Seas. We sailed into a capacious basin, indented with numerous tiny bays. The forelands jutting out on these were clothed down to the water's edge with verdure. On five of the bays, its wooden houses stretching up gentle hills, the town of Auckland is seated. Behind it rise Mount Eden and Mount Albert and in front, on the north shore, the Mounts Victoria and Rangitoto. Excellently situated, between two seas possessing a magnificent harbour, one could readily descry in its scarcely defined streets, in its ill-defined buildings, ever in progress, the childhood of one of those princely commercial cities whose names reach to the end of the earth. I ven as we entered, the harbour was studded with ships,—American whalers, brigantines from California, (with which country New Zealand carries on a prosperous and increasing trade,) merchantmen from Sydney and Hobart Town, schooners from the south, several English vessels, with the innumerable coasters, studded the unuffled waters, which, twenty years ago, were almost unknown to Europeans. Several shore boats came out to meet us, gaily decorated with flags in their sterns. We had, on landing, but a damp reception. There is no wharf, nothing but a jetty, thrown out by one of the principal hotels. It was low water, and we could not land at this, so we were obliged to disembark at a reef, in which adventure I nearly took alarm of my new country, as William the Norman did of England, by measuring my length upon it. Bands of Sappers and Miners are now driving piles for a wharf, and emigrants, next year, will have a drier reception*. Going to one of the inns, we had breakfast of pork chops, coffee, and other delicacies, for eighteen-pence each. We then sailed forth, and hired a small house, containing

* The coast of Waitmata Harbour on the south side of which Auckland is situated is so shoal that merchant ships are unable to approach the shore to within a convenient distance. In the early history of the town (its antiquity does not date further back than a dozen years) a cargo of coals entered the harbour and although the inhabitants of Auckland were much in want of fuel the collier was obliged to sail away from sheer inability to discharge her freight in reasonable time. Without wharves and piers therefore, Auckland will never become the great city our correspondents anticipate.

three rooms at five shillings a-week, to be paid the landlady emphatically and, "every Saturday night." The lodgings were furnished, and our first meal was a slice at which, although we were the actors in it we laughed heartily. Our tea *equipe* consisted of an inverted tub, with a towel over the bottom for a table, a couple of basins, and a "hook pot," with plenty of new bread and fresh butter, the singularly deliciousness of which, not butting a voyager's wet shins. A rocking chair fell to my lot, and a crazy box supported my spouse; yet I doubt if either were more thoroughly enjoyed than ours was that night.

In a few days, when we became a little more settled, my husband was out from morning to night walking the country in search of land, for although he is an attorney, and has no good hopes of a moderate practice here, we thought it advisable as we were not to put ourselves out of the reach of want by under-taking the tillage of a little land. I was some time before I could find my that exactly suited us, at last he hit upon a five-acre with a small house on it two miles from town for which we gave forty pounds. It is a tiny enclosed and consists of rich soil. The house is built of the rough unhewn stone, plastered and whitewashed within, the roof is thatched with a kind of reed of which the natives make their huts. The flimsy sound, and the effect of flow. The interior of the entire mansion measures only twenty feet by ten, but by means of a curtain, is divided into a dining, a sitting, and a bedroom. In their time play many parts, living room, drawing room, and a kitchen, nursery, library, and study. I brought up an idle English lady accustomed to pass my time as I pleased to divide it between books and amusements but giving much more of it to pleasure than to study—in the household goddess of this paradise, here I wash and cook, feed my goats and dress my baby, or when the little gentleman sleeps endeavour to give you some faint idea of the toils and pleasures of an emigrant's life. But and in our home is we love and enjoy it more than I can describe for it has the inexpressible charm of being—our own. Labour is anxiously demanded here.

The meanest carpenter gets eight shillings a day. We could not, for love or money, procure one to fit our house, so trifling a job being deemed quite unworthy his attention. Labourers—four shillings and sixpence a day—some more and one told me, to day that he was wanted in four places at once. Whoever, therefore, comes out above this class, must make up his mind to work (unless he bring plenty of money out with him), and work hard, or he had better stay at home. I have been literally, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. But, in New Zealand, all this is done in hope—the steadfast and sure hope of every day improving our condi-

tion, of being able to rest in our old years, and of leaving to our children, be they ever so many, an ample provision.

But, because I dwell so much upon the labours they have to perform, you must not suppose that the New Zealanders are without their amusements. They have their races, and their regatta, and own an Ipsom, if they cannot boast a Derby. At the races I was not present, but the regatta was a sight worth the voyage from England, I mean on account of the Maori race, which was the ninth of the day. Three large and powerful canoes—their prows fantastically carved and decorated with feathers, manned by an unlimited number of natives—started to contest for the prizes. At the stern and in midships their tall and tall figures naked to the waist with frantic gestures and wild gesticulations, stood two chiefs, animating their men to victory. They almost flew over the course, and as returning, they met the flag ship it was a neck and neck contest between the two leading canoes. But the Whero Whero, one of the most powerful chiefs of the north, with almost unearthly vigour urged on his men. Last of all he came beneath the powerful strokes of their paddles and dashing forwards by a length, the Whero Whero gained the honours of that day. Then the savages gave themselves up to all the excitement of victory. They shouted, they danced, they sprang—rejoicing as they were—but the water, and raised loud, a loud, their cry of victory.

The climate is beautiful. I dress every morning with the door open, (it is an outdoor day). Such are among the things we do with impunity. I am becoming robust and strong. My hair, from being weak and thin, is now so thick that I can scarcely bear its weight. Standing upon Mount Eden as you look down upon the city and the sea you can discern no smoke or impurity hanging over it, as over our English towns. The atmosphere is pure and buoyant. Poverty hides not here in crowded and filthy dwellings. The children are chubby and clean, the women generally well dressed and healthy. At a distance from the town, on the road to Mount Eden, the cemeteries—one for every religious denomination. A large cross marks the Roman Catholic burial ground. Each grave is raised in, and flowers and shrubs are coming up around. Slaughter houses are not suffered to pollute our air. No meat of any description is allowed to be killed within three miles of the town. My husband walks from our suburban residence into town every day. Auckland being built upon hills, has scarcely a level street. Most of the houses are detached, sometimes unappropriated allotments lie between them. There are no pavements, and grass grows in the middle of many of the streets. Nevertheless, everything has a thriving look. New houses are being constantly erected, new shops daily opened, everything advances. From Free-

man's Bay, passing by the Roman Catholic Chapel—a handsome stone edifice, with a large floriated cross—you descend West Queen Street into Queen Street, which is long and level, abutting on Commercial Bay, the business quarter of the young metropolis. Here commence the great *fuscs*. Here are the principal merchants' stores, and here sit the native Maori, under little tents of white calico, their goods spread out in kits on the ground round them. In this street also stands the prison, the resident magistrate's court (similar to the English County Court), held every day, and in which much business is done; and the Supreme Court of Judicature. The last criminal sittings in this were held on the first of this month (March) there were six cases for trial one, that of a Maori for the murder of a fellow-native, he was only convicted of manslaughter. Leaving this, and parallel to West Queen Street, you ascend Shortland Street, in which is the principal inn, called the Exchange Hotel, and several shops, which would not disgrace any European town. On a line with this is the Crescent, at the top of which is the church, neatly built of white stone, in the early English style of architecture. The arrangements of the inside are very admirable, since most of the seats are free. Two lecterns supply the place of the pompous reading-desk and pulpit of our English churches, and two clergymen of capability assist the bishop.

Below the church is Cooper's Bay, then Mechanics' Bay, and, last of all, Official Bay where are the residences of the Judge and the Colonial Secretary. Beyond the church is the "west end" of the town and the road leading to Epsom. The officers live here, and the men under Government. Here are the barracks and the gardens of old Government House, burned down some time since, and not yet restored. The present residence of his Excellency is a place of the most unpretending character, distinguished only by the soldiers on guard. It is situated at a little distance from the town, on the road to Mount Eden.

Two newspapers are published, each twice a week, in Auckland—the "New Zealander," and the "Southern Cross;" the former the Government, the latter the opposition paper. Sales at auction marts take place every day in the week, Sundays excepted, at which every variety of goods are to be purchased at cheap rates; and the auctioneer appears to do a thriving business here. There are daily schools for children, one for every sect. The Protestant, the Roman Catholic, the Scotch churches, each have their own, and the Wesleyans possess a large college. At the Roman Catholic school, which is conducted by a Sister of Mercy, a number of Maori children attend very regularly.

The country round Auckland is undulating; hill and dale, with small mountains interspersed. There are three different kinds of

soil—*scoria* land, fern land, and "tea-tree" land. The last is always poor: the other two are good; but the *scoria* by far the best, although it involves great labour and expense in clearing. The roads are in general barren, and the scenery of a gloomy and solitary grandeur; but on one highway, which I traversed the other day, hedge-rows, as in England, extended for miles, singing-birds cheered us, and charming cottages, embowered in trees, stood on the hill brows, or dotted the fertile plain.

The greatest, in fact the only, drawback of the country around Auckland, is the almost total absence of trees, except such as are planted by the settlers, yet within eight miles of Auckland the vast forests begin. Fir-wood is, consequently, six shillings a ton in the place where I had fondly hoped to eat strawberries of my own planting under Rawiri trees five hundred feet high. There is but one decent macadamised road in the whole district, the road to Epsom. This is a good firm road, in the worst weather, for upwards of ten miles. The Eden, Tamaika, and Onehunga roads scarcely deserve the name, in the winter the mud upon them is up to the axle-trees of carts. At the village of Onehunga is situated the Pensioners' Settlement; it is a flourishing and populous little place, on the opposite side of the island. An omnibus runs to and fro, between it and Auckland, every Sunday during the summer. The prices of provisions here differ greatly from those of the mother country. Bread, when we first landed, was fourpence halfpenny the two-pound loaf, it has now gradually increased to sixpence, but it is hoped that the approaching harvest will again reduce it. Tea, both black and green, can be procured of excellent quality for eighteen-pence per pound; By taking a quarter chest, you can get it at fifteen-pence. Coffee, when there is a good supply in the market, is eight-pence a pound; when scarce, it rises as high as eighteen-pence. Butter, when we came, was a shilling; it is now fifteen-pence. The prime cuts of beef and mutton are sixpence a pound; of pork, twopence. You can buy, for sixpence, as much delicious fish as will serve an ordinary family for two days' dinner. The kinds of fish most commonly brought about here, are the snapper, the mullet, and a fish like our sole in look and taste, but rather smaller. Oysters are sixpence a kit. A kit is a native basket, made of the platted flax of the country; one may contain from four hundred to five hundred oysters. Cockles, called here pipies, fetch about the same price. Potatoes (colonially speaking, "spuds") are bought at from a shilling up to three shillings the hundred-weight. Peaches and melons are plentiful and very fine. Oranges and coconuts we get fresh from Tahiti. One may live well here on a small income. The lowest rate of interest for money lent is ten per cent. Twelve and fifteen per cent. are commonly

asked and given; so that a person coming here with a thousand pounds, might really live very comfortably on the interest of the money; for a hundred pounds here will go as far as two hundred pounds in England.

To the tenant farmers of England, New Zealand offers a tempting home. No taxes, no tithes, no rent! There is good land for their seeds, and a good market for their produce. The farmer's wife may sell her cheese at one shilling a pound, her butter often at two shillings a pound, while cattle and stock of every description are cheap. The emigrant most welcome in New Zealand is either the capitalist or the poor labourer. The fern and stone-cumbered lands require the harrow and the plough. The land wants men; men used to working with their hands.

Let me put in a good word for my own colony to any one who thinks of emigration. If you are not doing well in the old country, and you feel it; if you can discern no sunshine in the darkness around you; above all, if you are industrious, and enduring, then emigrate. And though it may be only because I myself have emigrated thither, and am happy, that I would recommend for the field of your emigration New Zealand; yet I think that its own natural advantages speak for the place. Its climate is one of the healthiest in the world, far before that of Australia, or Van Diemen's land. There is not a single venomous, scarcely a destructive, animal in it. The natives are superior to the aborigines of any other colony. The colony is yet in its first infancy, and therefore offers you, perhaps, the greater chance of making yourself rich with a small capital; at the same time, it bids fair eventually to equal any colony in commerce, as it already does in natural advantages. I would not willingly deceive any one. I conscientiously believe what I write, and I have written nothing which I have not either seen with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, or received from the most undoubted authority. But what I have said can hold good only with respect to Auckland, although the seat of Government, the least known and the most abused of all the settlements belonging to New Zealand. It was in vain we searched every book upon the subject for some small account of this place; one meagre paragraph was all we found. From report, I am led to believe that New Plymouth must be a most lovely and fertile place, retarded, however, greatly by its want of harbour, for it has nothing but an open roadstead. The prices of almost every kind of provision are dearer at New Plymouth than at Auckland, while land is cheaper. It is now in a very unsettled state respecting the land titles. The repeated volcanic shocks experienced at Wellington must always prevent that settlement (although a much older and wealthier) from being able to compete with the capital. The climate of Nelson is superb, but then the place is miserably poor, almost

all traffic being carried on by way of barter. Sooner or later, justice will be done to Auckland, which I am sure is equal to the best of the New Zealand settlements.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

SWEET human flowers of passing loveliness
Bloom on life's pathway with celestial splendour;
God bade them grow, the pilgrim's soul to bless;
Use them not roughly—they are frail and tender!

Thou pluckest one, to wear upon thy breast;
To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing;
O! cherish lovingly thy bosom's guest,
Its graceful tendrils round thy heart-strings
Wrathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles,
And from such sunshine healthful vigour borrow,
To soothe in turn with soft enchanting wiles
Thy mind, when darkened by a cloud of sorrow.

Let not the cold winds of unkindly skies
Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;
And though thou water it with streaming eyes,
No life return to cheer thee in thine anguish!

Showering the sweets of true and constant love
On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal;
Until transplanted they shall bloom above,
With brighter hues, unfading and eternal!

MEMORY AT CRANFORD.

I HAVE often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book; of course, the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well; and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article, was by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his daughters when they send a whole instead of a half sheet of note-paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owing that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little banks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that

never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel, instead of patiently and faithfully undowing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use Indian rubber rings, which are a sort of dedication of string as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an Indian-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new, one that I picked up off the floor, nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation, because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost nervous) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might buy it out of their sight, by popping it into their own mouths, and swallowing it down, and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused, suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Now Miss Matey Jenkins was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours, she could do this in the dark, or by fire light, and, when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finish stitching my wristbands, she told me to "keep blind-man's holiday." They were usually brought in with tea, but we only burnt one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in, any evening (but who never did) it required some contrivance to keep out two candles of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burnt two always. The candles took it in turns, and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matey's eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it, and to light the other before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.

One night, I remember that this candle economy particularly annoyed me. I had been very much tired of my compulsory "blind-man's holiday," especially as Miss Matey had fallen asleep, and I did not like to stir the fire, and run the risk of awakening her, so I could not even sit on the rug, and scorch myself with sewing by firelight, according to my usual custom. I fancied Miss Matey must be dreaming of her early life, for she spoke one or two words, in her uneasy sleep, bearing reference to persons who were dead long before. When Martha brought in the lighted candle and tea, Miss Matey started into wakefulness, with a strange bewildered look around, as if we were not the people she expected to see about her. There was a little sad expression that shadowed her face as she

recognised me, but immediately afterwards she tried to give me her usual smile. All through tea-time, her talk ran upon the days of her childhood and youth. Perhaps this reminded her of the desirableness of looking over all the old family letters, and destroying such as ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of strangers, for she had often spoken of the necessity of this task, but had always shrunk from it with a timid dread of something painful. To-night, however, she rose up after tea, and went for them—in the dark, for she picked herself on the precise neatness of all her chamber arrangements, and used to look uneasily at me, when I lighted a bed-candle to go to another room for anything. When she returned, there was a faint, pleasant smell of Tonquin beans in the room. I had always noticed this scent about any of the things which had belonged to her mother, and many of the letters were addressed to her—yellow bundles of love-letters sixty or seventy years old.

Miss Matey undid the packet with a sigh, but she stifled it directly, as if it were hardly right to regret the flight of time, or of life either. We agreed to look them over separately, each taking a different letter out of the same bundle, and describing its contents to the other, before destroying it. I never knew what sad work the reading of old letters was before that evening, though I could hardly tell why. The letters were as happy as letters could be—at least those early letters were. There was in them a vivid and intense sense of the present time, which seemed so strong and full as if it could never pass away, and as if the warm, living hearts that so expressed themselves could never die, and be as nothing to the sunny earth. I should have felt less melancholy, I believe, if the letters had been more so. I saw the tears quietly stealing down the well worn furrows of Miss Matey's cheeks, and her spectacles often wanted wiping. I trusted at last that she would light the other candle, for my own eyes were rather dim, and I wanted more light to see the pale, faded ink, but no—even through her tears, she saw and remembered her little economical ways.

The earliest of old letters were two bundles tied together and ticketed (in Miss Jenkins's handwriting) "Letters interchanged between my ever honoured father and my dearly-beloved mother, prior to their marriage, in July, 1764." I should guess that the Rector of Cranford was about twenty-seven years of age when he wrote those letters, and Miss Matey told me that her mother was just eighteen at the time of her wedding. With my idea of the Rector, derived from a picture in the dining parlour, stiff and stately, in a huge full-bottomed wig, with gown, cassock, and bands, and his hand upon a copy of the only sermon he ever published,—it was strange to read these letters. They were full of eager, passionate ardour, short homely sentences,

right fresh from the heart, (very different from the grand Latinsed, Johnsonian style of the printed Sermon, preached before some Judge at Assize time) His letters were a curious contrast to those of his girl bride. She was evidently rather annoyed at his demands upon her for expressions of love, and could not quite understand what he meant by repeating the same thing over in so many different ways, but what she was quite clear about was her longing for a white "Paduasay" — whatever that might be, and six or seven letters were principally occupied in asking her lover to use his influence with her parents (who evidently kept her in good order) to obtain this or that article of dress, more especially the white "Paduasay." He cared nothing how she was dressed, she was always lovely enough for him, as he took pains to assure her when she begged him to express in his answers a predilection for particular pieces of finery in order that she might show what he said to her parents. But at length he seemed to find out that she would not be married till she had a "trousseau" to her mind, and then he sent her a letter, which had evidently accompanied a whole box full of finery and in which he requested that she might be dressed in every thing her heart desired. This was the first letter, tickled in a frail delicate hand, "From my dearest John." Shortly afterwards they were married — I suppose, from the intermission in their correspondence.

"We must burn them I think," said Miss Mabel, looking doubtfully at me. "No one will care for them when I am gone. And one by one she dropped them into the middle of the fire, watching each blaze up, and out, and rise away, in faint, white, ghostly semblance, up the chimney, before she gave up another to the same fate. The room was light enough now, but I, like her, was fascinated into watching the destruction of those letters, into which the honest warmth of a manly heart had been poured forth.

The next letter likewise docketed by Miss Jenkyns, was endorsed, "Letter of pious congratulation and exhortation from my venerable grandfather to my mother, on occasion of my own birth. Also some practical remarks on the desirability of keeping warm the extremities of infants, from my excellent grandmother."

The first part was, indeed, a severe and forcible picture of the responsibilities of mothers, and a warning against the evils that were in the world and lying in ghastly wait for the little baby of two days old. His wife did not write, said the old gentleman, because he had forbidden it she being indisposed with a sprained ankle, which (he said) quite incapacitated her from holding a pen. How over, at the foot of the page was a small "P.S.," and on turning it over, sure enough there was a letter to "my dear, dearest Molly," her, when she left her room, what-

ever she did, to go up stairs before going down; and telling her to wrap her baby's feet up in flannel, and keep it warm by the fire, although it was summer, for babies were so tender.

It was pretty to see from the letters, which were evidently exchanged with some frequency between the young mother and the grandmother, how the girlish vanity was being weeded out of her heart by love for her baby. The white "Paduasay" figured again in the letters, with almost as much vigour as before. In one, it was being made into a christening cloak for the baby. It decked it when it went with its parents to spend a day or two at Arley Hall. It added to its charms when it was "the prettiest little baby that ever was seen." "Dear mother, I wish you could see her!" Without any parsimony, I do think she will grow up a regular beauty. "I thought of Miss Jenkyns, grey, withered, and wrinkled, and I wondered if her mother had known her in the courts of heaven, and then I knew that she had, and that they stood there in angelic guise."

There was a great gap before any of the rector's letters appeared. And then his wife had changed her mode of endorsement. It was no longer from "My dearest John," it was from "My honoured Husband." The letters were written on occasion of the publication of the same Sermon which was represented in the picture. The preaching before "My Lord Judge" and the "publishing by request" was evidently the culminating point—the event, of his life. It had been necessary for him to go up to London to superintend it through the press. Many friends had to be called upon, and consulted, before he could decide on any printer fit for so onerous a task, and at length it was arranged that J and J Rivingtons were to have the honourable responsibility. The worthy rector seemed to be strung up by the occasion to a high literary pitch, for he could hardly write a letter to his wife without cropping out into Latin. I remember the end of one of his letters ran thus:—"I shall ever hold the virtuous qualities of my Molly in remembrance, *dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus regit artus*, which, considering that the English of his correspondent was sometimes at fault in grammar, and often in spelling, might be taken as a proof of how much he "idealised" his Molly, and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, "People talk a great deal about idealising nowadays, whatever that may mean." But this was nothing to a fit of writing classical poetry, which soon seized him, in which his Molly figured away as "Maria," the letter containing the *carmen* was endorsed by her, "Hebrew verses sent me by my honoured husband. I thought to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait. Mem, to send the poetry to Sir Peter Arley, as my husband desires."

And in a post-scriptum note in his handwriting, it was stated that the Ode had appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, December, 1772. Her letters back to her husband (treasured as fondly by him as if they had been M. T. Cicero's Epistola) were more satisfactory to an absent husband and father than his could ever have been to her. She told him how Deborah sewed her seam very neatly every day, and read to her in the books he had set her, how she was a very "fearful" good child but would ask questions her mother could not answer but how she did not let herself down by saying she did not know, but took to stirring the fire, or sending the "fearful" child on an errand. Matey was now the mother's darling, and promised (like her sister at her age) to be a great beauty. I was telling this aloud to Miss Matey, who smiled and sighed a little at the hope, so fondly expressed that little Matey might not be a nun even if she were a beauty.

I had very pretty hair my dear said Miss Matilda, and not a bid month. And I saw her soon afterwards adjust her cap and draw hairs if up.

But to return to Miss Jenkyns' letters. She told her husband about the poor in the parish what homely domestic medicines she had administered what kitchen physic she had sent. She had evidently held his displeasure as a rod in pickle over the heads of all the need do well. She asked for his directions about the cows and pigs and did not always obtain them, as I have shown before.

The kind old grandfather was dead when a little boy was born soon after the publication of the Sermon but there was another letter of exhortation from the grandfather, more stringent and admonitory than ever, now that there was a boy to be guided from the snare of the wall. He described all the various sins into which men might fall until I wondered how any man ever came to a natural death. The pillars seemed as if it must have been the termination of the lives of most of the grandfather's friends and acquaintance, and I was not surprised at the way in which he spoke of this life being "a vale of tears."

It seemed curious that I should never have heard of this brother before but I concluded that he had died young or else surely his name would have been alluded to by his sisters. By and by we came to packets of Miss Jenkyns' letters. These Miss Matey did regret to burn. She said all the others had been only interesting to those who loved the writers, and that it seemed as if it would have hurt her to allow them to fall into the hands of strangers, who had not known her dear mother, and how good she was, although she did not always spell quite in the modern fashion, but Deborah's letters were so very superior! Any one might profit by reading them. It was a long time

since she had read Mrs. Chapone, but she knew she used to think that Deborah could have said the same things quite as well, and as for Mrs. Carter's people thought a deal of her letters, just because she had written Epictetus, but she was quite sure Deborah would never have made use of such a common expression as "I cannot be fished!"

Miss Matey did grudge burning these letters, it was evident. She would not let them be carelessly passed over with any quiet reading, and skipping, to myself. She took them from me and even lighted the second candle in order to read them aloud with a proper emphasis and without stumbling over the big words. Oh dear! how I wanted facts instead of reflections, before those letters were concluded! They lasted us two nights, and I won't deny that I made use of the time to think of many other things and yet I was always at my post at the end of each sentence. The rectors' letters and those of his wife and mother-in-law had all been tolerably short and pithy, written in a straight hand, with the lines very close together. Sometimes the whole letter was contained on a mere scrap of paper. The paper was very yellow, and the ink very brown. Some of the sheets were (as Miss Matey made me observe) the old original Post, with the stamp in the corner, representing a post-boy riding for life and twanging his horn. The letters of Mrs. Jenkyns and her mother were fastened with a great round red wax, for it was before Miss Edgeworth's Patentage had banished wafers from polite society. It was evident from the tenor of what was said, that frankness was in great request and were even used as means of paying debts by needy Members of Parliament. The rectors sent his pistols with an immense coat of arms, and showed by the care with which he had performed this ceremony, that he expected they should be cut open, not broken by any thoughtless or impatient hand. Now Miss Jenkyns' letters were of a later date in form and writing. She wrote on the square sheet, which we have learned to call old-fashioned. Her hand was admirably calculated, together with her use of many-syllabled words to fill up a sheet, and then came the pride and delight of crossing. Poor Miss Matey got sadly puzzled with this, for the words gathered size like snow balls, and towards the end of her letter, Miss Jenkyns used to become quite scolding. In one to her father, slightly theological and controversial in its tone, she had spoken of Herod, patriarch of Idumea. Miss Matey read it 'Herod Patriarch of Idumea,' and was just as well pleased as if she had been right. I can't quite remember the date, but I think it was in 1805 that Miss Jenkyns wrote the longest series of letters, on occasion of her absence on a visit to some friends near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These friends were intimate with the commandant of the garrison there, and heard from him of all the preparations

that were being made to repel the invasion of Buonaparte, which some people imagined might take place at the mouth of the Tyne. Miss Jenkyns was evidently very much alarmed, and the first part of her letters was often written in pretty intelligible English, conveying particulars of the preparations which were made in the family with whom she was residing against the dreaded event, the bundles of clothes that were packed up ready for a flight to Alston Moor (a wild hilly piece of ground between Northumberland and Cumberland), the signal that it was to be given for this flight, and for the simultaneous turning out of the volunteers under arms, which said signal was to consist (if I remember rightly) in ringing the church bells in a particular and ominous manner. This warning summons was actually given, one day, when Miss Jenkyns and her hosts were at a dinner-party in Newcastle (not a very wise proceeding, if there be any truth in the morbid attached to the fable of the Boy and the Wolf, but so it was) and Miss Jenkyns, hardly recovered from her flight, wrote the next day to describe the sound, the breathless shock, the hurry and alarm, and then taking breath, she added, "How trivial, my dear father, do all our apprehensions of the last evening appear, at the present moment, to calm and inquiring minds!" And here Miss Matey broke in with—"But, indeed, my dear, they were not at all trivial or trifling at the time. I know I used to wake up in the night many a time, and think I heard the tramp of the French entering Cranford. My mother has sat by my bed half a night through, holding my hand and comforting me, and many people talked of hiding themselves in the salt mines,—and men would have kept capitally down there, only perhaps we should have been thirsty. And my father preached a whole set of sermons on the occasion, one set in the mornings, all about David and Goliath, to spirit up the people to fighting with spades or bricks, if need were, and the other set in the afternoon, proving that Napoleon (that was another name for Bony, as we used to call him) was all the same as Apollyon and Abaddon. I remember, my father rather thought he should be asked to print this last set, but the parish had, perhaps, had enough of them with hearing."

Peter Marmaduke Arley Jenkyns, ("poor Peter" as Miss Matey began to call him) was at school at Shrewsbury by this time. The rector took up his pen, and rubbed up his Latin, once more, to correspond with his boy. It was very clear that the lad's were what are called show letters. They were of a highly mental description, giving an account of his studies, and his intellectual hopes of various kinds with an occasional quotation from the classics, but, now and then, the annual nature broke out in such a little sentence as this, evidently written in a trembling hurry, after the letter had been suspected

"Mother, dear, do send me a cake, and put plenty of citron in." The "mother, dear," probably answered her boy in the form of cakes and "goody," for there were none of her letters among this set, but a whole collection of the rector's, to whom the Latin in his boy's letters was like a trumpet to the old war horse. I do not know much about Latin, certainly, and it is, perhaps, an ornamental language, but not very useful, I think—at least to judge from the bits I remember out of the rector's letters. One was "You have not got that town in your map of Ireland, but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, as the Proverbial say." Presently it became very evident that "poor Peter" got himself into many scrapes. There were letters of stilted penitence to his father, for some wrong doing, and, among them all, was a badly-written, badly scaled, badly-directed, blotted note—"My dear, dear, dearest mother, I will be a better boy—I will, indeed, but don't, please, be ill for me, I am not worth it, but I will be good, darling mother."

Miss Matey could not speak for crying, after she had read this note. She gave it to me in silence, and then got up and took it to her sacred recesses in her own room, for fear, by any chance, it might get burnt. "Poor Peter!" she said, "he was always in scrapes, he was too easy. They led him wrong, and then left him in the lurch. But he was too fond of mischief. He could never resist a joke. Poor Peter!"

Poor Peter's career lay before him rather pleasantly mapped out by kind friends, but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia* in this map too. He was to win honours at Shrewsbury School, and carry them thick to Cambridge, and after that, a living awaited him, the gift of his godfather, Sir Peter Arley. Poor Peter's lot in life was very different to what his friends had hoped and planned. Miss Matey told me all about it, and I think it was a relief to her when she had done so. He was the darling of his mother, who seemed to dote on all her children, though she was, perhaps, a little afraid of Deborah's superior acquirements. Deborah was the favourite of her father, and when Peter disappointed him, she became his pride. The sole honour Peter brought away from Shrewsbury, was the reputation of being the best good fellow that ever was, and of being the captain of the school in the art of practical joking. His father was disappointed, but set about remedying the matter in a manly way. He could not afford to send Peter to read with any tutor, but he could read with him himself, and Miss Matey told me much of the awful preparations in the way of dictionaries and lexicons that were made in her father's study the morning Peter began.

"My poor mother!" said she. "I remember how she used to stand in the hall, just near enough to the study-door to catch the tone of my father's voice. I could tell, in a

moment, if all was going right, by her face. And it did go right for a long time."

"What went wrong at last?" said I. "That tiresome Latin, I dare say."

"No! it was not the Latin. Peter was in high favour with my father, for he worked up well for him. But he seemed to think that the Cranford people might be joked about, and made fun of, and they did not like it; nobody does. He was always hoaxing them; 'hoaxing' is not a pretty word, my dear, and I hope you won't tell your father I used it, for I should not like him to think that I was not choice in my language, after living with such a woman as Deborah. And be sure you never use it yourself. I don't know how it slipped out of my mouth, except it was that I was thinking of poor Peter, and it was always his expression. But he was a very gentlemanly boy in many things. He was like dear Captain Brown in always being ready to help any old person or a child. Still, he did like joking and making fun; and he seemed to think the old ladies in Cranford would believe anything. There were many old ladies living here then; we were principally ladies now, I know; but we are not so old as the ladies used to be when I was a girl. I could laugh to think of some of Peter's jokes. No! my dear, I won't tell you of them, because they might not shock you as they ought to do; and they were very shocking. He even took in my father once, by dressing himself up as a lady who was passing through the town and wished to see the Rector of Cranford, 'who had published that admirable Assize Sermon.' Peter said, he was awfully frightened himself when he saw how my father took it all in, and even offered to copy out all his Napoleon Buonaparte sermons for her—him, I mean—no, her, for Peter was a lady then. He told me he was more terrified than he ever was before, all the time my father was speaking. He did not think my father would have believed him; and yet if he had not, it would have been a sad thing for Peter. As it was, he was none so glad of it, for my father kept him hard at work copying out all those twelve Buonaparte sermons for the lady—that was for Peter himself, you know. He was the lady. And once when he wanted to go fishing, Peter said, 'Confound the woman!—very bad language, my dear; but Peter was not always so guarded as he should have been; but my father was so angry with him, it nearly frightened me out of my wits; and yet I could hardly keep from laughing at the little curtsies Peter kept making, quite slyly, whenever my father spoke of the lady's excellent taste and sound discrimination.'"

"Did Miss Jenkyns know of these tricks?" said I.

"Oh no! Deborah would have been too much shocked. No! no one knew but I. I wish I had always known of Peter's plans; but sometimes he did not tell me. He used

to say the old ladies in the town wanted something to talk about; but I don't think they did. They had the St. James's Chronicle three times a-week, just as we have now,—the very same advantages we have, and we have plenty to say; and I remember the clacking noise there always was when some of the ladies got together. But, probably, school-boys talk more than ladies. At last there was a terrible mad thing happened." Miss Matey got up, went to the door, and opened it; no one was there. She rang the bell for Martha; and when Martha came, her mistress told her to go for eggs to a farm at the other end of the town.

"I will lock the door after you, Martha. You are not afraid to go, are you?"

"No, Ma'am, not at all; Jean Hearn will be only too proud to go with me."

Miss Matey drew herself up, and, as soon as we were alone, she wished that Martha had more maidenly reserve.

"We'll put out the candle, my dear. We can talk just as well by fire-light, you know. There! well! you see, Deborah had gone from home for a fortnight or so; it was a very still quiet day, I remember, overhead; and the lilacs were all in flower, so I suppose it was spring. My father had gone out to see some sick people in the parish; I recollect seeing him leave the house, with his wig and shovel-hat, and cane. What possessed our poor Peter, I don't know; he had the sweetest temper, and yet he always seemed to like to plague Deborah. She never laughed at his jokes, and thought him ungentle, and not careful enough about improving his mind; and that vexed him."

"Well! he went to her room, it seems, and dressed himself in her old gown, and shawl, and bonnet; just the things she used to wear in Cranford, and was known by everywhere; and he made the pillow into a little—you are sure you locked the door, my dear, for I should not like any one to hear—into—into—a little baby, with white long clothes. It was only, as he told me afterwards, to make something to talk about in the town: he never thought of it as affecting Deborah. And he went and walked up and down in the Filbert walk, just half hidden by the rails, and half seen; and he cuddled his pillow, just like a baby; and talked to it all the nonsense people do. Oh dear! and my father came stepping stately up the street, as he always did; and what should he see but a little black crowd of people—I dare say as many as twenty—all peeping through his garden rails. So he thought, at first, they were only looking at a new rhododendron that was in full bloom, and that he was very proud of; and he walked slower, that they might have more time to admire. And he wondered if he could make out a sermon from the occasion, and thought, perhaps, there was some relation between the rhododendrons and the lilies of the field. My poor father! When he came nearer, he

began to wonder that they did not see him ; but their heads were all so close together, peeping and peeping ! My father was amongst them, meaning, he said, to ask them to walk into the garden with him, and admire the beautiful vegetable production, when—oh, my dear ! I tremble to think of it, he looked through the rails himself, and saw— I don't know what he thought he saw, but old Clare told me his face went quite grey-white with anger, and his eyes blazed out under his frowning black brows ; and he spoke out—oh, so terribly ! and bade them all stop where they were—not one of them to go, not one to stir a step ; and, swift as light, he was in at the garden door, and down the Filbert walk, and seized hold of poor Peter, and tore his clothes off his back—bonnet, shawl, gown, and all—and threw the pillow among the people over the railings : and then he was very, very angry indeed ; and before all the people he lifted up his cane, and flogged Peter ! My dear ! that boy's trick, on that sunny day, when all seemed going straight and well, broke my mother's heart, and changed my father for life. It did, indeed. Old Clare said, Peter looked as white as my father ; and stood as still as a statue to be flogged ; and my father struck hard ! When my father stopped to take breath, Peter said, ' Have you done enough, Sir ? ' quite hoarsely, and still standing quite quiet. I don't know what my father said—or if he said anything. But old Clare said, Peter turned to where the people outside the railing were, and made them a low bow, as grand and as grave as any gentleman ; and then walked slowly into the house. I was in the store-room, helping my mother to make cowslip-wine. I cannot abide the wine now, nor the scent of the flowers ; they turn me sick and faint, as they did that day, when Peter came in, looking as haughty as any man—indeed, looking like a man, not like a boy. ' Mother ! ' he said, ' I am come to say, God bless you for ever.' I saw his lips quiver, as he spoke ; and I think he durst not say anything more loving, for the purpose that was in his heart. She looked at him rather frightened, and wondering, and asked him what was to do ? He did not smile or speak, but put his arms round her, and kissed her as if he did not know how to leave off ; and before she could speak again, he was gone. We talked it over, and could not understand it, and she bade me go and seek my father, and ask what it was all about. I found him walking up and down, looking very highly displeased.

" Tell your mother I have flogged Peter, and that he richly deserved it."

" I durst not ask any more questions. When I told my mother, she sat down, quite faint, for a minute. I remember, a few days after, I saw the poor, withered cowslip-flowers thrown out to the leaf-heap, to decay and die there. There was no making of cowslip-wine that year at the Rectory, nor, indeed, ever

after. Presently, my mother went to my father. I know I thought of Queen Esther and King Ahasuerus ; for my mother was very pretty and delicate-looking, and my father looked as terrible as King Ahasuerus. Some time after, they came out together ; and then my mother told me what had happened, and that she was going up to Peter's room, at my father's desire—though she was not to tell Peter this—to talk the matter over with him. But no Peter was there. We looked over the house ; no Peter was there ! Even my father, who had not liked to join in the search at first, helped us before long. The Rectory was a very old house : steps up into a room ; steps down into a room, all through. At first, my mother went calling low and soft—as if to reassure the poor boy—' Peter ! Peter, dear ! it's only me ; ' but, by-and-bye, as the servants came back from the errands my father had sent them, in different directions, to find where Peter was—as we found he was not in the garden, nor the hayloft, nor anywhere about—my mother's cry grew louder and wilder—' Peter ! Peter, my darling ! where are you ? ' for then she felt and understood that that long kiss meant some sad kind of 'good-bye.' The afternoon went on, my mother never resting, but seeking again and again in every possible place that had been looked into twenty times before ; nay, that she had looked into over and over again herself. My father sat with his head in his hands, not speaking, except when his messengers came in, bringing no tidings : then he lifted up his face so strong and sad, and told them to go again in some new direction. My mother kept passing from room to room, in and out of the house, moving noiselessly, but never ceasing. Neither she nor my father durst leave the house, which was the meeting-place for all the messengers. At last (and it was nearly dark), my father rose up. He took hold of my mother's arm, as she came with wild, sad pace, through one door, and quickly towards another. She started at the touch of his hand, for she had forgotten all in the world but Peter.

" ' Molly ! ' said he, ' I did not think all this would happen.' He looked into her face for comfort—her poor face, all wild and white ; for neither she nor my father had dared to acknowledge—much less, act upon—the terror that was in their hearts, lest Peter should have made away with himself. My father saw no conscious look in his wife's flint, dreary eyes, and he missed the sympathy that she had always been ready to give him, strong man as he was ; and at the dumb despair in her face, his tears began to flow. But when she saw this, a gentle sorrow came over her countenance, and she said, ' Dearest John ! don't cry ; come with me, and we'll find him,' almost as cheerfully as if she knew where he was ; and she took my father's great hand in her little soft one, and led him along, the tears dropping, as he walked on that same

unceasing, weary walk, from room to room, through house and garden. Oh! how I wished for Deborah! I had no time for crying, for now all seemed to depend on me. I wrote for Deborah to come home. I sent a message privately to that same Mr Holbrook's house—poor Mr Holbrook!—you know who I mean. I don't mean I sent a message to him, but I sent one that I could trust, to know if Peter was at his house. For at one time Mr Holbrook was an occasional visitor at the Rectory—you know he was Miss Pole's cousin—and he had been very kind to Peter, and taught him how to fish—he was very kind to everybody, and I thought Peter might have gone off there. But Mr Holbrook was from home, and Peter had never been seen. It was night now, but the doors were all wide open, and my father and mother walked on and on, it was more than an hour since he had joined her, and I don't believe they had ever spoken all that time. I was getting the parlour fire lighted, and one of the servants was preparing tea for I wanted them to have something to eat and drink and warm them, when old Mrs asked to speak to me.

"I have borrowed the nets from the wren, Miss Matey. Shall we drag the ponds to night, or wait for the morning?"

"I remember staring in his face together his meaning, and when I did, I laughed out loud. The horror of that new thought—our bright, darling Peter, cold, and stark, and dead! I remember the ring of my own laugh now.

"The next day Deborah was at home before I was myself again. She would not have been so weak to give way as I had done, but my screams (my horrible laughter had ended in crying) had roused my sweet dear mother, whose poor wandering wits were called back and collected, as soon as a child needed her care. She and Deborah sat by my bedside, I knew by the looks of each that there had been no news of Peter—no awful, ghastly news which was what I most had dreaded in my dull state between sleeping and waking. The same result of all the searching had brought something of the same relief to my mother, to whom, I am sure, the thought that Peter might even then be hanging dead in some of the familiar home places, had caused that never-ending walk of yesterday. Her soft eyes never were the same again after that, they had always a restless, craving look, as if seeking for what they could not find. Oh! it was an awful time, coming down like a thunderbolt on the still sunny day, when the lilacs were all in bloom."

"Where was Mr Peter?" said I.

"He had made his way to Liverpool, and there was war then, and some of the king's ships lay off the mouth of the Mersey, and they were only too glad to have a fine likely boy such as him (five foot nine he was) come to offer himself. The captain wrote to my

father, and Peter wrote to my mother. Stay! those letters will be somewhere here."

We lighted the candle and found the captain's letter, and Peter's too. And we also found a little simple begging letter from Mrs Jenkyns to Peter, addressed to him at the house of an old schoolfellow, whither she fancied he might have gone. They had returned it unopened, and unopened it had remained ever since, having been inadvertently put by among the other letters of that time. This is it—

"My dearest Peter,

"You did not think we should be so sorry as we are, I know, or you would never have gone away. You are too good. Your father sits and sighs till my heart aches to hear him. He cannot hold up his head for grief, and yet he only did what he thought was right. Perhaps he has been too severe, and perhaps I have not been kind enough, but God knows how we love you, my dear only boy. Don't be so sorry you are gone. Come back and make us happy, who love you so much. I / now you will come back."

But Peter never came back. That spring day was the last time he ever saw father or mother. The writer of the letter—the last—the only person who had ever seen what was written in it, was dead long ago—and I, a stranger, not born at the time when this occurrence took place, was the one to open it.

The captain's letter summoned the father and mother to Liverpool instantly, if they wished to see their boy, and by some of the wild chances of life, the captain's letter had been detained somewhere, somehow. Miss Matey went on—And it was race time, and all the past hours at Cranford were gone to the races, but my father and mother set off in our own gig—and, oh! my dear, they were too late—the ship was gone. And now I read Peter's letter to my mother."

It was full of love, and sorrow, and pride in his new profession, and a sore sense of his disgrace in the eyes of the people at Cranford, but ending with a passionate entreaty that she would come and see him before he left the Mersey—"Mother! we may go into battle. I hope we shall, and lick those French, but I must see you again before that time!"

"And she was too late," said Miss Matey, "too late!"

We sat in silence, pondering on the full meaning of those sad, sad words. At length I asked Miss Matey to tell me how her mother bore it.

"Oh!" she said, "she was patience itself. She had never been strong, and this weakened her terribly. My father used to sit looking at her far more sad than she was. He seemed as if he could look at nothing else when she was by, and he was so humble,—so very gentle, now. He would, perhaps, speak in his old way—laying down the law, as it were—and then, in a minute or two, he

would come round and put his hand on our shoulders, and ask us in a low voice if he had said anything to hurt us? I did not wonder at his speaking so to Deborah, for she was so clever; but I could not bear to hear him talking so to me.

"But, you see, he saw what we did not—that it was killing my mother. Yes! killing her—(put out the candle, my dear! I can talk better in the dark)—for she was but a frail woman, and ill fitted to stand the fright and shock she had gone through; and she would smile at him, and comfort him, not in words, but in her looks and tones, which were always cheerful when he was there. And she would speak of how she thought Peter stood a good chance of being admiral very soon—he was so brave and clever; and how she thought of seeing him in his navy uniform, and what sort of hats admirals wore, and how much more fit he was to be a sailor than a clergyman; and all in that way, just to make my father think she was quite glad of what came of that unlucky morning's work, and the flogging, which was always in his mind, as we all knew. But, oh, my dear! the bitter, bitter crying she had when she was alone;—and at last, as she grew weaker, she could not keep her tears in, when Deborah or me was by, and would give us message after message for Peter,—(his ship had gone to the Mediterranean, or somewhere down there, and then he was ordered off to India, and there was no overland route then);—but she still said that no one knew where their death lay in wait, and that we were not to think hers was near. We did not think it, but we knew it, as we saw her fading away.

"Well, my dear, it's a very foolish of me, I know, when in all likelihood I am so near seeing her again." But Miss Matey was not foolish, poor dear thing!

"And only think, love! the very day after her death—for she did not live quite a twelve-month after Peter went away—the very day after—came a parcel for her from India—from her poor boy. It was a large, soft, white India shawl, with just a little narrow border all round; just what my mother would have liked. We thought it might rouse my father, for he had sat with her hand in his all night long; so Deborah took it in to him, and Peter's letter to her, and all. At first, he took no notice; and we tried to make a kind of light careless talk about the shawl, opening it out and admiring it. Then, suddenly, he got up, and spoke:—'She shall be buried in it,' he said; 'Peter shall have that comfort; and she would have liked it.' Well! perhaps it was not reasonable, but what could we do or say? One gives people in grief their own way. He took it up and felt it.—'It is just such a shawl as she wished for when she was married, and her mother did not give it her. I did not know of it till after, or she should have had it—she should; but she shall have it now.'

"My mother looked so lovely in her death! She was always pretty, and now she looked fair, and waxen, and young—younger than Deborah, as she stood trembling and shivering by her. We decked her in the long soft folds; she lay, smiling, as if pleased; and people came—all Cranford came—to beg to see her, for they had loved her dearly—as well they might; and the country-women brought posies; old Clare's wife brought some white violets, and begged they might lie on her breast.

"Deborah said to me, the day of my mother's funeral, that if she had a hundred offers, she never would marry and leave my father. It was not very likely she would have so many—I don't know that she had one; but it was not less to her credit to say so. She was such a daughter to my father, as I think there never was, before or since. His eyes failed him, and she read book after book, and wrote, and copied, and was always at his service in any parish business. She could do many more things than my poor mother could; she even once wrote a letter to the bishop for my father. But he missed my mother sorely; the whole parish noticed it. Not that he was less active; I think he was more so, and more patient in helping every one. I did all I could to set Deborah at liberty to be with him; for I knew I was good for little, and that my best work in the world was to do odd jobs quietly, and set others at liberty. But my father was a changed man."

"Did Mr. Peter ever come home?"

"Yes, once. He came home a Lieutenant; he did not get to be Admiral. And he and my father were such friends! My father took him into every house in the parish, he was so proud of him. He never walked out without Peter's arm to lean upon. Deborah used to smile (I don't think we ever laughed again after my mother's death), and say she was quite put in a corner. Not but what my father always wanted her when there was letter-writing, or reading, to be done, or anything to be settled."

"And then?" said I, after a pause,

"Then Peter went to sea again; and, by-and-bye, my father died, blessing us both, and thanking Deborah for all she had been to him; and, of course, our circumstances were changed; and, instead of living at the Rectory, and keeping three maids and a man, we had to come to this small house, and be content with a servant-of-all-work; but, as Deborah used to say, we have always lived genteelly, even if circumstances have compelled us to simplicity.—Poor Deborah!"

"And, Mr. Peter?" asked I.

"Oh, there was some great war in India—I forget what they call it—and we have never heard of Peter since then. I believe he is dead, myself; and it sometimes fidgets me that we have never put on mourning for him. And then, again, when I sit by myself, and all the house is still, I think I hear his step

coming up the street, and my heart begins to flutter and beat; but the sound always goes past—and Peter never comes. That's Martha back? No! I'll go, my dear; I can always find my way in the dark, you know. And a blow of fresh air at the door will do my head good, and it's rather got a trick of aching." So she pattered off. I had lighted the candle, to give the room a cheerful appearance against her return.

"Was it Martha?" asked I.

"Yes. And I am rather uncomfortable, for I heard such a strange noise just as I was opening the door."

"When?" I asked, for her eyes were round with affright.

"In the street—just outside—it sounded like—

"Talking?" I put in, as she hesitated a little.

"No! kissing—"

CHIPS.

THE FINE ARTS IN AUSTRALIA.

THERE is a picture now lodged at the Amateur Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, which, apart from its own merits, is rendered interesting by being the first large picture ever painted, or (by many people) ever seen, in Australia.

It is an illustration of the Scripture, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The painter is MR. MARSHALL CLAXTON. It was produced under the following circumstances.

In the summer of the year 1850, a munificent lady residing in London, and distinguished everywhere for her gentle generosity and goodness, commissioned Mr. Claxton to paint this picture for the interior decoration of an Infant School. Mr. Claxton was then on the eve of emigrating to Sydney. If he might only consider the subject on the voyage, he said, and paint it in the land of his adoption, what a pride he would have in showing it to his new countrymen, and what a testimony it would be to them that he was not slighted in Old England! The commission was freely entrusted to him to be so dealt with; and away he sailed, light of heart and strong of purpose.

How he studied it, and sketched it, month after month, during the long voyage; and how he found it a companion in whom there was always something new to be discovered, and of whom he never tired; needs not to be told. But when he came to Sydney, he could find no house suited to his requirements, with a room large enough to paint the picture in. So, he asked the Committee of the Sydney College for the loan of that building; and, it being handsomely conceded, went to work there.

It may be questioned whether any Australian models had ever sat before, to painting man. At all events, models or not, models, the general population of Sydney became so

excited about this picture, and were so eager to see it in every stage of its progress, that seven thousand persons, first and last, dropped in to look at it. And such an object was as new to many of them, as the travelling elephant was to the young men on the banks of the Mississippi, when he made a pilgrimage "a while ago," with his caravan, to those far-off regions.

Thus, the Picture was imagined, painted, and sent home. Thus, it is, at the present writing, lodged in Pall Mall—the dawn perhaps of the longest day for the fine arts, as for all the arts of life, that ever rose upon the world. As the bright eyes of the children in the Infant School will often, in these times, rest upon it with the awe and wonder of its having come so far over the deep sea; so, perhaps, MR. MACAULAY's traveller, standing, in a distant age, upon the ruins of an old cathedral once called St. Paul's, in the midst of a desert once called London, will look about him with similar emotions for any broken stones that may possibly be traces of the School, and in the Australian nursery-legend to have contained the first important picture painted in that ancient country.

A SEA-CORONER.

IN the Parliamentary Report on Shipwrecks for the year 1836, the loss of property in British shipping wrecked or foundered at sea, is estimated, on an average of six years, at three millions sterling per annum. The whole of this property (although some of it may be covered by insurance), is not the less absolutely lost to the nation. The annual loss of life by the wreck or foundering of British vessels at sea, is estimated at one thousand persons in each year. A Wreck-Chart, published in the first number of a useful little journal called "The Life-Bout," gives the particulars of shipwrecks during the first eleven days of last January. There were sixty ships, and twenty-seven human beings, lost in that short period.

No one denies that much of all this disaster is preventable. Some of it is due to carelessness, to want of skill, to professional ignorance and to the unseaworthiness of vessels; the rest to other causes not wholly unavoidable.

To get at the truth in each case, the origin of every wreck ought to be as rigidly investigated as the cause of a violent death or of a fire ashore. The Members of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck suggest, in their publication, that the Inspecting-Commander of Coast-Guard of each district, the Collector, chief officer of Customs, and Lloyd's agents, could form a tribunal, in which all merchants and shipowners would have confidence. Were such a body, with the assistance of the nearest magistrate, authorised to inquire into and report to the Admiralty or Board of Trade on every case of wreck,

there is little doubt that in a very few years the list of wrecks on our own coasts would be greatly diminished.

Some competent legal authority, accustomed to sift and to weigh evidence, would be also requisite, to direct the inquiries, and to assist the deliberations, of a board of professional sailors, such as is here proposed. The Law furnishes many gentlemen exercising their profession in towns along our coasts. A small fee for each inquiry would ensure their services; and they would form a novel but useful body of Sea-Coroners.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET HIS EYE—

—I SHALL be glad to treat with him. He will be affectionately received. When I say "his" eye, I mean C. D.; and, when I say C. D., I mean a Cornish Daw.

The fact is, I am terribly in want of a pair of Cornish Choughs: not dead skins, covered with feathers and stuffed with tow and wire; but pleasant, lively fellows, that would create a little merriment and cause a little trouble. Luckily, state affairs, of a delicate and important nature, carried me just now into the far West of England. Now, or never, for a pair of red-legged Cornubians! To return without them would be too humiliating, however well diplomacy might go off.

The world knows that Westward railways terminate at Plymouth; but no one save Mr. Wilkie Collins, and the readers of his pleasant book, know the wonders that lie beyond them.

"Now, sir!" says the guard, "we start in one minute."

"Well, but I've been travelling all night, and have had no breakfast, except a bottle of soda-water."

"That can't be helped—the mail is off. If you want to go by her"—

"If!" Of course, I do; and I mount.

After this personal sacrifice, I feel as sure of the choughs as if each bird had already had on its tail the weight of a pinch of magic salt.

The center to Devonport is pleasant enough; but how are we to drive across that magnificent harbour, between the three-deckers and no-deckers, and steamers and fishing-boats? How? Why, at the water's-edge awaits us a steam bridge. Coach-and-four trot on to it steadily; a slight buzzing in the centre of the concern makes itself heard; lo, we reach the Cornish shore.

Well done, horses! sober, and yet spirited. As we commence penetrating the promontory of Celts and ancient Britons, the steam bridge starts on its way back with a noble freight of doukey-carts.

Cornwall abounds in tin, copper, fish, china-clay, and saints.

The mines are a nuisance; covering the earth with sterile rubbish, disfiguring the landscape with ugly buildings and "Bala,"

and giving one the horrors, with their clanking chains and slow-swinging levers. The miners are a healthy, kind-hearted, good set of fellows; poverty is nearly unknown among them; and you may walk at night in safety from Launceston to the Land's End. English outrages and murders are mentioned with horror.

Mines are spoken of in the feminine gender: "Oh! she's a wonderful mine! Mr. Moneyman, of Exeter, is getting his nine thousand a-year out of her." Or, "I'm afraid she's almost knocked"—(up). Propositions are sometimes dispensed with in Cornwall: "What have you done—[with]—my hat?" Is this a Celtic or a British idiom? "She can't work well, there's so much water in her."

As to the pilchards and other seafaring fry, "Death to thousands!" is the standing toast. Last summer (1851), in Mount's Bay, as many pilchards were enclosed, at one time in one net, as fetched twelve thousand pounds. So closely were they circumented and huddled together, that it was said two fish in the net had no more elbow-room than three when packed and salted in the cellar.

The china-clay diggings look like cuts into a vast unripe cheese. The pits are the cuds; and the women—dressed in long white pinafores, who manipulate, for sixpence a day, the unshaped teacups and saucers, long before they are capable of containing the refreshing beverage—must surely be Opera Nuns, escaped from Robert the Devil, and come into the country for the benefit of their health. The water which runs from the works where the china-clay is prepared, looks like streams of milk. If there were but plenty of honey—and beehives are not rare—the clay district might be truly called a land flowing with milk and honey. It is wonderful that the proprietors do not cause these milky brooks to discharge themselves and settle in some large reservoir. The particles of alumina held longest in suspension, being the finest, they would yield china-clay of extra-delicate quality.

Cornwall has been thickly colonised by saints. This county alone would furnish a numerous celestial hierarchy. When Catalani, the singer, was shown the handsome interior of a Gothic building, whose walls were covered with the portraits of mayors and aldermen, she inquired, in her simplicity, "*E chi sono tutti questi santi?*"—"And who are all these saints?"—Had she taken a lesson on the map of Cornwall, she might pertinently have asked the same question. Every second town and village and parish is called "St." something. Saints here, there, and everywhere. Multitudes of them are emigrants from Ireland. They came over in such droves, that they seem to have been hard put to it at home, and to have been sent to England wholesale, with a free passage, provided by some holy Board of Guardians to the Pauper

Hagiology All tradition declares that mill stones were the substitutes for cheap steamers. Some fine morning, on the Cornish coast, there lay a millstone, on it sat a saint—say St. Blarney—giving each other a miraculously good character. The millstone proved the saintship, the saint proved the buoyancy of the millstone. Heretics will say that St. Blarney might have crossed the Irish Channel sitting on a millstone, and Dr. Newman be quietly allowed to believe the fact, if we only be permitted to suppose a sufficiency of plank beneath and of canvas above, the stony throne, which waited Blarney over, and his fortunes. Howbeit what ever the specific gravity of millstones in the ninth century, as compared with the nineteenth, down came gangs of holy men upon the tin, copper, fish, and chimney—utterly putting no doubt, the Staffordshire market—multitudinous as pilchards.

The morning of my descent from the mill, and ascent up the Peninsula in various other conveyances, was calm and dry, but a glance to the right and left for a few miles showed that the region was both a wet and a windy one. Sea-voy grass (impressed on every boy's memory by early perusal of Cook's Voyages) was growing in the joints of stone fences on thatch and the tops of walls, showing itself in positions where it never appears in the Eastern counties, owing to the greater dryness of the climate. There, it is restricted to marshes, fens, and the margins of streams. A lovely valley, whose sides were covered with oaks, was completely tinted with a hue of grey from the shaggy lichens which clothed their branches. They, again were hung about with polypody and other ferns—in actual vegetation which could not exist there, unless the atmosphere were a transparent sponge. Were it hotter, *there* would cling the lovely and fragrant epiphytal orchids.

People drove along the road in primitive looking carts—"built on Mount Ararat, after the subsidence of the waters"—called 'cup boards', to protect them from the windy, showery climate. The women wore deep curtains at the back of their bonnets, to keep the hurricanes from sweeping down the backs of their necks. Very many of the front doors of the houses were enclosed in wooden sentry boxes, otherwise, tables, chairs and sofas might be whisked round and round the rooms in a Cornish whirlwind. The great pains taken to thatch haystacks were further symptoms of a land of tornadoes. The thatch was tightly bound down by a network of "reed" ropes, at the end of each of which ropes, mostly dangled a large stone, by way of tassel. The top of the stack was thus prevented from cruising in mid air, by a rude and substantial necklace of geological specimens of high interest to a race of miners.

Nay, even the natives fall victims to the fury of the winds. It is on record, that, "at West Looe, September 24th, 1758, the wife

of one John Gall, who is a farmer near us, being upon the road from hence to Tarpoint, upon a loaded horse, with fruit for Plymouth-dock market, as she was travelling upon the cliffs by the sea-side, (for there is no other road,) was overpowered by a sudden gust of wind, and forced, together with her horse, over the cliff, to the loss of both their lives, as they fell at least two hundred feet."

But all this catches me no choughs. I accordingly inquired about them. The answer to me was a question to somebody else—

"I say, Uncle Ned, you're one of the oldest men hereabouts. This gen'l'man seems moody-hearted to birds. Are there any Cornish daws hereabouts?"

"There was one came out of Mr. Pendobus's garden, one plummy 'rainy' day a month ago, but he soon got it back again. Of the wild daws I know no more than a duck with the sprawls. He must go to Penzance, or St. Paul's, or the Gurnard's Head, or St. Ives to hear more about them."

To Penzance I am borne then, behind a pair of flying couriers. At Penzance I find a capital supply of fish brought by wondrous fishwomen. I perceive also queer surnames over the shop doors, granite built cottages, with tall myrtles in front, pleasant people, who can practise true hospitality, a poultry society, as thriving as a crescent moon,—and no choughs in the flesh, but one or two very prettily stuffed.

"If you go to the Island End, you will have a chance of seeing some."

"But if there are none there, where am I to go then?"

"That you must make out when you get there."

"On, on, on! This is Scannan, and there fly two black bodied birds across the heath!"

"Nonsense! They won't do. One is a rook, the other a hooded crow."

We pass the inn, a substantial and comfortable looking house kept by Thomas Poman. It hangs out a signboard, on the side of which, facing you as you go to the sea, is painted 'The Last Inn in England,'—on that facing you as you come from the sea, "The First Inn in England." Extremes are thus curiously divided, only by the thickness of a signboard. But in reality it is only the second and the penultimate place of entertainment. With a true Celtic confusion of ideas, the same Mr. Poman has, near the brink of the cliff, a substantial cottage, which, though merely an advanced post of his own establishment, for the accommodation of visitors, he now accurately styles "The Land's End Hotel"—not superb, but "any port in a storm"—thus falsifying his own vain boast about the former First and Last.

Up starts a guide, before invisible, from the bowels of the earth. Of course I shall go on, and descend, and plant my foot upon the most western point of Great Britain, choughs or

no choughs. There is nothing like a near view, as the old lady said when she mounted her three-legged stool to have a better sight of the eclipse.

This is a magnificent scene! Granite cliffs dipping sheer into the water, up which there is no hope for the shipwrecked sailor to climb, unless he had the feet of a fly. Here and there, to make bad worse, is an advanced islet or two of rock, about which the sea boils and roars, and foams and eddies, to shatter the boat that might try hard to reach the main land. The cormorants sitting there care not two sprats about our climbing down towards them. Rather poetic in name, as in look, are those black immovables, "The Armed Knight," and his minor attendants. So, also, of "The Wolf," which, farther south, howls in the wind. If you've not a good head, better keep where you are. Foolish are the ladies, more foolish are the gentlemen, who get half-way down, and then stick fast, and scream, and wring their hands with fright, and dare neither proceed nor return. My companion half-way down the first slope, prudently crawls up again, backward, on his hands and feet. At the bottom of this, within two or three inches of the edge of a wall, which will make your flesh creep to look over it, is a memorable mark in the smooth and slippery turf. A wise cavalier, after dinner, one day, betted that he would ride to the Land's End next morning. So, he mounted, and got thus far. The shuddering horse turned, and backed. The rider just saw the horse's hind feet going over the brink, throw himself off in agony, and escaped. The animal perished, and the last print of the clinging hoof is kept fresh by the guides. What an act of horsemanship to witness! This happened not many years ago, though the biped performer is since dead.

Not far off, is another curiosity. The Land's End-ites have a childish propensity to call time-worn rocks after things to which they bear the slightest possible resemblance. Ossianic names are here in character; but "Dr. Johnson's Head" is too bad. Worst of all is "Dr. Syntax," whereon some grey lichen at the back is supposed to represent the wig. The guide complained that a gentleman charged him with making this rude effigy. Poor town gentleman, inexperienced in Nature's freaks! "Sir," said the guide, grieved at the slander, "how should I make Dr. Syntax, when I have never seen his drawing?"

The next stage is a chaotic heap of hoary blocks of granite, through which threads a narrow path. To the right and to the left is precipitous destruction. As sailors say, one hand-hold, when you can have it, is worth two foot-holds. Best of all is a goat-like presence of mind in such places; it narrows more and more. Stand still: look around! Yonder, a mile from the shore, are the Longships rocks, with their bright white lighthouse, threatened

even now by the raging sea, which sometimes breaks quite over it, as at Eddystone. This is the true sublime; grandeur combined with terror. The wind blows so hard that I feel as if it might take me up and whirl me about like a dried leaf. Make a few steps farther, calmly and leisurely; it strings the nerves. There! This is a nice little trap to have passed—a gap between two rocks, sharp to the left, and a steep, smooth, inclined plane shooting into the sea. Captain Crawler, since dead, began to slip down here, but caught by the elbows on those two rocks; and, being a powerful man, recovered himself. The guide told the tale on returning; he tried to make light of it, though bathed at the time in a sweat of terror. A little farther, and there is nothing on either side; it is like tight-rope dancing. Now, I think this will do; within two feet of a step over, into the void!

But there is something more to be seen and done. The upper part of the Land's End is a natural arch over a tunnel, through which the sea flows. Backward a little, to the right, is a block of granite—say, five feet square at the top. Mount this in a sitting posture; the guide offers his hand if you are apprehensive; lie down; creep a little forward; get your head fairly over the edge, and look! You can see daylight through the cavern from end to end. Wriggle back; sit up; jump down; and the feat is done. The Duchess of Northumberland (and many other ladies too) performed this evolution bravely.

"As for the daws, sir, that you ask about, they've gone to Tol-peden penwith. Some one shot (at) them, so they shifted their quarters. Our daw is a good bird; not shy, and no thief, and does not go in at windows and steal ribbons and things, like the little daw with black legs and bill. We take them from the nest, bring them up on bread and milk till they are three months old, and then turn them off to shift for themselves. They will come when we call them, take food from the hand, and suffer themselves to be caught again. You may see some if you go to the Logan" (pronounced, *Loggan*) "Rock."

"I should like to see the famous rocking stone as well as the daws; but an 'Eating and Logging House,' like that in Calais market-place, would be more the thing just now."

"We shall get back nicely to dinner, sir," said Andrew. "I'll put the horses to, and perhaps, sir, you'll be more lucky to daws another afternoon."

I have not got the Choughs yet. I am persevering, though.

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WHAT CHRISTMAS IS, AS WE GROW OLDER.

TIME was, with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped every thing and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fulness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to shew faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters in law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same

rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that that Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such mis-called philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for, who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your

nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this boy, there stretches out a Future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day, we shut out Nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is

one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Thierfore we commit his body to the deep!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise for ever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out Nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the Sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly-diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household

Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS TO A BUNCH OF PEOPLE.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY rubs his hands with a genial smile when Christmas comes; and yet he now and then raises one finger to the calculating "organ" of his cranium with rather a thoughtful air, suggestive of certain bills and taxes, which he is resolved shall not weigh upon his mind. Why should they? He will get through his Christmas bills somehow or other, as he has done before. He has no doubt of being able to muster the money to "article" his eldest son to a highly respectable solicitor; he has already laid up a small portion for his eldest daughter, and makes pretty sure of doing as much for the others by the time they are old enough to be married. He has a good business; his wife is a clever manager; they live happily together; the holly-berries smile at him with the well-remembered sparkle of early days; he therefore determines to enjoy the merry season as of old. What if he *does* see half-a-dozen more grey hairs displaying themselves, as though to remind him that another year has passed, and a certain line or two in his face *does* look a trifle deeper than when he had last observed it? What have such small matters to do with the real age of a man? A man is as old as he feels, and no more. The fact is, the Father of a Family is as young as he was twenty years ago; so he gives his hair an additional and rather flourishing touch with a comb, puts on a new waistcoat, brushes the collar of his coat, and, looking down with complacency on his boots as he sets his hat lightly upon his head, sallies out upon the landing-place, and shouts a jauntily inquiry as to when his wife and daughter will be ready to go to church. The boys are gone on before. Meanwhile he stands drumming a pleased, but impatient, tattoo with his fingers upon the banisters, and inhaling every now and then a savoury whiff of sweet herbs rising up from the kitchen.

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY has a world of anxious thoughts about her. She likes Christmas; it is, no doubt, a pleasant time; there are many sweet memories and hopes attending it, and altogether it must be considered as happy: but the butcher's bill, she knows, must be heavy—the baker's too—and as for the grocer's, she is almost afraid to think of it. Besides this, there is a new dress-maker's bill, which she has not yet told Mr. Broadback about. But how was all this to be avoided?

As to herself, she could not do with less, nor her eldest daughter, especially on the eve of her marriage—a happy marriage she most devoutly hopes it will be. Then there are the growing girls, all of whose dresses have got so shockingly short, that she could almost wish the follies of Bloomerism had been softened and translated, and entered England under another character—as a Persian, Turkish, or Polish ladies' "fashions," just imported from Paris—so that something economically elegant might have gradually been introduced, inch by inch, as it were, to the great saving of the Mothers of large families of daughters. As for the bonnet-maker, she *must* wait. It is unknown what sums have been paid that bonnet-maker in the course of the last six years. Perhaps it would be best not to think any more of these matters just at present. At any rate, Mr. Broadback shall have a good Christmas dinner; she will take care of that; and all their relations and friends who are invited shall be made as happy as possible.

THE ELDEST SON has a mixed feeling about Christmas. He has no very romantic impressions of the study of the Law; but he wishes to begin life, and to take the first step towards making his way in the world; and as he is to be article'd to Mr. Benjamin Sheepskin early in January, he looks upon the intermediate time rather impatiently. At least he would do so, but that his cousin Ellen is to dine with them on Christmas-day, and stay on a visit for a week afterwards, during which there will be round games and forfeits, and he will "go partners" with his cousin, and dance with her, and show her all his law-books, and decoy her under the mistletoebough; and so he expects to pass a very merry time before he goes to the office of Mr. Sheepskin.

What Christmas is to THE ELDEST DAUGHTER, we may pretty well infer from the increased brightness in her eyes, the frequent blush that suffuses her soft cheeks, the occasional pensive air suddenly awakening up with a smile, the tender sigh, and the additional pains she takes with her beautiful hair, which is never out of order, and yet she thinks it continually needs to be brushed and smoothed, and set to rights. To her, Christmas evidently comes with a wedding-ring concealed in a wreath of evergreen.

Besides the eldest son, there are "THE BOYS;" and these rollicking young chaps are home for the holidays; and Christmas to them is (weather permitting) an endless succession of sliding and snow-balls, and hoops, and going on the ice; and plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and games at blind-man's-buff, and other romps in the evening, with snap-dragon after supper.

TO THE YOUNGEST CHILD—a little bright-eyed fairy of five years old, in a white and sky-blue frock, purple sash, and red shoes—Christmas is a season of romance. It is a whirl of shining hours, in which there are new toys of mysterious beauty, and dances, and kisses, and cakes of all sorts, and sweet-

meats, and wonderful things made of painted sugar, and all the creatures of the earth, with Noah's Ark in the middle, and brothers and sisters, and playmates, the eldest of whom is not yet "gone eight"—spoken of, like a little clock!—and Mamma in a new dress, shining with bracelets, and a chain and things; and dear Auntie with a busy face making something nice to eat, and loud shouting and crowding round a Christmas tree, all of green and gold, with lights; and glittering presents of priceless value dangling from every twig, and hidden in deep green recesses of the boughs. This is the true Fairy-land we have all read so much about!

But THE MAIDEN AUNT, she who so continually sits on one side, out of the way, or in the quiet shade of a corner—she who is so continually forgotten, except when some kind assistance is needed—ah! we, too, forget her? Far from it. We well know what Christmas is to her. All her life is devoted to amiable disinterested acts of practical aid to all in the house who need it; and the period of Christmas, to her, is the summing up of a year's account of sympathies and kindly offices, of which she herself takes no note beyond the moment, and which have no place in her memory except to cause a sigh of regret when any gentle service has not effected all the good she intended.

What Christmas is to THE OLD HOUSE-KEEPER of a substantial family, more wealthy than the one just described, we must all see at once to be a very serious business indeed;—complicated, and full of grave cares, packages of hope, close-covered preparations, and spicy responsibilities. There she stands, with her tortoise-shell spectacles, and a great bunch of keys dangling over her white apron! No minister of State thinks more of herself (Heaven forgive us!—himself) than this old lady does. Her "linen closet" is a model of neatness and order; her "china closet" is set out with the utmost precision, and not without an eye to effect in the prominent display on the highest shelves of the choice old china-bowls, basins, tea-cups, saucers, and an immensely ancient tea-pot of the ugliest shape imaginable, and covered with very ugly faded paintings, of great value. But most of all is her pride and importance in the house, and in her own self-esteem, displayed when she unlocks and opens the door of her "store-room." No one must enter but the Housekeeper herself. You may stand outside, and lean round the sides of the open door, and peep in—but no more. There, you see large tea-canisters of different sizes—and coffee-canisters—and dark slate-blue paper bags—and polished wooden spice-boxes, tall, and round, and unscrewing in several places—and boxes of raisins, and a fig-drum, and many packets of different sizes, with a large white cone of loaf-sugar standing in the midst—(we think the Youngest Child of this family really *must* be allowed to come in, and look about, but not touch

anything)—and light bundles of dry herbs hanging from nails, and small baskets attached to hooks, and half a German sausage, besides three Bath chaps swinging by short strings from nails on the edge of the top shelf; while, ranged along the shelves, the Child sees a beautiful array of white jam-pots and preserve pots, and brown pickle jars, and wide-necked glass bottles full of deep-coloured cherries, and preserved gooseberries, plums, apricots, and other fruits—with honey-jars, and tamarind-jars; and beneath each shelf, a range of drawers with brass handles, labelled outside with the names of all the nicest, and some of the most mysterious, things, in the eatable world.

What this period of the year is to THE GARDENER, we may easily guess, from great arms-full of mistletoe boughs, of holly-boughs thick with berries, and of branches of laurel which he is continually carrying into the house, or going with as a present to neighbouring houses. And now, see him coming along with a bending back, bearing an entire fir-tree, which gracefully nods its head as he slowly trudges along, and shakes and rustles all its dry brown cones, as if in dumb anticipation of the peals of bells that will shortly be rung! This fir is for the Christmas Tree—the green and simple foundation and superstructure, which is shortly destined to sustain so much brightness and romance, so many glittering presents, and to be the medium of so many sweet feelings, joyous hopes, and tender sense of childhood—in present bright visions around us, and in tender recollections of the past.

As for THE NURSE, there can be no doubt but Christmas is a very anxious time for *her*. She expects so many of the young folks will make themselves very ill with all this quantity of plum-pudding, and plum-cake, and mince-pies. However, she consoles herself, on the whole, for any extra trouble she may have in pouring out, or mixing and stirring wine-glasses of physic, and trying to conceal powders in honey or red-currant jelly (and then getting them *down*!) by the proud recollection that she had the lady of the house in her arms when a child; and this consciousness makes her feel of the highest importance in the family.

But THE DOCTOR—the medical attendant of the family—there are no mixed feelings or misgivings in his mind. He hears of all the preparations—all the nice things—and shakes his head gravely at the lady of the house; but the instant he is outside the door, he hurries homeward, rubbing his knuckles. *He knows!*

The black coat of THE VICAR has a richer and more prominent tone of black, as he walks across the broad snow of his seven-acre field, towards the stile that leads into the lane that runs to the vestry-door of the church. The snow-covered hedges, with frosted twigs at top, nod and glisten to him as he moves briskly onward, pointing his Church-and-stately black toe along the narrow path, beside the deep

cart rut, with its rough and jagged ridges Christmas to him is a series of dinners, and "offerings," and good things, and compliments, and wedding fees, and burial fees, and christening fees, and charity sermons, exhorting the rich to remember the poor, and exhorting the poor to be meek and contented, and trust to Providence. Mean time, THE CURATE goes to tea parties and has a great deal to do in the details of Church business affairs, as the vestries are often very troublesome, and has much to do in visiting the sick, and administering religious consolation, and riding on horseback to do double duty—morning service, here—afternoon, there—evening service, here again or some where else. This is the ordinary, regular, hard working, useful Curate, but it is he who is a spruce young, Puseyite Curate, in a black silk sacerdotal dress-waistcoat, with a narrow, stiff white neck tie, and a black superfine frock coat, out to the quick—then he very often rivals the Vicar in his dinner parties and gives him the go-by in evening parties, where he clean carries off most of the young ladies for a little incoherent talk of divine things, in one corner of the room.

If Christmas be a great fact to THE BELL RINGER, the Beadle seems a greater fact to Christmas. New broad cloth—new scarlet and gold—new gold laced colored hat, of old Lord Mayor fashion—new gold bordered cane—no wonder that all the little charity boys eye his inflated presence with additional awe! No wonder that it is inflated for he is swollen with the substantial comforts derived from all the great kitchens in the neighbourhood. There is a roasted ox in his mind. He can never forget the tea when one was roasted whole upon the spit, and / present and allowed to take his turn with the basting ladle. It was the epic event of his life.

The Beadle is centrally able to frown the charity boys into awe and silence, assisting the sad frown, every now and then with a few cuts of a long yellow twining cane during service, whereby amidst the sonorous tones of the preacher, there often breaks out a squealing cry from the hollow and remote aisles, or distant rows of heads in the organ loft to the great injury of the eloquence of the pastor, and the gravity of the junior portion of his congregation.

But though this parish Lord of the Poor has portentous frowns for most of those under his dominion, he knows how to patronise with a smile, and his rubicund beams, at all seasons of festival, and more especially at Christmas, fall encouragingly upon all the cooks of the best houses round about. Perhaps, upon the chief Bell-ringer—perhaps, we may say, upon all the bell-ringers—and now and then upon the Sexton, with whom he does a little private business, in the way of gratuities from mourning relatives who come to visit graves. But as for the Pew-opener, envy of her gains at Christmas, and

her obduracy in concealing their extent, renders him a foe to her existence, and haughtily unconscious of her presence as often as he can affect not to see her. There was, once upon a time, a good Beadle, who married a Pew opener—but it was a long while ago—so long, that it is thought to have been in the good old—&c

Christmas is not what it was to the POSTMAN. The Government has interfered sadly with his collection of "boxes" from house to house, so that now he only receives gratefully a shilling, here and there, in streets where formerly he had but to announce, after a loud double rap, that "the Postman has called for his Christmas box!" and down came the shilling almost as a lawful right. He looks melancholy as he sits on the bench outside a country public house, and when the Landlord inquires the cause, he hints at the altered times. But he does not get much sympathy in this quarter, for THE FUMBLER feels that the alteration is considerably in his favour. He has had a new beer machine for his bar, all beautiful with inlaid brass and ivory, he has added a wing to his house, and he feels a proud consciousness that, if all his town relations live in palaces, he is quite as important to the summer his subjects in the country.

To the CARTER, however, this is a season of arduous business by day and by night, urging his fatigued and often victorious beasts along the dark roads, and when they enter among the many lights and glare of London, as they sometimes do in the evening, what Christmas is to the poor cattle, is well as the men, may be conjectured, and all things considered, one may fairly say the oxen have the worst of it. THE SHEPHERD who is driving a flock of sheep to the Christmas market, seldom sees much amusement by the way—events with him are rare, but the journey of the PIG provokes up to town is always a chequered history. One pig or another is sure to be of an original turn of mind, and several are sure to follow his example for a little while, and then branch off into a line of conduct suited exclusively to their own individuality under cut wheels, dodging round pumps, hiding noses behind tree trunks in the country, and behind theatrical boards in the front of town shops, rushing into hedgerows and round haystacks as the drove moves unwillingly along lanes and roads, and into wine cellars, and round lamp posts, and up "all manner of streets" in London. THE TURKEY DROVER has also a very busy time of it just now, and the GOOSE DROVER far more. The greater difficulty attending the flocks of geese is not because they are so much more numerous than the turkeys, as on account of the perverse, irritable, and stupid conditions of mind which alternate with the goose. It is to be remembered that the warlike turkey-cock (so aptly called in Scotland the *bubblie-cock*) and the mature fierce-necked, wing-threatening, universally assaulting gander, being preserved by their toughness, are not present in

these festive processions. We speak only of the young and middle aged turkey and goose, but while we give the degree of difficulty in their safe conduct very much to the side of the latter, we are almost disposed to agree with the eminent poet who has sung its praises in another sense, hucly combining with that praise a kind of hint at a moral justification for its death.

"Of all the fowls that stock the farm,
The Goose must be preferred
There is much of nutriment
In that weak minded bird

Christmas to THE BUTCHER is nothing less than a bazaar of fine meat, displayed with all the elegancies (they are not numerous) of which his craft is susceptible. With a smiling countenance and ruddy cheek he walks backwards and forwards, through his shop all hung with choice specimens of last year's "grass"—the gleaming across them by day, and the gas shining at night upon the polished surfaces, and delicate white fat, and sparkling amidst the branches of holly, stuck about in all directions. He very much approves of the vigorous way in which one of his men continues to bawl in a sharp quick tone "now then t' buy! t' buy!" when the most unlikely people, or when no people at all, are passing. It all looks like business and bustle.

THE BAKER stands amidst his walls of loaves built up shelf upon shelf,—with other shelves packed close with quarter and half quarter paper bags of flour—and he glances from the topmost tier down to the flour whitened trap-door in one corner of his shop floor, where from appears an ascending tray, heaped up with long French rolls, cottage loaves, twists, rusks and hot spiced gingerbread nuts. This loaded tray continues to rise upon a man's head, which is gradually followed by his body, and the whole structure approaching the counter is speedily unloaded. In less than half an hour, all that was thus brought from below has disappeared, the walls of loaves have diminished in great gaps, more loaves come smoking in, to supply their places, and more trays of rolls, twists, gingerbread nuts and tancy bread, with piles of biscuits, ascend through the trap-door. The baker has a nice-looking daughter (as most bakers in England have), and she now comes in smiling, and displaying a row of pearly teeth, and assists in taking money. They both agree that although summer has its advantages, there is no time of the year so pleasant as Christmas.

THE GROCER is one of the most flourishing men in all the world at this season. His shop is a small and over-crowded epitome of the produce of the East. He is evidently in constant correspondence with China, has the most "friendly relations" in India, is on familiar terms with the Spice Islands, has confidential friends in Egypt, Barbary, and

on "Candy's shore," while, as to Jamaica, and other West India Islands, he has a box, a cask, or a case, by every post, to say nothing of Arabia, France, Greece, Spain, Italy, and, in fine, all the trading ports of the Mediterranean Sea. To the Grocer we may fairly say that Christmas is a general shaking by the hand, with fingers extremely sticky of foreign relations and agents in every country, whence something good to eat in the shape of dried fruits, spices, teas, coffees, sugars, preserves and condiments, are possible to be procured. If he has a newly arrived Chinese picture, inlaid caddy monster idol, or tea pot, now is his time to make a feature of it in his window!

THE GREEN GROCER is a genuine English man, he cannot boast of the foreign commodities of the tea and sugar mountebank over the way. He has no wish to do it. He deals entirely in home produce. All that he sells, is the natural result of the cultivation of the soil of his native country from celery, beetroot, cauliflower, and cabbage sprouts to Jerusalem artichokes and sage and onions. All of English growth! He could very easily hollow out a turnip, cut eyes, nose, and mouth in it, stick a lit of candle inside, and then set it up for a 'show' all among the endive and parsley in the middle of his window on Christmas Eve, but he scorns all such attempts to attract public attention. It may be very well for the Grocer over the way, but that sort of thing won't do for a man who deals in natural greens!

Christmas to THE PASTRY COOK, is the season when the human mind, if well regulated, is chiefly occupied in the contemplation of mince pies. Also in eating them, and decidedly in paying for them. But a very large consumption of holiday plum cakes is not the less expected by the patriotic pastrycook. There is another yet greater event in his mind, though he does not break ground with this till after Christmas Day, and that is, the advance of Twelfth Night. While therefore, he expects the public to be solely occupied with mince pies and other seasonable matters, he is secretly at work in the production of a full set (we forget how many he told us made a set) of the richest and most elaborately decorated and 'diminished' Twelfth Cakes which the juvenile world of England has ever yet beheld. The man is half crazy. His wife says he gets no sleep with thinking of his cakes. The other night he started up in bed and cried out "Sugar frost and whitening!" till his night-cap stood on end. Though why on earth—as the good lady remarked, on second thoughts, "he should talk of whitening; she couldn't form the remotest idea in life!"

No doubt Christmas is the season which calls forth the most unmitigated hatred of poachers in the breast of the patriotic FOWLTERER. He says they are pests of society, and the wickedest men going. There is no excuse for strong fellows leading an idle life, as most of the poachers do. It is worse than

idle, he calls it thievish and villainous. *He* would be the last man in all England to encourage such doings. On the contrary, he would show them no mercy. Every man-jack of them that could be caught, he would send for two or three days to hard work on Primrose Hill. After this they would be come better and wiser men, more industrious, more cautious, not so full of talk in beer-houses, more punctual and reliable, altogether more useful members of society. But as for his show of hares and other game, this Christmas, he will warrant every one, as having been honestly come by, and duly paid for, and not too "high" for immediate eating. What a capital show he makes this year! One hundred and twenty long legs (as he familiarly calls the hares), three hundred rabbits, fifty brace of pheasants, ninety brace of 'birds,' twenty brace of woodcocks, thirty brace of snipe, a hundred and fifty brace of pigeons, two hundred turkeys, three hundred geese, with wild ducks, tame ducks, and barn door fowls innumerable! The inside of his shop is full in every corner, from countless hooks, hanging rows of turkeys by the necks, and long double chains of sausages and rows of ducks, and rows of fowls, all dangling by the necks too, and in full feather, while his shelves present compact arrays of fowls plucked and trussed, and powdered, and blown up in the breast with a blow pipe then livers and gizzards tucked neatly, like opera hats, under their pinions. Rows of them, also, like small batteaux, front the street. The outside of his house, even up to the second floor window is hung with hares, rabbits, pheasants, wild-ducks, turkeys, and partridges.

But, if Christmas is a season of greatness to some, of hilarity to many, of importance to all it is pre-eminently a season of equal anxiety and splendor to the Cook. Her long kitchen range is a perfect bonfire, from morning to night, while the various bright utensils which are placed upon the chimney piece and on the walls at both sides of it, are profusely interspersed with twigs and boughs of holly. "Now, do get out of my way, all of you!—don't you see how much I have got on my mind with this Christmas dinner!" Where's Jane!—Jane Stokes!—oh, the plague of kitchen muds! they're always out of the way at the moment they're most wanted. "Barbara, are the vegetables washed?" "Not yet, 'look!" It is always "not yet" with them scullery-girls! Oh, how the Cook wishes there were no need for any help from any soul alive, if so be as she could but do everything herself, which is that is where it is and all about it! But the Christmas dinner don't get spoiled, by no means—everything turns out excellently, and compliments, like full-blown cabbage roses, are showered upon Cook from the visitors of the hospitable board. They are brought to her, as she sits wiping her forehead, and all her face and throat, in a cool and remote corner. Her heart expands, she loves

all mankind, and she retires to rest, after a small glass of cordial, at peace with herself and all the world.

AN IDYL FOR CHRISTMAS IN-DOORS.

'The houses were decked with evergreens in December that the Syrian spirits might reap, & then, and remain unmolested with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their abodes. BAARD'S *I Jalar Ant puties*

S XVI.—A scene of twilight on Christmas Eve, the fire / was just at its first. Branches of Holly Laurel and Yew were hanging on the walls. A Syrian, by printing in a sketch.

SPIRIT OF THE HOLLY.

THE icy strains are black and slow,
The wind wail goes sighing, sighing,
And far around, and deep below,
The great broad, blank, unfeatred snow
On the idle earth is lying,
And the birds in the air are dying
Just now, ere the day beams fled,
Out of doors I thrust my head
And saw the livid western light
Shrink up like an eye bewitch'd,
At the starting of the Night
The bare branches withered and twitch'd,
And the holly bushes old
Chattered among themselves for cold,
And scraped their leaves against one another,
And a sild close, like child with mother
Ay, not all the globy fire
Of their berries soot hot,
Which the mortals all admire,
Could then bodies warm a jot
They look'd heavy and sad, God wot!
The new birds sat close together,
Planning of the mournful weather,
And the tough and tangled hedges,
Near and distant, mark'd the track
Of the roadway, and the edges
Of the fields, with lines of black
Soon I skipp'd, all shivering, back
If I bled with the shivering eaves
Of the ceiling, dry and warm,
As like birds of Summer, waves
In between my glossy leaves,
Doing me no harm
And the Christmas spirit benign
Sparkles in my heart like wine

SPIRIT OF THE LAUREL.

GONE is the Summer's warmth and light,
Gone are the rich, red Autumn days,
And Winter old, and Winter white,
Sits molly in the open ways
Like a gr at dumb marble statue,
Bids th he upon the world,
And his grey eyes, staring at you,
Make you also dumb with cold
And the woods grow lean and swath
In the vexings of the North,
I all'd with sighs and lamentations
Of the wings'd forest nations,
Who, beneath their slatter'd bowers,
Wonder at the gusty showers,
And the length of the dark hours
But the in door year is bright
With the flush of Christmas light,
And the breath of that glad comet
Kindles with a second Summer,

In the which, blithe hearts are seen
 Bursting into tenfold green,
 Till they sit embowered, and sing
 Under their own blossoming
 Therefore we, the woodland faeries,
 Hold at present with the Larks,
 Leaving Winter for the noon
 Of this glowing household June
 Whereunto an added splendour
 Præternatural we render,
 Quickening, as with inward soul,
 The intensely burning coal

SPIRIT OF THE MISTLETOE

Behind the night young moon is sleeping
 And new hope underlies old weeping
 So, though all the woods are stark,
 And the heavens are drowsy dark,
 I sit, within her shadows dun,
 Swings all out the golden sun,
 Firm and steadily,
 True and readily,
 Strong in her pulses, every one
 In a deadly sleep she seems
 But her heart is full of dreams—
 Full of dreaming and of vision,
 Subtle, typical Elysian,
 Out of which in time shall rise
 All the New Year's virtues
 And the spirit within her veins
 Laughs and leaps like April rains
 Warning with clear breath
 The dark colds yet underneath,
 Where close shut from humanising,
 Lie the secret nests of lung
 And the embry phantasms—hosts
 Of pale ante-natal ghosts
 Bloodless germs of flowers and leaves
 From which the lady Spring receives
 When they wake to life the flush
 Of her many-coloured blush
 Meanwhile every shade of sadness
 Melts away in Christmas gladness
 Green old Christmas! he doth bring
 With him his peculiar Spring—
 Newly germinating kindness,
 Mutual help in human blindness,
 Closing of old wounds fresh greetings,
 Souls a-flaw at mutual meetings,
 Hovering fancies, loving laughter
 And the grave thoughts coming after
 All the lightness, brightness, dancing
 Interflowing run how glancing
 Awful sweetness, winged with pleasure,
 Of a heart that has no measure

Therefore will we here remain
 Till the woods are green again,
 And the sun makes golden glooms
 In the forests' pillared rooms
 Here we can abide together
 Through the fire lit Christmas weather,
 And, though none may us desert,
 Touch with sense of mystery
 The hot feasting and loud joy,
 Which, uncured, themselves destroy,
 And die childless for true mirth,
 Like the Heaven embraced earth,
 Should be large and full—yet bound
 By the haunted depths all round

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS IN COUNTRY PLACES

If we want to see the good old Christmas—the traditional Christmas—of old England, we must look for it in the country. There are lasting reasons why the keeping of Christmas cannot change in the country as it may in towns. The seasons themselves ordain the festival. The close of the year is an interval of leisure in agricultural regions, the only interval of complete leisure in the year, and all influences and opportunities concur to make it a season of holiday and festivity. If the weather is what it ought to be at that time, the autumn crops are in the ground, and the spring wheat is safely covered up with snow. Everything is done for the soil that can be done at present, and as for the clearing and trimming and repairing, all that can be looked to in the after part of the winter, and the planting is safe if done before Candlemas. The plishing of hedges, and cleaning of ditches, and trimming of lanes, and mending of roads, can be got through between Twelfth Night and the early spring ploughing, and a fortnight may well be given to jollity, and complete change.

Such a holiday requires a good deal of preparation, so Christmas, in this way also, a more weighty affair in the rural districts than elsewhere. The strong beer must be brewed. The pigs must be killed weeks before, the lard is wanted, the bacon has to be cured, the hams will be in request, and if brown is sent to the towns it must be ready before the children come home for the holidays. Then, there is the fattening of the turkeys and geese to be attended to, a score or two of them to be sent to London and perhaps half-a-dozen to be enjoyed at home. When the gentle in us, or the farmer, or the country shop-keeper, goes to the great town for his happy boys and girls he has a good deal of shopping to do. Besides carrying a note to the haberdashery, and ordering coffee, tea, dried fruit, and spices, he must remember not to forget the packs of cards that will be wanted for loo and whist. Perhaps he carries a secret order for fiddlings from a neighbour who is practising his part in good time.

There is one order of persons in the country to whom the month of December is anything but a holiday season—the cooks. Don't tell us of town-cooks in the same breath! It is really overpowering to the mind to think what the country cooks have to attend to. The goose pie, alone, is an achievement to be complacent about, even the most ordinary goose-pie, still more, a superior one, with a whole goose in the middle, and another squat up and laid round, with a fowl or two, and a pheasant or two, and a few larks put into odd corners, and the top, all shiny with white of egg, figured over with leaves of pastry, and tendrils and crinkle-crinkles, with a bunch of the more delicate bird feet standing

up in the middle. The oven is the cook's child and slave, the great concern of her life, at this season. She pets it, she humours it, she scolds it, and she works it without rest. Before daylight she is at it—baking her oat bread, that bread which requires such perfect behaviour on the part of the oven! Long lines of oat-cakes hang overhead, to grow crisp before breakfast, and these are to be put away when crisp to make room for others, for she can hardly make too much. After breakfast, and all day, she is making and baking meat pies, mince pies, sausage rolls, fruit pies, and cakes of all shapes, sizes, and colours. And it might when she can scarcely stand for fatigue, she banks the oven fire, and puts in the great jar of stock for the soups, that the dishing may go on from all sorts of savoury odds and ends, while every thing but the drowsy fire is asleep. She wishes the dear little lasses would not come messing and fussing about making ginger-bread and chess-cakes. She would rather do it herself, than have them in her way. But she has not the heart to tell them so. On the contrary she gives them ginger, and cuts the citron peel beautifully for them, hoping, the while that the weather will be fine enough for them to go into the woods with their brothers for holly and ivy. Meantime the dour woman says, (what she declares every Christmas) that she never saw such a demand for cream and butter, and that, before I welfth Night, there will be none. And how, at that season, can she supply eggs by scores, as she is expected to do? The gingerbread baked, the rosiest apples picked out from their straw in the apple lost the cats, and dogs and curvy birds plied with and fed, the little lasses run out to see what the boys are about.

The woodmen want something else than green to dress the house with. They are looking for the thickest, and huddiest, and knottiest block of wood they can find, that will go into the kitchen chimney. A gnarled stump of elm will serve their purpose best, and they trim it into a size to send home. They fancy that their holiday is to last as long as this log remains, and they are satisfied that it will be uncommonly difficult to burn up this one. This done one of them proceeds with the boys and girls to the copse where the hollies are thickest, and by carrying his bill hook, he gives a vast deal of destruction by rending in the trees. The poor little birds, which make the hollies so many aviaries in winter, coming to feed on the berries, and to pop in among the shining leaves for shelter, are sadly scared, and out they fly on all sides, and away to the great oak, where nobody will follow them. For, alas! there is no real mistletoe now. There is to be something so called hung from the middle of the kitchen ceiling, that the lads and lasses may snatch kisses and have their fun, but it will have no white berries, and no Druidical dignity about

it. It will be merely a bush of evergreen, called by some a mistletoe, and by others the Bob, which is supposed to be a corruption of "bough." When all the party have got their fagots tied up, and stung over their shoulders, and button-holes, hats, and bonnets stuck with sprigs, and gay with berries, it is time they were going home, for there is a vast deal to be done this Christmas Eve, and the sunshine is already between the hills, in soft yellow gushes, and not on them.

A vast deal there is to be done, and especially if there is any village near. First, there is to dress the house with green, and then to go and help to adorn the church. The Bob must not be hung up till to-morrow, but every door has a branch over it, and the leads of the latticed windows are stuck with sprigs, and every picture frame, and looking glass, and candlestick is garnished. Any scraps (very young children) who are too small to help pick up scattered holly leaves, and being not allowed to go upon the rug, beg somebody to throw them into the fire, whence ensues a series of cracklings, and sputtering blazes, and lighting up of wide open eyes. In the midst of this—"hark!" is not that the church bell? The boys go out to listen, and report that it is so,—the Christmas deal (or dole) is about to begin, so, off go all who are able up to the church.

It is very cold there, and dim, and dim, in spite of the candles, and the kindness and other good things that are collected there. By the time the bell has ceased to clang there are a few gentlemen there, and a number of widows, and aged men and orphan children. There are piles of blankets, and bits of paper which are orders for coals. One gentleman has sent a bag of silver money, and another, two or three sheep cut up ready for cooking, and another, a great pile of loaves. The boys run and bring down a ladder to dress the pillars, and scuffle in the galleries, and venture into the pulpit, under pretence of dressing the church. When the dole is done and the poor people gone, the doors are closed, and, if the boys remain, they must be quiet for the organist and the singers are going to rehearse the anthem that is to be sung to-morrow. If the boys are not quiet they are turned out.

There is plenty of bustle in the village. The magistrates are in the long room of the town, settling justice business. The milk-oks as if it were illuminated. The waters are seen to glide across the hall, and the new rural policeman, and the tax collector, and the postman. It is so cold that something, steaming hot will soon be brought for them to drink, and the poor postman will be taken on his weak side. Christmas is a trying season to him, with his weak head, and his popularity and his Christmas boxes, and his constant liability to be reported. Cold as it is, there are women flitting about,

going to or from the grocer's shop, and all bringing away the same things. The grocers give away, this night, to their regular customers, a good mould candle each, and a nutmeg. This is because the women must be up by candle-light to-morrow, to make something that is to be spiced with nutmeg. So a good number of women pass by with a candle and a nutmeg; and some, with a bottle or pitcher, come up the steps, and go to the bar for some rum. But the clock strikes supper-time, and away go the boys home.

Somebody wonders at supper whether the true oval mince-pie is really meant to be in the form of a certain manger; and its contents to signify the gifts, various and rich, brought by the Magi to that manger. And while the little ones are staring at this news, somebody else observes that it was a pretty idea of the old pagans, in our island, of dressing up their houses with evergreens, that there might be a warm retreat for the spirits of the woods in times of frost and bitter winter storms. Some child peeps timidly up at the biggest branch in the room, and fancies what it would be to see some sprite sitting under a leaf, or dancing along a spray. When supper is done, and the youngest are gone to bed, having been told not to be surprised if they should hear the stars singing in the night, the rest of the party turn to the fire, and begin to roast their chestnuts in the shovel, and to heat the elder-wine in the old-fashioned saucepan, silvered inside. One absent boy, staring at the fire, starts when his father offers him a chestnut for his thoughts. He hesitates, but his curiosity is vivid, and he braves all the consequences of saying what he is thinking about. He wonders whether he might, just for once, —just for this once—go to the stalls when midnight has struck, and see whether the oxen are kneeling. He has heard, and perhaps read, that the oxen kneeled, on the first Christmas-day, and kept the manger warm with their breath; and that all oxen still kneel in their stalls when Christmas-day comes in. Father and mother exchange a quick glance of agreement to take this seriously; and they explain that there is now so much uncertainty, since the New Style of reckoning the days of the year was introduced, that the oxen cannot be depended on; and it is not worth while to be out of bed at midnight for the chance. Some say the oxen kneel punctually when Old Christmas comes in; and if so, they will not do it to-night.

This is not the quietest night of the year; even if nobody visits the oxen. Soon after all are settled to sleep, sounds arise which thrill through some who are half-awakened by them, and then, remembering something about the stars singing, the children rouse themselves, and lie, with open eyes and ears, feeling that Christmas morning has come. They must soon, one would think, give up the

star theory; for the music is only two fiddles, or a fiddle and clarionet; or, possibly, a fiddle and drum, with a voice or two, which can hardly be likened to that of the spheres. The voices sing, "While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night;" and then—marvellously enough—single out this family of all the families on the earth, to bless with the good wishes of the season. They certainly are wishing to master and mistress and all the young ladies and gentlemen, "good morning," and "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." Before this celestial mystery is solved, and before the distant twang of the fiddle is quite out of hearing, the celestial mystery of sleep enwraps the other, and lays it to rest until the morrow. The boys—the elder ones—meant to keep awake; first, for the Waits, and afterwards to determine for themselves whether the cock crows all night on Christmas Eve, to keep all hurtful things from walking the earth. When the Waits are gone, they just remember that any night, between this and Old Christmas, will do for the cock, which is said to defy evil spirits in this manner for the whole of that season. Which the boys are very glad to remember; for they are excessively sleepy; so off they go into the land of dreams.

It is now past two; and at three the maids must be up. Christmas morning is the one, of all the year, when, in the North of England especially, families make a point of meeting, and it must be at the breakfast table. In every house, far and near, where there is fuel and flour, and a few pence to buy currants, there are cakes making, which every body must eat of; cakes of pastry, with currants between the layers. The grocer has given the nutmeg; and those who can afford it, add rum, and other dainties. The ladies are up betimes, to set out the best candlesticks, to garnish the table, to make the coffee, and to prepare a welcome for all who claim a seat. The infant in arms must be there, as seven o'clock strikes. Any married brother or sister, living within reach, must be there, with the whole family train. Long before sunrise, there they sit, in the glow of the fire and the glitter of candles, chatting and laughing, and exchanging good wishes.

In due time, the church-bell calls the flock of worshippers from over hill, and down dale, and along commons, and across fields; and presently they are seen coming, all in their best,—the majority probably saying the same thing,—that, somehow, it seems always to be fine on Christmas-day. Then, one may reckon up the exceptions he remembers; and another may tell of different sorts of fine weather that he has known; how, on one occasion, his daughter gathered thirty-four sorts of flowers in their own garden on Christmas-day; and the rose-bushes had not lost their leaves on Twelfth Day; and then the wise will agree how much they prefer a good seasonable frost and sheeted snow like this, to April weather in December.

Service over, the bell silent, and the sexton turning the key in the lock, off run the young men, out of reach of remonstrance, to shoot, until dinner at least,—more probably until the light fails. They shoot almost any thing that comes across them, but especially little birds—chaffinches, blackbirds thrushes—any winged creature distressed by the cold, or lacerated by the smooth and cruel snow. The little children at home are doing better than their elder brothers. They are putting out crumbs of bread for the robins, and feeling sorry and surprised that robins prefer bread to plum pudding. They would have given the robins some of their own pudding, if they had but liked it.

In every house, there is dinner to-day,—of one sort or another,—except where the closed shutter shows that the folk are out to dinner. The commonest dinner in the poorer houses—in some parts of the country—is a curious sort of mutton pie. The meat is cut off a loin of mutton and reduced to mouthfuls, and then strewed over with currants or raisins and spice and the whole covered in with a stout crust. In some places the dinner is baked meat and potatoes in too many cottages there is nothing better than a morsel of bacon to flavour the bread or potatoes. But it may be safely said that there is more and better dining in England on Christmas day than on any other day of the year.

In the houses of gently and farmers the dinner and dessert are a long affair and soon followed by tea, that the sports may begin. Everybody knows what these sports are, in parlour hall and kitchen—singing dancing cards, blind man's buff and other such games, forfeits, ghost story telling, snap dragon,—these with a bountiful supper interposed, lasting till midnight. In scattered houses among the wilds and playing goes on briskly. Wherever there are Wesleyans enough to form a congregation, they are collected at a tea drinking in their chapel and they spend the evening in singing hymns. Where there are Germans settled, or any leading family which has been in Germany, there is a Christmas tree lighted up somewhere. Those Christmas trees are as prolific as the mechanistic cedars of Lebanon. Wherever one strikes root, a great number is sure to spring up under its shelter.

However spent the evening comes to an end. The hymns in the chapel and the carols in the kitchen, and the piano in the parlour are all hushed. The ghosts have glided by into the night. The forfeits are redeemed. The blind man has recovered his sight, and lost it again in sleep. The dust of the dancers has subsided. The fires are nearly out, and the candles quite so. The reflection that the great day is over, would have been too much for some little hearts, sighing before they slept, but for the thought that to-morrow is Boxing day, and that Twelfth Night is yet to come.

But, first, will come New Year's Eve, with

its singular inconvenience (in some districts) of nothing whatever being carried out of the house for twenty-four hours, lest, in throwing away anything, you should be throwing away some luck for the next year. Not a potato-pudding, nor a drop of soup-suds or cabbage-water nor a cinder, nor a pinch of dust, must be removed till New Year's morning. In these places, there is one person who must be stirring early—the dusk-st man in the neighbourhood. It is a serious thing there to have a swarthy complexion and black hair for the owner cannot refuse to his acquaintance the good luck of his being the first to enter their houses on New Year's day. If he is poor or his time is precious he is regularly paid for his visit. He comes at day-break, with something in his hand, if it is only an orange or an egg, or a bit of ribbon, or a twopenny picture. He can't stay a minute—he has so many to visit—but he leaves peace of mind behind him. His friends begin the year with the advantage of having seen a dusk-st man enter their house the first in the New Year.

Such is its general features, is Christmas, throughout the rural districts of Old England. Here the revellers may be living in the midst of pastoral levels, all sheeted with snow, there, in deep lanes or round a village green, with ploughed slopes rising on either hand, here, on the spurs of mountains with glittering rocks hanging from the grey precipices above them, and the accustomed waterfall bouned in silence by the frost beside their doors and there again, they may be within hearing of the wintry surge, looming along the rocky shore, but the revellers are of much the same character everywhere. There may be one old superstition in one place and another in another but that which is no superstition is everywhere,—the hospitality, the mirth the social glow which spreads from heart to heart, which thaws the pride and the purse strings, and brightens the eyes and affections.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS IN THE COMPANY OF JOHN DOE

I HAVE kept (amongst a store of jovial, genial, heart-stirring returns of the season) some very dismal Christmases. I have kept Christmas in Constantinople, at a horrible Pera hotel, where I attempted the manufacture of a plum-pudding from the maccaroni soup they served me for dinner, mingled with some 7 ante currants, and a box of figs I had brought from Smyrna, and where I sat, until very late at night, endeavouring to persuade myself that it was cold and "Christmasy" (though it was n't), drinking Levant wine, and listening to the howling of the dogs outside, mingled with the clank of a portable fire-engine, which some soldiers were carrying to one of those extensive conflagrations which never happen

in Constantinople oftener than three times a day. I have kept Christmas on board a Boulogne packet, in company with a basin, several despair-stricken females, and a damp steward; who, to all our inquiries whether we should be "in soon," had the one unvarying answer of "pretty near" to give. I have kept Christmas, when a boy, at a French boarding-school, where they gave me nothing but lentils and *bouilli* for dinner, on the auspicious day itself. I have kept Christmas by the bedside of a sick friend, and wished him the compliments of the season in his physic-bottles (had they contained another six months' life, poor soul!) I have kept Christmas at rich men's tables, where I have been uncomfortable; and once in a cobbler's shop, where I was excessively convivial. I have spent one Christmas in prison. Start not, urbane reader! I was not sent there for larceny, nor for misdemeanor; but for debt.

It was Christmas-eve; and I—my name is Prupper—was taking my walks abroad. I walked through the crowded Strand, elate, hilarious, benignant, for the feast was prepared, and the guests were bidden. Such a turkey I had ordered! Not the prize one with the ribbons—I mistrusted that; but a plump, tender, white-breasted bird, a king of turkeys. It was to be boiled with oystersauce; and the rest of the Christmas dinner was to consist of that noble sirloin of roast beef, and that immortal cod's head and shoulders! I had bought the materials for the pudding too, some half hour previously: the plums and the currants, the citron and the allspice, the flour and the eggs. I was happy.

Onward, by the bright grocer's shops, thronged with pudding-purchasers! Onward, by the bookseller's, though lingering, it may be, for a moment, by the gorgeous Christmas books, with their bright binding, and brighter pictures. Onward, by the pastry cook's! Onward, elate, hilarious, and benignant, until, just as I stopped by a poulterer's shop, to admire the finest capon that ever London or Christmas saw, a hand was laid on my shoulder!

"Before our sovereign lady the Queen"—"by the grace of God, greeting"—"that you take the body of Thomas Prupper, and him safely keep"—"and for so doing, this shall be your warrant."

These dread and significant words swam before my dazzled eyelids, dancing maniac hornpipes on a parchment slip of paper. I was to keep Christmas in no other company than that of the once celebrated fictitious personage, supposed to be the familiar of all persons similarly situated—JOHN DOE.

I remembered with horror, that some fortnight previously, a lawyer's clerk deposited on my shoulder a slip of paper, which he stated to be the copy of a writ, and in which her Majesty the Queen (mixed up, for the nonce with John, Lord Campbell) was pleased

to command me to enter an appearance somewhere, by such a day, in order to answer the plaint of somebody, who said I owed him some money. Now, an appearance had not been entered, and judgment had gone by default, and execution had been obtained against me. The Sheriff of Middlesex (who is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to be incessantly running up and down in his bailiwick) had had a writ of *fieri facias*, vulgarly termed a *fi. fa.* against my goods; but hearing, or satisfying himself by adroit espionage, that I had no goods, he had made a return of *nulla bona*. Then had he invoked the aid of a more subtle and potential instrument, likewise on parchment, called a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, abbreviated in legal parlance into *ca. sa.*, against my body. This writ he had confided to Aminadab, his man; and Aminadab, running, as he was in duty bound to do, up and down in his section of the bailiwick, had come across me, and had made me the captive of his bow and spear. He called it, less metaphorically, "nabbing me."

Mr. Aminadab, (tall, aquiline-nosed, oleaginous, somewhat dirty; clad in a green Newmarket coat, a crimson velvet waistcoat, a purple satin neckcloth with gold flowers, two watch-guards, and four diamond rings.)—Mr. Aminadab proposed that "something should be done." Would I go to Whitecross-street at once? or to Blowman's, in Curator-street? or would I just step into Peck's Coffee-house for a moment? Mr. Aminadab was perfectly polite, and indefatigably suggestive.

The capture had been made in Fleet Street; so we stepped into Peele's, and while Mr. Aminadab sipped the pint of wine which he had obligingly suggested I should order, I began to look my position in the face. Execution taken out for forty-five pounds nine and ninepence. *Ca. sa.*, a guinea; *fi. fa.*, a guinea; capture, a guinea; those were all the costs as yet. Now, some days after I was served with the writ, I had paid the plaintiff's lawyer, on account, thirty pounds. In the innocence of my heart, I imagined that, by the County Court Act, I could not be arrested for the balance, it being under twenty pounds. Mr. Aminadab laughed with contemptuous pity.

"We do n't do business that way," said he; "we go in for the whole lot, and then you pleads your set-off, you know."

The long and the short of the matter was, that I had eighteen pounds, twelve shillings, and ninepence, to pay, before my friend in the purple neckcloth would relinquish his grasp; and that to satisfy the demand, I had exactly the sum of two pounds two and a half-penny, and a gold watch, on which a relation of mine would probably advance four pounds more. So, I fell to writing letters, Mr. Aminadab sipping the wine and playing with one of his watch-chains in the meanwhile.

I wrote to Jones, Brown, and Robinson—to Thompson, and to Jackson likewise. I

wrote to my surly uncle in Pudding-lane. Now was the time to put the disinterested friendship of Brown to the test, to avail myself of the repeated offers of service from Jones, to ask for the loan of that sixpence which Robinson had repeatedly declined was at my command as long as he had a shilling. I sealed the letters with an unsteady hand, and consulted Mr Aminadab as to their despatch. That gentleman, by some feat of legerdemain, culled up from the bowels of the earth, or from one of these mysterious localities known as "round the corner," two sprits—one, his immediate assistant, seedier, however, and not jewelled like the other, a nobby stick which he continually gnawed. The other, a horrible little man with a white head and a white neckcloth, twisted round his neck like a halter. His eye was red, and his teeth were green, and the odour of rum compassed him about, like a cloak. To these two scolytes my notes were handed, and they were directed to bring the answers like lightning to Blowman's. To Blowman's, in Curator street, Chamberly lane, I was bound, and a cab was straightway called for my convenience thereto. For the matter of that the distance was so short I might easily have walked, but I could not divest myself of the idea that everybody in the street knew I was a prisoner.

I was soon within the hospital doors of Mr Blowman, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex. His hospitable doors were double, and, for more hospitality, heavily barred, locked and chained. These, with the exceptions of barred windows, and a species of grating-roofed yard outside, like a monster birdcage, were the only visible signs of captivity. Yet there was enough stone in the hearts, and iron in the souls of Mr Blowman's inmates to build a score of lock-up houses. For that you may take my word.

I refused the offer of a private room, and was conducted to the coffee room, where Mr Aminadab left me, for a while, to my own reflections, and to wait for the answers to my letters.

They came—and one friend into the bargain. Jones had gone to Hammersmith, and wouldn't be back till next July. Brown had been dis-appointed in the City. Robinson's money was all locked up. Thompson expected to be locked up himself. Jackson was brief, but explicit. He said he "would rather not."

My friend brought me a carpet bag, with what clothes I wanted in it. He advised me, moreover, to go to Whitecross Street at once, for a sojourn at Mr Blowman's domicile would cost me something like a guinea per diem. So, summoning Mr Aminadab, who had obligingly waited to see if I could raise the money or not, I announced my intention of being conveyed to gaol at once. I paid half a guinea for the accommodation I had had at Mr Blowman's, I made a pecuniary acknowledgment of Mr Aminadab's politeness, and I did not fail to remember the

old man in the white halter and the spirituous mantle. Then, when I had also remembered a red-headed little Jew boy who acted as Cerberus to this Hades, and appeared to be continually washing his hands (though they never seemed one whit the cleaner for the operation) another cab was called, and off I went to Whitecross Street, with a heart considerably heavier than a paving stone.

I had already been three hours in captivity, and it was getting on for eight o'clock. The cab was proceeding along Holborn, and I thought, involuntarily, of Mr Samuel Hill, black and grimy, making his progress through the same thoroughfare, by the Oxford Road, and so on to Tyburn, howling to the crowd and cursing the Ordinary. The foot pavement on either side was thronged with people at their Christmas marketing, or, at least, on some Christmas business—so it seemed to me. Goose clubs were being held at the public houses—sweeps for sucking pigs, plum-puddings and bottles of gin. Some ladies and gentlemen had begun their Christmas rather too early and were mending unsteadily over the flagstones. Fiddlers were in great request, being sought for in small beer-shops and borne off loudly from bars, to assist at Christmas Eve merry makings. An immense deal of hand-shaking was going on, and I was very much afraid, a good deal more 'standing' than was consistent with the strict rules of temperance. Everybody kept saying that it was 'only once a year,' and made that an apology (s) princely for mankind to the use of trivial excuses for their sins against Father Mithras. Loud laughter rang through the frosty air. Pleasant jokes, innocent "chaff," passed, grocers' young men looked lustily, wiping their hot faces ever and anon, butchers took no rest, prize beef melted away from very richness before my eyes, and in the midst of all the bustle and jollity, the cawing laughing, drinking, and shouting, I was still on my unvarying way to Whitecross Street.

There was a man resting a child's coffin on a trolley, and chattering with a pot-boy with whom he shared a pot of porter 'with the sharp edge taken off. There are heavy hearts—heavier perchance than yours, in London this Christmas Eve, my friend Prupper thought I. To-morrow dawn will bring sorrow and faint heartedness to many thousands—to oceans of humanity, of which you are but a single drop.

The cab had conveyed me through Smithfield Market, and now rumbled up Barbican. My companion, the gentleman with the crab stick (to whose care Mr Aminadab had consigned me) beguiled the time with pleasant and instructive conversation. He told me that he had "nabbed many parties." That he had captured a Doctor of Divinity going to a Christmas, a bridegroom starting for the honeymoon, a Colonel of Hussars in full fig for her Majesty's drawing room. That he had the honour once

of "nabbing" the eldest son of a peer of the realm, who, however, escaped from him through a second floor window, and over the tiles. That he was once commissioned to "nab" the celebrated Mr. Wix, of the Theatres Royal. That Mr. Wix, being in the act of playing the Baron Spolaccio, in the famous tragedy of "Love, Ruin, and Revenge," he, Crabstick, permitted him, in deference to the interests of the drama, to play the part out, stationing an assistant at each wing to prevent escape. That the delusive Wix "balked" him, by going down a trap. That he, Crabstick, captured him, notwithstanding, under the stage, though opposed by the gigantic Wix himself, two stage carpenters, a demon, and the Third Citizen. That Wix rushed on the stage and explained his position to the audience, whereupon the gallery (Wix being an especial favourite of theirs) expressed a strong desire to have his (Crabstick's) blood; and, failing to obtain that, tore up the benches; in the midst of which operation the recalcitrant Wix was removed. With these and similar anecdotes of the nobility, gentry, and the public in general, he was kind enough to regale me, until the cab stopped. I alighted in a narrow dirty street; was hurried up a steep flight of steps; a heavy door clanged behind me; and Crabstick, pocketing his small gratuity, wished me a good night and a merry Christmas. A merry Christmas: ugh!

That night I slept in a dreadful place, called the Reception ward,—on an iron bedstead, in a room with a stone floor. I was alone, and horribly miserable. I heard the Wails playing in the distance, and dreamed I was at a Christmas party.

Christmas morning in Whitecross Street Prison! A turnkey conducted me to the "Middlesex side"—a long dreary yard—on either side of which were doors leading into wards, or coffee-rooms, on the ground floor, and, by stone-staircases, to sleeping apartments above. It was all very cold, very dismal, very gloomy. I entered the ward allotted to me, Number Seven, left. It was a long room, with barred windows, cross tables and benches, with an aisle between; a large fire at the farther end; "Dum spiro, spero," painted above the mantel-piece. Twenty or thirty prisoners and their friends were sitting at the tables, smoking pipes, drinking beer, or reading newspapers. But for the unmistakable jail-bird look about the majority of the guests, the unshorn faces, the slipshod feet, the barred windows, and the stone floor, I might have fancied myself in a large tap-room.

There was holly and mistletoe round the gas-pipes; but how woful and forlorn they looked! There was roast beef and plum-pudding preparing at the fire-place; but they had neither the odour nor the appearance of free beef and pudding. I was thinking of the cosy room, the snug fire, the well-

drawn curtains, the glittering table, the happy faces, when the turnkey introduced me to the steward of the ward (an officer appointed by the prisoners, and a prisoner himself) who "tables you off," i. e., who allotted me a seat at one of the cross-tables, which was henceforward mine for all purposes of eating, drinking, writing, or smoking; in consideration of a payment on my part of one guinea sterling. This sum made me also free of the ward, and entitled to have my boots cleaned, my bed made, and my meals cooked. Supposing that I had not possessed a guinea (which was likely enough), I should have asked for time, which would have been granted me; but, at the expiration of three days, omission of payment would have constituted me a defaulter; in which case, the best thing I could have done would have been to declare pauperism, and remove to the poor side of the prison. Here, I should have been entitled to my "sixpences," amounting, in the aggregate, to the sum of three shillings and sixpence a week towards my maintenance.

The steward, a fat man in a green "wide-awake" hat, who was incarcerated on remand for the damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage, introduced me to the cook (who was going up next week to the Insolvent Court, having filed his schedule as a beer-shop keeper). He told me, that if I chose to purchase anything at a species of everything shop in the yard, the cook would dress it; or, if I did not choose to be at the trouble of providing myself, I might breakfast, dine, and sup at his, the steward's, table, "for a consideration," as Mr. Trapbois has it. I acceded to the latter proposition, receiving the intelligence that turkey and oyster-sauce were to be ready at two precisely, with melancholy indifference. Turkey had no charms for me now.

I sauntered forth into the yard, and passed fifty or sixty fellow-unfortunates, sauntering as listlessly as myself. Strolling about, I came to a large grating, somewhat similar to Mr. Blowman's bird-cage, in which was a heavy gate called the "lock," and which communicated with the corridors leading to the exterior of the prison. Here sat, calmly surveying his caged birds within, a turnkey—not a repulsive, gruff-voiced monster, with a red neckerchief and top boots, and a bunch of keys, as turnkeys are popularly supposed to be—but a pleasant, jovial man enough, in sleek black. He had a little lodge behind, where a bright fire burned, and where Mrs. Turnkey, and the little Turnkeys lived. (I found a dreadful resemblance between the name of his office, and that of the Christmas bird). His Christmas dinner hung to the iron bars above him, in the shape of a magnificent piece of beef. Happy turnkey, to be able to eat it on the outer side of that dreadful grating! In another part of the yard hung a large black board, inscribed in half-erased characters, with the enumera-

tions of divers donations, made in former times by charitable persons, for the benefit in perpetuity of poor prisoners. To-day, so much beef and so much strong beer was allotted to each prisoner.

But what were beef and beer, what was unlimited tobacco, or even the plum pudding, when made from prison plums, boiled in a prison copper, and eaten in a prison dining-room? What though surreptitious gin were carried in, in bladders, beneath the under garments of the fairer portion of creation; what though brandy were smuggled into the wards, disguised as black draughts, or extract of sarsaparilla? A pretty Christmas market I had brought my pigs to!

Chapel was over (I had come down too late from the "Reception" to attend it); and the congregation (a lamentably small one) dispersed in the yard and wards. I entered my own ward, to change (if anything could change) the dreary scene.

Smoking and cooking appeared to be the chief employments and recreations of the prisoners. An insolvent clergyman in rusty black, was gravely rolling out puff-paste on a pie-board; and a man in his shirt-sleeves, covering a real cutlet with egg and breadcrumb, was an officer of dragoons!

I found no lack of persons willing to enter into conversation with me. I talked, full twenty minutes, with a seely captive, with a white head, and a coat buttoned and pinned up to the chin.

Whitecross Street, he told me (or Burdon's Hotel, as in the prison slang he called it), was the only place where any "life" was to be seen. The Fleet was pulled down; the Marshalsea had gone the way of all brick-and-mortar; the Queen's Prison, the old "Bench," was managed on a strict system of classification and general discipline; and Horsemonger Lane was but rarely tenanted by debtors; but in favoured Whitecross Street, the good old features of imprisonment for debt yet flourished. Good dinners were still occasionally given; "fives" and football were yet played; and, from time to time, obnoxious attorneys, or importunate process-servers—"rats" as they were called—were pumped upon, floured, and bonneted. Yet, even Whitecross Street, he said with a sigh, was falling off. The Small Debts Act and those revolutionary County Courts would be too many for it soon.

That tall, robust, bushy-whiskered man, (he said) in the magnificently flowered dressing-gown, the crimson Turkish smoking cap, the velvet slippers, and the ostentatiously displayed gold guard-chain, was a "mace-man:" an individual who lived on his wits, and on the want of wit in others. He had had many names, varying from Plantagenet and De Courcy, to "Edmonston and Co.," or plain Smith or Johnson. He was a real gentleman once upon a time—a very long time ago. Since then, he had done a little on the turf, and a great

deal in French hazard, roulette, and *rouge et noir*. He had cheated bill-discounters, and discounted bills himself. He had been a picture-dealer, and a wine-merchant, and one of those mysterious individuals called a "commission agent." He had done a little on the Stock Exchange, and a little bulliard-marking, and a little skittle-sharping, and a little thimblerrigging. He was not particular. Bills, however, were his passion. He was under a cloud just now, in consequence of some bill-dealing transaction, which the Commissioner of Insolvency had broadly hinted to be like a bill-stealing one. However, he had wonderful elasticity, and it was to be hoped would soon get over his little difficulties. Meanwhile, he dined sumptuously, and smoked cigars of price; occasionally condescending to toss half-crowns in a hat with any of the other "nobs" incarcerated.

That cap, and the battered worn-out sickly frame beneath, (if I would have the goodness to notice them) were all that were left of a spruce, rosy-cheeked, glittering young ensign of infantry. He was brought up by an old maiden aunt, who spent her savings to buy him a commission in the army. He went from Slowchester Grammar School, to Fastchester Barracks. He was to live on his pay. He gambled a year's pay away in an evening. He made thousand guinea bets, and lost them. So the old *denouement* of the old story came round as usual. The silver dressing-case, got on credit—pawned for ready money; the credit-horses sold; more credit-horses bought; importunate creditors in the barrack-yard; a letter from the colonel; sale of his commission; himself sold up; then Mr. Aminulab, Mr. Blowman, Burdon's Hotel, Insolvent Court, a year's remand; and, an after life embittered by the consciousness of wasted time and talents, and wantonly-neglected opportunities.

My informant pointed out many duplicates of the gentleman in the dressing-gown. Also, divers Government clerks, who had attempted to imitate the nobs in a small way, and had only succeeded to the extent of sharing the same prison; a mild grey-headed old gentleman who always managed to get committed for contempt of court; and the one inevitable baronet of a debtor's prison, who is traditionally supposed to have eight thousand a year, and to stop in prison because he likes it—though, to say the truth, this baronet looked, to me, as if he didn't like it at all.

I was sick of all these, and of everything else in Whitecross Street, before nine o'clock, when I was at liberty to retire to my cold ward. So ended my Christmas-day—my first, and, I hope and believe, my last Christmas-day in prison.

Next morning my welcome friend arrived and set me free. I paid the gate-fees, and I gave the turnkeys a crown, and I gave the prisoners unbounded beer. I kept New Year's day in company with a pretty cousin

with glossy black hair, who was to have dined with me on Christmas-day, and who took such pity on me that she shortly became Mrs Trupper. Our eldest boy was born, by a curious coincidence, next Christmas day—which I kept very jovially, with the doctor, after it was all over, and we *didn't* christen him Whitecross

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve— and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's breadth of the sky
Sat a child, in age,— but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a record
To have eight years traced thereon.
Oh! grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
But her eye was dull and sunken,
And the whitened cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the pencilling of Want.
And she wept full years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gull,
Like the end of the story,
In itself had melted all.
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketched by faithful Memory,
Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound.
When, lit by the logs' red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rocked the cradle, sitting
On her own twin brother's knee.
Of her father's pleasant stories,
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had marked those Christmas times.
I was as well that there was no one
(For it was a mocking strain)
To wish her a merry Christmas
For that could not come again.
How there came a time of struggling,
When in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death.
How her mother grew heart broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side.
How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck,
But stern Death had come between them
While her arms were round his neck.
There were now no loving voices
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear,
For they welcomed Crime more warmly
To the selfsame room with her.
But, at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest,
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the helpless and distressed.

But she prayed, and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught
So he sent down Sleep who gave her
Such a respite as she sought,
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close,
And, with softly falling kisses,
I lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels sweet,
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arched way,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the tree of life was made.

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star like
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beds went by
Where bright hells of pearl and amber
Closed the fan green valleys round,
And with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were their glistening sunbeams crowned.

Then that distant burning glory,
Mid a gorgeousness of light,
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight
There sat One—and her heart told her
I was the same who, for our sin,
Was crucified on a little day
In the stable of an inn.

There was music—oh, such music!—
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plains,
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
I, ere true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes beheld
With his ivory shelders hidden
Neath his curls of living gold
And he asks them, 'Is she coming?'
But ere any one can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are once more about his neck.

Then they all come round her greeting
But she might have well demanded
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died,
And the careful look hath vanished
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Full she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast,—
To a life of lonely pain?

But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper,—
And she stirr'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through.
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of Seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd!

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child herself was keeping
Her Christmas day in Heaven!

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

SIXTEEN years have past since, a turbulent, discontented boy, I left England for Australia. My first serious study of geography began when I twirled about a great globe to find South Australia, which was then the fashionable colony. My guardians—I was an orphan—were delighted to get rid of so troublesome a personage; so, very soon I was the proud possessor of a town and country lot of land in the model colony of South Australia.

My voyage in a capital ship, with the best fare every day, and no one to say "Charles, you have had enough wine," was pleasant enough very different from the case of some of my emigrating companions—fathers and mothers with families, who had left good homes, good incomes, snug estates, and respectable professions, excited by speeches at public meetings, or by glowing pamphlets, descriptive of the charms of a colonial life in a model colony. I learned to smoke, drink grog, and hit a bottle swung from the yard-arm, with pistol or rifle. We had several very agreeable scamps on board; ex-cornets and lieutenants, ex-government clerks, spoiled barristers and surgeons, plucked Oxonians,—empty, good-looking, well-dressed fellows, who had smoked meerschaums, drunk Champagne, Hock, and Burgundy, fought duels, ridden steeple-chases, and contracted debts in every capital in Europe. These distinguished gentlemen kindly took me under their patronage, smoked my cigars, allowed me to stand treat for Champagne, taught me, at some slight expense, the arts of short whist, *écarté*, and unlimited loo; and to treat with becoming *hauteur* any advances on the part of the intermediate passengers.

By the end of the one hundred days of our voyage, I was remarkably altered, but whether improved, may be a question; as the leading principles I had imbibed, were to the effect, that work of any kind was low, and that debts were

gentlemanly. My preconceived notions of a model colony, with all the elements of civilisation, as promised in London, were rather upset, by observing, on landing, just within the wash of high-water, on the sandy beach, heaps of furniture, a grand piano or two, and chests of drawers in great numbers; and I especially remember a huge iron-banded oak plate-chest, half full of sand, and empty. The cause of this wholesale abandonment was soon made plain to me, in the shape of a charge of ten pounds for conveying my trunks in a bullock wagon, of which they formed less than half the load, seven miles from the port to the city of Adelaide;—the said city, which looked so grand in water colours in the Emigration Rooms in London, being at that time a picturesque and uncomfortable collection of tents, mud huts, and wooden cottages, curiously warped, rather larger than a Newfoundland dog's kennel, but letting for the rent of a mansion in any agricultural county of England.

It is not my intention, now, to tell the tale of the fall of the Model Colony and colonists of South Australia, and the rise of the Copper Mines, which I did not stay to see. When a general smash was taking place on all sides, I accepted the offer of a rough diamond of an overlander, who had come across from the old colony with a lot of cattle and horses to sell to the Adelaideans. He had taken a fancy to me in consequence of the skill I had displayed in bleeding a valuable colt at a critical moment; one of the few useful things I had learned in England; and, when my dashing companions were drinking themselves into *delirium tremens*, enlisting in the police, accepting situations as shepherds, sponging for dinners on the once-despised "snobs," and imploring the captains of ships to let them work their way home before the mast, he offered to take me with him to his station in the interior, and "make a man of me." I turned my back on South Australia, and abandoned my country lot, on an inaccessible hill, to nature, and sold my town lot for five pounds. I began to perceive that work was the only means of getting on in a colony.

Accordingly, into the far Bush I went, and on the plains of a new-settled district, all solitary; constantly in danger from savage blacks; constantly occupied in looking after the wild shepherds and stockmen (herdsmen) of my overland friend; passing days on horseback at one period; at another, compelled to give my whole attention to the details of a great establishment,—I rubbed off my old skin.

My fashionable affectations died away; my life became a *reality*, dependent on my own exertions. It was then that my heart began to change; it was then that I began to think tenderly of the brothers and sisters I had left behind, and with whom I had communicated so little in the days of my selfishness. Rarely oftener than twice in a year could I find

means to forward letters, but the pen, once so hateful to me, became now, in hours of leisure, my great resource. Often and often have I sat in my hut at midnight, filling pages with my thoughts, my feelings, my regrets. The fire burning before my hut, where my men were sleeping, reminded me that I was not alone in the great pastoral desert, which sloping away from my station, rolled for hundreds of miles. Every sound was redolent of the romance of the strange land to which I had transplanted myself. The howl of the dingo prowling round my sheep folds, the defying bark of my watchful dogs, the cry of the strange night-birds, and sometimes echoing from the rocky ranges the wild mountainous songs of the fierce aborigines, as they danced their corrobories, and acted dramas representing the slaughter of the white man and the plunder of his cattle. When such noises met my ear, I looked up to the rack where my arms lay, ready loaded, and out to which a faithful sentinel the rich O'Donohue, or the poacher, Gilem Brown, with musket on shoulder picked up and down, ready to die but not to surrender. In this great desert the petty cares, the untricks of land jobbing, all the little contrivances for keeping up appearances no longer needed, were forgotten. My few books were not merely read, they were learned by heart. If in the morning I tied horses in galloping my rounds and settled strife among my men with rude words and even blows in the evening sitting apart I was lost in the wanderings of Abraham, the trials of Job or the Psalms of David.

I followed St John into the wilderness, not unlike that before my eyes, and listened far from cities to the Sermon on the Mount. At other times, as I paced along the open forests, I made the words resound with the speeches of Homer's heroes, or the outbursts of Shakspeare's characters—outbursts that came home to me for, in those lone regions I was chief, warrior, and almost priest, for when there was a death, I read the funeral service. And thus I educated myself.

While thus recalling friends in gloated and opportunities misused, and pleasant scenes of Eastern County life, I most loved to dwell upon the Christmas time of dear old England.

In our hot summer of Australian December, when the great river that divided and bounded my pastures divided into a string of pools, and my cattle were panting around—at the quiet hour of the evening when the stars, shining with a brilliancy unknown in northern climes, realised the idea of the blessed night when the star of Bethlehem startled and guided the kings of the Eastern world on their pious pilgrimage,—my thoughts travelled across the sea to England. I did not feel the sultry heat, or hear the cry of the night-bird, or the howl of the dingo. I was across the sea, among the Christmas revellers. I saw the gay flushed faces of my kindred and friends sharing round the Christmas table, the

grace was said, the toast went round. I heard my own name mentioned, and the gay faces grew sad. Then I awoke from my dream and found myself alone, and wept. But in a life of action there is no time for useless grieving, though time enough for reflection and resolution. Therefore, after visions like these, I resolved that the time should come when, on a Christmas-day, the toast "to absent friends" should be answered by the Australian himself.

The time did come—this very year of the half century. Earnest labour and sober economy had prospered with me. The rich district in which I was one of the earliest pioneers, had become settled and purified, as fit as the river land, the wild Mvals had grown into the tame, blanket clothed dependents of the settlers. Thousands of fine woolled flocks upon the hills, and cattle upon the rich flats, were mine, the bark hut had changed into a verandahed cottage, where books and pictures formed no insignificant part of the furniture, neighbours were within a ride, the voices of children often floated sweetly along the waters of the river.

Then said I to myself, I can return now. Not to remain, for the land I have conquered from the wilderness shall be my home in life but I will return, to press the hands that have longed for many years to press mine, to kiss away the tears that dear sisters shed when they think of me, once almost in outward, to take upon my knees those little ones who have been taught to pray for their 'uncle in a far land across the broad deep sea.' Perhaps I had a thought of winning some rosy English face and true English heart to share my pastoral home.

I did return, and tried again the shores of my mother country. My boyish expectations had not been realised, but better hopes had I was not returning, laden with treasures to rival the objects of my foolish youthful vanity, but I was returning thankful, grateful contented, independent, to look round once more on my native land, and then return to settle in the land of my adoption.

It was mid winter when I landed at a small fishing village in the extreme west of England, for my impatience made me take advantage, during a calm in the Channel, of the first fisher's boat that boarded us.

The nearer we approached the shore, the more impatient I grew to land. I insisted on giving my help to one of the heavy oars, and no sooner had we touched the ground, than, throwing myself into the water, I waded on shore. Oh, easy going men of the great world, there are some pleasures you can never taste, and among them is the enthusiasm, the heart-felt, awe-stricken admiration of the dweller among pastoral plains when he finds himself once more at home among the gardens of England!

Garden is the only word to express the

appearance of England, especially the west, where the bright green myrtle lingers through the winter, and the road-side near every town is bordered with charming cottages. At every mile I found some new object of admiration, above all, the healthful flesh cheeks of the people, especially the sturdy, yet delicate-complexioned lasses tripping away, basket in hand, from the markets in numbers, starting to one who had lived long where the arrival of one fair white face was an event.

The approach to the first great town was signalled by tokens less pleasing—nay, absolutely painful,—beggars, as I passed, stood in their rags and whined for alms, and others, not less pitiful in appearance did not beg, but looked so wretched and miserable, that it made my heart bleed. I gave to all, so that the man who drove me stared. He stared still more when I told him that I came from a country where there were no poor, save the drunken and the idle.

Entering a great town, the whirl, the commotion of passers on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles of all kinds, made me giddy, it was like a sort of nightmare. The signs of wealth, the conveniences provided for every imaginable want, were very strange to me, fresh from a country where able bodied labour was always in demand, while a man thought himself equal to the longest journey, through an untrodden country, with a blanket and a tin pot for all his furniture, and all his cooking apparatus.

When I called in the landlord of the Inn to consult about getting on to Yorkshire in two days, as I wished to be with my friends as soon as possible, he said, 'If you stay and rest to night, you can get there by the railroad to-morrow morning, in good time to eat your Christmas dinner.' I had never thought of that, and had only a vague idea what a railroad was like.

I reached the starting place next morning just in time to take my seat in a departing train. I started when, with a fearful sound of labouring machinery, we moved then whirled away. I was ashamed of my fears, yet there were many in that train to whom a sea voyage would have only been less terrible than the solitary land journeys on horseback through the Bush of Australia, which were to me a mere matter of course. Without accident, I reached the station near York, where I had to take a conveyance to reach by a cross country road the house where I knew that one of my brothers, farming a few hundred acres of his own land, assembled as many of our family as possible at Christmas time.

The little inn was able to supply a gig, driven by a decayed post boy. Plunging at once into questioning conversation, I found an old acquaintance in the driver, without revealing who I was. Not many years older than myself, soured, disappointed, racked in health, he took a different view of life to anything I had yet heard. All along my road through Eng-

land I had been struck by the prosperous condition of the well-to-do people I had met in first class carriages. His occupation, his glory, was departed, he was obliged to do anything, and wear anything, instead of his once smart costume, and once pleasant occupation—instead of his gay jacket, and rapid ride, and handsome presents from travellers, and good dinners from landlords. In doleful spirits, he had a score of tales to tell of others worse off than himself—of landlords of posting houses in the workhouse, and smart lout in hand coachmen begging their bread of farmers sunk down to labourers, and other doleful stories of the fate of those who were not strong enough for the race of life in England. Then I began to see there are two sides to the life that looked so brilliant out of the plate glass windows of a first class carriage.

The luxuries and comforts which taxes and turnpikes buy are well worth the cost to those who can pay them, those who cannot, will do better to make shift in a colony. Thus thinking and talking as I approached the place where, unexpected, I was to appear before a gathering of my relations, my flow of spirits died away. The proud consciousness of having conquered fortune, the beauty of the winter scenery (for winter, with its hoar frost shading the trees and foliage, has strange dazzling beauty to the eyes of those who have been accustomed to the one perpetual green brown of semi-tropical Australia) had filled me full to overflowing with bounding joyousness. Truly I answered back to the 'Good night, master, of the passing peasantry, and vigorously puffed at my favourite pipe, in clouds that rivalled and rolled along with the clouds of mist that rose from the sweating horses. But the decayed postilion's stories of misery, in which he seemed to revel damped me. My pipe went out, and my chin sunk despondently on my breast. At length I asked, "Did he know the Earnards?" "Oh, yes, he knew them all. Mr John had been very lucky with the railroad through one of his farms. He had ridden a pair at Miss Margaret's wedding, and driven a mourning coach at Miss Mary's funeral. The mare in the gig had belonged to Mr John, and had been a rare good hunter. Mr Robert had doctored him for his rheumatics." "Did he know any more?" "Oh, yes, there was Master Charles, he went abroad somewhere to fatten parts. Some people say he's dead, got killed, or hung, or something, and some say he's made a power of money. He was a wild slip of a lad. Many a time he's been out in the roads with some one I know very well, swearing hars and smoking of pheasants. There's a mark on my forehead now, where I fell, when he put a furze bush under the tail of a colt I was breaking. He was a droll chap, surely." There was scarcely a kind feeling in the poor man's breast. The loss of his occupation, poverty, and drink, had sadly changed the fine

country lad, barely ten years older than myself, whom I had left behind in England. So, turning, I said, "Well, Joe, you don't seem to remember me, I am Charles Barnard!"—"Lord, sir," he answered, in a whining tone, "I beg your pardon. You are a great gentleman, I always thought you would be so, you are going to dine with Mr. John? Well, sir, I hope you won't forget a Christmas-box, for old acquaintance sake!" I was repelled, and I wished myself back in Australia, my mind began to misgive me as to the wisdom of my unexpected visit.

It was bright moonlight when we drove into the village. I had a mile to walk, I would not let chattering Joe drive me so left him happy over a hot supper, with no stinted allowance of ale. I walked on quickly until approaching the old house—the mansion house, once, but the estates had long been divided from it—I paused. My courage failed as I passed through the gate, then clang disturbed the dogs—they began to bark furiously. I was a stranger, the dogs that knew me were all dead. Twice I paced round, with difficulty repressing my emotion, before I could find courage to approach the door. The peals of laughter that came from the music that rang out from time to time, the lights flying from window to window of the upper rooms filled me with pleasant, painful feelings long unknown. There was idly in my mysterious arrival, but romance is part of a life of solitude. Unreasonably I was for a moment vexed that they could be so merry, but next moment better thoughts prevailed. I stepped to the well-remembered door and rang a great peal, the maid opened it to me without question for many guests were expected. As I stooped to lay aside my cloak and clasp a lovely child in white ran down the stairs, threw her arms round my neck, and with a hearty kiss cried, "I have caught you under the mistletoe, cousin Alfred." Then she started from me, and loosening her hold and staring at me with large timorous eyes said— "Who are you? you are not a new uncle are you? Oh how my heart was relieved! the child saw a likeness. "I should not be disowned. All my plans, all my preparations were forgotten, I was in the midst of them, and after fifteen years I saw again the Christmas fire, the Christmas table, the Christmas faces that I had dreamed of so often!" To describe that night is impossible. Long after midnight, we sat, the children unwillingly left my knees for bed, my brothers gazed and wondered, my sisters crowded round me, kissed my brown bearded cheeks, and pressed my sunburned hands. Many new scenes of blessed Christmas may I have never one like that which welcomed the wanderer home!

But although England has its blessed seasons and festivals, in which Christmas day stands first, and, although that Christmas meeting will often and again be before my

eyes, I cannot stay in England. My life is moulded to my adopted country, and where I have earned fortune, there I will spend it. The restraints, the conventionalities, the bonds created by endless divisions of society, are more than I can endure, care seems to sit on every brow, and scornful pride in imaginary social superiority on too many.

I have found the rosy English face, and the true English heart! Some one who listened to the Australian stories of my Christmas week, which my friends were never tired of hearing, is ready to leave all and follow me to my pastoral home. I am now preparing for departure, and neither society, nor books, nor music, will be wanting in what was, when I first knew it, a forest and grassy desert, peopled with wild birds and kangaroos. Nearly twenty relations accompany me, some of them poor enough. In a few years you may find the Barnard town settlement on Australian maps, and there at Christmas time or any time true men and good women shall meet with welcome and help from me for I shall never forget that I once began the world a shepherd in a solitude, and gazed on the bright stars of a Christmas night shining in a hot and cloudless sky.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS IF YOU OUL GROW IT

The floods round the little classic town of Bullfinch were frozen. The trees round the meadows of St. Agnes Dei de Pompadour were the same. Dons went to chapel regularly, but the Dean of St. Agnes appeared in an extensive funeral looking cloak, and the Sub-Dean coughed louder, and made more mistakes in the responses by reason of deafness, than heretofore. Coal and Blanket Societies were talked of. In few words, Christmas was fast approaching, and University men were looking forward to spending that season in town or country, according to their residence, inclinations, or invitations.

Among the many young men who stood on the platform waiting the blazing dragon, which in two hours time was to convey them to London, perhaps to take a chop at the "Cock," a little dinner at Vaux's, and a three-and-sixpenny cab-fare to some other station, was Mr. Horace De Lisle, a freshman, who had come 'up' in the preceding October, and was now hustling back to the paternal hearth at St. Maurice, a charming little vicarage in Warricksburg, just large enough to be the best house in the village, just small enough to be sociable, allowing of half a dozen spare beds. Practically religious, without any morbid affectation of any "isms," the Rev. Augustus De Lisle was the best and most popular parson for miles round. His income might be some four hundred a year, besides a little property in the funds, but judicious economy, and a little success in "gentleman farming," made it go very far,

and St. Maurice rectory boasted its occasional dinner party, its billiard room, and its plain carriage; while few of the poor or sick ever went away unrelieved. Mrs. De Lisle was a good and clever woman, and educated her own daughters; which saved money and morals at the same time.

However, like the generality of clergymen who have not much preferment, and who really do good, the Rev. Augustus De Lisle had a large family. Girls, even when educated at home, cost something; boys cost a great deal more, and cannot be kept at home. Two or three had been got off his hands, but Horace had been a pet boy, kept at home a good deal through ill health. He was very amiable, loved his sisters and mother, and his father had made him a capital scholar. Several people were surprised when he took the St. Agnus Dei scholarship, and took the "bounce" out of the Tipton and Whortleberry boys at the same time.

And so Horace had been sent to the University, with the promise of eighty or a hundred pounds a year from his father, an odd present of fifty from an aunt, and a lot of tears, blessings, and hints at advice from his mother. He had now passed his first term. He had made up his mind to take a "double first," the Iceland scholarship, and the English verse; he found Arnold's *Thucydides* a very stupid book, and wondered how it was that nothing "took" in the publishing way, unless it was "translated from the German." He believed in "stunning feeds," and began to have some ideas on the subject of claret.

But he had still far too much love for home to find even a lingering inclination for a further stay. Moreover, ambition seemed to send him homeward. The Dean had said, in a gruff voice, "Very well, sir!" to his construing of the "Birds" of Aristophanes; the Rev. John o' Gaunt, his tutor, had expanded his lank lips into a smile, and had commended his Latinity; and here was news for his father! Again, he wanted to see Jack Harrowgate, his old shooting companion, to whom his favourite sister Lucy was engaged. Jack was a tremendous rough manly fellow, with a very kind heart, and great powers of sociability. Even Bruiser, of St. Alb-Cornice, who had thrashed the "Bunstead Grinder," shrank into insignificance when compared with Jack; and Smillington, of St. Una de Lion, could not sing, "Down among the dead men," half so well. Besides all this, Horace had some few private anxieties and doubts—of which anon.

Great as was the readiness and frequency with which slang phrases were bandied to and fro at the University, there was one little word which seemed more in use than any, and which half the University appeared to be living to illustrate.

When Horace first appeared at St. Agnus Dei, one of his first proceedings was to pay for his furniture; and to purchase the goodwill of the cups and saucers of the last

inmate of his rooms. Several other ready-money transactions, on a small scale, evinced his desire and intention of avoiding debt; and as his father had not only advised him to do so, but had furnished him with the means of eking out the small allowance of his scholarship, he himself felt ill-justified in overrunning his known income.

But that word was sounding, ringing, dinning, and booming in his ears, hour after hour, day after day. That word was staring in his face; whizzing before his eyes; insinuating itself into his food; adulterating the wine he drank. It stared at him in the form of one man's boots (so much better fitting than old Last's, at St. Maurice); in the broad stripe of another man's elegantly-cut trousers; in the glossy hat of another; in the faultless, close-to-the-waist-when-unbuttoned dress coat of another. It took all sorts of forms. It would transfer itself into a walking-cane, at one end of a street; and at the end of another, it had suddenly become a plaid scarf, or a coral-headed breast-pin. Sometimes it would appear as a Yorkshire pie; sometimes as a musical box. At one moment, just as he thought it was a pair of hair-brushes, it would suddenly turn itself into a steak and oyster sauce at Cliften's. In the dreams of men, it would haunt them; in their walks, it would cling to their very feet; in their reading moments, it lay open before them; in their smoking ones, it fumed with them. And that word was tick, tick, tick.

But Horace was not in debt. Oh no! He had only commenced a few accounts for things which "one could not very well pay for till the end of term;" and when the end of term came, he found he was obliged to write home for five pounds to come home with, and this, as it was his first term, his father thought nothing of. Then, he had "been obliged" to order "one or two things" at Stilly and Cabbagepet, the great tailor's; but there could be no harm in that, because their names were put down on the list of tradesmen his tutor had handed him. Then, there were one or two little presents for his sisters, and a ring and a new watch-chain, which "he could pay for next term," and one or two other matters—but "nothing of consequence."

If you had seen how Horace kissed his sisters and mother, and how happy and how jolly he seemed when he got home, you would have been pleased, I think. He was certainly more manly in speech and manner, and more confident in expressing opinions; but he had lost none of his social frankness and good-nature. But Christmas was getting close at hand, and Horace, somehow or other, did not evince so lively an interest in the preparations for it as formerly. He said something in reference to "their always boring about mince-meat;" and he thought the charity-school dinner might be managed cheaper and with less trouble at the school-house, than in their own kitchen.

Moreover, his father could scarcely understand the necessity of his reading in a bright-coloured chintz gown, lined with bright red silk, although his sisters thought it very pretty. His mother was afraid that his set of studs, representing little bunches of jewelled grapes, must have been rather expensive—"But then, he had always been a quiet boy at home, and would not do so again." He also drank more wine, and once laughed about "boys taking two glasses of port after dinner;" he ordered some pale ale up from London; and abused tea as ditch-water, alleging that it hurt his nerves, and prevented him from reading. He called his pony a "mere hack," and showed discrimination in matters relating to horse-flesh.

But all these were minor difficulties, and Horace had too much real goodness of heart to ask his father for more money, or to obtrude his artificial wants—except in fits of occasional peevishness. Besides, the Bishop of St. Epps was so pleased with his *débat* at St. Agnus Dei, that he had obtained for him an "exhibition," which put another thirty pounds a-year into his pocket. This comforted him on the score of his present experiments with wick.

Christmas passed away, merrily. The house was a perfect bower of holly; good, wholesome dinners, and lively hearty parties in the evening, "kept" the St. Maurice Christmas in genuine, downright style. And then came more junketing. Laura, thinking that there was no particular occasion to run away to the Lakes, as if marriages were a wicked action, said "yes" one evening to a curious question of Jack Harrington's, and absolutely got married next week. You may fancy what everybody said and did upon *that* occasion!

And now came the time for Horace to go back. Despite the domesticity of home, despite the absence of cold ducks at breakfast, of claret after dinner, and of lobster salad for supper—despite the rough want of etiquette, which led Jack Harrington to dance with his own wife, to prefer the ale of the St. Maurice and the Goat to Bass or All-sopp, and to drink healths at his own dinner parties,—Horace had not found so sincere, or so soundly rational a companion at college. He went back—and with some regrets.

* * * * *

It is a full three years, perhaps a trifle more, since Horace spent Christmas at his parental home. Many changes have taken place in that time. Laura is getting matronly on the strength of baby Number Two. Jack is getting additionally serious; looks more sharply after business; and gives fewer (though not less sociable) parties. The Reverend the Vicar of St. Maurice has got a small prebend, with the profits of which, he has insured his life in favour of three yet unmarried daughters. This Christmas at St. Maurice bids fair to rival all past Christmases in jollity, merriment, and social delight. Jack has just cleared

a few hundreds by a lucky hit of judicious speculation, and declares he will spare no expense in celebrating baby Number One's second birth-day, which falls on "boxing" day.

But where is Horace? Will he be as sociable as he used to be? Will he come up a prodigy of scholarship and good-nature, half a don, yet with a whole and a sound heart? The train is expected; crowds are waiting on the platform, just as they waited this time three years since, and—Horace is among them.

But which is Horace? It cannot be that young gentleman with haughty looks, a delicately-robust or robustly-delicate figure, a bundle of whips in his hand, and two Scotch terriers held in with a string! It cannot be that white-over-coated, crushed-hatted, striped-shirted individual! And yet it is he too. With whom is he talking? It cannot be—yes! it is, it must be—the Honourable Charley Cracker. Where are they going? Surely Horace will go direct home! We doubt it.

Arrived in London—a little dinner at some West End house—beat up Sprigs, now in the 12th. Two or three fellows that the Honourable Charley Cracker knows—Horace must know them. "De Lisle, of St. Agnus Dei." "Permit me to introduce you to my friend Sprigs, formerly of St. Walnuts De Grove—capital fellow—only sent away for smushing the college pump (this in an *aside*). Adjourn to the Lyceum—farse getting slow—so on to the Claret Cup, to hear Mr. Pope sing the "Cross Bones" and "O, Mrs. Manning!" Get tired, so on again to the Parthenon Saloon—no dancing—only look on—feel seedy—soda-water and brandy too light; pale ale, squeamish; porter, too heavy; and so to bed at Jarrett's Hotel. Headache—late hours in the morning—fish breakfast at Greenwich—rather better—"may as well go home in a day or two as now," &c., &c.

A day or two is soon gone. Horace thinks he may as well go and "look in at the governor;" and so he leaves the Honourable Charley Cracker. Honourable Charley Cracker is not a rogue or a sharper. He is merely an ass. He is a pupil of Horace De Lisle besides, who has taken to "coaching," and is open to any eligible offer with which ten or seventeen pounds a term is connected. He quits London with a sigh, takes out his purse with another, and a deeper sigh.

Laura is as pretty a young mamma as you will meet in a long summer-day's walk, and Horace cannot help thinking so. But he don't like babies; and baby Number One has taken alarm at his handsomest terrier, and is squalling energetically. Jack's old-fashioned house, with the window-door opening into a little snuggeries of flowers and vegetables, is very different to Lady De Mont-faucon's conservatory, where he used to play chess, smoke cigars, and sometimes read, with his last long vacation pupil, the future Earl of Spitalfields. At home it is much the

same. There is not so much as a bottle of hock in the whole cellar; they *will* let the cat sleep on the rug in the dining-room, and the carriage is the same old-fashioned "tub" as ever.

However, he gets over baby's birthday tolerably well, although he wishes Jack didn't know so many farmers. Besides, Jack *will* nurse baby Junior himself, and *will* hawk out baby Senior to shake his diminutive fists, at new comers in general. He feels glad to get back again to the rectory, but it is very slow there. His father doesn't know the Montmorencies, nor the Honourable Charley Cricker, and wonders why he did not get the fellowship at St. Swithin. Furthermore, Bessy and Fanny have both got beaux, and the beaux are not University men. Tom Harris, the surgeon, would never do to introduce to the Honourable Charley, although Tom has a snug little practice, and has furnished his house in a style that will outlast half a thousand University friendships, and will make Bessy a thoroughly good husband. Fanny's intended is the new curate, who is not over High Church; in fact, Horace thinks him rather a "pump," and wonders how he can live upon a hundred and twenty pounds a year.

Horace owes a few odd hundred pounds but Standish and Co. and Stilty and Cabaret are very quiet as yet, and he will give them a "few pounds" as soon as he can spare it. In fact, half the bills have not yet been sent in, for his debts are mostly of latter-day University growth. He has done respectably well in the school, but nothing more. He has, however, a large connexion, picks up pupils, and does hope to pick up something else: indefinitely oscillating between the living of Dundrum, in the gift of the Montmorency family (his scholarship will give him a title); something under government (he knows the Prime Minister's aunt's second cousin); and the Woolsack. But all his friends, who used to hear him decide the fate of the Continent in a speech of twenty minutes, at the *Vox et prætereun Nihil* Association, fill him with notions of briefs, oyster breakfasts, and the Temple. The difficulty is, the money. Cold-blooded as he is grown to home associations, he has no heart to rob Bessy and Fanny of the few hundreds their father can give with them; still less to stint the younger members of their just need of what he has himself enjoyed. But he is an unhappy creature. He wants everything an everybody—except the things and people around him; he is reserved where he used to be open, parsimonious from necessity where he was once generous. He cannot settle to anything, and the few days he has been at home have bored him as much as the conversation of the Honourable Charley would have bored his father. Other people perceive the change and even he begins to have a glimpse of self-reproach.

But, just as he is wondering why the deuce he thought of spending Christmas at home, reprieve arrives in the shape of a letter from The Honourable Charley; who, having in an evil hour accepted an invitation to his guardian's, finds he has nobody to smoke or drink pale ale with, and conceives a sudden desire for reading. The pay is liberal; and, if it were not, getting away from home for the remaining nine or ten days of the vacation would be a fair equivalent for any amount of instruction likely to be imbibed by the mental absorbents of Charley's mind.

Mrs. De Lisle cannot bear the idea of her dear boy "leaving home before even the pudding is finished, especially as Jack Harrington has invited the whole family to keep Twelfth Night. Twelfth Night at Jack's! Noisy children, country dances, perhaps snap-dragon, and perhaps blindman's buff, with sisters Bessy and Fanny slipping out on the staircase, and coming in with heightened complexions, looking as if they had been kissed by goblins in human shape. Twelfth Night characters, too! Perhaps draw a love motto with Polly Bright, the old half-pay admiral's daughter, about whom he once liked to be teased. Never!

And so Horace goes away. His father, perhaps, feels but little grieved; for he hopes and thinks that his son's journey may tend to his future advantage, and he is too sensible to cherish that home-sickness which sometimes prevents a man from ever making a home for himself. But his mother cannot bear his sublime disdain of all the little innocent things that once called forth his highest approbation. She is almost afraid Polly Bright looks thin and anxious; and she remembers that, just three years ago, Horace joked about his "little wife;" and she wishes that, even by one kind look, he had repeated the joke. It is all one to Horace, who is gone.

To be happy, Horace, or to be really merry? My friend, my friend, a word in your ear! You may be quite sure that you have grown too fast, when you find that you have outgrown Christmas. It is a very bad sign indeed.

THE ROUND GAME OF THE CHRISTMAS BOWL.

[THIS Round Game, which comes, originally, from Fairy-Land, is thus played. The Pool of the game is a capacious circular bowl, or basin, made of ice. It is some sixty or seventy feet in circumference, and all round the rim there is stuck a hedge of holly-boughs, in full berry, interspersed with coloured lamps and silver bells. Everybody who is inspired by Christmas festivities comes to put into the Pool. He is to put in something which is his pride. In doing this he generally throws in something which is equally his trouble; and thus, by doing a generous act at Christmas, in throwing away

his pride, he at the same time gets rid of one of his worst troubles]

The Hymn.

Here is a Pool, all made of ice,
For a great round Christmas Game!
Its rim is set with green holly boughs,
And lamps of colour'd flame
With silver bells that tinkle and gingle
As each one his off'ring comes to mingle—
Whether in gold, or a grey sea shrimp!
Who comes first—'tis the King, I declare
With the crown in his hand, and the frost in his hair!
(Let the Pool he brings his crown
And tosses it o'er the holly!)
So, away to the bottom goes all his pride,
And his loyal melancholy
While gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
And round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

Who comes next?
'Tis a Minister of State
With a puzzle made of weights and wheels,
And balanced on his pate
To the Pool of Christmas Offerings
The Treasury Lord advances,
Soused over, goes his puzzle,
And away his Lordship dances!
While gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
And round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

Who comes next?
'Tis the First Gold Stick!
With the First Cock'd Hat
And the First General Bruck
In the Pool they toss their darling—
Sword—hat—stick—garment!
And return to the *allegro*
Of the Minuet de Cour!

But while they caper back,
Three Slaves to Dress advance,
In splendid, killing curls and ruffs—
The last bright thought of France
They say—'Tis Christmas time
To the Round Game we will come
Let us throw away our fashions,
And—for once—let's look at home!
While gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
And round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

But who comes now?
'Tis the Bishop in his carriage,
Whose shoulders bear the pain and pride
Of Church and State's mis marriage
A huge bale of lawn and purple
He heaves into the Pool,
And, nodding to his coachman,
Trips off, relieved and cool!

The Millionaire comes next,
With a loan to help a war,
On the wrong side of all justice—
And his "interest"—not so sure
He makes—and he collapses—
His mind grows sick and dim—
Oh, the pangs of breeding money!
His loan flutters o'er the brain!

With gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
As round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

Who is this in red and gold?
'Tis the Soldier with his sword,
And riding on a cannon—
Bedizen'd, bless'd, adored!
Round his neck he wears a chain,
For a show and a pretence,
But engraved with fiery letters
Claiming blind obedience
His pride and bane are loosed—
They fly o'er the holly fen!

Next, a Jewster, with his costs—
Making full a thousand pounds
With a sort of breaking hearts
And five years of waste and wounds
His face is cold and wet and—
His life is but a span—
A red tape worm, at the last
In a black coat stuff'd with bran
He tosses o'er his bill of costs!
He is quite another man

With gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
And round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

The Merchant brings his lazan
Which would beggar half a town—
The Schemer shows a spec
But deserves each good man's frown—
The Scholar brings his book,
Where his soul, all moulted lies—
The Poet brings his laurel
And his castle in the skies—
The Lover brings his mistress
Who has treated him with scorn—
The Shepherd brings his favourite lamb,
With its curly fleece unshorn—
All these into the Pool
Are cast, with various smarts
As valued Christmas Offerings
Inspired with Christmas hearts
While gingle! tinkle! gingle!
How the sweet bells ring!
And round about the lighted Pool
We gambol, dance, and sing!

[The crowd of players at the Game, having joined hands in this concluding dance, now whirl round the Pool of Ice, gambolling and singing, and they continue to do this, till the charm begins to work, and the heat of the Christmas hearts outside causes the Offering which each has thrown in, to warm to such a genial glow, that the heat thus collectively generated, melts the ice. The Pool gradually dissolves—the players of the game, one after another, sink down exhausted, and fall into a delightful reverie, while the melted Pool overflows, and floats every one of them to his home, as he seems to lie in a mother-of-pearl boat, with a branch of holly at the prow, and a coloured lamp amidst the green leaves and red berries. Each one, soon after, recovers his senses just enough to find himself lying comfortably in bed, and listening to the strains.]

